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T. Henry Randall, Architect

GARDEN FRONT OF H. W. POOR'S HOUSE AT TUXEDO, NEW YORK

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THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

ITS DESIGN, ITS ARRANGEMENT, AND ITS DECORATION

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

I

ENTRANCES AND HALLS

THE interest felt in modern entrances and halls owes its inspiration to something more than a merely ephemeral concern with novel architectural features. A deeper feeling is involved. Consciously or unconsciously, we are striving to solve the problem of their rightful relation to the house as a whole, not only in the way of balance and proportion, but as indicating the deeper notes sounded by individual character, breeding and a certain *savoir faire*.

Happily, of late years, we have been paying the subject a closer and more intelligent attention. We can hardly pay it too much. For in the psychology of the home, the hall and entrance stand for the hand-clasp of the host, his manner of welcoming or repelling you. They reveal his all-round equipment. Before a word has been uttered, you have "sensed" the mental make-up of the man, and have been made to feel the measure of his social tact.

A phenomenal national prosperity has set us all to building. Every kind of architectural excrescence has been the result, since most of us have gone about it in an irresponsible, haphazard fashion, governed by no recognized or well-thought-out laws and standards. The history of our so-called development has been characterized, indeed, by a series, now of revolts, now of servile imitations, and now again by a state of wild pandemonium in which only catch-words, have controlled us—Empire, Queen Anne, Elizabethan or Renaissance—any word, in fact, which fashion having once uttered boastfully, the manufacturer has adopted and turned to his profit—as he took that of oak furniture and transformed it into the monstrosity now known as the yellow oak of commerce.

When we have not been caught by catch-words, we have, for lack of models of our own, set about copying, not adapting, foreign models, importing many which bore no rightful relation to our particular environment, as when we copied houses surrounded by landed estates, and tucked them into corners of well-filled city blocks. Worse still, doggedly determined on some one feature of another man's dwelling, which seemed good in that place, and no doubt was, we have insisted upon adopting that particular feature for ourselves, without regard to its fitness. Thus, we have colonial doors appearing in brown-stone fronts, the windows of which have not been brought into harmony. Or we have heavy bronze gates, proportioned for palaces, set up at the head of conventional city stoops, our imagination not having been proved equal to the task of considering the rest of the façade.

Thus, too, bent on imitation at all costs, we have been made to suffer, during the last quarter of a century from a perfect epidemic of halls transformed into living rooms, an epidemic which has affected even the prosperous town-dweller. Fireplaces have been constructed, and upholstered seats set out in the only passage-ways to which strangers and messengers could be admitted, and through which guests arriving for dinner must take their way up-stairs for the removal of wraps and overshoes, elbowing a way past earlier arrivals, now divested of their street apparel. The effect upon no one is agreeable, and the question inevitably arises, why, with wealth enough to build at all, and with even a pretence of the hospitable spirit, should one be willing to submit one's self or to subject one's guests to the discomfort of these disagreeable encounters? If a roomy gathering-place is so much desired, why not build such a place in a room apart, leaving the hall to express its legitimate purpose—that of a passage-way. Its charm would only be quickened by its privacy, its dignity enhanced by closed doors.

Halls to which the general outsider is admitted are permissible only in mountain camps or club houses. They are an abomination in the town or country house where entertaining goes on, and not all the glory of tapestry and armor, nor all the allurements of blazing hickory, make them admissible. A screen set up, or a curtain hung, may represent a certain attempt at atonement, but the hall misused is the original sin of the builder, which even generations of correct living cannot outgrow.

To sum up, then, a hall is a passage-way to apartments beyond. Without doubt it should be made lovely, but as certainly its cordiality should be restrained, not made embarrassing. It should promise good things, and charm in a passage to them, but not insist upon holding you, like groups of people who stop on Broadway for embraces, blocking the way and obtruding the intimacies. Intimacies are not for the general eye.

In the best of our modern houses, not necessarily those designed by our best architects, but those in which the fine intelligence of the householder has been an informing factor, this question of entrances and halls has been treated with dignity and discretion. And perhaps the only way of arriving at a clearer understanding of the subject, will be by a description of what has already been accomplished in some notable instances.

In no case has environment been ignored, nor the purpose for which the house as a whole should stand. In a town house, provision for entertaining must be made. This point settled, the vital one arises, how many of the halls are to be thrown open to guests? When, for instance, there are two halls entering in as factors, one on the street level and one on the drawing-room floor, their treatment may vary. The lower hall must be left to express its formality; the upper hall may be considered in its more intimate relations, as part of a whole into which, during the exigencies of elaborate entertaining, it can lend itself to social relaxation.

T. Henry Randall, Architect

ENTRANCE TO H. W. POOR'S HOUSE AT TUXEDO, NEW YORK

Herter Bros., Architects

ENTRANCE TO WILLIAM D. SLOANE'S RESIDENCE, 2 WEST 52D STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Francis L. V. Hoppin, Architect

RESIDENCE OF RICHARD T. WILSON, JR., 15 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

When the lower hall appears, then, in some important town houses, it is customary to provide beside it dressing rooms for guests, who, their wraps off, make their way to the salons above. Some of these dressing-rooms are not only elaborate but beautiful, carrying out in design and treatment the general scheme of the house. They are not only provided with toilet tables and long mirrors, chairs and resting places, but connected with them are always smaller rooms having hot and cold water. Thus, from the moment of arrival, the guest is taken possession of by his host, no detail of comfort being neglected, and no emergency left unconsidered. All embarrassment is spared both the entertainer and the entertained.

These halls themselves have been a revelation to most Americans, accustomed for so long to narrow passage ways, and the too obvious staircase. The happiest examples are those in which marbles enter into the construction. There was a time, not so very far removed, when marble was tabooed in halls. In our unthinking ignorance, we revolted from its flagrant abuses, confusing the substance with its misapplication; for we had seen it only on the floors of brown stone fronts, and stupidly combined with walnut or mahogany. Such combinations, never proper, are now no longer seen, the marble of the modern hall forming floors and walls alike, no wood appearing. Simplicity and dignity have become the dominant notes, beauty of line and proportion the compelling factors.

The impression made upon the new arrival is instantaneous and irresistible. The door closed behind him, he feels at once at home and suddenly refreshed, even before he has made ready to ascend to his hostess. No upholsterers' [illegible] Nothing needlessness [illegible] He breathes the air of [illegible] and feels the refreshment of [illegible] [illegible] And here, [illegible] as we [illegible] to repeat what I have said elsewhere, that the presence of growing plants even in marble halls suggests at once a kindly tempered atmosphere. We used to think it necessary to introduce notes of crimson to convey a sense of warmth. But that which is suggested by trickling fountains and growing plants assures you a comfort which even color is unequal to. One may enter such a place from a snowstorm or a dusty, torrid street. The effect is the same. One feels oneself in a region set apart from turmoil and strife, lured on to pleasures above, as by the smile of a child from the window.

Into halls like these the wrought-iron or bronze door opens, protected in many instances by glass doors, having a narrow well-designed framework of metal or wood, depending upon the rest of the construction. No wooden furniture appears in the hall, no draperies defame it. Marble benches and tables alone are discoverd.

Sometimes, with all the dignity and beauty of these lower halls, grave mistakes in construction have been made. The street door, when badly placed, will send a blast of air rushing up the stairs, setting the palms in the upper hall to violent rustling and the backs of the guests to creeping with cold, as if a sudden storm had blown in from the sea. The effect of the gusts of wind among the palms is disagreeably suggestive, even if the weather be warm. To avoid a like impression some house-builders have protected the central hall by a sliding glass door. Thus, in one notable instance, entrance to the house is had through a marble vestibule the ceiling of which is of beautiful mosaic. The vestibule, lighted by bronze appliques, has a flight of marble steps, and is protected on either end by elaborate wrought-iron doors lined with glass, the inner door being draped with silken hangings of embroidered velvet.

From the small hall opening out of the vestibule the guests ascend by [illegible] to the dressing-rooms above, making their descent to their hostess down the grand staircase—the upper and lower halls being lighted by a dome. The protecting sliding door,

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

RESIDENCE OF CLARENCE MACKAY AT ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

DRESSING-ROOM IN THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

LOWER HALL IN THE RESIDENCE OF HENRY W. POOR, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

to which reference has been made, is at right angles to the main street entrance. When closed, as for evening entertainments, and banked with flowering shrubs or palms, it not only shuts off the draught, but transforms the hall into a sumptuous and secluded interior, where a hostess may receive, or her guests may move freely about.

This particular hall is of marble with a heavy gold ceiling. The marble balustrade runs up the marble steps, and skirts the hall above, the two being lighted by the dome. From this second hall open the library, den, breakfast and bedrooms. Over the balustrade are hung rugs and rich embroideries.

In both halls great dignity is preserved. The walls of the lower hall are finished by a sculptured frieze, under which are hung old cathedral stuffs. The big cathedral chairs arranged against the wall proclaim an appropriate formality. The undraped tables are left unencumbered. Stable objects alone are placed there—rare but large bronzes and carvings, adding dignity and proportion, but no sense of confusion or distraction. The walls of the upper hall are lined with tapestries, while over the doors are charmingly designed oval frames in high relief, enclosing some enchanting Tiepolos.

In houses of lesser note the same general construction has been followed in the lower hall—that is, there are dressing-rooms on the street level and the stairs lead to the salons above. Charming as some of these halls are, and full of dignity, they necessarily lack the more alluring quality of halls built of marble and set out with trickling fountains. Where the walls have to be covered with paper and the floor and staircase carpeted, one runs the risk of a bad color sense in the householder. The fault lies most, however, with the architect who has not known how to make his decoration a part of his construction, as when the walls are panelled and arched. The temptation to the housekeeper is to introduce too many stuffs and extraneous belongings, till the hall becomes like an overdressed woman jarring on the senses.

Stuffs for the entrance hall of country houses, supposedly left open for every breeze, are an affliction. Nothing is gained by them, and everything is lost, yet in sumptuous and sometimes famous houses, they are only too often discovered. The loveliest country hall I know is of old English oak, with panelled walls perfect in their proportion and repose. The floor is of wood, the ceiling carved. The doors, too, are rich in carving and the windows leaded, the green of outside growing things gleaming through. A strip of plain green filling runs the length of the hall into which are set old oak chests and high-back chairs, the crimson note furnished by some of the coverings, adding an irresistible touch of cheerfulness. The tact of the householder is proved by the self-restraint everywhere exercised and the introduction only of that which delights like a flower, but does not distract like a stuff.

Lower halls, then, having been treated with formality, one is left free to introduce the more familiar note in the upper hall, excluded by every law from the approach of the messenger. Fireplaces become possible, and the familiar sofa, though never to my mind the reading-lamp. All provision for the interchange of civilities should still take on a casual character. But this, as has been said before, is a point sometimes difficult to urge upon the American. We seem to have an instinctive national fear of privacy, a doubtful questioning about closed doors. Fences too, we abhor, and a protecting iron gate to our gardens sets a whole community aflame.

We think we have done well by our guests when in certain houses we set apart for their exclusive benefit a corner of an upper hall, being afraid, perhaps, to supply doors, or diffident about doing so. With all our wealth we have not yet attained to the surety and magnificence of certain European methods, where money is not so new, and ways of doing things have been

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

HALL IN CLARENCE MACKAY'S HOUSE AT ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

long enough established to necessitate no temerity. In some houses, for instance, besides the conventional suite of variously assorted bedrooms and baths, a separate salon is provided for each lady of the party, a liveried footman, appointed for her exclusive benefit, taking up his daily station before her closed door.

The beauty and sumptuousness of some of our upper halls prove incontestibly how surely both the knowledge and taste of certain people among us has progressed. A flight of stairs ushers us from a region of tempered formality, into one of a warm magnificence. The doorways are framed by tapestries or embossed velvets, the velvets of the curtains themselves having borrowed from antiquity a lustre delicate and entrancing as that of moonlight on dew.

Yet even here, where the wealth of magnificent appointments abounds, the individuality of the householder sounds the last compelling note. She may make or mar it all by the introduction of the inappropriate, or the lack of that self-restraint which impels her to use some material, however rich, with thoughtless disregard of the surroundings, as when brocades or cloths of gold are tossed over tables which, by reason of their very construction, should be left bare, except perhaps of a mat. One recognizes, insensibly too, where not only knowledge but love has entered in—love of the beautiful for its own sake, and because beauty is a contribution to life. You feel that tender, almost reverential, hands have placed certain objects in certain places, not that they may "fill up" an empty space, but because the empty space has been provided to hold something treasured above all else.

Throughout all the halls of a house, a harmony of design and treatment (of quality, perhaps, as the better word), should prevail. This, unhappily, is not always insisted upon, and one in consequence experiences many a rude awakening on ascending still another flight of stairs. One feels that perhaps the money may have given out before the third story was reached; or that the imagination of the householder, exhausted with the tax made upon it by the enforced splendors of the lower halls, had failed her when left by herself, like a half-educated person with no tradition to fall back upon. The real equipment is proved by the treatment of places more or less hidden from the general eye: the test of excellence by the application of detail throughout. One beautiful third-story hall is made of a rich dark carved oak, its panels filled with a rare crimson damask. In another, as beautiful, the hall on the bedroom floor is of old carved oak throughout, lighted by leaded window panes, and set out with formal chairs and carved oak chests and bare tables. The plain surfaces of the beautiful panels refresh and delight you, the subdued color of the old oak soothing the senses. In still another bedroom hall, protected by its balustrades, over which one can look down on the stairs (not the halls) below, pictures are hung, armories are set out, and a sofa placed for a word by the way. In this hall, too, is an antique velvet trunk holding laces, a perfectly legitimate object in such an environment, but a note that would be absolutely false in a drawing-room, where the inconsequential collector, liking to have his possessions in view, has been sometimes tempted to place one of its kind.

In some of the smaller city houses of ordinary dimensions, several interesting departures have been made in the treatment of conventional halls. These being necessarily dark, except as they are lighted from the street door, have been covered with white woodwork running up to the roof.

In one most beautiful example, the wall surface has been broken by a series of charmingly designed arches panelled to produce a receding effect. Into some of these arches mirrors have been fitted, adding light and cheerfulness and suggesting greater space, the whole architectural arrangement being made to conceal the flight of stairs to the basement. In another instance,

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

UPPER HALL IN THE RESIDENCE OF HENRY W. POOR, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

LOWER HALL IN THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

a narrow conventional hall, with the foot of its staircase facing the front door, once done in a sombre walnut and wall-paper so dark that the gas had to be perpetually lighted, has been finished throughout in white. The woodenwall surfaces are broken by panels of delicate proportions. To give a feeling of breadth, a large mirror has been placed to the left of the entrance; under this stands a marble console. Opposite to it, and reflected in it, is a panelled mirror made to look like a door, the over-door being a mirror to give light. At the end of the long, straight hall, and facing the entrance, is the servant's door into the dining-room. This again has been treated with panelled mirrors, the over-door being a mirror framed in by delicately turned mouldings. The ceilings are white. The whole effect is one of cleanliness and light.

In the approaches to the more beautiful of our houses, not only the skill of the architect but the sentiments of the householder have been exercised in new ways. Where space allows they have been made approaches, not sudden stumblings into doorways. The high stoop, so long the horror of New York streets, has been made to disappear. When a flight of steps appears they are not made extraneous, but part of the gradual approach leading up to the doorway. On many of our side streets one comes across beautiful entrances, charming doorways made an integral part of the façade as a whole, suggesting the dignity and reserve proper to towns, but compelling you to exclamations of admiration by their beauty and proportion. Simplicity is their prevailing note, but a simplicity which does not preclude the use of the costly.

Where taste has been less certain, one sees entrances which shock and bewilder the beholder, just as discordant noises grate upon his ear. Sometimes it is a cottage porch reproduced in stone, and becoming by its transformation an ugly and inappropriate adjunct to the house.

Again we see cornices, heavy enough for feudal castles, put over doors too slender to support them; or windows made gloomy and scowling by overhanging brows of sculptured stone, which might have been appropriate in fierce mediæval days, but are as ridiculous now as a bombastic manner in a drawing-room.

One sees, indeed, many things which go to prove that surely as we are progressing in certain directions, we are yet for the most part making our way in awkward fashion, as star-fish walk, now jerking to one side, now to another. We need to keep our vision more direct, to understand better, not only our individual and national requirements, but our obligation to the community, more especially to our neighbor—a point too often and too selfishly ignored, as when one makes a façade for the sake of display, and leaves the rear of the house ugly—indifferent to the fact of its spoiling the outlook of a neighbor's near-by windows.

Profuse and too obvious ornamentation about the entrances of city houses is bad. Now and then some one attempts it with disastrous results, as when huge carved lions are placed outside of doorways. On the other hand, carved lions, or any other heraldic designs, when rightly proportioned, are altogether lovely on those country estates whose architecture calls for them. They impose upon you a feeling of rest and security not easily described.

It is only in places where space is not so valuable as in New York, that approaches to a house can be given their full and rightful value. Then the very landscape itself, the laying out of trees and gardens, the possibility of vista, are all made to contribute to the general effect—that of leading up to a portal. Sometimes the effect is one of great beauty of proportion and layout. Sometimes it is one of pure charm, as when the beauty of detail has been combined with a feeling of restraint which suggests the modest drawing-inward of the hostess who, while greeting you with distinction and courtesy, leads you on to better things beyond.

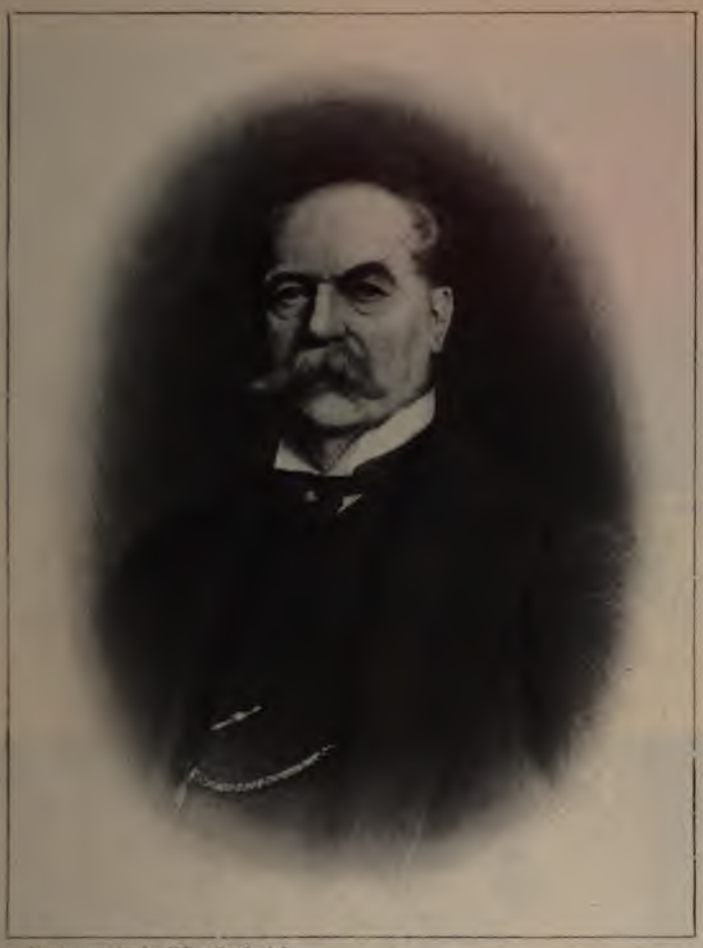
TOMMASO SALVINI: A GREAT TRAGEDIAN

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

MORE than a generation has passed away since Tommaso Salvini made his first appearance in this country and in his Othello furnished an illustration of human passion which has never since been equalled upon the stage, except by himself, and is not likely to be equalled, let alone surpassed, for many years to come. Only those playgoers who saw him upon that occasion, or under similarly favorable conditions, supported by an Italian company and such an actress as Piamonti, can be said to have seen him at all as he was at his supremest height. "The pit rose at me," cried Edmund Kean in ecstasy as he rushed into the room of his waiting wife with the news of his triumph as Shylock. Salvini held his audience breathless and spellbound as he dashed Iago to the floor and seemed about to grind his heel into his upturned face, and thrilled them with horror as tiger-like he crept upon the shrinking Desdemona —the very embodiment of revengeful madness—before seizing and bearing her away to her doom. The effect of that tremendous performance must still be fresh in the memory of each surviving spectator. Nothing short of genius of the highest type could have created a dramatic illusion so vivid, so irresistible or so enduring. It is not necessary now to renew the controversy whether the taking off of Desdemona ought to be accomplished in a spirit of mournful retribution, of lofty sacrifice or jealous fury. It may be granted that Salvini's interpretation of the incident was Oriental rather than poetic, and had in it more of the terrific than the sublime, but, from whatever point of view it might be regarded, the emotional eloquence of it was overwhelming.

Though the dispute over Salvini's Othello is not yet quite ended it is generally conceded that he was the greatest tragedian of his age. It would not be very difficult to maintain the assertion that, in the fulness of his powers, he was the greatest actor of all modern time, with the possible exception of David Garrick. Some of the most famous European actors of the eighteenth or nineteenth century may have been equal or even superior to him in isolated passages of tragedy—the point is one that could not easily be settled—but none of them excelled as he did in comedy also. Ristori advised him not to try tragedy in America, but to put his whole faith in the comedy of which he was a recognized master. In compliance with this advice he appeared here in "David Garrick" ("Sullivano") playing the chief character with extraordinary elegance, vivacity, humor, passion and pathos; but the public could not be induced to go to the theatre to see him in it, and so he decided to confine himself in the future to parts of tragic interest.

For these nature had endowed him with inestimable gifts: a figure at once majestic and graceful, a countenance noble in its outlines and extraordinarily expressive in its slightest changes and a voice so powerful, flexible and melodious, and under such



From a painting by Aldino Tamburini

SIGNOR TOMMASO SALVINI

perfect control, that every cadence of it was a delight to the appreciative ear, whether it rang with tragic fury, swelled with an organ-like solemnity or sounded the tenderest notes of love or pathos. In his prime, indeed, he realized the ideal of Shakespeare's well-graced actor, presenting the rarest combination of physical perfection and histrionic genius ever seen upon the stage. Forrest did not excel him in the magnificence of his bodily proportions nor Kean in the brilliancy of his most inspired dramatic flashes. And as he was a heaven-born actor, whose genius defied the restrictions of either tradition or prejudice, so was he a consummate artist, whose impersonations, leaving nothing to the promptings of impulse, revealed, in their minutest details, that just proportion, complete symmetry and apparent veracity which can only be secured by conscientious and deliberate design. The closest inspection could detect no difference between his portrayal of the same part at one time and another. Each characterization was finished to the nail and could be reproduced with photographic accuracy. There is in existence a curious little volume which gives what may be called the mechanism of his Othello—the gesture, motion, attitude or emphasis appropriate, to every line, almost every word. Such was the labor by which this wonderful conception was built up, as it were, bit by bit.

Although Othello was the most

famous it would be rash to say that it was the greatest of Salvini's creations. French and Italian critics found him most superb as Saul or Orosmane. Others, including the present writer, hold that his most marvellous achievement, on the whole, was his Corrado, in "La Morte Civile," in which he wrought the most harrowing tragic effects by an art entirely independent of his incomparable physical resources. Novelli's performance of this character, compared with his, was that of a novice. Salvini's Macbeth, again, although differing widely from the traditional English conception, was a magnificent study of a fierce, unscrupulous and ambitious warrior—a sort of Viking chief—subject to superstitious fears, but desperate and bloody to the last. In striking contrast with it was his Ingomar, a splendid type of noble barbarian whose gradual subjugation by love was portrayed with a subtility and naturalness which for once imparted to the artificial romance a certain aspect of veracity. His Hamlet was only a piece of striking romantic melodrama, but in Lear he was grand, splendid in his wrath, pitiful though majestic in his madness, indescribably pathetic in the closing scenes. In "The Gladiator" of Saumet, especially in the arena scene, his display of realistic passion was tremendous. No one has dared to follow him in the part, or in that of Sampson or others to which reference could be made did space permit. Happily he still lives to enjoy the honors he has won, but his work is done and the world will not soon look upon his like again.

SALVINI'S TOWN HOUSE IN FLORENCE
(The two-story building in the centre of the picture)

SALVINI'S VILLA NEAR FLORENCE

THE AWAKENING OF SALVINI'S AMBITION

By DIRCÉ ST. CYR

IN the history of our dramatic art, the name of Tommaso Salvini is still remembered with enthusiasm. Therefore many will be interested to learn that the eminent tragedian is vigorous of mind and body in spite of his seventy-eight years (he was born on January 1, 1829), and will appreciate his views on some of his famous interpretations of Shakespearian characters. Last year he was so kind as to show me his souvenir room, in Florence, which is filled with valuable relics and wreaths from every part of the world, and I took the opportunity to ask, "Do you believe that every man has his opportunity in life?" "We are all children of fate," he replied, "and often a little event wakes our ambition and determines our career. For instance, I owe everything to my blond wig."

And, so saying, the eminent tragedian showed me an old, worn wig, in a glass case. Proceeding, he said:

"My father was a very able actor and I worshipped him. At an early age, I had no thought of becoming a player, and in fact I would gladly have followed any career that he had suggested. My brother and I were educated in a college and saw very little of our father except during the vacation; then, sometimes, he would take us to the theatre. I remember that every time they gave a comedy I would ask him to let me go to bed; but if it happened to be a tragedy, it was with the keenest delight that I would watch the play. For a while we were separated from our father, and I did not see him again until I was fourteen. At that age I was so developed that many people mistook me for a young man of twenty. When father saw me, he said, 'You have become a man!'

"He decided to take me along with him, and together we entered the company of the celebrated actor Gustavo Modena. It was there that I learned that there are actors whose art is so sincere that they can move their audience to laughter or to tears

at their will. For a while I had to take supernumeraries' parts. How I used to hate it! One day Signor Modena asked me to learn a scene from 'Egisto,' by Alfieri, and when next day I recited the poem to the star-manager, he seemed to be very much pleased with my ability and at once gave me good parts. I was so happy over my success that I spent every minute I had at my disposal studying. In Italy, especially at that time actors were paid very little, and because I was so young, and with my father, I did not receive any salary.

"After a year of my professional career, my father died and I was left alone. Signor Modena still kept me in his company at the salary of twenty cents a day. Once in a while he would make me a present of a dollar. I continued in his service and managed to live on my small wages. I had inherited from my father all of his costumes, and among them was this blond wig, which then was beautiful. You can imagine how proud I was of it! One night, Modena's wife came to me and said, 'Tom, will you lend me your wig?' 'No,' I answered; I did not want any one to wear it, as it belonged to my father. 'All right,' she replied, but a few nights after, while on the stage, what did I see but my father's wig on a common supernumerary's head! I was thunder-struck, and when the play was over, I went to Madame Modena and demanded, 'Who gave you the right to let that man have my wig?' she answered calmly, 'Go to my husband.'

"I went to him, and in reply to my question he merely smiled and said, 'You child!'

"I was too angry to speak! I *was* but a child, but I was playing the parts of a man and getting the salary of a supernumerary. That night the realization came that I had remained too submissive to command advancement in my career. For the first time in my life I became ambitious, and made up my mind that I would strive for the highest position in my profession. I wrote to Signor Modena, telling him of my intention to leave at once. He begged me to remain with him to the end of the season. I did so willingly, first because I admired him, and second because it would have been difficult to secure another engagement, as the season was quite advanced. I owe much to Signor Modena, for he took a deep interest in my acting and gave me many excellent points.

SIGNOR SALVINI AT TWENTY-EIGHT

"While we were playing in Naples, Adelaide Ristori's manager saw me act, and immediately engaged me as a juvenile at a very good salary. You can imagine how happy I was! Once a member of their company I advanced rapidly, as I had more opportunities to play good parts.

"This is why I value this old wig; for I owe to it the awakening of my ambition, which to my mind is the foundation of every man's success."

SALVINI ON SHAKESPEARE

Herewith is presented the first of four essays by Signor Salvini, the eminent Italian tragedian, on the four Shakespearian characters in which he has made his greatest success—Othello, Lear, Hamlet and Macbeth. These studies will be followed by the player's account of his pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon—where, unfortunately, he was not allowed to inscribe his name on the walls of Shakespeare's birthplace, whereon so many famous names appear. Signor Salvini's manuscripts have been translated for this magazine by Miss Dircé St. Cyr, who repeats on page 21 an interesting anecdote related to her by the author himself.

MY INTERPRETATION OF "OTHELLO"

BEFORE taking up the psychological study of the tragedies of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "King Lear" and "Othello," I consulted all the legends from which the poet derived his subjects. I read in translation everything that had been written on the subject in English and German, as well as all the Italian, French and Spanish criticism. I found the English and German views of Shakespeare rather obscure, the Italian ones not sufficiently explicit, and the French too light and full of Gallic fantasy. My ideas seemed to coincide rather with those of the famous Spanish writer, Lope de Vega. After all these researches, I began to consult Shakespeare himself.

My experience directs me to urge strongly upon any actor who aims to interpret these famous parts, to derive all his information directly from the English poet. Little by little he will be able to understand and grasp the full meaning of these characters. He must never tire of studying patiently every line, every word. I would say to such an actor: "Go back in imagination to the time and place in which the events recorded in the play are supposed to have occurred. Familiarize yourself with the customs and the passions of the period. Believe me, it will be easier then to interpret the part you desire to represent. But when you think that you have ended your studies, be ready to begin again, and persevere—persevere. You can never study Shakespeare too much."

It is on this same principle that I shall start the analysis of the play "Othello."

Let us visit, in imagination, the romantic and beautiful city of Venice, the Queen of the Sea. Let us cross her bridges to a labyrinth of walls, that one calls houses and channels, where there is a breath of poetical love. Let us go back to the time when the shrewd and powerful republic would appropriate anything or anybody that would be beneficial to herself, buying from other nations the most intelligent and courageous captains or soldiers, and using them for her own purpose.

It was in Venice that a famous warrior, named Othello, was chosen, and to him was given the important and delicate mission of saving the island of Cyprus, which was at that time under the republic of Venice, from an invasion by the Turks.

Othello, although called a soldier of fortune, was descended from a royal family; but of that he was never proud. His disposition prompted him to enter the army while still young, and he remained on the tented

field until he had reached the middle years of his life. Living always in the open air, he had no knowledge of the cunning flattery of court life. He was shrewd only in the art of war; very simple and ingenuous in social life. He believed that all those who looked honest were so. He was loved, esteemed by everybody. Even Desdemona, the young daughter of the Patrizio, fell in love with him when he told her the stories of his battles. But what touched her most was the frankness and sincerity with which he described all his adventures.

Othello also had fallen in love with Desdemona. He asked her in marriage, but obstacles arose on account of the difference of race and social position. The young girl, who admired his character more than his physique and riches, told him of her love, and, in spite of her father, they ran away and were secretly married. Later, with dignity and sincerity, Othello was able to convince his judges and be acquitted by them. His victory, however, was darkened by this sentence that Desdemona's father uttered:

> She has deceived her father, and may thee.

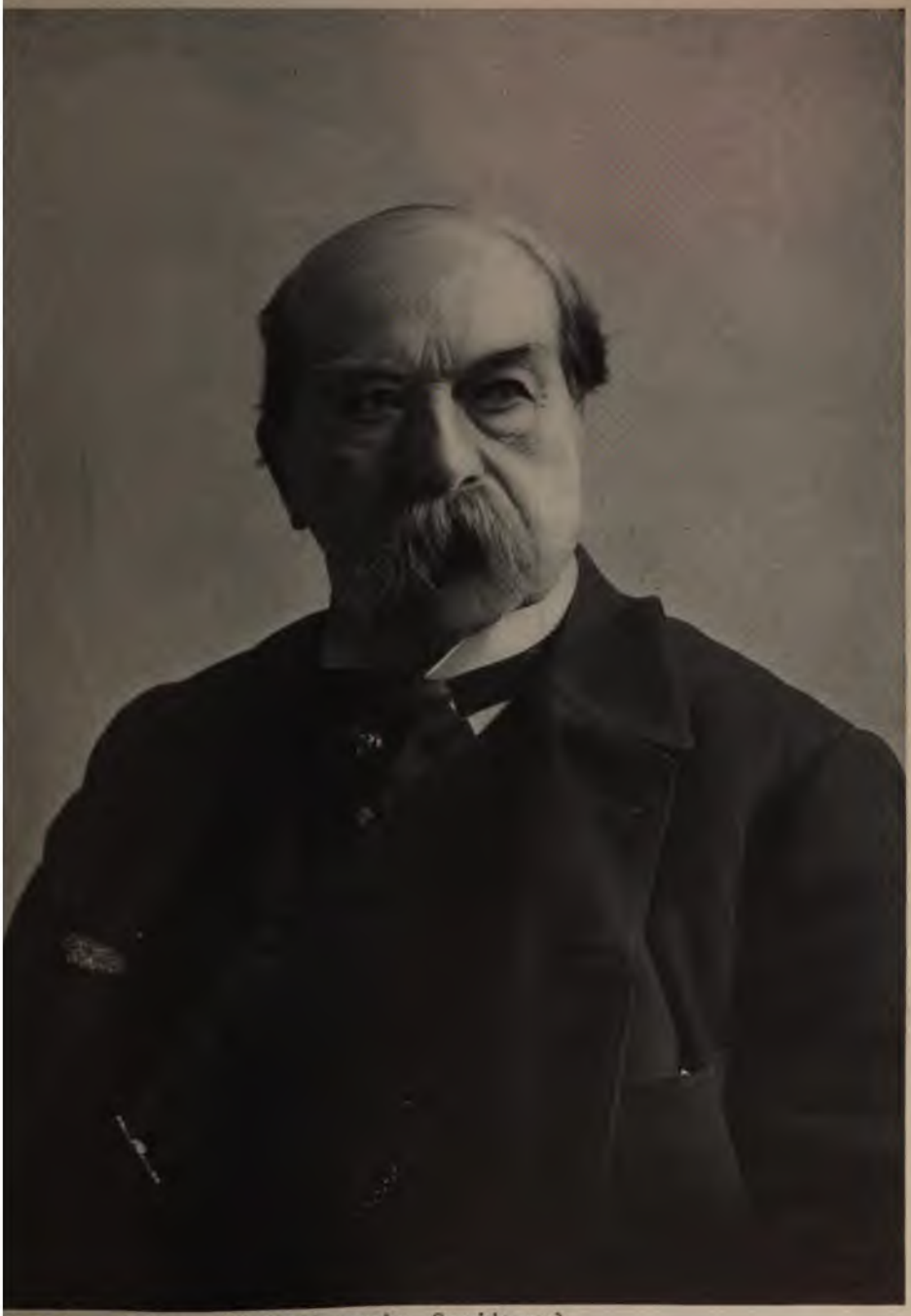
He knows it is an untruth, yet it makes a great impression on his soul. Happy and satisfied with his good fortune, he is making preparations to go with Desdemona to the island of Cyprus to accomplish his mission.

What is Desdemona to Othello? She is the forgetfulness of all his sad experiences; she is the joy of the present; the sweetness, the enchantment, the poetry of the future; she is the rainbow that comes to him after a stormy existence. His love is not a sensual love, born at sunrise only to die at night: it is lasting, pure, grateful. He finds in Desdemona his twin soul! The feeling he has for her is that of a father, of a brother, of a friend.

Shakespeare, who liked contrasts, makes Iago a veritable Lucifer. To paint his character one should be Titian, and to describe it, Shakespeare himself. He represents the evil principle in life. Othello had learned, during their association in warfare, to value Iago's discipline and courage, and had bestowed upon him his friendship and confidence. Many believe that Othello is too credulous; I should think the same if the Iago of my imagination did not convince me of the contrary. How could one doubt him? With what art he pours the poison into Othello's pure soul! How well he pretends that it is only for the admiration and love he has for his captain that he confides in him his doubts and fears! And with what simulated passion he tells of Cassio's love for Desdemona! Why should not the Moor believe in Iago? At first he is not persuaded, and praises his wife's virtues highly; but when Iago reminds him of her father's prophecy, and of his difference in race and color, Othello beginning to doubt, becomes suspicious.

How miserable is the Moor now! "Only yesterday," he sighs, "I was happy, and to-day I have lost my peace, since to suspect Desdemona destroys the serenity of my soul." Adieu, glorious memory! Adieu, happy future! Adieu, sweet illusion of life! For him this is the end of the beautiful world, and he enters into a chaos of sorrow.

Many hold Othello to be the emblem of jealousy, and we often refer to him as an example and a warning. I do not believe Othello is more jealous than any other man who loves his wife dearly, but suspects her, whether he be of the south or of the north. Of course the Moor suspects; why should he not? Has he not enough proof to cause misgiving? Has not Iago told him Cassio's dream?—and also about her handkerchief, which he swears is in the hands of her lover? And when, later, Othello asks his wife for it, she has just discovered its loss, fears a scolding, and hides from him the whole truth, while in her kindness of heart she begs her husband to forgive Cassio. If you persist in saying that there is no proof, why does the author make Othello say in the last act,



rom a photograph taken especially for this magazine. Copyright, 1904.)

TOMMASO SALVINI

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand?

Following Iago's advice, he smothers his wife. Many are surprised to hear her speak again. In making her do so, Shakespeare means to depict the beauty of her character. Emily asks, "Who hath done this deed?" and she replies, "Nobody: I myself," knowing this self-accusation will save Othello. It is absurd to believe that, after he had smothered her, he stabbed her with a dagger. Does he not say,

Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow?

If Othello does not know Iago's character, yet the latter knows perfectly the Moor's disposition. He knows he is loyal, but terrible when in anger, and if he discovers the truth his betrayer's life will be in danger.

The player who represents Iago should, when he speaks to the Moor, be so sincere in his doubts as to put the audience also in doubt, make it admire his character, and only by degrees discover his perfidious cunning. If the actor should make the betrayer a shade too Satanic, Othello would look foolish. His insinuations should be delivered with little care, and show a great respect for his captain. He should be sorry that the Moor has found out this treachery from his (Iago's) lips, but he should emphatically give the conviction that he is telling the truth. This scene should not contain a gesture or a look that would reveal his deceitfulness. After all, we learn his plans from his monologues. Much of the effect of Othello's part depends upon Iago.

ROAD LEADING TO SALVINI'S VILLA NEAR FLORENCE

Undoubtedly you will agree with me that his love for Desdemona is poetical, not sensual; therefore his is not the vulgar jealousy of a man who knows that his wife belongs to another: it is the anguish of losing the source of his life, the treasure of his heart. He feels overwhelmed with shame. The supposed deceitfulness of Desdemona is an offence to his loyalty, and any man of his temper who realized that she had deceived, not only her father, but also her husband, would conclude that others might be her dupes. He must therefore be her judge, her executioner. Do you think he has killed her for jealousy? No. It is a sacrifice he owes to society, and he feels he has the right to make it.

Shakespeare took his plot from "Il Moro di Venezia," by Cintio Giraldi; yet the character of the original Moor is different from the one created by the English poet. The former kills his wife by inflicting upon her the extremest torture; then, putting her into bed, he causes the ceiling of the room to fall upon her bruised body, thus causing the world to believe her death the result of an accident. He hides his murder because he is afraid

Drawn by Dircé St. Cyr from the painting by Gordigiani

SALVINI AS OTHELLO

of being punished, but Shakespeare's Othello does not cloak his deed; on the contrary, he is proud of having done justice. Giraldi's Othello is actuated by a thirst for revenge; Shakespeare's by a sense of justice. When the latter Othello finds out his mistake, caring more for fame than for his life, he wishes his misfortune to be known to all the world:

> nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

Wishing no one to judge his actions, he sacrifices himself as he sacrificed Desdemona. This last act of equity to my mind shows the foundation of his character to be loyalty.

I dislike to go into details of the part, yet I feel that I should give some explanation in regard to my presentation of the death scene in the last act.

I chose cutting my throat instead of stabbing myself, as many other foreign artists have done before, for two reasons:

First: Because it is the custom among the Africans to cut the abdomen of their enemies only.

Second: Because Shakespeare does not say in what manner the Moor should die; but Othello utters these words as he kills himself:

> I took by the throat the circumcisèd dog,
> And smote him, thus.

As he mentions the throat, it seems to me natural that the action should suit the word. Those who criticised

my interpretation gave me two reasons. One was, that if he had cut his throat he could not have spoken again,—as if one could not die without cutting the carotid! The other reason is, tradition. Though I respect this last criticism, yet I believe that an artist should have the right to be original, and occasionally, if possible, to improve upon tradition.

There are many who say that I have made a more careful study of "Othello" than I have of "King Lear," and other plays. I protest that, like a good father, I have always treated and loved all my sons equally. I believe that "Othello's" popularity was due to its plot. In "Macbeth" it is ambition that dominates; in "Hamlet," vengeance; in "King Lear," ingratitude; in "Othello," love.

This tragedy of "Othello" is the greatest in the world, and, as Wordsworth says, "the most pathetic of human compositions."

Come farfalla che la luce attira
Alla rovente fiamma abbrucia e spira,
Così, dell'Arte al sacro fuoco anch'io
Me incendio tutto per fatal desio!

Tommaso Salvini

Firenze 8 Giugno 1898.

TRANSLATION BY A. I. DUPONT COLEMAN.

LIKE some poor moth that flutters towards the light,
And pays with life for one last daring flight,
So still is drawn and so consumes my heart
Where blazes high the sacred fire of Art!

SALVINI'S OTHELLO AT ITS BEST.*

"Before giving 'Othello,' it was my wish to familiarize the Neapolitan public with a class of works foreign to that which had previously been seen on the boards of that theatre. I had already played Voltaire's 'Zaire' several times and other plays characterized by vehemence of passion, and it seemed to me the time had come to try the effect of the implacable 'Moor of Venice' upon my audience. It is very seldom that I have attained satisfaction with myself in that rôle; I may say that in the thousands of times that I have played it, I can count on the fingers of one hand those when I have said to myself, 'I can do no better'; and one of those times was when I gave it at the Theatre de' Fiorentini.

"It seemed that evening as if an electric current connected the artist with the public. Every sensation of mine was transfused into the audience; it responded instantaneously to my sentiment, and manifested its perception of my meanings by a low murmuring, by a sustained tremor. There was no occasion for reflection, nor did the people seek to discuss me; all were at once in unison and concord. Actor, Moor, and the audience felt the same impulse, were moved as one soul. I cannot describe the cries of enthusiasm which issued from the throats of those thousands of persons in exaltation, or the delirious demonstrations which accompanied those scenes of love, jealousy and fury; and when the shocking catastrophe came, when the Moor, recognizing that he had been deceived, cuts short his days, so as not to survive the anguish of having slain the guiltless Desdemona, a chill ran through every vein, and, as if the audience had been stricken dumb, ten seconds went by in absolute silence. Then came a tempest of cries and plaudits, and countless summonses before the curtain. When the demonstration was ended, the audience passed out among an indistinct murmur of voices, and collected in groups of five, eight, or twelve everywhere in the neighborhood of the theatre; then, reuniting as if by magnetic force, they came back into the theatre, demanded the relighting of the footlights, and insisted that I should come on the stage again, though I was half undressed, to receive a new ovation.

"This unparalleled and spontaneous demonstration is among the most cherished memories of my career, for it ranks among such as an artist rarely obtains."

*From the author's Autobiography. Copyright 1892, 1893, by the Century Co.

DIEVOLE—SALVINI'S MANOR HOUSE NEAR SIENA

GOVERNOR HUGHES

"A Twentieth Century Roundhead"

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

IN the opening hours of the present year there came to Albany two Republican leaders, Herbert Parsons, President of the New York County Committee, and Timothy L. Woodruff, chairman of the State Committee. The former had recently forced a reluctant State convention to nominate the newly elected Governor; the latter represented the official head of the organization, which had elected its nominee. They came to ask the appointment to a semi-judicial position of a Brooklyn district leader; they came in the customary fashion to offer the regulation endorsement.

"But the man is a district leader," objected the new Governor. Such was the spirit in which Charles Evans Hughes began his administration.

Nor is this incident so slight as it might seem. To Parsons and Woodruff this objection smacked of revolution. It was, moreover, an epitome of much that followed. For a generation the public life of New York has been dominated by a single tradition. In fair weather this tradition was denominated "responsible party government;" in less happy days it had come to be designated as "boss rule." But underlying all titles was the fundamental idea of a partisan organization; of party principle enforced by the application of patronage. When Governor Hughes thus rejected the test of party interest and proposed that of public efficiency, he levelled his first and most startling blow at a venerable tradition.

It was precisely because Governor Hughes has continued to attack tradition that one of the most acute observers of public life in the State and nation supplied the following answer to the riddle the career and success of Governor Hughes has set for politician and citizen alike. He said:

> We have been living in an era of Cavalier heroes—Roosevelt, Jerome and their kind have reproduced something of the spirit and the personal charm of the Prince Ruperts of other days. Governor Hughes, on the contrary represents the twentieth-century Roundhead.

Without pursuing this characterization too far, there is yet a sound basis of fact underlying it. It is not merely that the earlier years of the present Governor were spent in a Baptist parsonage under influences suggestive of Puritan rigidity. It is not alone that the counsel to the Armstrong Committee was the organizer and first teacher of the famous Rockefeller Bible class. Nor is it entirely comprehended in the singular austerity and uncompromising literalness with which the chief executive has applied the common law and the Ten Commandments to the financial and political world. It is rather that, in addition to these circumstances, the whole public life and service of the man Hughes have been destructive of a tradition and a system, and in his great fight he has displayed something of the stiff-necked and iconoclastic spirit of the Roundhead.

The student of the life of Governor Hughes will find a surprising continuity of spirit running through the

whole story. In the earliest childhood he will find a dominant note of work; in the years of early manhood he will find this same tireless and relentless spirit displayed, culminating in that great insurance investigation, where it first found real public recognition. Should he care to pursue the subject farther, he will find it still exemplified in the Executive Chamber, where the lights burn nightly until after midnight. Yet, always, back of the work will be descried the fundamental conviction that the task represented a mission, quite as much as it contributed to a career.

"I believe you have a call from God to enter the profession of the law," was the advice given the youth Hughes, at the close of his college life, by one of his devout professors, and this message reveals alike the incentive and the spirit of his professional life.

Governor Hughes was born in Glens Falls forty-five years ago. His father, a native of Wales, was a Baptist clergyman; his mother had been a school teacher. The first significant anecdote of the boy Hughes is told of the period when he was less than five years old. He had begun to go to school, and after two or three days of attendance went to his father's study and laid on the desk a paper on which he had written, "Charles E. Hughes, his plan of study."

"Papa, I don't like it at school," said the boy, "teacher goes over and over the same thing and I get nervous. I could do better at home."

The puzzled father looked at the paper and found the boy had drawn up a plan of study and recitation at home. He accepted the plan and for several years the young student followed his own schedule.

A few years later the young Hughes entered the public schools of New York City, and was duly graduated from Public School Number 35, delivering the salutatory of his class. During these earlier years his reading was confined exclusively to works of science, and it was not until he entered college that he began his reading of fiction—even then it was in a systematic fashion. At thirteen the boy was ready for college and his father took him to Hamilton, but the faculty thought him too young and turned him away. The boy waited a year, but it was a year of work, not rest, and the following year he entered Hamilton as a sophomore.

"The faculty still thought him too young," Dr. Hughes once said, "but I told them I thought I knew the power of the boy for endurance better than they." A year later the boy quitted Hamilton for Brown. He had found the work there "too easy." Although he entered Brown in the middle of the course, he was graduated with honors, holding third place in his class and winning various prizes. From Brown Mr. Hughes went to Delhi, in Delaware County, where he taught in the local academy during the morning and read law afternoons and evenings. During the last campaign Governor Hughes spoke in Delhi and there he met one of his old pupils.

"We used to study algebra together, did n't we?" inquired the candidate, by way of introducing the old acquaintance to a group of reporters, who stood by.

"Wa-al, ya-as," was the deliberate answer, "and after six weeks I guess you knew all about it." From Delhi Hughes went to the Columbia Law School, winning new honors here and becoming an instructor. During one vacation, at this time, Mr. Hughes studied shorthand, to save time in making notes of lectures; such was the spirit of his academic work. From Columbia Mr. Hughes went to private practice of the law, and subsequently, because of bad health, went to the Cornell Law School as a professor.

"The pleasantest days of my life were spent here, far above Cayuga's waters," he told an audience at Ithaca during the last campaign, and he has admitted that he quitted this congenial work with extreme reluctance. Something of the academic spirit, moreover, has clung to the

From a copyright photograph by Pach Bros.

GOVERNOR CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

man ever since. After several years at Ithaca he returned to New York and the practice of the law. Here the first period of his life ends.

"Life is only work—and then more work—and then more work," he once said, and in a measure this epitomizes these earlier years.

Up to the time he became counsel to the Stevens Gas Commission Governor Hughes had never had any intimate acquaintance with political life. Although a stanch Republican, it had been his boast that he had never intentionally voted a machine-made ticket; politically, he was, then, an independent. The question as to who "discovered Hughes" is still unsettled. Yet it is an odd coincidence that Henry W. Taft,—brother of the Secretary of War, a rival for presidential honors not impossibly,—by his recommendation of the lawyer Hughes for counsel to the Stevens Committee, has first claim to this honor. Hughes had opposed Taft in an important litigation growing out of the beet sugar industry, and had somewhat unfortunately impressed his opponent with his power to grasp the technical and chemical phases of the question, phases which decided the case. It is a matter of record, moreover, that Hughes several times declined the offer, and ultimately accepted it only after he had been convinced that it would be unlimited by political considerations. When the State Senate, under the leadership of McCarren, defeated Hughes's 80-cent-gas bill, Mr. Hughes had his first practical experience with public life and the Senate "Old Guard."

Recalled from Europe a few months later to undertake the far greater insurance investigation, Mr. Hughes asked and received from the legislative committee, on the first day, a bunch of blank subpœnas; henceforth the witnesses were of his own choosing. The marvellous story of that investigation needs no repetition. When it was finished the secrets of a generation of political history were public property. Odell, Depew, Platt and a score of other politicians had gone down in the wreck and a financial dynasty had been overthrown. It is no exaggeration to say that contemporary State politics date from this investigation. It was during the course of this investigation that Odell offered Mr. Hughes the Republican nomination for mayor of New York. The motive of the offer was not misunderstood, and, with his work to complete, Mr. Hughes declined to be turned aside by any political honors. Having completed that work and written the monumental report of the committee, Mr. Hughes prepared to go back to a law practice certain to be immensely remunerative. Here, one may say, ended the second period in his career.

It soon became apparent, however, that the Armstrong Committee's investigation had wrought a political revolution. The alliance between the corporation and the politician, often suspected in the past, had at last been proven. As a result a tremendous public wrath was stirred against those political leaders, under whose domination the situation had developed. Public indignation amounted almost to hysteria and was obviously crystallizing against the Republican party and about Hearst. To escape the consequences of its dereliction, the Republican party unwillingly and under duress nominated the man who had evoked the storm. The campaign that followed was unique in the history of New York State. The unsought nomination Governor Hughes accepted, but he rejected the party which gave it. He declined to defend the party record; he refused to accept responsibility for the past; he gave his personal pledge to submit the State departments, long under suspicion, to a new Armstrong investigation. It was a peculiar fact that his campaign utterances were legal rather than popular in form. Despite all urging he refused to "insurrect the public mind."

"There has been too much loose talk, already," was his stern re-

joinder, when urged to "warm up." He put it more humorously another time, when confronted with the duty of kissing babies—

"No, I will not make any appeal to the passions of the populace," was his droll refusal.

"If I am elected governor," became the invariable preface to his personal campaign addresses. But he went up and down the State as no candidate in a generation has done. Night and day he travelled and spoke. Experienced newspaper men grew weary under the terrific strain, but not the candidate; his voice might fail, but never his energy.

"Whatever the result, I want to know that the fight has been fought for all it was worth," was his explanation for his toil.

The importance of this campaign to the future of the Governor must not be overlooked. He had sounded the depths of political corruption in his investigations. Here he sounded the depths of popular resentment and indignation. In his victory and the defeat of his party Mr. Hughes grasped the salient fact that he had received a personal commission from the voters of the State to "clean house." Thus, it was but natural that his first act as Governor should be to break with tradition, as has been indicated. His second break was no less significant. Under Hill, Black and Odell the government of the State had become centred in the "back room," the inner private office in the Executive Chamber. Here corporation lawyers had bought legislation from party leaders in return for campaign contributions. Here had centred much that the Armstrong Committee had revealed. Governor Hughes removed the centre of gravity of the state administration out into the "big room." Henceforth politicians and citizens, on an equal footing and in plain sight, waited their turn to talk with the Governor, and the "side door" was permanently closed.

Hardly had he taken office when the Governor was forced to name a Superintendent of Public Works. The position was the most important within his gift. It comprehended the expenditure of $101,000,000 for the new Erie Canal. Governor Hughes selected Ex-Senator Stevens, who had conducted the gas investigation. Stevens was a millionaire, who had owned street railroads and banks and was used to dealing with big things. Of his fitness there could be no question. His record in the State Senate had been clean and honorable. But he had been retired to private life, because of a factional fight with the Wadsworths, the Republican overlords of western New York.

"We are against him and we are the regular organization," protested the Wadsworths.

"I 'm sorry, for he is efficient and I shall name him," replied the Governor. To Stevens himself he said:

"I desire you to see to it that your department is not used to strengthen the enemies of my policies, but I do not wish you to attempt to erect a Hughes machine." Such was the political policy of the Governor at the outset.

Of a piece with all the rest was Governor Hughes's first message to the Legislature. All over the State there was cry against public service corporations. In New York City transit conditions had become intolerable. Yet the State maintained a Railroad Commission and paid five politicians $8,000 apiece annually to "regulate" these corporations. An ex-chairman of the Republican State Committee and the most powerful single county leader in the State were among its members. It was the fortified centre of political patronage and to the public it stood for the alliance of the politician and the corporation against them. In his first message Governor Hughes recommended its abolition, together with that of various kindred commissions. When this recommendation was made, politicians turned pale at a step so revolutionary. In its place, the Governor recommended two real public service commissions.

A few weeks later came the demand for the removal of Otto Kelsey, Superintendent of Insurance, who had retained as his subordinates that ancient régime under whom the scandals of the insurance world had been possible. Even friends warned Governor Hughes that such a step meant the possible, even probable, defeat of all his policies. Every reason based on expediency was quoted against so radical a step, antagonizing so many powerful politicians.

"But he is incompetent," retorted Hughes. A few days later he summoned Kelsey and personally examined him. Never has Albany seen so merciless and destructive a cross-examination. It lasted a little over an hour; when it was ended a whole State knew Kelsey to be incompetent.

"I was n't there to see the black cap adjusted, but I saw the drop fall," said one politician grimly, and no one present failed to recognize that there had been a judicial execution.

In the meantime a Legislature, and particularly a Senate, loyal to past traditions, hateful of all that Hughes represented, had declared war. For months it had refused to accept any part of the Governor's programme. When Kelsey's removal was asked it seized upon this issue and added open hostility to secret defiance and retained Kelsey. It was then that Governor Hughes took the field.

"In case of difficulty I shall appeal to the people directly," he had said in January. In April he began his "appeals." Like his campaign speeches, however, these addresses utterly lacked denunciation and passion; they were in fact legal briefs and as such were objects of ridicule among his enemies.

"I am attorney for the people," was Governor Hughes's calm retort. The period of defiance, moreover, was brief. Of a sudden the response of the people was heard in the land. At its first sound the politicians capitulated, the "Old Guard" abdicated and the Hughes programme was indorsed by a panic-stricken Republican State Committee. Governor Hughes had set out to destroy the boss, he had ended by reinstating the voter. He had made war upon the bosses and they had understood, but so had the people.

Looking back over eight months of Governor Hughes's administration, from this vantage point, the complete continuity and unity is now apparent. It has been the logical consequence of the revelations of the Armstrong Committee. Moreover, it has come about logically. With patronage-made machines, with bosses and with the traditional methods, the Governor has had no traffic. His power of appointment, his right of veto have not been bargain-counter remnants at political sales. He has trafficked neither in appointment nor legislation.

The whole thing has been worked out with the exactness of a mathematical problem. In its demonstration there has been employed the care one might find at a clinic. It has been done without the slightest dramatic appeal; it has lacked features of applied personality, but it has succeeded, succeeded amazingly. Moreover, with success has come no qualifying debt. In the moment of victory the Governor is more isolated than during the actual conflict. He had insisted upon a proper regulation of corporations, yet, when a careless Legislature, yielding to popular agitation, passed a two-cent-per-mile railroad rate bill, without previous examination of conditions and on insufficient evidence, Governor Hughes wrote a veto message that had national currency. To his protest against the disregard of the common law by corporations and politicians he now added his emphatic veto to the employment of Lynch law by the people.

Again, when newspapers sought to influence him to sign a measure they favored for personal reasons, he said, in vetoing it:

"I have shown the politicians they do not control me; now I purpose showing the newspapers they cannot shape my actions."

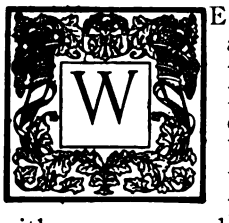
In the face of his great achievements there is an obvious temptation to exaggerate the personality of Governor Hughes. Yet the limitations of the Governor are obvious and must command the attention of those who seek to urge his further promotion. At Albany he has made history, not friends or followers, His coldness has become a local proverb. He has dealt in abstract morality rather than concrete humanity. "Things are either right or wrong," he said in a recent address, and the very triteness of this comment reveals the fundamental viewpoint of the man. His devotion to public welfare has been tireless and unselfish, yet it has been marked by a rigidity that has had elements of brusqueness and harshness. His best friends have not hesitated to declare that he has not infrequently sacrificed them to some insignificant or imaginary consideration. Alone, moreover, among those who have achieved prominence in public life in recent years, Governor Hughes stands without a close friend or follower, whose loyalty is based upon sentiment rather than selfish interest. Such is the unique feature of the Hughes personality.

"After our candidate has spoken, he will shake hands with you, and I think you will find that he really is human," said a Steuben County farmer in introducing the Governor to a rural audience during the last campaign. In the question that this novel explanation sought to answer lies a surprisingly exact glimpse of the man Hughes—a glimpse which suggests the comparison with the unbending and uncompromising Roundhead of another century rather than a contemporary candidate on the stump. Moreover, quite as completely and in much the same spirit as the Roundhead shattered the tradition of the "divine right of kings," Charles E. Hughes has annihilated the modern superstition of the "divine right of bosses."

A LAY SERMON TO YOUNG AMERICANS

By CHARLES E. HUGHES

An address to members of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, delivered during the campaign that resulted in the speaker's election to the governorship, and revised by Mr. Hughes for publication in this magazine.—*The Editors.*



E have been accused at times, rather thoughtlessly, of having money as our god. It has been said, that the American people are affected with money madness. I think it is a thoughtless observation. While doubtless all desire a fair share of the comforts of life, even of the luxuries of life; while all desire to maintain a high standard of living and to obtain those things which go to make life easy and free from petty annoyances, some there are, no doubt — many in numbers, though I believe relatively a small class—who want money, who want to accumulate, who want it for its own sake.

But I think in the ordinary case young America wants an opportunity for expressing its individuality and of receiving some recognition of individual achievement; and the young man takes a line that seems to be open to him, and does the best he can with his talents—more desirous, really, of showing what he can do and getting credit for it, than of amassing a fortune.

While so much of our activity is along lines of business, where, with our great opportunities, special talent is liberally rewarded undoubtedly rich returns come to many, and undoubtedly with these rich returns many of the more honorable ambitions of early youth are forgotten and ideals become corrupt.

But there is one thing more important than anything else, and that is that within there should be a citadel which none can assail, a fortress that cannot be carried by assault, that is proof against any kind of attack; and that is the citadel of self-respect.

The secret is within, not in external conditions. A man has to live with himself, and he should see to it that he is always in good company. Whether his lot is prosperous, whether his talents are such as to win certain kinds of success, or whether he has opportunities which come to some and are denied to others, if that citadel remains impregnable, he is a man and a successful man, and he is a happy man. Without this he is somebody else's man.

I don't mean this in a narrow sense. We live in an interesting world. Let us take part in these interests. Let us be many-sided. Do not let us contract ourselves into some narrow, little sphere in which we happen to be placed, and refuse to come out and get into contact with the varied interests of the world.

It is a beautiful world, too—beautiful in nature, beautiful in the works of the imagination, beautiful in the works of art, beautiful on every side. Let us enjoy it to the full. Let us not be restricted by arbitrary rules. Let us be restricted only by the highest dignity of the enlightened conscience, and by the determination to make the most of life. Not in any narrow sense: let us make our lives broadly useful.

But, after all, what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Does a lawyer at the bar think of the fee, and is he willing to practise deceit and chicanery to make money? Does the employer think of the return that is coming to him, and try to squeeze the last bit of work out of his men and get the greatest margin of profit for himself? Does the employee or the clerk or any one in a close advisory capacity make himself a tool and a slave ready to do the bidding of greed?

And we want faith. I have never yet heard a sermon on faith that seemed to me to approximate the demand of that subject. I don't know that it is a possibility for any man to rise to a true conception of the importance of faith. We want faith in ourselves. You know what a splendid glow a man has when, if he is trained to physical exertion, he enters into some physical contest to which he is adequate. What a splendid feeling follows the exercise of his faculties.

A great many of you know what a delight is mental work—hard, straining mental work. A great many of you know the great delight of serving some master of your thought. But we must have faith in ourselves to achieve victory along any line—physical, intellectual or moral.

Let a man take pride in his achievements of virtue. Let him take satisfaction in his moral conquests. Let him have faith that he can do it, and that is half the battle.

And we want faith in our fellowmen. Do not let us look on life cynically. Do not let us hold ourselves aloof and look askance on the efforts of our brethren. Let us feel that we are working good in this world.

No, don't let us look askance at life and retire within ourselves and achieve a little personal success as though it meant anything. No matter how much money you have, or how much fame you have, or how much achievement you have—nothing means anything unless you feel that you can take hold of a man's hand—any man's, if he is a man—and have him know that you are a real good fellow.

And we want faith in God. We want faith in the reign of goodness. We want faith in the supremacy of the Power that makes for righteousness.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO SAMUEL WARD

WITH COMMENTARY BY HENRY MARION HALL

I

THE letters of Longfellow here printed for the first time were nearly all written to Mr. Samuel Ward, the poet's life-long friend; and as they cover a period beginning in 1836 and ending in 1843, they contain much interesting information about Longfellow's early experiences as an author. They have been carefully selected from some sixty letters to Mr. Ward and to Mr. Charles Sumner and it is worthy of notice that such selection has been a matter of considerable difficulty, because all this correspondence has the poet's peculiar charm, and nearly all is valuable for the light it throws on the days when Longfellow first taught modern languages at Harvard University. Every one of these letters is wonderfully neat in appearance, very clearly written, faultlessly spelled and punctuated, and as legible to-day as it was when first penned—rather remarkable when we learn that many a page was hastily dashed off during a few leisure moments.

The first were written in 1836, when Longfellow was spending a year abroad, in studies preparatory for his work as Smith Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University, a position to which he had been appointed because of his success in the same department at Bowdoin, his own college.

He owed his recommendation to Professor George Ticknor, the first Smith Professor, and hence the first man to give courses in modern languages at any American college. It has been said that Ticknor's resignation was due to the fact that some of the college authorities thought him inferior to Longfellow as a teacher; but, however that may have been, no hint on the subject is found in Ticknor's correspondence with his successor, and the friendliest relations existed between them. Indeed this year's study abroad had been undertaken by Longfellow at the suggestion of the older man, who consented to hold the professorship until Longfellow should return.

It will be remembered that as yet Longfellow had published little besides a few translations from the Spanish, an essay on the "Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," and the series of European sketches entitled "Outre Mer"; the last being essays based on his experiences during a previous three years' sojourn in Europe, written in a style pleasantly reminiscent of Irving's "Sketch Book." He was, besides, the author of several text-books and grammars, prepared for the use of his classes at Bowdoin College; but, although regarded as a man of much promise, he had not yet made any great stir in the literary world.

The year 1835–1836 he spent mainly in Germany, improving his knowledge of the language and literature of that country. In November, 1835, he suffered a terrible loss in the death of his beautiful young wife, and soon afterwards withdrew in

great sorrow to Heidelberg, where he plunged more deeply than ever into serious study. Of all the authors whose works he then read, Jean Paul Richter interested him most keenly, and Longfellow's romance, "Hyperion," clearly shows the influence of Richter over his mind. In fact, the following letter to Samuel Ward, with its striking description of the famous German, was afterwards elaborated by Longfellow into part of the thirtieth chapter of his novel.

HEIDELBERG, April 3, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

Yours of March 26 did not reach me until last evening; which is the reason that you have not a more speedy reply. I am indeed very sorry to hear of your serious misfortune; but you have left me a little in doubt *how far* I am to condole with you. What you say of "the amputation crisis" is somewhat in the Jean Paul vein; and I have not yet made up my mind whether you have lost your leg or not. I trust, however, that you have been rescued from so great a misfortune as this would be. Could I for a moment imagine otherwise, I should not allow myself to speak so lightly on the subject. But as you are doubtless fast recovering—and I hope, ere this reaches you, quite recovered—you will perhaps be amused to see into what a perplexity you threw me by a Jean-Paulism.

I hope you have at least good weather to cheer you in your confinement. If you were here, you would probably die—unless your heart carries an umbrella—or has an oil-cloth hatcase for its pericardium (there 's one for you, Sir, to pay you for yours of the 26th March)—for it has been raining ever since you left us, winding up this morning with a furious snow-storm. At this present moment the sunshine is breaking through the mist. More in my next.

Yesterday between ten and eleven I had a distant street view of your friend the Baron of Schwatzingen. He was passing down the Haspelgasse—all clad in green from top to toe—and looked like a large cucumber. By his side crept a little man in black, without form, and void—representing a bug on the said cucumber. Whereupon I made this polymeter: "Well art thou long, and green, and fair to see—and like thy fellow cucumbers art nourished by the vine."

You will perceive that I have been reading the Flegeljahre since you left us. I am delighted with Richter's magnificent and gorgeous imagination, which makes his descriptions of nature like Claude Lorraine's sunset landscapes. What exquisite beauty and lavish prodigality of figurative language! His wit does not please me so much; for though perhaps as spontaneous as his poetic imagery and expression—it is by no means so unrivalled. Strange that a man, whose soul was so overflowing with poetry, should wear a yellow nankeen frock-coat, and get maudlin on beer! His life of Quintus Fixlein has been translated into English. I doubt, however, whether his works would please the English public, in general. He is too gigantic and misty. Reading his writings is like climbing in merry company up a steep hill to see the sun rise;—half the time you are in mist and vapor—and the trees swim around you like shadowy spectres—and then arises the sweet and manifold fragrance of flowers—and the birds sing in the air—and a glorious burst of sunshine darts athwart the vapory landscape—and you are revelling, like the lark, in the freshness of morning when some merry fellow at your elbow makes a bad pun—or offers you a piece of Bologna sausage. Is it not so?

My whisper about a fall from a carriage was unfortunately prophetic. I hope you will look upon some other things I said as possibly, and if so, fortunately prophetic. I refer to your getting married. It is a shame that a young man of your feelings should suffer them to run to waste. Excuse my frankness. Laugh, if you will, at my simplicity—but by all that is pure and lovely and of good report—think of these things.

A letter from Ticknor has just been put into my hands, and has snapped short my good advice.—Listen:—hear what he says of you. "Has young Ward of N. Y. been in Heidelberg, and if so how long did he stay and what did he do there? He was with us in Dresden about two months ago, and left us very anxious to hear good things of him because he is capable of doing so much!" There 's a sugar-plum for you.

Half-past twelve o'clock. I see from my window a tremendous storm coming along the Manheim road. Mercy on us!

Farewell. I hope you will soon be able to write me in your own hand, to say that you are well. Excuse the nonsense of this letter, and for your sentiments of friendship and regard receive mine in return.

Truly yours, &c, &c.,
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

On June 23, 1836, he wrote to Mr. Ward from Heidelberg:

I hope this letter will reach you before you leave Paris, otherwise you will go on your way wondering at my silence. I should have written you sooner, but have been sometime absent on a Tour down the Rhine and through the Baths of Ems,

Langen-Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, &c. On my return two days ago I found your letter waiting for me. I regret to hear you have had a relapse. Take better care of yourself, I pray you, or one of those legs, which have figured so extensively at the various courts of Europe, may figure no more anywhere.

I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you again, for I intend to be in Paris about the close of August, and shall sail for New York either in September, or at the latest in October. I shall leave Heidelberg in a few days for Munich—the Tyrol and Switzerland. Why can't you return and make this journey with me? Will you? I have written to George Greene, to meet me in Milan.

Excuse my laconic epistle in answer to your long one. I am busy, and have several letters to write before I can leave town. A pleasant voyage to you.

Very truly your friend,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P. S. By the way, who do you think has made his appearance here from New York?—No less a personage than young Zimmern, "son of the Brothers Zimmern & Co."—as he himself once said. He says he did not like New York and the people in New York did not like him. So here he is once more.

The trip through Switzerland mentioned in the above letter furnished Longfellow with a background for "Hyperion," and the experiences of the hero in that story, Paul Fleming, must be regarded as the poet's own. But in the book the hero, after long mourning his young wife, courts a girl who finally refuses him; while Longfellow married Miss Appleton, whose portrait, as it were, he had sketched in "Hyperion." Longfellow's correspondence, however, contains hints that his first proposal met with rejection; so even in this respect the novel may be taken as autobiographical.

The letter that follows was written after Longfellow had settled down to his duties at Harvard. It was penned in the Craigie House, that fine old mansion which had once been Washington's headquarters, and which came into Longfellow's possession not long after his second marriage. The criticism on Carlyle shows the poet's keen discernment.

CAMBRIDGE, July 30, 1838.

MY DEAR WARD:

On returning from Nahant, I hear that you have been in Boston, pushing through, as if it were an inconsiderable village not set down in the guide-books, and where you had no friends. I am sorry not to have seen you. That affair of the newspaper must be very thoroughly discussed and arranged before we begin.* I fear that this library of Mr. Astor will so occupy Mr. Cogswell as entirely to remove him from journalizing. Moreover, Sparks† takes the matter very coldly—says he cannot write much; does not wish to be a Proprietor, and fifty more conceits equally pleasant. You readily understand, therefore, that we have to begin anew, as it were; and must necessarily meet and reconsider the whole matter. When and where shall this be? To-morrow I depart for Portland, where I shall remain till the twentieth of August, or thereabout, and after that date hold myself in readiness to meet you in Newport, or Cambridge, or Boston.

On Bowditch there is yet nothing to be had, worth having. Nothing has been published but the Eulogies of Young and White. The other matters which you mention have not yet dawned upon the world. Therefore, I can think of no better plan, than that suggested in my letter from Nahant—namely, a pilgrimage to the library of the great translator, who is now translated (*Sartor Resartus*).

That reminds me of Carlyle. Ticknor heard him lecture in London. Thought him only *so-so-ish*. Another friend now in London has also heard him and writes: "I have heard Carlyle lecture. He is the Zerah Colburn of thought—dealing with the square-roots of ideas, and giving you any power you ask, in the twinkling of an eye."

Carlyle's "Miscellanies" are just published. Commend the perusual of the chapter on Voltaire to Dr. Francis. One thing I much like in this writer, which is his universal benevolence—the spirit of love, in which he sees all men and all things. And one thing I much dislike, which is the way he has of *ducking under* at the flash of every sharp-shooting inquiry. He does not come very boldly up to the encounter of difficult problems; but passes on saying; "Herein doubtless lies much significance;

* Joseph Greene Cogswell and George Bancroft the historian had been obliged to give up their famous school at Round Hill, Northampton, Massachusetts, shortly before this time, owing to the failure of some of the parents, to pay the term bills of their sons. Hence the elder Samuel Ward bought an interest in a periodical, the *New York Quarterly Review*, with the idea of providing an opening for the talents of his friend Cogswell, as well as for those of his son, the Samuel Ward of this correspondence. The latter was a young man of brilliant promise, and had already written a review of Euler's works, and of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. One of the first essays of his sister—now Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—appeared in this quarterly and attracted favorable notice. As Mr. Cogswell soon became librarian of the Astor Library, and Mr. Samuel Ward entered on a business career, the project was abandoned.

† Jared Sparks, author of the "Life of Washington," and President of Harvard College.

and more than most men will be likely to see at a glance," or some such phrase; which leaves the reader to infer, that he might say a great deal if he wanted.

This is a dissertation—and therefore, a *bore*, "though doubtless significant of much." Allow me to bore you with another instrument, and after the following fashion. Do you know any *young* Frenchman, who speaketh his native tongue pleasantly, and is a gentleman, and would be disposed to come to our College, and give *three* days in the week to instruction, remaining sole master of the other four—salary only $500 a year? The salary is certainly small, but the position good: an excellent *standpunkt*. Will you do me the favor to think of this?

Did you ever know such red-hot weather? Say to Cogswell that not a whisper of the Library has fallen from my lips. The secret was not lisped by me.—"*I will apprize you when I go to Newport*" goeth the child of impulse;—but he did *not* apprize me. With much regard to you all.

Truly yours,
LONGFELLOW.

The next two letters tell about his life at Cambridge. The romance and the poetry on which he was engaged, when he sent the second letter, were "Hyperion" and the volume later entitled "Voices of the Night." The best of these "Voices," the "Psalm of Life," had been composed in July, 1838.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
Saturday Morning,
Nov. 24, 1838.

"Ah! my dear Sam, why did you not send a letter with the books!" said I, as I looked into all four of the cream and molasses (*Milch und Blut*) covers of this beautiful Molière! It came not five minutes ago. I stopped short in Book IV, Chapter VI, of my Romance, just where my heroine was going to speak "with a smile" (heroines always speak so), and have written the word *Molière*, right in the midst of an incipient love-scene, so as to remember the passage hereafter. But there was no letter to be found; and I remember that I owe you one; which I commence with many thanks for your kindness in getting me the book, and acknowledging the obligation, to be paid when I see you in New York in January; as I intend to have that pleasure.

Jan. 5, 1839. This was written more than a month ago, as you perceive by the date. I wanted to tell you what I was busy about;—and then I thought I had better keep my secret, as I have not told it to any friend here. I hate to say what I am doing. With some authors, as with money-diggers, when a word is spoken the charm is broken, and the treasure sinks. I hope it will not be so in this case; though it has often happened to me before.

I was delighted to see Cogswell, though I had only a glimpse of him. He rode out from Boston one bitter cold morning, and found me in bed. My hours are abominable. Two bad habits I must break,—smoking and late hours. Pray teach me how to do it. Matrimony might cure one—*which* one would depend upon circumstances. Are you still a "Peep-o'-day" boy? Do you work in the morning and go to bed at sun set? I wish I had your temperament. My heart and head are both heavy: and sleep my great consoler.

Cogswell told me he had some leaves of your book; and had not time to say more. I wished much to see them; but did not know about it, till just as he was starting. Have you finished, or is only half of the heavy task completed? I devote what leisure I get from College *fagging* to my Romance, and between the Acts, sing Psalms, one of which perhaps you have seen. There are some others coming soon. My poetry, however, is written seldom; the Muse being to me a chaste wife, not a Messalina, to be debauched in the public street. Your idea of mental *crystallization* is fine.

The Newspaper-project has sunk down to the bottom of Time. I shall never dive for it again, that is certain. I must write for some paper, where the remuneration will be certain, and not small; as my necessities point that way. This Cambridge is the dearest *nest* in the world. There never was anything like it. It is a den of thieves. So that I am forced to look for secure returns, and be thankful for them. With kind regards to all your family, including Mr. Cogswell, who I think reached New York safely, truly yours,

H. W. L.

Longfellow's salary when he first taught at Harvard was $500 a year, and the prices in Cambridge stores were then, as now, high. Moreover, there were no electric cars running to Boston, but only an occasional omnibus—not the most comfortable sort of conveyance in bad weather. The poet's time was then very much taken up, as the next letter shows.

MY DEAR WARD:

Think not it is without many self-reproaches that I have so long neglected to write you. Many a correspondent, like many a lover, is "silent when feeling most." As often as I have sat down to write you, some importunate care, or uninvited pleasure, has taken the pen from my hand, and said, with the air of a master, "The hour is mine." Therefore do not feel hurt, nor blame one who already blames himself enough.

Boston is quite gay just now. They have got up a set of Assemblies; or *Papan-*

tis, as they call them from the name of the Dancing master. Cogswell saw No. 1 and from this you can judge of all. The last new book is Mr. Dwight's translations from Goethe and Schiller; which are too numerous and not literal enough. It is the third volume of the "Series of Foreign Literature" edited by Mr. Ripley. Menzel's "History of German Literature," translated by Felton, comes next. Sometime afterwards, a life of Jean Paul, with Specimens, by me, if I cannot get rid of the task. I believe I told you of this. I am sorry I made the engagement. I am very curious to see your handiwork. When will it be published? You will show it to me when I come to New York—which will probably be between the fifteenth and twentieth of this month.

Vale. Yours very truly,
LONGFELLOW.

P. S. As to the *Miner's Journal* I will make one more effort, if you still persist in saying the thing is to be found in the Boston Athenæum.

A few lines from one of Longfellow's letters, written while visiting Washington that winter, contain some keen comments.

What shall I say of Washington after one day's experience? It looks like the Court of King Loafer. I never yet beheld anything which so strongly indicated equality of condition, as the appearance of this place. For instance, here is the palace of a foreign minister, where I called yesterday. [The original letter contains a sketch.]

I have already heard Preston and Benton in the Senate. To judge from this short specimen, the latter is much more of an orator than the former; though perhaps the occasion was not great enough. Thompson I have also heard in the House; and could not help thinking how *respectable Silence* is!

A few months afterwards he paid a visit to Portland, and writes to Ward:

I am going this afternoon to Brunswick, where so many laborious, happy years glided away, and taught me to be tired of solitude. Yet then I was not so truly alone as now. Would I go back? No.

My brother told me yesterday that some paragraphs had appeared in some New York paper saying I stole the idea of the "Midnight Mass" from Tennyson. Absurd. I did not even know that he had written a piece on this subject.

Has anything new turned up since I left you? Don't fail to hear Emerson's lectures. The difference between him and most other lecturers is this: From Emerson you go away and remember nothing, save that you have been much delighted, you have had a pleasant dream in which angelic voices spake. From most other lecturers you go away and remember nothing, save that you have been lamentably *bored*, you have had the *nightmare*, and have heard her colt neigh. This is a true account; you shall yourself be judge.

My ink does not run smoothly to-day. Grim-visaged Winter has laid his hand upon the heart of the inkstand, and curdled the black blood in its veins. Quills, likewise, split away, and I, who am as much a descendant of the Inkers (Incas) as Garcilasso ever was, resent the insult with many a half-suppressed, half-uttered imprecation, which will never reach your ears.

Puns similar to the one given above occur frequently in this correspondence, although no traces of humor are to be found in Longfellow's poems, because he held always to the belief that poetry must be essentially serious. An excerpt from another letter of 1840 gives a charming glimpse of the poet's life in Cambridge

. . . It is a rainy Sunday. I am writing on the small round table near the window. Behind me sits Charles Sumner, reading the "Sketch Book," and exclaiming "I wish I knew Irving! How shall I get acquainted with him?" I reply, "By means of Sam Ward." Then he asks, "When is Ward coming here?" I ask the same question. Let the answer come soon —and you with it, *old gentleman*. Sumner is *bivouacking* with me for a day or two. Another exclamation from him, "What a beautiful writer Irving is!"—Felton is also sitting by the stove, reading an article on Greece in the *Democratic Review*. What would I not give if I could now hear the tramp of your boots on the stairs, and your inspiriting voice singing, "*Was Kommt doch von der Höhe?*" The truth is, you must come here for a few days. We have been separated too long; and though passage of letters—though the *mail* keeps the grass from growing on the road between us, yet the *railroad* of speech would do it more effectually. I shall return the visit with interest this winter.

Shall you lecture this winter? I shall not. I have refused all invitations to that effect—three in number. I mean to hold my vacation sacred, and free from ordinary cares. They are my reconciliations with the world, after long seclusion. The next one I hope to enjoy much; and partly in your society, though that horrible winter passage on the sound terrifies me in advance. Kindest regards to your wife.

Most truly yours,
H. W. L.

The vacation of which he here speaks is evidently the long winter

recess which formerly separated the terms at Harvard, its purpose having been originally to allow the students an opportunity to earn money by teaching school in the country.

Another letter, written by Longfellow in 1840, is interesting on account of the references to his early work; work which his friend Ward helped him to have published. A few lines will be all that there is space to quote here.

Lacon: or Many Things in Few Words.
Hold fast the "Luck of Edenhall" until I see you.
Give Clarke the Skeleton * for $25.
Champion is a better word than Warrior, because it is Saxon, and northern. The old Danish warriors were called *Kaemper; Cempa* is the Saxon.

Your objection about *was* and *were*, is not, I think, well-founded. I think I can persuade you that the verse is well as it stands. Let it pass; and if you persuade me I am wrong, we will change it in the *Illustrated Edition*.

I am very much pleased with Halleck's commendation of the poem.* But what did he say against it?

I thanked you for the French papers in my last, and now thank you again. I like the little ones best. Have you any more *Echoes?* The *heavy* ones, I do not read. I like French fun, better than French wisdom. . . .

Where is the box of saw-dust?

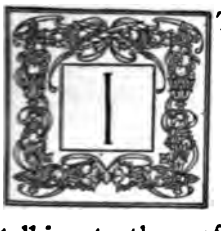
I have seen Ticknor in regard to Graeter.† He says he knows of no book worth translating; and turns up his nose (I should like to see him turn it down) at Menzel's History of Germany. . . .

Good night, my dear.
Yours very truly,
H. W. L.

(To be continued)

THE CURATE'S FRIEND

By E. M. FORSTER



IT is uncertain how the Faun came to be in Wiltshire. Perhaps he came over with the Roman legionaries to live with his friends in camp, talking to them of Lucretilis, or Garganus, or of the slopes of Etna; they in the joy of their recall forgot to take him on board, and he wept in exile; but at last he found that our hills also understood his sorrows, and rejoiced when he was happy. Or, perhaps he came to be there because he had been there always. There is nothing particularly classical about a faun: it is only that the Greeks and Italians have ever had the sharpest eyes. You will find him in the "Tempest" and the "Benedicite;" and any country which has beech clumps and sloping grass and very clear streams may reasonably produce him.

How I came to see him is a more difficult question. For to see him there is required a certain quality, for which truthfulness is too cold a name and animal spirits too coarse a one, and he alone knows how this quality came to be in me. No man has the right to call himself a fool, but I may say that I then presented the perfect semblance of one. I was facetious without humor and serious without conviction. Every Sunday I would speak to my rural parishioners about the other world in the tone of one who has been behind the scenes, or I would explain to them the errors of the Pelagians, or I would warn them against hurrying from one dissipation to another. Every Tuesday I gave what I called "straight talks to my lads"—talks which led straight past anything awkward. And every Thursday I addressed the Mothers' Union on the duties of wives or widows, and gave them practical hints on the management of a family of ten.

I took myself in, and for a time I certainly took in Emily. I have

* "The Skeleton in Armor."

† An eccentric and impecunious German, whom Mr. Ward had greatly befriended.

never known a girl attend so carefully to my sermons, or laugh so heartily at my jokes. It is no wonder that I became engaged. She has made an excellent wife, freely correcting her husband's absurdities, but allowing no one else to breathe a word against them; able to talk about the subconscious self in the drawing-room, and yet have an ear for the children crying in the nursery, or the plates breaking in the scullery. An excellent wife—better than I ever imagined. But she has not married me.

Had we stopped indoors that afternoon, nothing would have happened. It was all owing to Emily's mother, who insisted on our tea-ing out. Opposite the village, across the stream, was a small chalk down, crowned by a beech copse, and a few Roman earthworks. (I lectured very vividly on those earthworks: they have since proved to be Saxon.) Hither did I drag up a tea-basket and a heavy rug for Emily's mother, while Emily and a little friend went on in front. The little friend—who has played all through a much less important part than he supposes—was a pleasant youth, full of intelligence and poetry, especially of what he called the poetry of earth. He longed to wrest earth's secret from her, and I have seen him press his face passionately into the grass, even when he has believed himself to be alone. Emily was at that time full of vague aspirations, and, though I should have preferred them all to centre in me, yet it seemed unreasonable to deny her such other opportunities for self-culture as the neighborhood provided.

It was then my habit, on reaching the top of any eminence, to exclaim facetiously, "And who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with me?" at the same moment violently agitating my arms or casting my wideawake at an imaginary foe. Emily and the friend received my sally as usual, nor could I detect any insincerity in their mirth. Yet I was convinced that some one was present who did not think I had been funny, and any public-speaker will understand my growing uneasiness.

I was somewhat cheered by Emily's mother, who puffed up exclaiming, "Kind Harry, to carry the things! What should we do without you, even now! Oh what a view! Can you see the dear Cathedral? No. Too hazy. Now *I 'm* going to sit *right* on the rug." She smiled mysteriously. "The downs in September, you know."

We gave some perfunctory admiration to the landscape, which is indeed only beautiful to those who admire land, and to them perhaps the most beautiful in England. For here is the body of the great chalk spider who straddles over our island—whose legs are the south downs and the north downs and the Chilterns, and the tips of whose toes poke out at Cromer and Dover. He is a clean creature, who grows as few trees as he can, and those few in tidy clumps, and he loves to be tickled by quickly flowing streams. He is pimpled all over with earthworks, for from the beginning of time men have fought for the privilege of standing on him, and the oldest of our temples is built upon his back.

But in those days I liked my country snug and pretty, full of gentlemen's residences and shady bowers and people who touch their hats. The great sombre expanses on which one may walk for miles and hardly shift a landmark or meet a genteel person were still intolerable to me. I turned away as soon as propriety allowed and said "And may I now prepare the cup that cheers?"

Emily's mother replied: "Kind man, to help me. I always do say that tea out is worth the extra effort. I wish we led simpler lives." We agreed with her. I spread out the food. "Won't the kettle stand? Oh, but *make* it stand." I did so. There was a little cry, faint but distinct, as of something in pain.

"How silent it all is up here!" said Emily.

I dropped a lighted match on the grass, and again I heard the little cry.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I only said it was so silent," said Emily.

"Silent, indeed," echoed the little friend.

Silent! The place was full of noises. If the match had fallen in a drawing-room it could not have been worse, and the loudest noise came from beside Emily herself. I had exactly the sensation of going to a great party, of waiting to be announced in the echoing hall, where I could hear the voices of the guests, but could not yet see their faces. It is a nervous moment for a self-conscious man, especially if all the voices should be strange to him, and he has never met his host.

"My dear Harry!" said the elderly lady, "never mind about that match. That 'll smoulder away and harm no one. Tea-ee-ee! I always say—and you will find Emily the same—that as the magic hour of five approaches, no matter how good a lunch, one begins to feel a sort of ——"

Now the Faun is of the kind who capers upon the Neo-Attic reliefs, and if you do not notice his ears or see his tail, you take him for a man and are horrified.

"Bathing!" I cried wildly. "Such a thing for our village lads, but I quite agree—more supervision — I blame myself. Go away, bad boy, go away!"

"What will he think of next!" said Emily, while the creature beside her stood up and beckoned to me. I advanced struggling and gesticulating with tiny steps and horrified cries, exorcising the apparition with my hat. Not otherwise had I advanced the day before, when Emily's nieces showed me their guinea pigs. And by no less hearty laughter was I greeted now. Until the strange fingers closed upon me, I still thought that here was one of my parishioners and did not cease to exclaim, "Let me go, naughty boy, let go!" And Emily's mother, believing herself to have detected the joke, replied, "Well I must confess they are naughty boys and reach one even on the rug: the downs in September, as I said before."

Here I caught sight of the tail, uttered a wild shriek and fled into the beech copse behind.

"Harry would have been a born actor," said Emily's mother as I left them.

I realized that a great crisis in my life was approaching, and that if I failed in it I might permanently lose my self-esteem. Already in the wood, I was troubled by a multitude of voices—the voices of the hill beneath me, of the trees over my head, of the very insects in the bark of the tree. I could even hear the stream licking little pieces out of the meadows, and the meadows dreamily protesting. Above the din—which is no louder than the flight of a bee—rose the Faun's voice saying, "Dear priest, be placid, be placid: why are you frightened?"

"I am not frightened," said I—and indeed I was not. "But I am grieved: you have disgraced me in the presence of ladies."

"No one else has seen me," he said, smiling idly. "The women have tight boots and the man has long hair. Those kinds never see. For years I have only spoken to children, and they lose sight of me as soon as they grow up. But you will not be able to lose sight of me, and until you die you will be my friend. Now I begin to make you happy: lie upon your back or run races, or climb trees, or shall I get you blackberries, or harebells, or wives——"

In a terrible voice I said to him, "Get thee behind me!" He got behind me. "Once for all," I continued, "let me tell you that it is vain to tempt one whose happiness consists in giving happiness to others."

"I cannot understand you," he said ruefully. "What is to tempt?"

"Poor woodland creature!" said I, turning round. "How could you understand? It was idle of me to chide you. It is not in your little nature to comprehend a life of self-denial. Ah! if only I could reach you!"

"You have reached him," said the hill.

"If only I could touch you!"

"You have touched him," said the hill.

"But I will never leave you," burst out the Faun. "I will sweep out your shrine for you, I will accompany you to the meetings of matrons. I will enrich you at the bazaars."

I shook my head. "For these things I care not at all. And indeed I was minded to reject your offer of service altogether. There I was wrong. You shall help me—you shall help me to make others happy."

"Dear priest, what a curious life! People whom I have never seen—people who cannot see me—why should I make them happy?"

"My poor lad—perhaps in time you will learn why. Now be gone: commence. On this very hill sits a young lady for whom I have a high regard. Commence with her. Aha! your face falls. I thought as much. You *cannot* do anything. Here is the conclusion of the whole matter!"

"I can make her happy," he replied, "if you order me; and when I have done so, perhaps you will trust me more."

Emily's mother had started home, but Emily and the little friend still sat beside the tea things—she in her white piqué dress and biscuit straw, he in his rough but well cut summer suit. The great pagan figure of the Faun towered insolently above them.

The friend was saying, "And have you never felt the appalling loneliness of a crowd?"

"All that," replied Emily, "have I felt, and very much more——"

Then the faun laid his hands upon them. They, who had only intended a little cultured flirtation, resisted him as long as they could, but were gradually urged into each other's arms, and embraced with passion.

"Miscreant!" I shouted, bursting from the wood. "You have betrayed me."

"I know it: I care not," cried the little friend. "Stand aside. You are in the presence of that which you do not understand. In the great solitude we have found ourselves at last."

"Remove your accursed hands!" I shrieked to the Faun.

He obeyed and the little friend continued more calmly: "It is idle to chide. What should you know, poor clerical creature, of the mystery of love, of the eternal man and the eternal woman, of the self-effectuation of a soul?"

"That is true," said Emily angrily. "Harry, you would never have made me happy. I shall treat you as a friend, but how could I give myself to a man who makes such silly jokes? When you played the buffoon at tea, your hour was sealed. I must be treated seriously: I must see infinities broadening around me as I rise. You may not approve of it, but so I am. In the great solitude I have found myself at last."

"Wretched girl!" I cried. "Great solitude! O pair of helpless puppets ——"

The little friend began to lead Emily away, but I heard her whisper to him: "Dear, we can't possibly leave the basket for Harry after this: and mother's rug: do you mind having that in the other hand?"

So they departed, and I flung myself upon the ground with every appearance of despair.

"Does he cry?" said the Faun.

"He does not cry," answered the hill. "His eyes are as dry as pebbles."

My tormentor made me look at him. "I see happiness at the bottom of your heart," said he.

"I trust I have my secret springs," I answered stiffly. And then I prepared a scathing denunciation, but of all the words I might have said, I only said one and it began with "D."

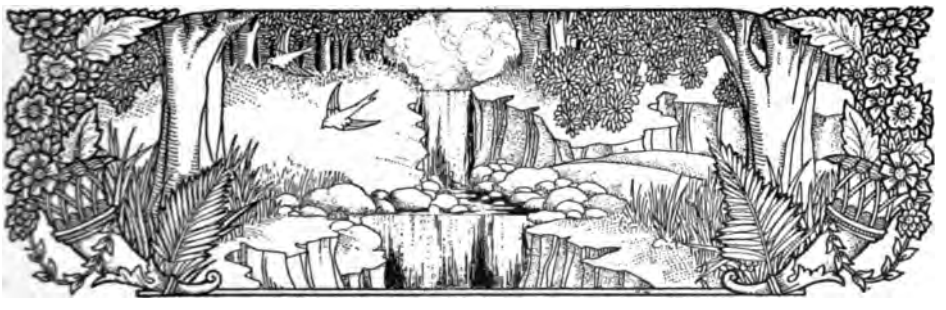
He gave a joyful cry, "Oh, now you really belong to us. To the end of your life you will swear when you are cross and laugh when you are happy. Now laugh!"

There was a great silence. All nature stood waiting, while a curate tried to conceal his thoughts not only from nature but from himself. I thought of my injured pride, of my baffled unselfishness, of Emily, whom

I was losing through no fault of her own, of the little friend, who just then slipped beneath the heavy tea basket, and that decided me, and I laughed.

That evening, for the first time, I heard the chalk downs singing to each other across the valleys, as they often do when the air is quiet and they have had a comfortable day. From my study window I could see the sunlit figure of the Faun, sitting before the beech copse as a man sits before his house. And as night came on I knew for certain that not only was he asleep, but that the hills and woods were asleep also. The stream, of course, never slept, any more than it ever freezes. Indeed, the hour of darkness is really the hour of water, which has been somewhat stifled all day by the great pulsings of the land. That is why you can feel it and hear it from a greater distance in the night, and why a bath after sundown is most wonderful.

The joy of that first evening is still clear in my memory, in spite of all the happy years that have followed. I remember it when I ascend my pulpit —I have a living now—and look down upon the best people sitting beneath me pew after pew, generous and contented, upon the worse people, crowded in the aisles, upon the whiskered tenors of the choir, and the high-browed curates and the churchwardens fingering their bags, and the supercilious vergers who turn late comers from the door. I remember it also when I sit in my comfortable bachelor rectory, amidst the carpet slippers that good young ladies have worked for me, and the oak bracelets that have been carved for me by good young men, amidst my phalanx of presentation teapots and my illuminated testimonials and all the other offerings of people who believe that I have given them a helping hand, and who really have helped me out of the mire themselves. And though I try to communicate that joy to others—as I try to communicate anything else that seems good—and though I sometimes succeed, yet I can tell no one exactly how it came to me. For if I breathed one word of that, my present life, so agreeable and profitable, would come to an end, my congregation would depart, and so should I, and instead of being an asset to my parish, I might find myself an expense to the nation. Therefore in the place of the lyrical and rhetorical treatment, so suitable to the subject, so congenial to my profession, I have been forced to use the unworthy medium of a narrative, and to delude you by declaring that this is a short story, suitable for reading in the train.



AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

IV

HUMOUR

THERE is a pleasant story of a Cambridge undergraduate finding it necessary to expound the four allegorical figures that crown the parapet of Trinity Library. They are the Learned Muses, as a matter of fact. "What are those figures, Jack?" said an ardent sister, labouring under the false feminine impression that men like explaining things. "Those," said Jack, observing them for the first time in his life—"those are Faith, Hope, and Charity, of course." "Oh! but there are *four* of them," said the irrepressible fair one. "What is the other?" Jack, not to be dismayed, gave a hasty glance; and, observing what may be called philosophical instruments in the hands of the statue, said firmly, "That is Geography." It made a charming quaternion.

I have often felt, myself, that the time has come to raise another figure to the hierarchy of Christian graces. Faith, Hope and Charity were sufficient in a more elementary and barbarous age; but, now that the world has broadened somewhat, I think an addition to the trio is demanded. A man may be faithful, hopeful and charitable, and yet leave much to be desired. He may be useful, no doubt, with that equipment, but he may also be both tiresome and even absurd. The fourth quality that I should like to see raised to the highest rank among Christian graces is the Grace of Humour.

I do not think that Humour has ever enjoyed its due repute in the ethical scale. The possession of it saves a man from priggishness; and the possession of faith, hope and charity does not. Indeed, not only do these three virtues not save a man from priggishness—they sometimes even plunge him in irreclaimable depths of superiority. I suppose that when Christianity was first making itself felt in the world the one quality needful was a deep-seated and enthusiastic earnestness. There is nothing that makes life so enjoyable as being in earnest. It is not the light, laughter-loving, jocose people who have the best time in the world. They have a checkered career. They skip at times upon the hills of merriment, but they also descend gloomily at other times into the valleys of dreariness. But the man who is in earnest is generally neither merry nor dreary. He has not time to be either. The early Christians, engaged in leavening the world, had no time for levity or listlessness. A pioneer cannot be humourous. But now that the world is leavened and Christian principles are theoretically, if not practically, taken for granted, a new range of qualities comes in sight. By humour I do not mean a taste for irresponsible merriment; for, though humour is not a necessarily melancholy thing, in this imperfect world the humourist sighs as often as he smiles. What I mean by it is a

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keen perception of the rich incongruities and absurdities of life, its undue solemnity, its guileless pretentiousness. To be true humour, it must not be at all a cynical thing—as soon as it becomes cynical it loses all its natural grace; it is an essentially tender-hearted quality, apt to find excuse, ready to condone, eager to forgive. The professor of it can never be ridiculous, or heavy, or superior. Wit, of course, is a very small province of humour: wit is to humour what lightning is to the electric fluid—a vivid, bright, crackling symptom of it in certain conditions; but a man may be deeply and essentially humorous and never say a witty thing in his life. To be witty, one has to be fanciful, intellectual, deft, light-hearted; and the humourist need be none of these things.

In religion, the absence of a due sense of humour has been the cause of some of our worst disasters. All rational people know that what has done most to depress and discount religion is ecclesiasticism. The spirit of ecclesiasticism is the spirit that confuses proportions, that loves what is unimportant, that hides great principles under minute rules, that sacrifices simplicity to complexity, that adores dogma, and definition, and labels of every kind, that substitutes the letter for the spirit. The greatest misfortune that can befall religion is that it should become logical, that it should evolve a reasoned system from insufficient data; but humour abhors logic, and cannot pin its faith on insecure deductions. The heaviest burden which religion can have to bear is the burden of tradition, and humour is the determined foe of everything that is conventional and traditional. The Pharisaical spirit loves precedent and authority; the humorous spirit loves all that is swift and shifting and subversive and fresh. One of the reasons why the orthodox heaven is so depressing a place is that there seems to be no room in it for laughter; it is all harmony and meekness, sanctified by nothing but the gravest of smiles. What wonder that humanity is dejected at the thought of an existence from which all possibility of innocent absurdity and kindly mirth is subtracted—the one thing which has persistently lightened and beguiled the earthly pilgrimage! That is why the death of a humorous person has so deep an added tinge of melancholy about it—because it is apt to seem indecorous to think of what was his most congenial and charming trait still finding scope for its exercise. We are never likely to be able to tolerate the thought of death while we continue to think of it as a thing which will rob humanity of some of its richest and most salient characteristics.

Even the ghastly humour of Milton is a shade better than this. It will be remembered that he makes the archangel say to Adam that astronomy has been made by the Creator a complicated subject, in order that the bewilderment of scientific men may be a matter of entertainment to Him!

> He His fabric of the Heavens
> Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
> His laughter at their quaint opinions wide.

Or, again, we may remember the harsh contortions of dry cachinnation indulged in by the rebel spirits, when they have succeeded in toppling over with their artillery the armed hosts of Seraphim. Milton certainly did not intend to subtract all humour from the celestial regions. The only pity was that he had not himself emerged beyond the childish stage, which finds its deepest amusement in the disasters and catastrophes of stately persons.

It may be asked whether we have any warrant in the Gospel for the Christian exercise of humour. I have no doubt of it myself. The image of the children in the market-place who cannot get their peevish companions to join in games, whether merry or mournful, as illustrating the attitude of the Pharisees who blamed John the Baptist for asceticism and Christ for sociability, is a touch of real humour;

and the story of the importunate widow with the unjust judge, who betrayed so naïvely his principle of judicial action by saying "Though I fear not God, neither regard men, yet will I avenge this widow, lest by her continual coming she weary me," must—I cannot believe otherwise—have been intended to provoke the hearers' mirth. There is not, of course, any superabundance of such instances, but Christ's reporters were not likely to be on the look-out for sayings of this type. Yet I find it impossible to believe that One who touched all the stops of the human heart, and whose stories are among the most beautiful and vivid things ever said in the world, can have exercised His unequalled power over human nature without allowing His hearers to be charmed by many humorous and incisive touches, as well as by more poetical and emotional images. No one has ever swayed the human mind in so unique a fashion without holding in his hand all the strings that move and stir the faculties of delighted apprehension; and of these faculties humour is one of the foremost. The amazing lightness of Christ's touch upon life, the way in which His words plumbed the depths of personality, make me feel abundantly sure that there was no dreary sense of overwhelming seriousness in His relations with His friends and disciples. Believing as we do that He was Perfect Man, we surely cannot conceive of one of the sweetest and most enlivening of all human qualities as being foreign to His character.

Otherwise there is little trace of humour in the New Testament. St. Paul, one would think, would have had little sympathy with humourists. He was too much on fire, too militant, too much possessed by the working out of his ideas, to have the leisure or the inclination to take stock of humanity. Indeed I have sometimes thought that if he had had some touch of the quality he might have given a different bias to the faith; his application of the method which he had inherited from the Jewish school of theology, coupled with his own fervid rhetoric, was the first step, I have often thought, in disengaging the Christian development from the simplicity and emotion of the first unclouded message, in transferring the faith from the region of pure conduct and sweet tolerance into a province of fierce definition and intellectual interpretation.

I think it was Goethe who said that Greek was the sheath into which the dagger of the human mind fitted best; and it is true that one finds among the Greeks the brightest efflorescence of the human mind. Who shall account for that extraordinary and fragrant flower, the flower of Greek culture, so perfect in curve and colour, in proportion and scent, opening so suddenly, in such a strange isolation, so long ago, upon the human stock? The Greeks had the wonderful combination of childish zest side by side with mature taste; χάρις, as they called it—a perfect charm, an instinctive grace—was the mark of their spirit. And we should naturally expect to find in their literature the same sublimation of humour that we find in their other qualities. Unfortunately the greater number of their comedies are lost. Of Menander we have but a few tiny fragments, as it were, of a delectable vase; but in Aristophanes there is a delicious levity, an incomparable prodigality of laughter-moving absurdities, which has possibly never been equalled. Side by side with that is the tender and charming irony of Plato, who is even more humorous, if less witty, than Aristophanes. But the Greeks seem to have been alone in their application of humour to literature. In the older world literature tended to be rather a serious, pensive, stately thing, concerned with human destiny and artistic beauty. One searches in vain for humour in the energetic and ardent Roman mind. Their very comedies were mostly adaptations from the Greek. I have never myself been able to discern the humour of Terence or Plautus to any

great extent. The humour of the latter is of a brutal and harsh kind; and it has always been a marvel to me that Luther said that the two books he would take to be his companions on a desert island would be Plautus and the Bible. Horace and Martial have a certain deft appreciation of human weakness, but it is of the nature of smartness rather than of true humour—the wit of the satirist rather: and then the curtain falls on the older world.

When humour next makes its appearance, in France and England preeminently, we realise that we are in the presence of a far larger and finer quality; and now we have, so to speak, whole bins full of liquors, of various brands and qualities, from the mirthful absurdities of the English, the pawky gravity of the Scotch, to the dry and sparkling beverage of the American. To give an historical sketch of the growth and development of modern humour would be a task that might well claim the energies of some literary man; it seems to me surprising that some German philosopher has not attempted a scientific classification of the subject. It would perhaps be best done by a man without appreciation of humour, because only then could one hope to escape being at the mercy of preferences; it would have to be studied purely as a phenomenon, a symptom of the mind; and nothing but an overwhelming love of classification would carry a student past the sense of its unimportance. But here I would rather attempt not to find a formula or a definition for humour, but to discover what it is, like argon, by eliminating other characteristics until the evasive quality alone remains.

It lies deep in nature. The peevish mouth and the fallen eye of the plaice, the helpless rotundity of the sunfish, the mournful gape and rolling glance of the goldfish, the furious and ineffective mien of the barndoor fowl, the wild grotesqueness of the babyroussa and the wart-hog, the crafty solemn eye of the parrot,—if such things as these do not testify to a sense of humour in the Creative Spirit, it is hard to account for the fact that in man a perception is implanted which should find such sights pleasurably entertaining from infancy upwards. I suppose the root of the matter is that, insensibly comparing these facial attributes with the expression of humanity, one credits the animals above described with the emotions which they do not necessarily feel; yet even so it is hard to analyse, because grotesque exaggerations of human features which are perfectly normal and natural seem calculated to move the amusement of humanity quite instinctively. A child is apt to be alarmed at first by what is grotesque, and, when once reassured, to find in it a matter of delight. Perhaps the mistake we make is to credit Creative Spirit with human emotions; but, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how complex emotions, not connected with any material needs and impulses, can be found existing in organisms, unless the same emotions exist in the mind of their Creator. If the thrush bursts into song on the bare bush at evening, if the child smiles to see the bulging hairy cactus, there must be, I think, something joyful and smiling at the heart, the inmost cell of nature, loving beauty and laughter; indeed, beauty and mirth must be the natural signs of health and content. And then there strike in upon the mind two thoughts: Is, perhaps, the basis of humour a kind of selfish security? Does one primarily laugh at all that is odd, grotesque, broken, ill at ease, fantastic, because such things heighten the sense of one's own health and security? I do not mean that this is the flower of modern humour; but is it not perhaps, the root? Is not the basis of laughter perhaps the purely childish and selfish impulse to delight not in the sufferings of others, but in the sense which all distorted things minister to one—that one is temporarily, at least, more blest than they? A child does not laugh for pure happiness—when it is happiest, it is most

grave and solemn; but when the sense of its health and soundness is brought home to it poignantly, then it laughs aloud, just as it laughs at the pleasant pain of being tickled, because the tiny uneasiness throws into relief its sense of secure well-being.

And the further thought—a deep and strange one—is this: We see how all mortal things have a certain curve or cycle of life—youth, maturity, age. May not that law of being run deeper still? We think of nature being ever strong, ever young, ever joyful; but may not the very shadow of sorrow and suffering in the world be the sign that nature too grows old and weary? May there have been a dim age, far back beyond history or fable or scientific record, when she, too, was young and light-hearted? The sorrows of the world are at present not like the sorrows of age, but the sorrows of maturity. There is no decrepitude in the world: its heart is restless, vivid, and hopeful yet; its melancholy is as the melancholy of youth—a melancholy deeply tinged with beauty; it is full of boundless visions and eager dreams; though it it is thwarted, it believes in its ultimate triumph; and the growth of humour in the world may be just the shadow of hard fact falling upon the generous vision, for that is where humour resides: youth believes glowingly that all things are possible, but maturity sees that to hope is not to execute, and acquiesces smilingly in the incongruity between the programme and the performance.

Humour resides in the perception of limitation, in discerning how often the conventional principle is belied by the actual practice. The old world was full of youthful sense of its own importance; it held that all things were created for man—that the flower was designed to yield him colour and fragrance, that the beast of the earth was made to give him food and sport. This philosophy was summed up in the phrase that *man was the measure of all things;* but now we have learnt that man is but the most elaborate of created organisms, and that, just as there was a time when man did not exist, so there may be a time to come when beings infinitely more elaborate may look back to man as we look back to trilobites—those strange creatures, like huge wood-lice, that were in their day the glory and crown of creation. Perhaps our dreams of supremacy and finality may be in reality the absurdest things in the world for their pomposity and pretentiousness. Who can say?

But to retrace our steps awhile. It seems that the essence of humour is a certain perception of incongruity. Let us take a single instance. There is a story of a drunken man who was observed to feel his way several times all round the railings of a London square, with the intention apparently of finding some way of getting in. At last he sat down, covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, saying, with deep pathos, "I am shut in!" In a sense it was true: if the rest of the world was his prison, and the garden of the square represented liberty, he was undoubtedly incarcerated. Or, again, take the story of the Scotchman returning from a convivial occasion, who had jumped carefully over the shadows of the lamp posts, but on coming to the shadow of the church-tower ruefully took off his boots and stockings, and turned his trousers up, saying, "I'll ha'e to wade." The reason why the stories of drunken persons are often so indescribably humorous, though, no doubt, highly deplorable in a Christian country, is that the victim loses all sense of probability and proportion, and laments unduly over an altogether imaginary difficulty. The appreciation of such situations is in reality the same as the common and barbarous form of humour, of which we have already spoken, which consists of being amused at the disasters which befall others. The stage that is but slightly removed from the lowest stage is the theory of practical jokes, the humour of which is the pleasure of observing the actions of a person in a disagreeable predicament which is not so serious as the victim supposes. And thus

we get to the region illustrated by the two stories I have told, where the humor lies in the observation of one in a predicament that appears to be of a tragic character, when the tragic element is purely imaginary. And so we pass into the region of intellectual humour, which may be roughly illustrated by such sayings as that of Georges Sand that nothing is such a restorative as rhetoric, or the claim advanced by a patriot that Shakespeare was undoubtedly a Scotchman, on the ground that his talents would justify the supposition. The humour of Georges Sand's epigram depends upon the perception that rhetoric, which ought to be based upon a profound conviction, an overwhelming passion, an intense enthusiasm, is often little more than the abandonment of a personality to a mood of intoxicating ebullience; while the humour of the Shakespeare story lies in a sense of the way in which a national predilection will over-ride all reasonable evidence.

It will be recognised how much of our humour depends upon our keen perception of the weaknesses and imperfections of other nationalities. A great statesman once said that if a Scotchman applied for a post and was unsuccessful, his one object became to secure the post for another Scotchman; while if an Irishman made an unsuccessful application, his only aim was to prevent any other Irishman from obtaining the post. That is a humorous way of contrasting the jealous patriotism of the Scot with the passionate individualism of the Celt. The curious factor of this species of humour is that we are entirely unable to recognise the typicality of the caricatures which other nations draw of ourselves. A German fails to recognise the English idea of the German as a man who, after a meal of gigantic proportions and incredible potations, among the smoke of endless cigars, will discuss the terminology of the absolute, and burst into tears over a verse of poetry or a strain of music. Similarly the Englishman cannot divine what is meant by the Englishman of the French stage, with his long whiskers, his stiff pepper-and-salt clothes, walking arm-in-arm with a raw-boned wife, short-skirted and long-toothed, with a bevy of short-skirted and long-toothed daughters walking behind.

But if it requires a robust humourist to perceive the absurdity of his own nation, what intensity of humour is required for a man to see the absurdity of himself! To acquiesce in appearing ridiculous is the height of philosophy. We are glad enough to amuse other people intentionally, but how many men does one know who do not resent amusing other people unintentionally? Yet if one were a true philanthropist, how delighted we ought to be to afford to others a constant feast of innocent and joyful contemplation.

But the fact which emerges from all these considerations is the fact that we do not give humour its place of due dignity in the moral and emotional scale. The truth is that we in England have fallen into a certain groove of humour of late, the humour of paradox. The formula which lies at the base of our present output of humour is the formula, "Whatever is, is wrong." The method has been over-organized, and the result is that humour can be manufactured in unlimited quantities. The type of such humour is the saying of the humourist that he went about the world with one dread constantly hanging over him—"the dread of not being misunderstood." I would not for a moment deny the quality of such humour, but it grows vapid and monotonous. It is painful to observe the clever young man of the present day, instead of aiming at the expression of things beautiful and emotional which he is often well equipped to produce, with all the charm of freshness and indiscretion, turn aside to smart writing of a cynical type, because he cannot bear to be thought immature. He wants to see the effect of his cleverness, and the envious smile of the slower-witted is dearer to him than the secret kindling of a sympathetic mind. Real humour is a broader and a deeper thing, and it can

hardly be attained until a man has had some acquaintance with the larger world; and that very experience, in natures that are emotional rather than patient, often tends to extinguish humour because of the knowledge that life is really rather too sad and serious a business to afford amusement. The man who becomes a humourist is the man who contrives to retain a certain childlike zest and freshness of mind side by side with a large and tender tolerance. This state of mind is not one to be diligently sought after. The humourist *nascitur non fit.* One sees young men of irresponsible levity drawn into the interest of a cause or a profession, and we say sadly of them that they have lost their sense of humour. They are probably both happier and more useful for having lost it. The humourist is seldom an apostle or a leader. But one does occasionally find a man of real genius who adds to a deep and vital seriousness a delightful perception of the superficial absurdities of life; who is like a river, at once strong and silent beneath, with sunny ripples and bright water-breaks upon the surface. Most men must be content to flow turbid and sullen, turning the mills of life or bearing its barges; others may dash and flicker through existence, like a shallow stream. Perhaps, indeed, it may be said that to be a real humourist there must be a touch of hardness somewhere, a bony carapace, because we seldom see one of very strong and ardent emotions who is a true humourist; and this is, I suppose, the reason why women, as a rule, are so far less humourous than men. We have to pay a price for our good qualities; and though I had rather be strong, affectionate, loyal, noble-minded, than be the best humourist in the world, yet if a gift of humour be added to these graces you have a combination that is absolutely irresistible, because you have a perfect sense of proportion that never allows emotion to degenerate into gush, or virtue into rigidity; and thus I say that humour is a kind of divine and crowning grace in a character, because it means an artistic sense of proportion, a true and vital tolerance, a power of infinite forgiveness.

(To be continued)

HUMOR

Humor dwells with sanity and common sense and truth.—Bishop Brewster

HUMOR dwells with sanity,
Truth and common sense.
Humor is humanity,
Sympathy intense.

Humor always laughs with you,
Never at you; she
Loves the fun that 's sweet and true,
And of malice free;

Paints the picture of the fad,
Folly of the day,
As it is, the good and bad,
In a kindly way.

There behind her smiling mien,
In her twinkling eyes,
Purpose true is ever seen,
Seriousness lies.

Hers the tender mother's touch
Easing all distress;
Teaching, e'en though smiling much;
Moulding with caress.

John Kendrick Bangs

WHY IS A JOKE FUNNY?

By GILSON GARDNER

WHY is a joke funny? As this question has been flunked by all the brightest intellects of the world, from Aristotle down, I am obliged to answer it myself.

It is not necessary to give the answers of Aristotle, Locke, Kant, Sidney Smith, Herbert Spencer, Thomas Hobbs, Lilly, Butcher, Ford, Traill, Schopenhauer, Guthrie, De Casseres, and the rest. They are wrong. That is generally admitted. No two agree. Most of them frankly give it up; the others have served only to make the subject more obscure.

It might be supposed that things are funny simply because they are wrong. A joke always has to do with something wrong. A man stands up and tells the simple truth and he is not funny. He begins to deviate from the truth, and he is either a liar or a humorist. The man who told me that the buildings in New York were so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of one, was not a liar. That was a joke. I recognized it at once.

It is wrong for Willie to put a tack on his teacher's chair, but from time immemorial the results have been considered funny. It was wrong for Gargantua to steal the great bells of Our Lady's Church, but it was funny. It was wrong for Mr. Pickwick to tell Mr. Snodgrass that it is the part of the highest political wisdom to shout with the largest crowd, but it provokes a smile. It is wrong for Buster Brown to be so mischievous, but we all laugh at him and thank the author.

Are lying, mischief and crime, then, all funny? Let us see. Russell Sage is a spendthrift. (Joke.) Russell Sage is a thief. (A lie.) Teacher said "Ouch" as he landed on the tack. (Funny.) Teacher said "My God" as he slipped from the porch and was impaled on the spike of an iron fence about the area. (Nothing very funny in this.) Sambo is caught stealing chickens. (Much humor.) Mr. McCall is caught stealing insurance funds. (No joke.) Mr. Weber hits Mr. Field in the stomach. (Large box office returns.) Fitzsimmons hits Sullivan in the stomach. (Hissing and curses.) Frank Daniels poses as Queen of the May. (He is irresistible.) Ophelia does a similar stunt. (It is very pathetic.) Bernhardt does tragedy with a catch in her voice. (It draws the tears.) Cissy Loftus does the catch in the voice, and draws a salary as a comedienne.

It's all very strange, is n't it?

There is something wrong in everything that is funny. Perhaps we had better nail down that proposition while we have it. These elementary propositions are very elusive. You think you have one, and while you are reaching for the tail of another the first one glides away. There is something wrong in everything that is funny.

But beware of the converse of this proposition. There is not something funny in everything that is wrong. If there were we would all flock to the jails and mad-houses for a laugh. When the wrong is accompanied by pain, when the wrong or injury suffered is great, when the deviation from truth is the cause of suffering, the element of humor abates—ceases altogether. Simulated madness, the madness of the lunatic in the comic

opera or of the Mad Hatter in Alice, is funny. Perhaps if the human element, the element of sympathy, were eliminated from our natures, we would indeed find the asylums very diverting.

Another place to drive a tack. The wrong of the humorous must be free from any overmastering (or shall we say conflicting?) emotion like sympathy. While we are about it we will add fear, anger or any other of the strong emotions to which people are liable. Laughter comes from the mind that is free. It is the manifestation of intellectual abundance. Humor is the play of the mind; anger, hate, jealousy, love are its working moods. Imagine an audience at a farce interrupted by a cry of fire. The smiles will be almost literally frozen on their faces. Laughter does not comport with fear. The comedian drops dead on the stage. Laughter is mastered by sympathy. The comedian wantonly kicks a small kitten which has wandered upon the stage. Laughter is mastered by anger in the audience. Yon youth in the front seat does not appear amused by the comedy; he is smitten with the charms of the soubrette. He has not the free and abundant mind necessary for the laugh. The lady sitting next to the youth is not laughing either; she is of the profession and is burning with a jealous hate of the soubrette who has usurped her place.

But eliminating sympathy and passion, premising a mind free and ready for an intellectual gambol, what will cause it to send messages to the diaphragm, starting those spasmodic actions accompanying the creasing of the face and the other physical manifestations of a mind in a state of risible enjoyment? What is the nature of this thing called a joke? What are the elements of humor? Why does man laugh?

We will go back and take a new start. To make the humorous we must in some way express the wrong. But listen to this: Two times two makes five! Is that a good joke? I am sure you are not prevented by fear, sympathy or anger from a full and just appreciation of the laugh, if it is there. But if that is a good joke, then the secret of humor is out, and my everlasting fortune is made, for there is nothing so salable in the literary market as real humor, and I can make jokes like that *ad infinitum*. Here is one equally good: Four times two is ten. Or try this: The shortest distance between two points is a curved line. Again: For the better maintenance of our standards all tape lines should be made of elastic, and our pound weights should be made of hydrogen.

Silly? Yes, it seems so to me. But so is the "Ode to the Purple Cow," the Jabberwockie, the Willie verses, the Limericks, the immortalities of Carolyn Wells—all those manifestations of a rich crop of modern, amusing, innocuous humor have for their essential and basic element the hopelessly and utterly silly. The silly is the wrong. But not all that is wrong is humorous; not all that is silly is humorous. Little son becomes silly and has to be sent off to bed. His silliness in not then amusing. It lacks the element of humor. It is silly to say that the moon is made of green cheese. It is equally silly to say of the Old Man of Tarentum that he gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em. But the conception of the latter is rather funny. There is something here which differentiates it from the merely silly. The merely silly or the merely wrong will not cause laughter. The wrong mathematical statement, or merely unbelievable announcement of fact, will not go to the making of a joke. What will?

The plain unvarnished truth is not humorous. I think it will not be necessary to stop to prove this. And we have just noted above how a plain unvarnished lack of truth is not funny. And yet somewhere between absolute truth and absolute untruth (if the expression will be allowed) the humorous must lie. For in every example of that which

causes laughter we have noted that there is an element of the wrong.

Now if I were disposed to be mischievous I could start in at this point and prove quite conclusively that it is wicked to laugh. Having seen how the humorous has to do always with the wrong, it would be necessary only to follow the lead of such authorities as Samuel M. Crothers, who says that "humor is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect"; or of James L. Ford, who concludes that it "is founded on the deathless principle of seeing somebody get the worst of it"; or of H. D. Traill, "that the human mind enjoys the contemplation of the incongruous—the wrong"; or of Thomas Hobbes who taught that "the passion of laughter is nothing else but the sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others." I say it would only be necessary to follow these eminent gentlemen to arrive at the conclusion that laughter is debasing. For to enjoy the wrong must be debasing. To have pleasure in beholding the inferiority of others—is this a lofty form of enjoyment? To rejoice in seeing somebody get the worst of it—is this compatible with Christianity? Far from it! Away with laughter! It is of the Devil! Of course it is of the Devil. Man is the only creature that laughs; man is the only creature with a knowledge of good and evil (right and wrong) which came by the temptation of the Devil in the Serpent's form back in Eden's garden. In eating of the fruit of the Tree man learned to recognize the wrong—and he laughed. The great sin, then, of the race is laughter.

All of which is not so. Nobody believes any such thing; therefore what we have said is a jest, not a lie. If anybody did believe that laughter is sinful, there would be a sect of the laugh-less. Its adherents would regard long-facedness as virtue, and every smile would be a sin. But, in spite of the very great wisdom of the gentlemen who have reached these conclusions, the world knows that they are wrong, and continues to think laughter natural and right. In which I agree, and propose to tell why.

The humorous, as old Isaac Barrow says, "is the manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto."

Yes. The humorous is "out of the simple and plain way" of reason (*i.e.*, truth). But how far out? How far can the errant concept travel from the "plain way" before it ceases to be an amusing concept, and becomes inane, or just baldly mad? Say what these limits are, and you have gone far to determine the psychological elements of joke.

At a venture I suggest *similarity* or *resemblance* as the tether of the humorous concept. The wrong idea must keep within hailing distance of the right. Similarity to the true must be maintained. No matter how artificial the similarity, so that there be a similarity. Not (it must be understood) the similarity which actually deceives; nor yet the similarity of things actually similar; but similarity of a new, unexpected and purely artificial sort. This is the limitation of the wrong which is funny.

In the riddle—which, if you please, is a form of the humorous—the artificiality of the tie of resemblance is most clearly apparent. Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Truly there is no resemblance between a horse and a stick of candy, but the accidental applicability of an arbitrary combination of words—"The more you lick it the faster it goes"—links the false to the true with sufficient tether of similarity to arouse the laugh.

The pun is said to be a low, or elemental, form of humor. In the pun as in the riddle the tether of sound—mere sound—unites the right and

the wrong concepts. In other forms of literary humor it is not difficult to note the resemblance of wrong to right in the ideas presented. Parody exaggerates, or magnifies the right, or standard concept, as do the burlesque and farce. The enlarged and disproportionate concept of a thing familiar to the mind is recognized as wrong, and repudiated with a laugh. Bathos is pathos parodied. Mimicry is exaggeration or distortion, intentional or otherwise, of the familiar. The mind holds for the moment in its contemplation the false and the true, and discriminates between them. In irony and sarcasm the *sound* of the words is wrong, is antagonistic to the known meaning, the resemblance being present, however, in the completeness of the language for expressing the truth, except for the obvious lack of the negation.

Now for our second tack: Similarity or resemblance is a constant element in the wrong idea conjured up by humor. But hold! This has a sinister look. A thing which is wrong, but which resembles the right, is a counterfeit. It is an imitation! A sham! If it deceives it is a lie. And back we are at the point where we started, to wit, that a man who begins to deviate from the simple truth is either a liar or a humorist. The difference depends not upon him, but upon his audience. If the audience is deceived, he is a liar; if amused, he is a humorist. Which recalls the remark of one William Shakespeare, that "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears; never in the tongue of him that makes it."

But let us pause and pick our way with care; for I perceive that we are coming to an obscure branching of the road. And, if I mistake not, it is at this point that all my distinguished predecessors in the analysis of humor have gone astray.

We spoke, a moment ago, of the humorous deviation from truth as "a counterfeit." Let us follow the simile. In the course of trade, we will say, some one passes me a spurious coin. I am alive to the situation, and I detect it. What are my sensations in handing it back to the other party? Eliminating the element of resentment which may be present, it will be admitted, I think, that I will feel some sense of pleasure in my own smartness in not being fooled. I have detected the fraud, discriminated between the true and the false token of value, and rejoice that my financial integrity has not been impaired.

Now apply the simile to the humorous presentation. A false concept is called before the mind—false, but ingeniously fashioned to resemble the truth which it pretends to be—and the mind, being alert, detects the fraud, and with pleasure repudiates it.

Detects and *repudiates* the wrong. Note these words. Our learned authorities quoted above used other words. They said "enjoy the *contemplation*" of the "wrong." There was nothing in what they said about *detecting* or *discriminating;* nothing remotely suggestive of *repudiation.* But do I get joy from the mere contemplation of the false piece of money? Do I take pleasure in its badness? And merely because of its badness? If so I may augment and continue my pleasure by taking the coin, carrying it home, and gazing upon it as often as I may be able to spare the time. No. My pleasure is of a different sort. It is momentary, and passes with that transaction; and it will not be repeated until another spurious coin is offered, and my keenness and familiarity with the real again achieves a victory in the protection of my purse.

Now we begin to see why "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears; never in the tongue of him that makes it." Is there knowledge in the hearer which will enable him to detect the meretricious character of the idea presented? If not, the jest fails. Charles Lamb once said, "Here comes a fool; let 's be grave." He perceived the absence of any mutuality between the

fool and the man of intellect. He did not wish to deceive the fool, nor to be himself misunderstood. Seriously to take a joke is to be deceived; to be deceived is the part of a fool; but a fool is one who does not perceive the truth; therefore to see a joke is to perceive the truth.

Tack number three. We *discriminate* the wrong which is similar (*i.e.*, the counterfeit) from the right, the truth.

The truth? What is truth? Have we, then, come so far and arrived at the end of our journey to be met with Pilate's question?

But do not be alarmed. The truth in our discussion is not that ultimate solution of all things which Pilate sought, but only an ordinary dictionary brand of truth. "Conformity of thought with fact," the "Century" says, is truth; "conformity of a judgment, statement or belief with reality." That will do for our anaylsis of humor. The truth and right which is discovered to be the inevitable basis of every humorous presentation, or experience, is that which is recognized as right and true by the normal waking mind. In sleep, in dreams, the mind often thinks, even believes, but not "in conformity with fact." In the normal waking mind there is a standard of what is right for the ordinary familiar objective world. Chairs rest on the floor; the ceiling is overhead; the room has windows and doors. There is a standard of the normal and proper in all these things, to which the experiences of the future are expected to fit. Is it surprising, then, that the mind is on guard to reject the thought of the gentleman who wished that his "room had a floor"—and who added plaintively, "I don't care so much for a door—But this walking around without touching the ground is getting to be quite a bore"?

Language itself is irrefutable evidence that standards of right and truth do exist and are always present in the normal waking thought. The wrong can be defined only in terms of the right, the incongruous in terms of the congruous, the absurd only in terms of that which appeals to the common sense. It is unnecessary to become involved in any of the subtleties and disputes as to what such standards are or should be; we are concerned only with the fact that there is a common sense of things which is put down as right, and that the wrong, in its broadest etymological sense, is the "wrung" or "awry" —a departure from that common and accepted sense of things. In the realm of the objective world there is a standard of that-which-should-be, drawn perhaps from experience with that which has been; and in the realm of manners, customs, tastes, ethics and religion there is, in every sentient being, something which serves as a standard of the right, by which to reject the wrong. This standard is ever present in the waking mind. Every moment of conscious thought sees the concepts reviewed in judgment. Each new thought is measured to the standard of its class, meeting with approval or rejection. Every mental process which is the antecedent and moving cause of laughter is a process of this kind. It is a process of discrimination, a disapproval and rejection of the wrong, with no less of approval and acceptance of the right.

But so is all thought! Is a sense of humor identical with intelligence? Yes; and no. By its ordinary processes intelligence discriminates and sets the world in order. The sense of humor is an extraordinary process of intelligence. It is intelligence acting under a peculiar stimulus, in the presence of a peculiar class of mental presentations. It is intelligence quickened and intensified, functioning with an added pleasure unknown to mirthless thinking. Wherein the peculiar class of mental presentations which invoke the laugh is different from all other mental presentations we have attempted to suggest.

Man laughs in rejecting some mind-picture which is wrong but which is suddenly presented to his conscious-

ness with some claim to credence—having some similarity to the standard mind-picture of its general sort.

The mirth-provoking antics of drunkenness will serve to illustrate. Man in his strictly sober state is the normal, and serves to fix the standard of the right and true in gait, manners, speech, thought, actions. Man partly intoxicated begins to deviate from the normal in one or more of these respects. The time when a drunken man is funny (for we must admit the sad truth that there are occasionally such times) is when the deviations are not too extravagant; when the consciousness struggles to make manner and speech conform; when this false man created by wine is giving a poor imitation of his normal self. The point at which the drunken man ceases to be ludicrous is when he becomes admittedly, unrestrainedly and plainly drunk; when there is no longer any similarity to a sober man. At every stage, the spectacle presented to the mind of the beholder is the wrong; the final stage is the most completely wrong; but it was only when the wrong was a counterfeit presentment of the right that there was humor in the spectacle.

To a man who had never seen a sober man the spectacle of drunkenness would not be funny. Very likely to a man who had never seen anything but drunkenness the spectacle of a sober man would be funny. There must be in the mind of the person to be amused some standard. The standards of the boy in the top gallery of the Olympic Theatre are not those of Charles Lamb; neither would the jokes of the latter amuse the former. It is not really the fault of the jokes; it is merely the absence of mutual standards. Most humor originates in one mind, and is conveyed by language to other minds. Every attempt at arousing laughter in others is premised on a knowledge by the person making the attempt of certain things which are in the minds of his audience. The average stage comedian builds his jokes on the theory that a majority of his audience feel that mothers-in-law would be better dead, that marriage is a disappointment, that young children are a nuisance, that women type-writers are immoral, that politicians are not respectable, that man's first thought is lascivious, and that heaven and hell are exploded myths. These are the broad basic beliefs upon which he can rely. The jests which appeal to these standards will generally reach home.

A wise man does not joke with those whose standards and general trend of thought are not recognized to be like his. For, without such mutual thoughts and standards, the wrong is not discriminated, the joke is not perceived. Is it any wonder that few jokes are international, that many are colloquial, and that for the largest number a close intimacy is required? No joke is always funny. The world goes on, opinions alter, and for each new era there is a new crop of jokes. New jokes? Yes; as new as the thought of the generation is new. No newer.

There is humor in dreams; for the same reason, and in the same degree, perhaps, that there is humor in drunkenness. But it will be noted that the humor of the dream situation is apparent only to the waking mind. The dreaming mind is without its waking standards. Were it otherwise, what a merry time would be our sleep. And how ravenously would we partake of the traditional mince pie and rarebit before retiring, in order that the dreams might be plentiful and varied.

The so-called practical joke is properly discredited by the crudeness of the standard upon which its amusing features are based. This is the standard of the ordinary, normal, and expected ongoing of the material world about us. Not content with the rare departures from this standard produced by accident, the "practical joker" seeks by artificial methods to interrupt the normal and regular ongoing of the world. Of such jokes are the pail of water arranged above the door to be upset

upon the one who chances to enter; or the soaped steps, producing an undignified fall; or the seemingly accidental capsizing of a boat. They are humorous, but their humor is based upon the standard set by crude instinct in most primitive man; it is the standard of the troglodyte who fetched his neighbor a belt on the head with his club, and knew it for a joke as certainly as his true progeny in the gallery yelling with delight at the folding stair, and the knock-about with the slap-stick and the stuffed bladder.

Definitions are stupid, difficult and dangerous. Nevertheless I shall attempt one:

Humor is a faculty of the mind amounting to an instinctive quickening of intelligence; its exercise is accompanied by an access of pleasurable emotion manifested generally by the physical phenomena of smiles and laughter; it is called into action by the sudden presentation to the mind of a double concept, consisting in part of a concept conforming to a standard of the that-which-should-be as fixed by the mind in question, and in part of another concept departing from that standard, but resembling it. The exercise of this faculty is discriminative, and consists in the rejection of the resembling but non-conforming concept.

That which appeals to the sense of humor is a joke, a jest, etc.

The failure of the animal world to be amused by the humor of men, and *vice versa*, may be explained in part by the lack of mutuality as to standards between the human and the animal intelligence. That animals have not jokes among themselves, I am not prepared to think. That they do not at times share in the humorous thoughts of men, I am not at all convinced. Given mutuality of standards on the subject matter of the joke, and I see no reason why horse or dog intelligence should not discriminate with joyous laughter between the true and the suddenly presented but meretricious concept. The fact that laughter does not wreathe and wrinkle on the horse, or canine countenance, is proof of nothing. Not all humorous enjoyment in man is accompanied by the facial distortions, or abdominal convulsions, and neither are necessary accompaniments.

Humor, then, is the instinct of the mind to reject the wrong. It is as primal and inexplicable as any other instinct. We say of these inborn forces in the body or the mind that they exist, that their exercise gives pleasure, and that their purpose is the preservation and uplift of the species or the type. So we may say of humor. It is man's instinct for truth—a way of recognizing and rejecting error without the delay of sober logic or slow contemplation.

And the humorous, the joke, is that which arouses this peculiar sense. Always it is a phase of error; always it has some claim of similarity to the right; always it is met with repudiation, disapproval, or refusal to believe.

A joke is funny because man is an intellectual entity; because his mind is a microcosm; because this microcosm is guarded by a central intelligence which sets this miniature world in order, and guards it from chaos; because the central intelligence is supplied with an extra guard against close and sudden attacks upon the citadel of credence, an extra faculty for discriminating sudden imposture at close range. A joke is funny because it has assailed the citadel of credence, without success.

"What an armament and safeguard is humor!" says Emerson. "It is a genius itself, and so defends from the insanities."

Remove the guardianship of humor and the hosts of error enter and destroy. Insanity is laughless. The defence of truth has ceased. The citadel of credence has surrendered; to such mind the world is no longer set in order.

We exist; we are sane; we are awake; we reflect the One Mind which is Truth; and that is why jokes are funny.

ORGANIZED LABOR

By HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS

LABOR has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England. In our days there is a universal tendency towards organization in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength in the physical, moral and social worlds; and just as the power and majesty of our republic are derived from the political union of the several States, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual efforts. Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to-day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corporation. When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to working men the right to band together, because of the abuses incident to such combinations, as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals.

Another potent reason for encouraging labor unions suggests itself to my mind. Secret societies, lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments, have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of these governments, and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people, have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the art of self-government and the art of self-discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous societies; it exposes to the light of public scrutiny the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of its members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens and with a laudable desire to merit the approval of their fellow-citizens. "It is better," as Matthew Arnold observes, "that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

God forbid that the prerogatives which I am maintaining for the working classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not, and need not, be any conflict between capital and

labor, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of the members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the laborer is an enemy of the social order. Every measure should be therefore discountenanced that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view I venture to touch this most delicate subject, and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, I shall be amply rewarded.

That the "laborer is worthy of his hire" is the teaching of Christ as well as the dictate of reason itself. He is entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services. He deserves something more, and that is kind and considerate treatment. There would be less ground for complaint against employers if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." Our sympathy with those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines, or the factory, is wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place, and by asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated in similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings, that they have feelings like ourselves, that they are stung by a feeling of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, softened by kindness; and that it rests largely with us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy. Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole pleasure of counting their bonds and of contemplating their gold in secret. No, they acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness.

Now there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And I am speaking here not of the benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair dealing tempered with benignity. I am happy to say that just and considerate employers do not wholly belong to an ideal and imaginary world, but are easily found in our great centres of commerce; and if the actual condition of the average wage-worker in this country is a safe criterion by which to estimate the character and public spirit of American employers I believe that an impartial judgment will concede to the majority of them the honorable title of fair-dealing, benevolent men. In my visits to England, Scotland, Ireland, and the continent of Europe, I have studied the condition of the laboring classes, and I am persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed, better clothed and housed, and usually better instructed, at least in the elements of useful knowledge, than his brethren across the Atlantic. I applaud the tender feelings and magnanimity of those many capitalists who so truly deserve it, but I am constrained, in the interests of truth, humanity and religion, to protest against the heartless conduct of others, whose number, for the honor of our country, is, I hope, comparatively small. When men form themselves into business corporations, their personality is overshadowed, their individual responsibility lessened. And for this reason many will assent in their corporate capacity, to measures from which the dread of public opinion, or the dictates of conscience, would prompt them as individuals

to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible proprietor than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferers.

No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions those heartless monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car of Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavor—not always, it is alleged, without success—to corrupt our national and State legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo, and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessaries of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them at the mercy of their taskmasters. The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations as well as to the laboring classes against unscrupulous monopolies.

But if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against. As these societies are composed of members very formidable in numbers, varied in character, temperament and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration than corporations of capitalists, and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers. They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

They should also be jealous of the reputation and good name of the society as well as of its chosen leaders. For, while the organization is ennobled and commands the respect of the public by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach upon the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community. They should therefore be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism and nihilism; those land pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce and trade of the country; whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the government that protects them, are bent on its destruction, and instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land.

We must guard against any word or act that is contrary to the law. Every American citizen has the right to be protected in his efforts to earn an honest livelihood. No man or combination of men should have the power to prevent him from following his vocation even by intimidation, for he may have not only himself but a wife and children for whom to pro-

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J. Card. Gibbons

vide. It is my opinion that the honest laborer who is willing to do work which is proper and in no way conflicts with the interests of the community should be given the opportunity to perform it, and to have the same protection from the authorities which is extended to any peaceful citizen, no matter how powerful or influential may be the person or society which opposes him.

I take it for granted that all unions and other societies of American laboring men are disposed to array themselves on the side of peace and order and are as strongly opposed to violations of the law as other citizens. Hence they should exert their influence to see that the laws are upheld if they would maintain the respect with which they are regarded by their fellows. It is not only a question of patriotism but of self-interest which deeply concerns them.

The expulsion from membership in the unions of any men who had been guilty of outrages of one kind or another, against the peace of the community or the rights of their fellow-citizens would secure for the unions the respect and sympathy of the community, and would greatly further the best interests of organized labor.

I am persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business houses, is not only disapproved by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when by a mandate of the society he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser, and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every centre of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good feeling which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live" is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best a very questionable, remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property; and above all they result in inflicting grievous injury on the laborer himself by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which time his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffer from the want of the necessaries of life. The loss inflicted by strikes on the employers is not much more than half as great as that which is sustained by the employed, who can much less afford to bear it. It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace, and of the laboring classes, if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for, while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive. The result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument.

And now, inspired by sincere affection for the hardy sons of toil, and with an earnest desire for their welfare, I address to them these few words of friendly exhortation:

Cultivate a spirit of industry, without which all the appliances of organized labor are unavailing. Activity is the law of all intellectual and animal life. The more you live in conformity with that law, the happier you will be. An active life, like the flowing stream, is an unfailing source of gladness, health and contentment, while an indolent life, like the stagnant pool, breeds discontent, disease and death. No man enjoys with a keener relish the night's repose and the Sunday holiday rest than the working man. A life of patient industry is sure to be blessed with a competence, if it be not crowned with an abundant remuneration. The great majority of our leading men of wealth are indebted for their fortunes to their own untiring industry.

Take an active, personal interest in the business of your employer; be as much concerned about its prosperity as if it were your own. And are not your employer's affairs in a measure yours? For your wages come from the profits of the concern

and the more you contribute to its success, the better can he afford to compensate you for your services. He will be impelled by an enlightened self-interest, as well as by a sense of justice, to requite you for your services with a generous hand.

Foster habits of economy and self-denial. No matter how modest your income may be, always live under it. You will thus protect your liberty and business integrity, and guard yourself against the slavery and humiliation of debt, which is too often the precursor of, and the incentive to, commercial dishonor. Most of the alleged wants of mankind are purely artificial, and contribute little or nothing to the sum of human happiness.

While honestly striving to better your condition, be content with your station in life, and do not yield to an inordinate desire to abandon your present occupation for what is popularly regarded as a more attractive vocation. Remember that, while the learned professions are overcrowded, there is always a demand for skilled and unskilled labor, and that it is far better to succeed in mechanical or manual work than to fail in professional life.

A feverish ambition to accumulate a fortune, which may be called our national distemper, is incompatible with peace of mind. Moderate means with a contented spirit are preferable to millions without it. If poverty has its inconveniences and miseries, wealth has often greater ones. A small income is suggestive of abstemious habits, and abstemious habits are conductive to health, while wealth is a powerful incentive to excessive indulgence, which is the fruitful source of complicated diseases.

Sobriety will be an angel of tranquillity and of comfort to yourself and family. While this virtue should be cultivated by all men, it ought to be especially cherished by the laboring classes, who are so much exposed to the opposite vice. Intemperance has brought more desolation to homes than famine or the sword, and is a more unrelenting tyrant than the most grasping monopolist.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO OF TO-DAY

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

A FEW months ago I was present at the memorial exercises held in Carnegie Hall, in New York, in honor of the late Carl Schurz. In listening to the addresses which were delivered upon that occasion my attention was called, as it had not been before, to some of the significant facts of this great man's life.

Among other things that impressed me was the circumstance that Carl Schurz had not come to this country, as so many of his countrymen had come, as an immigrant, but as an exile. America owed the presence of this wise and patriotic man to the fact that he had been compelled to flee from his country. He was an exile because he entered into a struggle for political liberty that for the moment had failed. But what struck me as particularly interesting in regard to his career was the effect this great disappointment had had upon his after life. He had been in rebellion against the political order of his own country and suffered what he regarded as great wrongs, but he did not for that reason become discouraged. He was never an anar-

Photo by Vander Weyde

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

chist, or a hater of his fellow-men. On the contrary, the experience that he had gone through had served to widen his sympathies and make him a bigger and better man. Coming here just before the Civil War, his interest and efforts were at once enlisted in the great struggle that was going on. He became an ardent supporter of those who were seeking in this country a greater liberty. He became then, and remained through his life, the steadfast friend of the Negro people in all their struggle for a higher and better existence.

Carl Schurz chose to make of his wrongs and his misfortunes a blessing to himself and to others. They became to him at once a discipline and an opportunity, opening to him what was perhaps a bigger and more useful life than he would have enjoyed in his native land.

Now it is just as true of a race as of an individual that it can, if it will, convert its disadvantages into opportunities, and make of the ills it suffers a blessing. And this brings me to the application which I have in mind. The Negro has some disadvantages in the United States, but he has also some advantages. So much has been said about the disadvantages that the Negro suffers in this country, because of his color and his previous condition of servitude, that perhaps it will not be out of place to mention some of the advantages he enjoys.

In writing thus I do not intend to minimize in any way the difficulties nor excuse the injustices which Negroes as a race frequently have to suffer. I intend merely to point out that in spite of our difficulties, at a time when the Negro is making real progress in this country, there is no reason why either the Negro people or their friends should become discouraged. In my opinion, it would be a fatal mistake at this time to sow doubts and suspicions among the masses of my people, which might lead them to believe that the majority of American people in any part of the country do not mean to do them justice, or which might teach them to seek for enemies among those who are trying to be their friends.

The world has not always dealt justly with us as a people. There are frequently times when the world has taken advantage of our weakness to impose upon us unnecessary hardships. But it is a great thing for a people to have justice on its side. It is a great advantage to a people that is struggling to get on its feet to have its name identified with a cause that commends itself to the best and wisest men and women in the community. The Negro race has had that advantage in its struggle in this country hitherto, and it should take care that it does not lose it. In a very peculiar sense it can be said that every Negro in the United States who has made himself in any way useful to the community has widened the field of opportunity for the other members of his race, contributed something to the solution of a difficult national problem, and gained for himself the gratitude of all those who wish well of our country. We may as a race congratulate ourselves that we live in a country whose fundamental principle is—"All men up, no man down."

We should also recognize the fact that probably to no race, white or black, which has risen from a position of slavery or serfdom, has been granted, in so short a time, so large a measure of freedom, or so great an opportunity for advancement, as is now enjoyed by the American Negro. Germany did not abolish serfdom until 1807, and it was only gradually, after its abolition, that the ballot was granted the men who were formerly bound to the soil. It was for taking part in the political struggle that did away with the last vestiges of this serfdom that Carl Schurz was compelled to flee to America. Even to-day, I am told, the German laborer does not have the same opportunities to secure an education and acquire property that his brothers enjoy in America.

Let me recall the fact that the Russian Government did not abolish serfdom throughout the empire until 1861, just two years before the signing of the emancipation proclamation in America; yet to-day, if we are to credit reports that come from that country, the position of the Russian peasant is vastly worse, in spite of the good intentions of the government, than that of the Negro in America has ever been, before or since the war. Alexander II. of Russia criticised the abolition of slavery in America because the freedmen were not given land, as were the Russian peasants when they were freed. And yet the condition of the Russian peasant seems to have grown steadily worse in freedom. On the other hand there is no question but that the condition of the Negro has steadily grown better. Statistics show that there has been a gradual decrease in the value of farm products and of the farm equipment

among the peasants of Russia. The Negro, starting with nothing, now owns an area of land in this country nearly as large as Belgium and Holland combined. Unquestionably this is due to the greater freedom and the greater opportunity that the Negro enjoys in this country over that of the peasant in Russia.

In the United States the Negro has never starved. The Russian famine is said to be more intense this year than it was in 1891, when 650,000 people died. And these famines, according to a recent writer, are directly due to the oppression of these people by their former masters, and to the special burdens laid upon them by the government.

It is sometimes a subject for complaint, in this country, that the two races are separated on trains, in the schools, and in other places. No doubt this is a disadvantage in so far as it leads to discrimination against Negroes, and this is true particularly in regard to the schools in the South, where there is a disposition to deny them the same opportunities in the schools that are granted to the white people. But this division of the races is an advantage to us as a poeple, in so far as it permits us to become the teachers of our own people. No better discipline can be given to a people than that which they gain by being their own teachers. They can have no greater opportunity than that of developing within themselves the ideals and the leadership which are to make them not merely in law, but in fact, the masters of their own fortunes.

It is sometimes spoken of as a special hardship that the world looks upon us, because of our color, as a people separate and apart, constituting a special problem in the body-politic. For my part, I can only repeat in regard to this what I have said elswehere: "I would find no interest in living in an age when there were no weak parts of the human family to be helped, no wrongs to be righted. Men grow strong in proportion as they reach down and help others up. The farther down they reach in assisting and encouraging backward and unpopular races, the greater strength do they gather."

I cannot regard it as a misfortune to be identified with a people that has its place to make in the world. I know my people and believe in them, and am glad to have my share in the great task of building up the race to which I belong. I was never more proud of being a Negro than I am to-day. If I had the privilege of re-entering the world, and the Great Spirit should ask me to choose the people and the race to which I should belong, I would answer, "Make me an American Negro."

Booker T. Washington

EXERCISE WITH FANS AT THE JAPAN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE NEW WOMEN OF JAPAN

By K. K. KAWAKAMI

IN the heart of far Mongolia Miss Misawo Kawara passed four lonely years. Thither she came after a pilgrimage of thousands of miles by both land and sea. A young woman of seven-and-twenty, she journeyed alone, guided by none but the noble motive of carrying a message of civilization to the backward inhabitants of that strange land of the caravans. She was not a "Bible lady," as the feminine teacher of Christianity is styled in the far Orient: she had neither moral nor financial support such as is accorded to the Christian missionary; but she was inspired by love for humanity. Perhaps, too, she was moved by the patriotic spirit inherent in her race; for the Mikado has hardly a single subject who does not apprehend that Mongolia may one day prove to be a second Manchuria if the Czar's far-Eastern policy be not radically altered. Braving the freezing winter blast and the scorching summer wind that sweep from the grim, dreary desert of Gobi, she devoted the four years to the education of the children of several Mongolian nobles; and when she came back to her native land, she brought with her several Mongolian boys and girls to be blessed with the benefits of modern education.

Do you believe that a tender Japanese girl is capable of such an heroic feat as this? You have heard so much about the daintiness and the moral and physical frailness of the Japanese woman that you are led to presume that she is a "cute," innocent doll, having nothing to do but laugh and giggle. You have been wont to read such literature on Japan as Pierre Loti's frivolous "Madame Chrysanthème," and you cling to the belief that the Japanese women are all like the *geisha* girl, who, shallow-minded and immoral, has no thought for the morrow. But believe me, Miss Kawara is a true daughter of the Land of the Cherry Blossom. In stature and in appearance she is as tiny and as fragile as all her *kimonoed* sisters, and yet in courage, in intelligence, in moral integrity, she ranks with any woman in the world.

I have started this article with a

LONG-SWORD PRACTICE AT THE JAPAN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY

story of Miss Kawara, wishing to emphasize the fact that her type is far more representative of the present-day women of Japan than those portrayed by an Edwin Arnold or a Pierre Loti, who, having lived among the *geisha* girls of whom we are ashamed to speak, endeavored to "Japonify" himself at short notice, and this without being able to understand a word of Japanese. This fact no one will gainsay who is acquainted with the important *rôle* which the Japanese women played during the late great war.

For the brilliant victory over her Titanic foe in the North, Japan is as much indebted to the quiet, gentle work of her modest, self-effacing daughters as to the valor and pluck of her sons. The Committee of Ladies, attached to the Red Cross Society and consisting of 3366 members distributed throughout the country, has, under its able administratrix in the person of Marchioness Nabeshima, rendered the country an invaluable service in recruiting the Red Cross nurses from among the women of the respectable class who wish to devote themselves to the tending of the sick and wounded not for pecuniary consideration, but for love of their country and humanity. Then, there was the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, whose membership included princesses of the royal family, and the wives and daughters of the distinguished peers and military officers; and, thanks to its assiduous efforts, hundreds of thousands of intelligent women volunteered to work as assistants to the Red Cross nurses. Aside from these two organizations, the Ladies' Patriotic Association, having a membership of 250,000, and the Ladies' Visiting Association accomplished a valuable work, raising funds for relieving the distressed families of those at the front, and giving moral encouragement to the soldiers leaving for the seat of war.

The signal change wrought in the status of the Japanese woman is, to a measure, an outcome of the adoption of an advanced educational system. The feminine attendants of public

JAPANESE WOMAN TEACHING CHINESE GIRLS TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

MR. J. NARUSE, FOUNDER OF THE FIRST WOMEN'S COLLEGE IN JAPAN

schools to-day equal, if not outnumber, their male attendants; girls' schools for higher education have been increased year after year, and the present tendency is toward elevating the grade of female education still higher. It may be well to note in passing that the American influence is largely responsible for this forward movement in the field of female education in Japan. Many Japanese graduates from Bryn Mawr or Wellesley, whose typical representative is found in the Marchioness Oyama, wife of the famous Field Marshal Oyama, have carried back with them the spirit and ideals of American colleges for girls, and championed the cause of higher education for their sisters at home. Mr. Naruse, founder and President of the Japan Women's University, was educated in the United States and derived his inspiration from American institutions exclusively devoted to the education of the gentler sex. These pioneers of American education, while rejecting the system of coeducation, are nevertheless striving to develop a unique institution aimed at the training of the fair sex as women, as citizens, and as members of society.

It must not be understood, however, that the feminine half of the Japanese population remained ignorant and ignored until the advent of the Western educational system. On the contrary, they were instructed in music, *belles lettres*, and such arts as were considered requisite for feminine grace and refinement. Any one who has the slightest knowledge of our literary history will remember what illustrious bluestockings we had in days of old. But by far the most important part of their education was in moral and physical training. From childhood they were taught to defend their honor even with death, and their discipline in the arts of self-defence was as thorough as that of their *samurai* brothers. The *samurai* woman must be as brave, as self-controlled, as calmly self-sacrificing as her father or her husband.

In the *naginata* ("long sword") fencing and in the *jiujutsu* practice which are to-day taught at the Japan Women's University, and various other schools for girls, we still observe a legacy of our Spartan women of yore. As a means of developing virtues and qualities necessary for the mistress of the home, intrusted with the management of

household affairs, and the education and even defence of the young, our former method of education left little to be desired. Its deficiency lay in the fact that it stopped at making the wise mother and the good keeper of the hearth, paying but little attention to the fostering of such ideas and faculties as are requisite to make women efficient members of the body politic and of society. The inauguration of the Western idea of education is gradually remedying this defect; and to-day we already notice in the curricula of girls' schools such subjects as the principles of constitutional and civil laws, political economy and social ethics.

Despite all this potent influence of Western ideas, the Japanese woman will ever be widely removed from her European sisters, and still more widely from the women of America. She remains and desires to remain as modest and reserved, as diffident and demure as her predecessors trained under the *ancien régime*. With doubting eyes she reads in the American magazines the account of the mobs of feminine "souvenir fiends" and of fashionable ladies in décolleté dress applauding a star singer or a "divine" pianist until they lose self-control; and she wonders, if all these "horrid" affairs do really happen in Western countries, how it is that the casual foreign observers of Japan, and the Christian missionaries, make such a fuss about her perfectly innocent exposure of person merely incidental to health, cleanliness, or convenience in doing necessary work.

Some time ago I sent to a Japanese lady, who had never travelled abroad, a copy of an American magazine, calling her particular attention to an article describing a certain European musician's disgust with the shameless forwardness of his feminine audience in America. Having read the article, she wrote to me in these words:

> What a sensational tell-tale is this writer! I do not believe—I can not imagine for a moment—that our American sisters, so pretty and so graceful, would ever do such immodest things. Just think of respectable ladies—mothers and their daughters—hurling corsage bouquets at a public entertainer, and pushing and jostling, trying to kiss him, and finally lavishing upon him the silliest of rhapsodies!—why, the idea is simply unthinkable.

Indeed, such a picture as this is absolutely beyond the imagination of the Japanese woman. To her, modesty is the *sine qua non* of true womanhood, and whoever deviates from this moral standard, no matter how praiseworthy in other regards, is considered unworthy of her respect. Even the renowned patriot Mrs. Okumura, the organizer of the Ladies' Patriotic Association, was subjected to unkindly criticism from her countrywomen, when she went in martial attire into the seat of war in Manchuria, to carry words of sympathy and encouragement to the Mikado's soldiers. While taking intense interest in affairs of state, the present-day woman of Japan regards such deeds as Mrs. Okumura's not only as unwomanly but of little use, and prefers to serve her country in a more quiet and gentle way. Rightly or mistakenly, she believes with Ruskin that "the woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her highest intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places."

LITERATURE AND STATESMANSHIP

By SIR GEORGE O. TREVELYAN

IN PUTNAM'S for April last appeared an after-dinner speech on "Literature and Statesmanship," delivered by the late Lord Goschen before the Whitefriars Club of London in January, 1903. The same subject was considered, with equal informality, in a speech delivered just one year later, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., himself a distinguished historian, and the nephew and biographer of one still more renowned—Lord Macaulay. Sir George's fellow-guest—the guest of the Club as a whole—was Chevalier Marconi. The occasion was the annual dinner of the Whitefriars, and a number of well-known authors were present—Friars themselves, or the guests of individual members. The Prior of the night was Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street," etc. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, whom the principal speaker of the evening had counted upon meeting on this occasion, was unavoidably absent, in the service of his party. Mr. L. F. Austin, one of the most distinguished of the Whitefriars, a brilliant literary journalist, sometime private secretary to the late Sir Henry Irving, acted as toastmaster. In introducing Sir George Trevelyan, he quoted certain lines from a satirical poem, written by the latter many years ago, in which a political speaker thus "voices" a grievance:

> "For this did I canvass, and promise, and flirt,
> And drink so much sherry and eat so much dirt?
> For this did I stand on the hustings an hour,
> My mouth full of egg and my whiskers of flour,
> Repeating, in accents bewildered and hoarse,
> That sentence to which I have always recourse,
> Whenever I come to the end of my tether,
> About a strong pull and a pull altogether?"

Continuing, Mr. Austin said:

"What better description of a party speech? Manners have changed very little. The Parliamentary candidate does not drink so much sherry, but dirt is still an article of political diet. Whiskers have gone out of fashion, and that, I suppose, is the reason why electors have left off throwing flour; but if you keep an eye on the by-elections, you will see that the candidate's mouth is still full of egg. Eggs fly before they are hatched, and there are still appeals for party unity, and for the 'strong pull' and the 'pull altogether.' But I wonder, even if the pull altogether should land a man in office, if it were not more agreeable to sit in one's study, and write the history of the American Revolution."—The Editors.

THE ARCADIA OF ST. STEPHEN'S

EVER since I heard the pleasant and most unexpected news that I was to be entertained by the Whitefriars Club, I have been studying the records of your proceedings, which have been generously supplied to me. It is a real privilege to read transactions so interesting and animated, especially when one knows that in these days of universal publicity they are confined to the inspection of those immediately concerned. I have gathered that you practise three rules or customs which appear

to me to constitute a complete and very effective code of hospitality and good fellowship. In the first place, you have no party politics. It is a universal tendency of the human mind to divide mankind into opponents and supporters of one's questions and one's fads. I suppose there are a good many men walking without strait waistcoats in the streets of this city who really believe that they might class mankind into monometallists and bimetallists, into Great and Little Englanders, and into High and Low Churchmen. All this is an illusion; and something less of an illusion, but an illusion still, is the belief that every man at all times lives, moves, and has his being with the consciousness that he is either a Conservative, a Liberal or a Radical. When I was a young man—as young as some very fortunate people whom I see around me,—I was in the full rush and whirl of London society, and used to meet multitudes of people, and never had the slightest conception, care or curiosity as to whether any of them was a Whig or a Tory. Then I went into Parliament, and for thirty long and somewhat dreary years every man seemed to be a political partisan, and, alas! every woman likewise, and the whole of Society appeared to be colored by political partisanship. That was a period during which, to refer to something which Mr. Austin said in his charming speech, I stood on a platform with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, then the Bishop of Exeter, in his own cathedral city, and both my hair and my whiskers, and the Bishop's hair and whiskers, were filled, not with ordinary flour, but with blue and yellow flour—thrown there by certain inhabitants of his episcopal town.

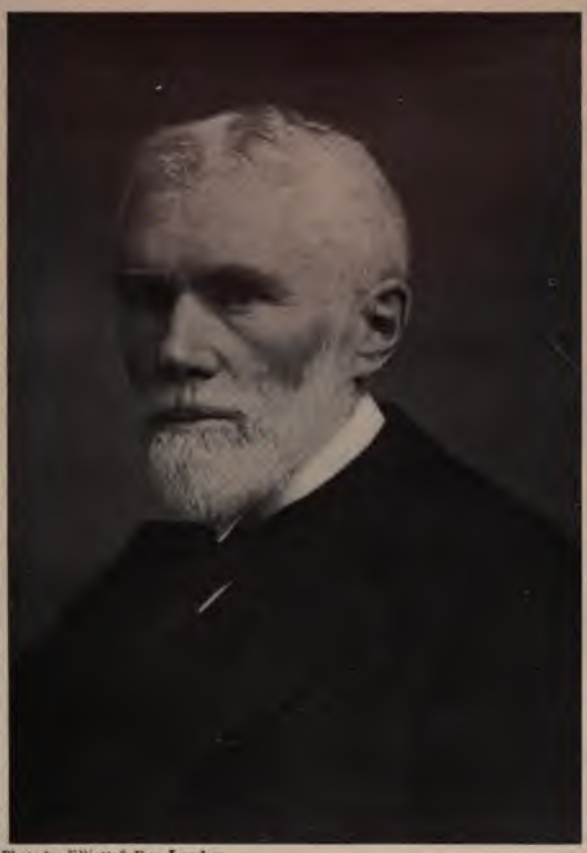


Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

LORD RANDOLPH AS A LOVER OF BOOKS

But even in the arid desert of party politics there are some oases. The Lobby of the House of Commons is sometimes an over-busy and sometimes a very dull and dreary place, but even in those precincts there may occasionally be found a touch of Arcadia. The General Election of 1874 was a great Conservative triumph, and the result was, as was always the case after a Conservative

triumph, to fill the House with a most cheerful tribe of lively and vivacious young aristocrats. One of these appeared to take a great fancy to me, and used to affect my company very much. This young member was a rare speaker in the House of Commons. In the course of six sessions he made two speeches—one an exceedingly humorous and successful defence of his own constituents against certain charges of corruption, and the other a performance of greater ambition, of the most singular and original nature, to which the House of Commons listened with amazement, and something of bewilderment. He was very seldom inside the House, but he never tired of walking with me, arm in arm, or side by side, up and down the House of Commons terrace —the most splendid riverside terrace in Christendom,—in those sterner days when those of the male sex could walk up and down there of an afternoon—talking of books, and only of books, with the most delightful joyousness and freshness of interest. My friend gave me books. I have now—I sent it the other day to the binders, with great pride—a most famous, a most entrancing, a most classical French volume, but a French volume that is, perhaps, more classical than edifying. Within ten years that young man had run one of the very greatest and most memorable careers in our Parliamentary annals; and when I remember the last years of the active life of Lord Randolph Churchill, I sadly and gravely say that his premature removal from the sphere of public action was a lasting and incalculable loss to the country. It is for this reason I have always taken a paternal and almost pathetic interest in the career of one who is so curiously like him, and who, I am sorry to hear, is prevented from being present by the detestable exigencies of the political platform. In his place we have had a speech from Mr. Austin, who has been a stranger to me so far as the ceremony of introduction can go, but who is not altogether a stranger. Sometimes we are glad to believe we have a sentiment of friendship for a favorite author, whose face we have never seen; but that friendship is only renewed at intervals of two, or three, or even more years, when he publishes his successive volumes. Mr. Austin, however, at every week's end

> Pours himself out plain,
> Like downright Shippen, or old Montaigne.

There are few matters under the sun—such sun as we have been blessed with during the last twelve months—with regard to which I have not some knowledge of Mr. Austin's opinions. It was reserved for me this evening, however, to hear what that opinion is about my own humble personality, and about the reputation of one whose reputation is as many times dearer to me as it is greater than mine can ever be; and I can discern a genuine admiration of Macaulay beneath that charming fire of jokes which fell from Mr. Austin's lips. All I can say is, I am deeply gratified at his kindly observations, and the response which they evoked; and I shall do my best in the future to deserve them. I shall endeavor, as I have always endeavored hitherto, to use no means of pushing myself except by doing my best at the work which comes to my hand, while rejoicing at the hard-earned successes of other people, and making it a rule that no word of mine shall ever be spoken which shall destroy or diminish the credit and satisfaction they derive from them. I have spoken of the rule laid down to leave politics alone. Party politics are just now in a very critical state, and there never was a time when the introduction of them was so much resented in literary, artistic and theatrical circles. (I have heard that it was very ill taken that, in some pantomimic representation, the King of the Cannibals came on the stage, and told an audience of divided sympathies he was, for his part, a stanch and confirmed Free Fooder.) I pass to the second feature of the Club's entertainment. Your guests appear to think it necessary

to give an autobiographical account of themselves, and especially to insist on any circumstance which connects them with literature. That was to a marked degree the case with Lord Goschen, whose example I suppose I must follow; the more so as, since the Friars paid him that compliment, the University of Oxford, not to be left behind, have reappointed him their Chancellor.

EMENDATIONS BY MACAULAY

My own first literary work was a prize poem, written at Harrow, on the invasions of England. I was very proud of the performance, and submitted it to the judgment, and, as I hoped, the admiration of an older relative, who himself could turn a sentence and round a stanza. Well, I am bound to say that the emotions which my poem excited in Lord Macaulay's breast were drowned by his intense amusement in discovering that in one hundred and fifty lines there were no less than forty false rhymes!

I shall never forget my speechless admiration when Lord Macaulay took up the paper, and, as fast as he could read it, threw out a succession of emendations, which turned my crude and halting verses into noble and stirring poetry. From that time forward, whatever I did, I never perpetrated a false rhyme, until at five-and-twenty the power of rhyming, happily for myself and others, deserted me suddenly, absolutely and irrevocably. Since then I have written prose, sometimes in the strain and stress of a rather turbid political career, and of late years in the full and delightful leisure which every man has a right to give himself, who in the course of his early life has done all the work, congenial or uncongenial, which it has fallen to his lot to do. In the choice of subjects, I have confined myself to those for the treatment of which it is an advantage to have known the House of Commons and the public offices and departments from the inside, and that perhaps is the chief qualification I have for writing history. I have, however, another qualification; for I am possessed by a firm and intense belief that in the past our forefathers took just the same keen and vivid interest in public affairs as their successors; that one can form a true picture of that past by the study of books, if only one reads them accurately, unsparingly and lovingly; and that if the picture, when it is finished, comes off the easel dull and dead, it is the picture of no times that ever existed, or of times which were not worth reproducing. I know it is the custom of people to say that history is a science, and in no sense an art. In that case it is the duty of Mr. Marconi to return thanks for history; though I am quite certain that a man of Mr. Marconi's eminence would be the first to say that our respective studies belong to a different department of human industry.

THE ETHICS OF HISTORY

Another doctrine which has of late been promulgated is that there should be no ethics in history, and that the historian should avoid praising one man and reprobating another, or saying that one policy was righteous and another unjust. That is a deadly doctrine. If it once were established, the effect would be that the great ones of mankind would have no means whatever of guiding their conduct by warnings and examples taken from the men and events of the past. So far from that, my firm belief is that a man cannot be a good historian unless he has a very strong feeling indeed with regard to the events he is narrating. It is so in history, and it is so in fiction. A man has no right to distort a truth. He must keep his feelings in check; and he must not allude to modern politics under the guise of history; but he must have strong feelings and beliefs with regard to the events which he narrates. So, in fiction, I little love a man who is always lecturing and indoctrinating his readers; and

yet novels might be so written that beneath the narrative could be seen faiths and beliefs and opinions which filled the whole work with life, and allowed the reader to draw from it valuable lessons. There is every difference in the world between a novel with a purpose and a novel written by a man with a purpose. For an illustration I will ask you to look no farther than the chair in which the Prior sits.

One lesson I have drawn from a study of the Club's proceedings, is that you have a recognized limit of speeches. When a man first gets upon his legs in public he has a very grievous doubt whether he can possibly say anything which his fellowmen may find worth listening to. A county member, who was the father of a minister in the present Government, gave me an account of his first speech in the House of Commons. He said by the time he had been up five minutes there all of a sudden came over him an overwhelming feeling. He felt the Speaker was going to rise from his chair, and address the House in these words: "I am going to take a course which is unprecedented, but in taking which I believe I shall have the full concurrence of the House. In this place we can stand a great deal; but this is too bad for anything; and I must request the honorable member to resume his seat."

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN
(From a cartoon by Sir F. Carruthers Gould drawn while Sir George was making this speech)

Well do we who have been in the House of Commons know that feeling! But it passes away; it gives place to quite another sentiment; and when a man has made a few speeches he begins to overrate the strength and length of human endurance. Great artists, in all branches, never lose sight of that great fact in human nature. Neville Rolfe, the British consul at Naples, the greatest cicerone in the world, told me that two hours of sight-seeing was as much as anybody could do with profit or pleasure. So M. Coquelin, in a moment of confidence, told me that two hours was the precise time during which the edge of an audience's attention could be kept keen and bright. If that is the case in the theatre, with the variety of actors and scenery, what will it be when the same man is continually speaking, and is uttering his own words, and not those of Molière, of Scribe, or of Alfred de Musset? My own belief is that within twenty-five minutes people get tired of a man's voice, of his thoughts and his turn of phrase, and that it is high time for him to sit down. If speeches in the House of Commons, with rare exceptions, were reduced to a limit of half an hour, the debating would be immensely improved, and the authority of that assembly would be heightened. Having said this, I know my own time has come; and I will sit down after saying in one sentence what an immense gratification it is to have had such a greeting from such a brotherhood and in the presence of such guests, and assuring you that I shall always recall gratefully your most welcome and overflowing hospitality.

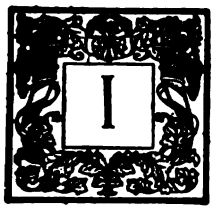
THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer

VIII

A Sentimental Journey



I SUPPOSE everyone experiences sudden moments of self-revelation that come without rhyme or reason, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky: revelations that make clear in one illuminative flash conditions and motives that have been tangled in a vague obscurity of doubt.

It was when such an instantaneous radiance of mental vision came to me I realized at once why I had come to England. It was simply and only that I might visit Stratford-on-Avon.

Nor was this pilgrimage to be lightly undertaken. Well I knew that the position Shakespeare occupied in my lists of hero-worship demanded that a fitting tribute of emotion be displayed at sight of such material memorials as were preserved at his birthplace.

Moreover, I knew that, whatever might be my sense of reverential homage, in me the power of emotional demonstration did not abound.

But it is ever my custom, when possible, to supply or amend such lacks as I may note in my nature, by any available means.

And what could be wiser than when going on such an important journey, and where I knew my own powers would fall short of an imperative requirement, to take with me some one who should adequately supplement my shortcomings?

Being of a methodical nature, I have my friends as definitely classified and as neatly pigeon-holed as my old letters. Mentally running over my collection of available companions, I stopped at Sentimental Tommy, knowing I need look no further.

Of course Sentimental Tommy was not his real name, but it is my custom to bestow upon my friends such titles as seem to me appropriate or descriptive.

Sentimental Tommy, then, was the only man in the world, so far as I knew, who would make a perfect associate for a day in Stratford. His especial qualifications were a chameleonic power of adaptability, an instant and sympathetic comprehension of mood, an unbounded capacity for sentiment, and a genius for comradeship. He was also a man to whom one could "say come, and he cometh," without any fuss about it.

HE HAD BEEN KICKED BY THE KING'S CAT

The date being arranged, I turned to my Baedeker and was deeply delighted to discover that we must take a train from Euston Station. For it seemed that the wonderful columned façade of Euston was the only appropriate exit from London, when one's destination was Stratford. I had hoped that our route might cause us to pass through Upper Tooting, as, next to Stratford, this was to me the most interesting name in my little red book. I know not why, but Upper Tooting has always possessed for me a strange fascination; and, though it sounds merely like the high notes of a French horn, yet my intuition tells me that it is full of deep and absorbing interest.

Sentimental Tommy met me at Euston Station, and bought tickets for Stratford as casually as if it had been on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Tommy was in jubilant spirits that morning, with the peculiar kind of international triumph which comes only to an American who has attained some especial favor of the English. Gleefully he told me of his great luck. Only that morning he had been kicked by the King's cat! An early stroll past Buckingham Palace and along Constitution Hill had resulted in an interview with the royal feline, and the above mentioned honorable result had been achieved. My observation to the effect that I didn't know that cats kicked, was met by the simple statement that this cat did,—and then we went on to Stratford.

The ride being in part through the same country that I had traversed when coming to London, I felt quite at home in my surroundings; and we chatted gayly of everything under the sun except the immortal hero of our pilgrimage.

That 's what I like about Tommy, —he has such a wonderful intuitive sense of conversational values. And though his obsession by Shakespeare is precisely the same as my own, and though he is himself a "Bartlett's Concordance" in men's clothing, yet I knew, for a surety, that he would quote no line from the poet through the entire day.

As we had neither of us ever been in Stratford before, we left the train at the station and faced the little town with an anticipation that was

like a blank page, to be written on by whatever might happen next.

Trusting to Tommy's instinct, we asked no questions of guidance, and started off at random, on a nowise remarkable street. It was an affable August day, and our gait was much like that of a snail at full gallop; yet before we turned the first corner tears stood in my eyes,—though whether caused by the thrill of being on Shakespeare's ground, or the reflection of Tommy's discernibly suppressed emotion, I 've no idea.

But for pure delightfulness of sensation, it is difficult to surpass that aimless wandering through Stratford, with a subconsciousness of what was awaiting us. In London, historical associations crop up at every step; but, though pointing backward, each points in a different direction, and so they form a great semicircular horizon which becomes misty and vague in the distance. This is restful, and gives one a mere sense of blurred perspective. But Stratford is definite and coherent. Everything in it, material or otherwise, points sharply back to the one figure, and the converging rays meet with a suddenness that is dazzling and well-nigh stunning.

THE FOOT-PATH ACROSS THE FIELDS TO SHOTTERY

Stratford is reeking with dramatic quality, and a sudden breath of its atmosphere makes for mental unbalance.

"Don't take it so hard," said Tommy, with his gentle smile; "this is really the worst of it,—except perhaps one other bit,—and it will soon be over."

"Why, we have n't begun yet," said I, in astonishment.

"You 're thinking of the Birthplace, the Memorial, and the Church. You ought to know that we can see, absorb and assimilate those things in just about one minute each. It is this that counts,—this, and the footpath across the fields to Shottery."

"And the River," I added.

"Yes, and the River."

Following his unerring instincts, Tommy's steps led us, though perhaps not by the most direct route, to the Shakespeare Hotel.

"You know," he said, "intending visitors to Stratford are invariably instructed by returned visitors to go to the Red Lion Inn, or Red Bear, or Red something; but instinct tells me that this hostelry has a message for us."

Nor was the message only that of the typical English luncheon which the dining-room afforded. There were many other points about that hotel which impressed me with peculiar delight, from the quaint entrance hall to the garden at the back.

Each room is named for one of Shakespeare's plays, and has the title over its door. After hesitating between Hamlet and Twelfth Night, I finally concluded that should I ever spend a whole summer in Stratford, which I fully intend to do, I should

take possession of the delightful, chintz-furnished, Love's Labour 's Lost.

The library was a continuation of fascinations. A strange-shaped room whose length is half a dozen times its width, it seemed a place to enter, but not to leave.

However, one does not visit Stratford for the delights of hotel life, and luncheon over, we again began our wanderings.

By good luck we chanced first upon the Memorial Theatre. The good luck lay in the fact that, having seen the outside of this Tribute to Genius, we had no desire to enter. It was remindful of a modern New England high school building, and, though we knew it contained authentic portraits and first folios, it had little to do with our Shakespeare.

We paused at the Monument, and commented on the cleverness of the happy thought that provided *Philosophy* to fill up the fourth side of Shakespeare's genius.

And then we went on to Henley Street and the house where Shakespeare was born.

We entered the narrow door-way into the old house, which shows so plainly the frantic endeavor at preservation, and we climbed the stairs to the room where the poet was born. The air was smoky with memory, and through it loomed the rather smug bust, its weight supported by a thin-legged, inadequate table.

With Tommy I was not troubled by the objectionable thought of "first impressions." In the first moment we took in, with one swift glance, the fireplace, the walls, the windows, and the few scant properties, and after that our attitude was as of pilgrims returning to an oft-visited shrine.

In the room back of the birthroom, the one that looks out over the garden, sat the old custodian of the place. He was a large, handsome man with none of the doddering, mumbling effects of his profession.

He looked at me keenly, as I stood looking out of the back window, my thoughts all with Mary Arden, and he said, in a low voice, "You love him, too?" and I said, "Yes."

A little shaken by the birthplace, but of no mind to admit it, we went gayly through the Stratford streets, passing groups of happy villagers, and so suddenly did we meet the Avon, that we almost fell into it.

HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE, "YOU LOVE HIM, TOO?"

We chanced upon two broad marble steps, that seemed to be the terminal of a macadamized path to the river. The Avon was using the lower of these two steps, so we sat on the upper one and watched the children sailing boats upon the Memorial Stream. This brought to my mind Mr. Mabie's word picture of Shakespeare at four years old, and for a time the baby Shakespeare took precedence over the man poet.

It is scarcely fair that the Avon should be so beautiful of itself, for this, with its vicarious interests, makes it too blessed among rivers.

Then we went to Holy Trinity. The approach, plain as way to parish church, seemed like a solemn ceremony, and as Tommy afterward admitted, "it got on his nerves."

Unbothered by verger or guide, ob-

livious of tourists, if any were there, we walked straight to the chancel, looked at Shakespeare's grave,—and walked away.

It was fortunate for me at this moment that I had taken Sentimental Tommy with me; for as his emotions are so much more available than mine, so he has them under much better control.

I had expected to look around the church a bit, but Tommy led me away, through the old grave-yard, to the low wall by the river. And there, under the waving old trees, we sat until we could pick up our lost three hundred years.

Back through the town we went; and I must needs stop here and there at the little shops, which, with their modern attempts at quaintness, display relics and antiques, more or less genuine.

Few of their wares appealed to me, so I contented myself with a tiny celluloid bust of Shakespeare, which, by chance, presented the familiar features with an expression of real power and intellect. It was strange to find this poet face on a cheap trinket, and with deep thankfulness of heart I possessed myself of my one souvenir of Stratford.

It is directly opposed to all the instincts of Tommy's nature to ask instructions in matters which he feels that he ought to know intuitively.

And so, upon his simple announcement, "This is the footpath across the fields to Shottery,—to Anne Hathaway's Cottage," we started.

As Tommy had hinted, during our walk from the station, there would be another bit of the real thing; and this was it. The walk across the fields was crowded with impulses that came perilously near emotional intensity. But from such appalling fate we were saved by our sense of humor. One cannot give way to emotion if one is conscious of its humorous aspect. And we agreed that as the path across the field had been here ever since Shakespeare trod it, and as it would in all probability remain for some time in the future, the mere coincidence that we were traversing it at this particular moment was nothing to be thrilled about. And yet,—it *was* the path from Stratford to Shottery, and we *were* there!

But it was a longer path than we

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

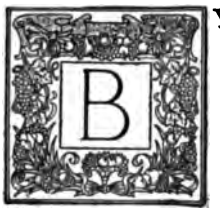
had thought, and the practicality which is one of the chief ingredients of Tommy's sentiment, moved him to look at his watch and announce that we would have to turn back at once, if we would catch the last train to London.

Not entirely disheartened at leaving Anne Hathaway's cottage unvisited, —for we both well knew the value of the unattained,—we turned, and wandered back to the station just in time for the late afternoon train.

And that was why we did n't discover until some time afterward that we had taken the wrong road across the fields; and that, as we imagined our faces turned toward it, Anne Hathaway's cottage was getting further and further away to our left.

THE HALF-BROTHERS*

By MAURICE HEWLETT



BY my soul [said Salomon Brazenhead], but I will tell you a tale which I had out of Italy when I served there under Sir John, him of steel and whipcord whom the Italians called John Aguto, meaning (I doubt not) sharp as a hawk, which he was by name and nature, I assure you. My tale will cause you to weep; and why not? since weeping is the fashion, and a known old purge of black and other kinds of bile. But because my own humor is so, you shall laugh, I warrant you, between the showers.

Oh, cut short, cut short, for your common credit's sake! [cried out Captain Richard Smith]. Will you turn hedge-priest at your time of life? Body of me, I had reached "Love me for ever" by this time.

Listen nevertheless to me [pursued Salomon Brazenhead]. When I first went into Italy there was living and ruling at Castelfranco in the Venetian March a stone-faced old smiter whose name was Tuzio Costanza: black as a black stallion and headed like a Roman soldier was he. He was a faithful soldier of the Republic of Venice, by whom indeed he ruled his domains in peace, and father also of two sons, one lawfully begotten of the body of his good lady, and one got waywardly, as we say, without leave or license of the Church. But just as if, for once, Nature was on the side of Religion, it was so that the lawful son, who was called Matteo, showed himself whole Costanza, and bore his title-deeds upon his person, being swarthy, black and bold-looking, a heavy-browed, sullen boy, terrible to fight; and that the love child, Luca (so they named him), favored the angels, as being golden-haired, soft in the skin, red and white like a miss of fourteen. Year for year, so they stood when I saw them first: sixteen years old apiece, as loving as the Blessed Gemini who cuddle each other all day long on the holy Zodiac, and all night are at the same loving play, if the astrologers are to be believed.

At this time Master Tuzio lost his very excellent lady, a woman whom he had in such order that she had mothered the motherless Luca as if he had been very twin with her Matteo;

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he lost her, I say, of a summer colic which sent her post-haste to the churchyard; and he, making the most of it, and disposed to use the rest of his life in comfort and honor, conceived his first business to be the settlement of his two lads, whose legs were too long and their appetites, for one thing or another, too keen for the little fee of Castelfranco to nourish. What must he do, incontinent, but send them east and west? Luca, the pretty boy, had a ticklish palm and a tongue as smooth as melting butter. "Off with you, chicken," says his father, "to Venice and the Prior of Saint Gregory. We will have you in a frock; for those qualities of yours command their price within the true fold all the world over." But Matteo, bone of his bone, heir of his name, his counterpart in face, shape and temper, he sends into Lombardy, to learn fighting from an ancient foe of his, and very good friend at the same time; I mean old Pierfrancesco Visdomini, Lord of Peschiera, standard-bearer to Messer Bernabò the tyrant of Milan.

"Go, Matt," says this stout old father, "go you, my son, and learn of my friend Pierfrancesco how best you may cut his throat in after years."

And off went Matteo in great fettle, having first kissed on both cheeks and on soft red mouth his half-brother Luca, the future Archbishop. Of Luca, I say little here; but of Matteo I tell you most plainly, that black-avised scowler had a heart like hidden fire, and when he loved, loved altogether with a consuming rage. Do you know that sacred saying concerning the devils, which reads backwards as well as forwards, and so proclaims its dreadful power?—*In Girum Imus Noctu Non Ut Consumimur Igni*. Now, so it was with Matteo Costanza: he went in chains, lest (loosing himself to love) he should be devoured in his own flame.

He took the road to Peschiera, a place which lies on a tongue of yellow sand upon the dark blue waters of Garda; and by means of letters of his father's was nobly received by Master Pierfrancesco, and hospitably entertained for two or three years. He learned of his teacher various noble old virtues now outmoded and unsung—to wit, Sobriety, Measure, Reticence, and a power of hitting so terrible that you are very wary of hitting at all. He learned to prick with the spear by being well pricked himself, to hew with broad sword and stab with dagger by the same good precept. He could use a bow, an arbalest, a pike; he grew to be part of his horse, and to make his followers parts of him. Oh, trust me, Sir John Hawkwood would never have said to him, "Here is a son of my old age!" if these things had not been as I tell you.

All this he took of Pierfrancesco Visdomini, standard-bearer to Bernabò of Milan; but he took more—alack! here comes my tale to festering point, that he took much more than this. Pierfrancesco, you must know, had a son and a daughter; the son, Pierluigi, serving with the Florentines, a wolfish young man, mostly hungry like his father; the daughter, Madonna Emilia, in those days at home, a pale, thinnish, smiling girl, very tender and shrinking and anxious to please you, a moonfaced, sidling, cuddling, snoozling, snuggling, coaxing, adoring, mothering, greensick little slip of delicacy, fifteen years old and no more, by Cock and the Prophet Jonah.

Young Matteo, exercising his strong body with the pricking of lances and what-not, grew mannish, and cast about him mannish looks at maids and such like cates. Young Emilia thought him a dog, but ended (as is the way of her kind) by reversing the letters and finding him a god. Body and soul she was his to dispose. She fed upon him, prayed to him, lay at his feet in the wet grass. Did he lift a finger, she came trembling up; did he lift an eyebrow, she thought her last hour was come, and that she deserved it richly. Was he kind, she panted: was he cold, she shivered as one naked in the wind. In a word, she adored mankind in him because

he was the only man she had ever seen; and he, red-hot lover as he was, shook off his chains and ate her up.

Out upon you, sir, [said Mistress Gorbet, a beautiful young wife with keen wits]; out upon you, sir; you talk as if we were all at the same meal.

By my strong soul, you wrong me, lady, [cried Salomon Brazenhead]. I have no ill meaning here. Matteo Costanza was a youth of eighteen years old, the soul of honor. I speak of her spiritual part, which is all that he ever ate, poor young man. He was no ruffian. Far from that, he thought of her as of the Mother of God. But I proceed, by your leave. These pretty two exchanged vows, kisses, clings, fierce gropings of heart. He swore her his upon the Cross and Christ, upon the Sorrowful and Joyful Mysteries, upon Heaven and Hell, and Death and Judgment. I believe upon my immortal hope that there never was a couple more gloriously unhappy since lovers first found delight in tearing each other by the heart-strings. One year it took him to see her lovely, one year to make her the most wretched girl in the world; in the middle of the third year Bernabò of Milan brought up my master Sir John for a bout with Venice, and me (as the fact was) in his pocket.

"Go, Matteo," said Pierfrancesco Visdomini; "my master Lord Bernabò makes war upon Venice in fifteen days. This night I kiss you; but to-morrow I shall spit in your face. This night you are my dear good boy, son of my old friend Tuzio; but to-morrow I shall see in you a black imp of that old rascal Costanza, my abhorred enemy. Go now. Pack your saddle and away."

There was no other road for Matteo but that of Venice. Much as he loved his Emilia, he had no thought then to sell his country, his father and his patrimony. There followed, by Cock, the most sorrowful leave-taking of lad and lass you ever saw in all your days. What a straining of young breasts, what a kissing, what a searching of hot eyes, what a sobbing, what horrible silences were there! Blood fills these hardy eyes of mine at the thought. As for you, ladies, what are your little hearts doing at this moment? Jumping like frogs in the wet, I 'll go bail. They may well jump, for this was a desperate young business, I give you my word. He swore her true as steel; he frightened her sorely; he cursed and kissed, he strained and forced away. But she came creeping, holding out her hands, and her face put meek and sideways: so all 's to do again. Go he must and did. He saw Emilia stand on the tower's top, waving him farewell by the light of the moon. She fluttered thin and white, like a little flag. He shook his sword in her direction, threat or greeting, half one and half t 'other. So he went to the wars, and his most unhappy star was kindled.

He proved a fighter of the best. Sir John took the Milanese afield against Venice and Mantua, and met their hosts in the plain of Legnago; but whether it was the ground, or the silly cattle he had to lead, or (as the plain truth was) that my stomach had turned sour overnight and caused me to see monsters where were only light-armed horsemen of Treviso and the parts adjacent—the fact is as clear as *In Principio erat verbum*, that the Milanese were routed and broken up, and that you might see young Matteo Costanza ranging the field like a colt in a green paddock. I gauge the feelings of a father by a nose I have for such sweet motions; so I gauge old Tuzio's feelings to see so hopeful a slip of his grafting. And I am glad that he had them, friends all, for (if you will believe me) they were his last. Yes, yes, his horse stumbled in the last charge home; and it was his own troop rode over him, and frittered up his ribs and his midriff. Matteo found himself orphaned by his honest feudatories, and himself their mesne lord at the same stroke. They tell me he sat afield, smoking hot from his late exploits, and on his knees

held what remained of his old father. From his man's work he came back to boy's work; he snivelled and looked pinched. What! But I honor him for it. They were good tears, holy tears: a many such have I shed. By the Mass, I could weep now!

They laid the pashed old fighting hound on a tresselbier and let Matteo take him home to Castelfranco. It behooved the Republic, d 'ye see, to put in Matteo as soon as might be, lest mischief should come of it. Nobody who knew my master Sir John would suppose him slow to the advantage of an empty castle and town on the march. Off went Matteo with his men and dead father in the dark; and hard by Este, in the passes of the hills, he was ambushed and set upon by a party of knights of the road, *routiers*, free gentlemen—any name you please for cut-throats; so in the black belly of the night there was horrible silent carnage, men grunting, men squealing, as they smote or were smitten, and never a blink of starshine to lead the sword. Matteo fought like one possessed of devils, and, breaking his sword by misadventure, put his dagger between his teeth and went about with his hands at work, feeling for throats. He got a hold, closed and fell with his quarry. They rolled scuffling and biting in the dark, but Matteo had ten strengths in him, what with his old father and new lordship; he got his dagger out and in, in and out again; a man's life and a man's dying curse into the bargain.

"The blight of God fall on and wither you," said he who lay jetting blood.

"It was fair fighting," says surly Matteo; and the other:

"You shall remember my curse."

"What name have you, friend?" says Matteo again.

He said, "Pierluigi Visdomini of Peschiera," and gaped, and so died. Matteo knew very well what he had done—to wit, slain the son of his old master, the brother of his love.

It turned the world dun-color for him. Dreadfully as he stalked the world afterwards, he was most dreadful in Castelfranco, as they report—and reasonably, for that Castelfranco is not so big as the world, and a sulky fellow in the larger room might be a Minotaur shut up in that little walled town. Certain it is that his mortification had one issue. He took the field again, and did so terribly that all Italy knew his name in a year. The Meagre Wolf they called him—*Il Lupo Magro*—and far and wide citizens of walled cities trembled at the words. At the siege of Padua he broke his arm under the ruin of a bridge, and so missed the sack of the town which followed hard upon his misfortune. But the Paduans very well knew who their conqueror was, and brought him the keys of their citadel as he lay sick at a convent. And who do you suppose came to him kneeling with those who bore the keys? Who else but his half-brother, smug Master Luca, with his face of a holy burning Seraphim and his sleek limbs of a girl? That was the young man, ladies and good sirs, upon the word of an untirable soldier.

This Luca Costanza was by now the prettiest soft rogue of a friar you ever saw; to the beguiling eye was superadded the silky tongue. Three years had wrought their magic upon him. I tell you, he were a bold man who would set wife or daughter on the further side of the grille over against him. Parts he had for the trade: he could sing, he could make canzonettas in the fashion of Lombardy and of Languedoc; his was the supple brain, and his the calculating headpiece, all encased in peach-bloom and gold. Now when he saw his grim brother Matteo, this chamberer became dewy with tears (which meant very little to him); but when Matteo saw him he sobbed in his throat, boy once more, and "Oh, come, oh, come, my brother!" says he; and had him in his arms in a trice. Before you could count twice nine, there was Luca sitting on the bed, listening to Matteo's words pouring out of him like a flooded mill-dam. What did

he hear? Do you ask that, my masters? Turn to the beauteous ladies by side of you: they will let you know. He spoke "Emilia, Emilia, Emilia," and again "Emilia, Emilia, Visdomini." There was no other woman in the world for him; so Luca, for whom the world held many women, was given to understand. Then the grief was revealed, since grief there was. Emilia could never be his. "God of Love, why not then?" cries Luca in amaze.

"I have slain her brother in the dark," says Matteo, hollow-voiced, "and he called down upon me the blight of God."

"Is that all?" says Luca; and Matteo—

"What more would you have?"

Luca put a warm hand on his brother's shoulder. "For less than that," says he, "have maidens been unmaidened."

"How now?" says Matteo.

"Why, thus," his brother replied. "The old Visdomini will take it amiss, I suppose!"

"Alack!" says Matteo.

"By no means," quoth Luca. "You offer Castelfranco and your hand for the girl. He cries for a sword and shuts her in her chamber. What shall she feed on in there, do you think, if not your image? She will grow fat on that. So women nourish their hearts. And so fathers drive their girls into their enemies' arms. Leave it all to me, Mat," says this Luca. Matteo kissed him.

Thus it was accorded between them that Luca should go to ask the hand of Miss for his brother Mattaeus, Dominus de Castelfranco. And he was to tell the whole truth, how the said Mattaeus by misadventure had killed Pierluigi Visdomini in dark battle, midnight battle, having been attacked by the dead man as he was bearing his own father's body to the burying. This notwithstanding, the said Mattaeus did earnestly pretend for the hand of Donna Emilia, and without a dower. The Visdomini were bare to the bones of money and lands; the dowry-quittance should tempt them, Luca judged: but not so Matteo. But Matteo, in truth, did so greatly long for sight or touch of his little Emilia that he sent his brother against his own hopes—that thus, at second hand, he himself might seem to deal with her. "Take her, dear Luca, this ring," said the honest lover, "and give her one message from me; one and no more."

"And what is your message, brother?" says Luca the debonair.

"Tell her the ring is from the True to the Most True," says Matteo; and Luca puts his tongue into his cheek.

Off he set, howsoever, flushed with safe-conducts and other letters commendatory from the Venetian power. Arrived at Peschiera, he found old Pierfrancesco, he found his bony wife but he found no fresh Emilia at all. She was not there; he learned from the women that she had taken service with Madonna Buonconforta, wife to Bernabò of Milan. "So ho!" says this Luca to himself, "Milan will suit me very well. It is a great city, and Messer Bernabò a munificent master for a baseborn lad of parts. I will go to Milan." But first he boards Master Pierfrancesco with his tidings of death in battle and offers of marriage without a dowry. Pierfrancesco listens to what he has to say, and listens to the end; then he ups and shows Luca a long sword.

"Do you see this, Master Friar?" he says.

"Certainly I do," says Luca.

"I would spit their two hearts on this blade," says the old man, biting his words, "and see them roast at my kitchen fires, before I allowed a Visdomini to meet a Costanza unarmed. Now, go to your master the devil."

What about this, sirs and noble ladies? Did he give the forward cut? There is none more forward, by Cock! Where goes our Luca but to Milan, with all his letters commendatory in his vest? There he wormed his way in, there he saw, and there had speech with the young Emilia, grown to be a beauty of so willowy,

so slow-smiling, so enslaving a kind that, if he played a villainy upon his brother, I know not who is to be blamed. As to that, wait for a little. He had his own game to play first, and very well he played it. I knew Messer Bernabò Visconti well enough, a puissant and glittering lord, who thought like lightning and burned up all Lombardy before he had done with it. He was born a soldier and lived a tyrant, and died a victim to his own pleasures. Very passably indeed he liked handsome youths and handsome women. So he fancied Donna Emilia, stroked her, called her his Madonnetta; and so he fancied the beauteous Luca Costanza and made him prime favorite in the great Court of Milan—the greatest Court, but one, these experienced eyes of mine have ever looked upon and contemned. In a few months Luca Costanza had Milan under his thumb; and then, waxing fat, as the way is, he began to kick, having scriptural precedent, I believe. In this wanton humor he looked upon Emilia with favor, with a half-shut eye (as it were); and she looked upon him as on one with whom she must reckon if she was to better herself in the Court. Presently, after a little, Luca gets her alone, whips out the ring he had in charge, and—"Yours, Madonna," he says. "Why," says she, "who gives me a ring?"

"One who calls himself The True," says Luca with a half sigh.

She blushed to hear him, thinking he so styled himself; and then says she, "But what has The True to say to me?"

"Oh, pretty rogue," says Luca to himself, "mighty little, I fancy." But aloud he said, "The True sends the ring to The Most True," and watched her like a cat. She went all white to the lips, and her eyes darted at him, and about him, and away. "Matteo sent it," she says in a whisper. "That is his name," says Luca. "And what is Matteo to you, good Friar?" she asks him. "Oh, an acquaintance of mine of old standing," says Master Luca. "He slew unwittingly your brother Pierluigi, and your father says that both you and he shall die before you meet each other again. But, notwithstanding, Matteo sends you this ring." And then he sets a watch upon her, and saw her shiver and shake, and wring her pretty hands.

By this conduct she betrayed him her mind. Not Matteo she loved, but a dim figure of Matteo four years dead. Not Matteo she loved; but she feared him. The very first thing she said, with great haunted eyes and mouth woe-begone, was this—"Will he come to fetch me, do you think?" "Like enough," says Luca shortly, and she began to cry and rock herself about. I assure you a handsome girl looks well in this situation. Grief relaxes her; she is melting, ready for the moulding hand; but you know that as well as I do. I cannot blame Luca for doing as he did; it were monstrous that a woman should weep and not be comforted; and how comfort her against what she fears but by telling her to have no fear, for that which she fears will not come to pass? So Luca did; and every day she sought him out with fears, and every day he showed her how no fear should be. Or if she went not to him he must needs go to her, and, whether she feared or not, beseech her not to fear. They used to meet in a little church I know very well; Sant' Onforio it is called. There in the dusk those two comforted each other, and there or elsewhere Luca betrayed his brother and gave Emilia a living image instead of a dead one to enshrine in her heart. All this was a matter of six months, which time had sufficed Matteo Costanza to take the field again, and drive the Milanese out of the Venetian March.

(To be concluded)

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM*

By W. H. MALLOCK

HILST speaking in this country on the subject of socialism generally, requests or suggestions have reached me from many quarters that I should deal with that particular form of it which goes by the name of Christian. Now the phrase "Christian Socialism" has a long history behind it. It was used first in England by Maurice and Charles Kingsley, but I believe myself to be right in saying that in their later lives they dropped it, as not being applicable to their own more matured views. Since their time it has, in England, been taken up by others, and associated with many phases of clerical or of Christian thought, and when I was asked to discuss Christian Socialism as a distinctive doctrine preached to-day in America, I at first felt doubtful as to what sort of doctrine it might be. For all I knew to the contrary it might be as different from secular socialism as Christian Science is from science as understood generally — as the science of Mrs. Eddy is from the science of Mr. Edison. I knew indeed from my experience both of this country and of England that the clergy, as representatives of Christianity, have frequently, of late years, been entering on the domain of economic discussion, and have been seeking to apply, in one way or another, the precepts of their religion to modern industrial problems—and not, as it seemed to me, with very signal success. For example, an English bishop, who I think actually called himself a socialist, once proposed that, as an instalment of the new industrial millennium, the British navy should be constructed by a group of co-operative laborers, free from the tyranny of any wicked employer. The impression which this suggestion produced on my own mind was that the enemies of England would receive with unbounded delight the news that the Bishop's suggestion was really being carried into effect. But, as I have said, my knowledge of what Christian Socialism may actually mean to-day in this country seems too vague to enable me to deal with the subject profitably.

This objection, has, however, been removed by some of those at whose request I am now addressing you; for they have sent me a sort of manifesto—half article, half sermon—which a prominent exponent of the creed issued not long since in a Christian Socialist newspaper, and which has been quite sufficient to provide me with all the requisite information. I propose, therefore, presently to take this document for my text. But before thus dealing with Socialism in its so-called Christian form, I will, for clearness' sake, put before you in the fewest possible words the main criticisms which I have been making elsewhere on socialism of the more ordinary type.

I began by dividing such socialism, as a definite economic creed, into two kinds—that which is preached to the masses, or all manual laborers indiscriminately, and that which is enunciated to a public comparatively small, by socialists who bring to their task a good deal of education and also of intellectual acuteness, and are anxious to vindicate socialism

* A cture delivered in New York, March, 1907, by request of the League of Political Education.

› eyes of other thinking men.
, moreover, that, for immediate
cal purposes, by far the most
tant question is the question of
socialism is, as expounded to
neral multitude, its more intel-
lized forms having an import-
which is at present secondary.
h being the case, I pointed out
:he basis of popular socialism
: doctrine which Karl Marx
ed to invest with a semblance
ientific truth — the doctrine,
y, that all wealth is produced
dinary manual labor, without
id or guidance from any class
than the laborers; and that
quently all wealth ought to go
ne laboring multitude. This
ne I submitted to minute analy-
id I showed that, though it is
less true enough as applied to
es in the earliest stages of
development, when industry
only in its rudest and least
ctive forms, it is entirely in-
able to that complicated system
duction to which the vast ma-
wealth of the modern world is
I showed that industry to-day
its enhanced productivity, not
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stantly increasing degree, been
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nces of the time, by whom their
dual tasks are co-ordinated and
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› of wage-capital. To the di-
e faculties in question I gave
ame of Ability; and I showed
:he larger part of the wealth of
nodern nation is due not to the
of the average many, but to
tceptional ability of the few, by
› their labor is directed in the
efficacious way.
:h are the main points which I
ut with elucidating, and so-
ts all over the country at once
eded to answer me. They were
of them socialists of the more
ghtful and educated kind; and
the gist of their answers was in nearly all cases the same. It was this—that with regard to the functions which I assigned to directive ability, I was right, and that Marx and the earlier socialists in failing to recognize these, and in treating ordinary labor as the sole productive agent, were hopelessly and absurdly wrong. But—so these writers unanimously hurried on to say—in exposing the error of Marx I was merely wasting my time, because socialists to-day no longer believed in it. Of the answers thus given me, it will be enough to take one example. It is from the pen of Mr. Hillquit, a lawyer, who was frequently pointed out to me as the most brilliant exponent of socialism now living in the United States, and whose answer to me, occupying whole columns of a newspaper called *The Worker*, was distributed at the doors of the buildings in which my addresses were delivered.

Out of all the columns which Mr. Hillquit's eloquence fills, there are only two short passages, amounting to about twenty lines, in which he condescends to anything like definite argument; but these two passages, when taken together, are interesting, and, as we shall see presently, have a very direct bearing on the question of Christian Socialism.

The first passage is this. Mr. Hillquit says:

> It requires no special genius to demonstrate that all labor is not alike and equally productive. It is still more obvious that common manual labor alone is impotent to produce the wealth of modern nations—that organization, direction and control are essential to productive work just as much as mere physical effort.

In other words, Mr. Hillquit is emphatic in accepting what I have said as to the functions of directive ability, or the productive powers of the few, and declares that for socialists my insistence on these is a platitude. Now if he had remained consistent with his own views as thus expressed by him, I should here have nothing more to say about him;

but what he does is this: Having ostentatiously made the above all-important admission, he at once drops it, and plunges into a sea of oratorical irrelevances; nor does he take the matter up again till he is nearing the end of his discourse, and then he does his best to unsay the very thing which he has said at the beginning of it. Before he has done, he says, he will meet me at close quarters, and discomfit me by means of an illustration which I myself have chosen. The illustration to which he refers is the case of a printed book, which, I said, shows in a particularly lucid way the respective parts played by labor and ability in producing and giving a value to economic commodities. The most important labor is, in this case, that of the compositors, which we may take as representing all the other kinds involved. What I pointed out was that the commercial value of books depends on the readiness of the reading public to buy them, and that this readiness depends, not on the labor of the compositors (which would be just as great in setting up an unsalable book as a salable one), but on the mind of the author, who, by means of his manuscript, imposes on the hands of the compositors a particular series of directions. And what has Mr. Hillquit got to say about this? He says:

> Whether a book is a work of genius or mere rubbish will largely affect its literary or artistic value, but it will have very little bearing on its economic or commercial value. Its market price will be fixed by the work of the compositors; and the market price of a wretched detective story, of the same length as "Hamlet" and printed in the same way, will be precisely the same as that of a copy of "Hamlet" itself.

Now on the astonishing confusion of thought which this argument embodies I will dwell for a moment only. The question at issue is not whether a book is a work of genius or no, but whether or no it hits the public taste; and the commercial value of an edition depends, not on the market price of each copy, but on the number of people who will buy copies at that price or at any other, and this depends, as it is hardly necessary for me to insist, on the order in which the types are arranged at the bidding of the author's manuscript. If Mr. Hillquit's argument has any meaning at all, it must mean that all books will have an equal commercial value which contain the same number of letters arranged on parallel lines, no matter what the order of the arrangement may be. Mr. Hillquit himself cannot believe such nonsense. How does it come about, then, that he degrades himself by so solemnly uttering it? In the answer to this question lies the fact which I wish here to impress on you. Mr. Hillquit indulges in this ludicrous performance in order to get rid of the effect of his previous admission that labor in the modern world is impotent without control and direction, and his instinctive desire is to get back by hook or by crook to the old and original fallacy which he sets out with repudiating, that the creator of all values is labor and labor only. His reason for wishing to do this is obvious. The doctrine that labor is the producer of all wealth is the only doctrine that, up to the present time, can be counted on to draw a cheer from the socialistic gallery. And Mr. Hillquit's tactics in this respect are not peculiar to himself. On the contrary they are merely an egregious example of what is done by the more intellectual of the modern socialists generally. Whilst admitting, for the purposes of serious argument with the educated, that the average many would, in the modern world, be industrially helpless apart from the exceptional few, they can never resist the temptation, when they think of the many as their audience, to represent the many as the sole producers of everything. What prompts them to pursue this mischievous and profligate course is partly perhaps a certain diseased sentimentality, which seems to be

distinctive of what we may call the socialistic temperament, but it is largely the instinct of the agitator pure and simple, who cannot abandon any falsehood however crude, so long as it panders to the passions of those whom he desires to move.

I mention this trait which distinguishes even the most educated amongst the secular socialists, because the Christian Socialists, so far as I am able to judge, may claim, in marked contrast to their secular brethren, that they are free from it. Recognizing that the few are, as wealth-producers, incomparably more efficient than the many, they make, when they address the many, no attempt to disguise the fact. Thus the particular article or manifesto which I am here taking for my text, and which its clerical author entitles "The Gospel for To-day," boldly starts with proclaiming that the whole theory of modern democracy rests on an assumption altogether false; and this is—"the assumption that all men are born with equal abilities." Such, he says, is the assumption which underlies the speculative theories of Rousseau and the English radicals, and modern republican declarations of the rights of man, and which is embodied in the constitutions of republics such as those of France and America. What these theories and these constitutions imply is, that the ideal state of society is one in which men, who are all born equal, have equal legal freedom individually to do the best they can for themselves.

Now if men were really born equal, our Christian Socialist proceeds, the principles of modern individualist democracy would possibly work well enough. But men are not born equal. In most spheres of action, and in the economic sphere more especially, some men are incalculably more able than the great majority of their fellows; and even amongst the exceptional minority some men are more able than others. Consequently, if the principles of modern individualist democracy and modern individualist economics are right, according to which the main motive of each is to do the best for himself with his own powers that he can—

> if it is duty to compete, if competition is the life of trade, then the battle for self must ever go grimly on. The strong must subdue the weak, the rich the poor, the able the unable. Upon this basis the millionaires and the multi-millionaires have a perfect right to roll up their untold millions, even as the workingman has the right to seek the best wages he can get. All in different ways are seeking their own; and the keenest competitors are the best men. The prizes must go to the shrewdest and strongest. It is the survival of the fittest.

Such being the case, then, asks our writer, what does Christian Socialism aim at? It does not aim at making men equal in respect of their ability, for to do this would be impossible, but it aims at producing an equality of a practical kind, by inducing the men whose ability is greatest to forego all personal claims which are founded on their exceptional powers —especially all claims to an exceptional share of wealth. It aims at substituting what he calls "co-operation" for competition. Here, he says, we have the economic teaching of Christ, whose passion and death are described by a Christian Socialist poet, in the same paper, as having for their object the economic freedom of labor in the twentieth century.

The vague sentimentality which embodies itself in this poem pervades the reasoning of the author of "The Gospel for To-day." He sees certain broad facts of the situation, and expresses them with a salutary candor; but he submits nothing which he sees to any close inspection or anaylsis. He sees economic problems and the entire process of modern production, as a man sees a mountain from a distance, at once illuminated and obscured by atmospheric conditions, and who fancies that to get to its summit will be a short and simple task, whereas valleys and precipices intervene of which he has

no suspicion, and the true conformation of the mountain is entirely beyond his grasp.

Let us begin with what he says about competition. He seems never to have considered in any detailed way what economic competition in the modern world really is. He apparently starts with recognizing that it is, in its fundamental form, a competition in producing and multiplying useful economic commodities, but he constantly lapses into a conception of it as a mere successful grabbing of an output of commodities which keep on being produced spontaneously, and of which the strongest and most active grabbers get most.

Now some forms of wealth-getting do really conform to this conception of it, but these are not the forms which are fundamentally involved in competition. There are three ways in which great wealth may be acquired in the modern world. One is by speculation or gambling; one is by cheating; but the primary way, on which the two others depend, is by production on a great scale, which last can, as we have seen already, be accomplished only by the ability of one or a few men successfully directing the labor of a large number of others. Thus four such able men, of whom each has produced a million dollars, may bring their millions to a gaming-table, a fifth man, who is merely a gamester, may manage to win two millions, and a sixth, who is a cheat or a pickpocket, may manage to get half the rest. But the gambling and the cheating do nothing to produce these riches. The riches must have their origin in some previous productive process. The wealth, then, produced by the modern competitive system has its origin in some constant process of production; and if no wealth were produced, there would be no wealth to grab.

This it is that our exponent of Christian Socialism, though he sometimes recognizes it, constantly quite forgets; and how feeble his grasp is of the actual facts of the situation is shown by his allusions to two of the great modern industries of America. What, he asks, is the origin of the fortunes of the magnates of the oil-trust and the steel-trust? "Our steel-kings," he says, "did not invent steel, and our oil-kings did not invent oil." They are, he says, men of exceptional power no doubt; but their exceptional power has merely enabled them to appropriate, and control for their own profit, natural products which would otherwise have been the common property of everybody.

The extraordinary remoteness of his mind from the whole class of problems with which he is dealing is illustrated by the fact that he evidently looks on refined oil and steel as two natural products ready for the consumer like fruit hanging on a tree. He evidently does not know, what any child might have told him, that steel is an artificial metal, the production of which to-day is one of the most elaborate triumphs of intellect as applied to industry. In the same way the oil which he burns in his lamp, and part of the price of which it makes him miserable to think will probably find its way into the pockets of Mr. Rockefeller, he regards as something which is dipped up ready for burning out of a river or lake, as if it were so much water; and he fancies that Mr. Rockefeller has, with all his strength, done nothing but get to the river first and keep other dippers away. Of the manner in which the oil is refined, and distributed all over the world—of the wonderful by-products, the profits arising from which enable the oil to be sold at a price otherwise impossible—of all this our socialistic exponent of the economic ideas of Christ knows nothing.

It is true, indeed, that he comes a little nearer to reality when he recognizes the part which invention plays in the productive process. He sees that the successive inventor creates and adds to the world's store, and does not merely appropriate something already existing. The inventor, he says, does create rather than grab; but the inventor asks for no pecuniary

reward. He invents for two reasons only—both of them beautiful and unselfish—one being the mere love of inventing, the other being a sweet desire to benefit the human race. But as soon as his inventions, one after another, are finished, the covetous able man pounces on them and buys them up, and thus withdrawing them from the community, proceeds, as our Christian Socialist puts it, "to work them for all they are worth" in his own private interest.

A person who can reason thus knows very little about real inventors. In the first place, inventors, as any one who has had any dealings with them is aware, are constantly distinguished by an insane expectation of money, and in the second place, inventors are otherwise of two well-marked classes—those who can merely invent, in the sense that they can conceive ideas; and those who possess also the practical and business qualities which will enable them to produce their inventions in a practicable and marketable form. So long as an invention remains an invention only, whether resident in the author's brain or embodied in an experimental model, the inventor has contributed nothing to the wealth or welfare of the world. In the one case, his invention is a dream; in the other case, it is a toy. In order that it may confer any benefit on anybody, it has to be translated into a form which will involve all sorts of knowledge with regard to the strength of metals, the best way of shaping and joining together of a great number of parts, the designing of tools by which these parts shall be made; and the practical direction of possibly some thousands of laborers, each of whose separate products must ultimately form parts of one. Some inventors have been industrial organizers also; most of them as organizers have been utterly and absurdly helpless; and their inventions would to the world have been altogether useless if it had not been for that precise class of men whom our Christian Socialist denounces as having merely stepped in and seized on them, in order to appropriate for themselves the money resulting from their use. The money which these men "appropriate" is money which they themselves have made; and the actual inventors, in so far as they are practical men also, appropriate money in exactly the same way.

But that aloofness from facts, and that consequent inability to deal with them, which distinguishes the reasoning of Christian Socialists generally, reaches its fullest manifestation in what our author says about co-operation as a substitute for competition. In one sense, when a number of men are associated for a given object on any terms, they exhibit co-operation. Cheops, his architects, and the thousands of slaves who obeyed them, in one sense co-operated in the construction of the great pyramid. But if co-operation means anything distinctive, it can only mean co-operation on some equal basis. On the admission, however, of our Christian Socialist himself, the productive capacities of men are in the highest degree unequal; and thus the men who produce most will, in any case, as compared with their fellows, be acting in an unequal way, whether we call it co-operation or no; whilst if they surrender the greater part of their products, and hand them over to the least able, they will be acting in a way that is more unequal still.

Now if Christian Socialists like to call production, organized on this double unequal basis, "co-operative," they are of course at liberty to do so; but, apart from the pleasure derived from thus playing with a word, how would such a situation differ from that which exists to-day? It would leave the existing inequalities of productive power untouched, and would alter them only by introducing one inequality more, and of a kind much more profound. The contemplated alteration would consist simply in this—a radical alteration in the motives by which men are stimulated to do their utmost in industrial work; but this alteration would be confined

to one class only—that is to say, to the men whose efforts were most productive. These men would continue to produce great wealth, as they do now, only they would do so with the knowledge that it would be all taken away from them, and without any of their present desire to enjoy and to keep it for themselves. But in the case of the majority no change would be required at all. They would not be asked to give up any single thing, or mortify any single appetite. On the contrary, they would be taught to expect not only the full results of their own labor, but also an indefinite bonus abstracted from the products of other men; and it requires no revolution in human nature to secure a response to teaching which suggests such promises as these. The moral revolution preached by the Christian Socialists is to be confined to the great producers only. There is not only to be one law for the poor and another law for the rich, but there is to be one kind of Christianity for the poor, and another for the rich also. The spiritual conversion by which Christian Socialism proposes to reform the world is, in short, a kind of conversion *de luxe*, applicable to and required by the rich and the able only. Whilst the majority of men are to look forward to more than they produce, the able men are to welcome with equal avidity the prospect of being allowed to retain only a hundredth part of what they produce.

Such, when reduced to its ultimate theoretical elements, is the programme put forward by Christian Socialists. But even they, though their habitual home is the cheap and rentless mansion of theoretical sentimentality, feel that their programme must have a practical side also, and that it is necessary to consider how far it is really possible to convert the few, whom they denounce at present as types of inveterate covetousness, into a race of saintly and almost superhuman ascetics, whilst the many are, in the name of Christ himself, invited to become more grasping and covetous than ever. Now the author of "The Gospel for To-day" gives us very clear indications that the Christian Socialists are not nearly so confident of the efficacy of their eclectic programme of conversion as they seem to be; for when we turn to our author's practical scheme of society, we find that he proposes to supplement the spiritual method of conversion with the purely human aid of strict legal coercion. Not content with trusting that the rich will become willing to give up their wealth, he advocates measures which will make it impossible for them to keep it. But, continues our Christian Socialist, profane persons may ask, are we sure that, if we take their profits away from them, the converted able men will continue to exercise their ability at all? "Perish the doubt," our author answers in effect.

> They will continue to do so—we know they will. We know it from many of the facts of society as it is now. We know it, for example [he says] from the conduct of members of the state fire-brigade, of soldiers, and of the crews of life-boats. These men will exert every faculty they possess to the utmost, but they do not make profits by their exertions, and they do not work for profits. What these men will do, the great directors of industry will surely do also.

Here we come to the final stage of the Christian Socialist argument, and to its crowning imbecility as applied to the world of fact. It is perfectly true that in cases such as those which have just been named we do find examples of the most strenuous and devoted effort constantly made without hope of personal gain. But what socialists forget is that such cases are in their essence exceptional. If all life were a conflagration, a cavalry charge, or a shipwreck, everybody doubtless would, were his abilities great or small, do his utmost without seeking to appropriate exceptional wealth for himself. But under circumstances such as these, there would be no

exceptional wealth, which was produced or which could be appropriated by anybody. There is no analogy between cases in which all are struggling for mere existence, for escape from instant death, and the case of the industrial process distinctive of the modern world, which is mainly devoted to the multiplication of the superfluities of assured life. A strong swimmer will risk his life in order to help a weak one; but it does not follow that an able director of labor will concentrate all his powers on improving some textile industry, merely in order that some thousands of other men may be able to wear satin neckties instead of cotton ones. He will cheapen the satin neckties, and will gratify thousands by doing so; but we may safely say that from every member of this gratified multitude he will expect and demand some small remuneration for himself, and it is from small remunerations such as these that the great modern fortunes spring.

The question, therefore, still remains of whether this natural demand on the part of the great producers for a share of industrial products proportionate to what they themselves produce, will ever be eradicated or inverted by the preaching of the Christian Socialists, and for two excellent reasons we may answer this question in the negative.

One of these reasons is derived from a large number of experiences, which to the American public ought to be particularly familiar. In this country during the past fifty years, the doctrines of socialism, and especially of religious or Christian Socialism, have been tested by a multitude of experiments. Community after community has been started on the basis of this very principle that the strongest members should receive no greater reward than the weakest. Of these communities the average life has not been longer than two and a half years. In so far as they have succeeded, the secret of their success has been this—that they were made up of picked men—of men with exceptional temperaments, who no more represent the temperaments of men at large than Catholic monks do whose lives are vowed to celibacy; and though some of these communities have lasted for half a century, they have succeeded in maintaining a socialistic equality of conditions, not by an equalization of wealth, but by an equalization of poverty. They have attracted to themselves many men of high ideals. They have never attracted to themselves any of the great producers. One of the longest-lived of these communities lately came to an end. Its possessions were sold, and the price was divided amongst its members equally. The amount of wealth per head accumulated during half a century was less than what an ordinary mechanic at Pittsburg is now receiving as wages in the course of a single year; and the land once occupied by two hundred and fifty socialists is now occupied by a model village, erected by a capitalist manufacturer for three thousand of his own workmen.

Another reason, closely associated with the above, for pronouncing the scheme of Christian Socialism illusory, is the fact that it is really not Christian at all. The larger part of that modern wealth which Christian Socialists are so anxious to redistribute consists, to repeat what I have said already, of superfluities. Now the teaching of Christ, as interpreted by all the churches, though it does not condemn the possession of superfluous wealth, certainly relegates it to a position of relatively small importance. Christ certainly did not teach that the happiness and blessedness of a man is proportionate to the amount of superfluities which he can command without either inheriting or producing them. In proportion, therefore, as the strictly Christian view of the matter was brought to bear on the great producers of superfluities, the result would not be to make them willing to distribute them broadcast among the multitude; but

either to divert them from producing such things at all, or else to justify them in retaining a large proportion of them for themselves.

It seems to me that one reason at all events which is prompting so many of our clergy to adopt those incoherent principles which they label Christian Socialism, is to be found in a remarkable passage in the article which we have been taking for our text. "If we churchmen," says the writer, "want money for our own purposes, we must go to the trust magnates and kneel."

He cannot mean that the churchmen have to go down on their knees. What he means is that they have to ask instead of take; and that a man like a clergyman, who economically produces nothing, and who knows so little of production that he thinks that steel is found ready-made in the earth, should have to ask the men who produce much to give him a portion of their products, and actually to say "Thank you" for it—this is what seems to rankle most deeply in the breast of this humble follower of Christ. In short, Christian Socialism, viewed in the light of this passage, exhibits itself as a scheme by which the socialistic clergy may seize upon wealth which is wholly produced by others, whilst avoiding the degradation of any acknowledgment to the source from which it comes, and may thus offer to the Lord that which costs them nothing. That the Christian Socialist from whom I have here been quoting may be meaner in this special respect than very many of his brethren, is, I think, quite possible, but his ignorance of industry and his still greater ignorance of human nature, I recognize as common to all who call themselves by the same name.

RECENT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

THACKERAY says somewhere that a hero of romance, including even the modern novel, cannot be depicted in the pursuit of his business unless it happens to be the military business. It is only the soldier who furnishes copy for fiction "in his vocation." The civilian furnishes it only in his hours of ease or in his avocations, such as lovemaking. To be sure Thackeray might have excepted also the sailor, and generally the man whose business is of peril and adventure. The fighting sailor, the navy man, entirely fills the romantic bill. His calling lends itself to romantic purposes, as his person yields itself to statuesque purposes, much more readily than that of the "magnate," even of the magnate who scatters plenty round a smiling land and gets his commonly rather absurd votive image set up in the market-place in consequence, leaving the passer to turn with alacrity to the effigy of a general or an admiral. Let the Hague Conference paint an inch thick, it cannot paint out that.

So, when one falls in with a batch of recent American biographies, none of which is specifically the life of a man of letters, he naturally falls first upon the lives of the fighting men. First of all, perhaps, on Mr. Morris's American naval heroes,* a collection of "lives" embodying the

* Heroes of the Navy. By Charles Morris. Lippincott.

most picturesque and memorable scenes in the history of a service particularly rich in such. For the glory of the American navy is in its ship duels, or was before the Civil War and the war with Spain. And the ship duel is more to the purpose of picturesqueness than the squadron action. This latter becomes picturesque in proportion as it can be reduced and centred upon a single scene—Nelson dying on the deck of the *Victory*, Paul Jones or Perry changing ships in action, Farragut lashed to the shrouds, Dewey on the bridge. Our ship duels, now nearly a century old, are still our favorite themes of focsle song and story, and those the more cultivated Muse also most delights to celebrate. Paul Jones remains the most picturesque of all the figures. The American does not object to the British description of him as a "pirate"—a description Mr. Kipling has been misled into perpetuating, though he was neither more nor less of a pirate than George Washington was of a highwayman. It merely attests the annoyance of his enemies. And the exploits of the frigates in 1812 were equally effective for annoyance, though it was not feasible to call Hull and Decatur "pirates." It is, however, interesting to compare Mr. Morris's compendious accounts of their exploits with the manner in which those exploits are explained away by the delightful James in his "History of the British Navy," a work which for sheer johnbullheadedness it would be hard to match. According to the delightful James, the victors of the ship duels were liars and cowards, and their successes due to the fact that they called a ship of the line a frigate, and also to their superiority in gunnery, a superiority which he most inscrutably and circularly explains by declaring that the American gunners were renegade Britons! Mr. Morris knows how to tell a story, and his compendium ought to attract many who do not see their way to attacking the minute Mahan, the much-questioned Maclay, the entirely discredited Buell, or the laborious Spears.

Of the same general scope for the army as Mr. Morris's for the navy is the volume of Mr. Johnston.* Necessarily his selection will be disputed —of the leaders of the Civil War, in particular, for there cannot be so much dispute about the time before that. Why Meade rather than Thomas? one man may say, insisting that Gettysburg was "a captains' fight," like Santiago. Ten years ago, there were many who would have resented the inclusion of McClellan. But that "case" is now more generally understood. The man who converted the mob of Bull Run in a year into the Army of the Potomac is entitled to grateful remembrance. It was only a year afterwards that he said of it, truly, in explaining the retreat across the Peninsula, that it could be trusted to fight its way through a week of battles, "whether retreating from victories or marching through defeats." If he had had Lee's task, doubtless McClellan's reputation as a fighting commander would be higher. His providence and circumspection would then have been entirely in place on the defensive, as they amounted to an excessive caution when his rôle was offensive. Mr. Johnston tells his story excellently. One can read his account of the last campaign of the Revolution, of the advance of Greene from the South and of Washington from the North, with great interest, even after John Fiske's masterly description. This also is a valuable compendium for those who wish to know our wars in outline but have not the time or inclination to read of them in detail.

There is much promise in the title-page of Mr. Emerson's book.† The life of a Russell Lowell by a Waldo Emerson is attractive. Charles Russell was in fact one of the three nephews of the poet who gave their lives for their country in the Civil

* Leading American Soldiers. By R. M. Johnston. Holt.

† Charles Russell Lowell. By E. W. Emerson. Houghton.

War, and inspired, in the "Commemoration Ode," the noblest poetic expression of patriotism to which the conflict gave rise. Mr. Emerson does not fail to quote, along with much other good and more or less relevant verse, those lines from the threnody on Robert Shaw:

I write of one
While with dim eyes I think of three.

But one wishes he had not found it beneath the dignity of his work to quote the more homely and almost more touching expression of grief in the dialect of Hosea Biglow:

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Did n't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads as well could be,
Hahnsome and brave and not tu knowin'?

. . . . . .

Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life and love and youth
For the great prize of death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the Rebel line asunder.

That was Charles Russell Lowell, first severely wounded and then killed at the head of his brigade at Cedar Creek. The life was well worth writing, the letters well worth reprinting. Nowhere can one find a more vivid contemporary account of what Count Gasparin at the time described as "the uprising of a great people," what Milton so long before foresaw as "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks." It is good to recall that wonderful time, in the correspondence of a young Massachusetts Brahmin, half a dozen years out of leading his class at Harvard, cherishing a scheme of "going into iron" and retiring at thirty-five, retiring in fact so much more gloriously at thirty, having advanced by merit from a captaincy of regular cavalry to the command of a brigade, with the rank of his command awaiting him in Washington when he was killed, the bridegroom of a few months, whose widow, Josephine Shaw Lowell, surviving him more than forty years, most honorably distinguished herself in the city which was the refuge of her widowhood, by her intelligent devotion to all good causes; insomuch that her name is familiar to thousands of New Yorkers to whom that of her husband was but a misty memory till this biography came to dispel the mists. An admirably typical American life, worthily told in the narrative, not less worthily when the letters of its subject are left to tell the story.

What we were saying about the superior attractiveness of the military profession over the civil for purposes of genuine or fictive biography seems to be illustrated by the life of John Sherman.* There are few more picturesque, and, as St. Gaudens has shown us, statuesque figures in our history than that of William Tecumseh, the soldier; few "drier" careers than that of John the statesman. John the politician one is still inclined rather to call him, in spite of "Tom" Reed's cynicism—"A statesman is a politician who is dead." True, along with the "glory of warrior" and "glory of song" goes the "glory of orator." Here, however, there is a personal equation, and a temperamental difference such as does not suggest any consanguinity, in spite of the physical family resemblance. The impetuous and explosive William had little in common with the canny and thrifty John. But John Sherman was far from being an orator, not having in the least the rhetorical instinct. His praise, as Garfield well said, is "twenty-five years of national statutes." From the Civil War to the Spanish war no man did more to affect the legislation of his country, especially its legislation on the currency and finance. And yet nobody ever called him a master of economics. But he had a shrewd and seldom-failing sense of what the

* John Sherman. By Theodore E. Burton. Houghton. American Statesmen, Second Series.

business world would like and of what it would not stand, and he managed to keep abreast of the party of which he was never ahead. He attended to the public business with a diligence only second to that which he showed in his private business. Politics "paid him," without giving rise to any serious scandal. He served up to the highest offices in the gift of his party, Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, even Secretary of State, marked as was his ineptitude for its duties, even before the weakening of his faculties that overcame him when he actually came to demand and receive it because it was the premiership and he "had served up to it." The highest honor of all continued to elude him, and that was the revenge of fate upon him for being what he was. Three times he was a candidate for the nomination to the Presidency, twice a conspicuous and apparently a formidable candidate. But it was too impossible to work up any enthusiasm about him, such as the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee felt for "Uncle Billy." Charges of treachery on the part of his representatives in the convention were believed by him. But it was unnecessary to resort to that explanation. "My God, what will John Sherman say!" Garfield was reported to have exclaimed when he had advocated Sherman's cause before the convention of 1880, and the convention said, in the language of Priscilla, "Speak for yourself, James." But there was no ground for accusing the actual nominee of bad faith towards the disappointed candidate. John Sherman, one may say, was born to be betrayed. All the same, it is impossible to trace the history of our economic legislation since the Civil War without continual reference to him. Of this history and his relation to it Mr. Burton gives a clear and intelligible outline.

Much more picturesque and more interesting from the merely human point of view is the career of a senator who seceded from the Senate when John Sherman was beginning his service in the House, and who was Secretary of State of the Confederacy a generation before Sherman became Secretary of State of the Reunited States.* For Judah Benjamin was, to begin with, an orator as John Sherman was not, an attractive and persuasive orator, the traditions of whose eloquence hung about the Senate chamber long after he had quitted it. It is rather curious to read that he was not successful before British juries, and abandoned practice at "nisi prius" almost immediately upon his translation, confining himself to arguments addressed to the reason of courts. For a thoroughly trained and grounded lawyer he also was, whereas with John Sherman law was ancillary to politics, as politics to "business." But what makes Benjamin chiefly attractive to the imagination was his pluck and success in setting out at fifty-four to conquer his place at the British bar, beginning by writing a standard text-book. The success was "equally creditable to both parties"—to the English bar for the abeyance in this case, in deference to unquestionable merit, of the professional jealousy which is quite as keen there as anywhere else; to Benjamin for the merit which conquered prejudice. Of the completeness of the conquest there was no question. The dinner given to the ex-Confederate by the British bar and bench on his retirement from practice was a testimonial such as in its own kind no other foreigner has ever received. Of all this Mr. Butler renders clear and entertaining account.

School-teaching is not held one of those showy and demonstrative callings which the Muse delights to celebrate. As Carlyle has it in "Sartor": "Though the soldier wears openly and even parades his butchering-tool, nowhere, far as I have travelled, did the schoolmaster make show of his instructing-tool; nay, were he to walk abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected honor,

* Judah Benjamin. By Pierce Butler. Jacobs.

would there not, among the idler class, perhaps a certain levity be excited?" Here are lives of two college presidents, one a teacher of sixty-eight years' experience, and the other, as related by himself, of sixty-five.* Each of the biographies has its interest. But one cannot help wishing that "James Harris Fairchild, or Sixty-eight Years with a Christian College," had been written by somebody with more detachment and aloofness than could possibly be expected of "Alfred Temple Swing, Professor of Church History in Oberlin Theological Seminary," Oberlin being, of course, the Christian College of the title. The transplantation of New England to the Western Reserve of Ohio is the real theme of the book. It is, or it would be, an interesting study to watch the modifications which Puritanism underwent in the transplantation. And Fairchild (1817-1902), born in Stockbridge, carried to Ohio as an infant, and growing up with the country to be president of Oberlin, would furnish an exemplary instance of the modifications. In fact, as elders remember, the "abolitionism" of Oberlin transcended, in the days just before the Civil War, what any New England college would have ventured. But a professor in Oberlin is ex-officio debarred, or disempowered, from tracing the relation of this "New England colony" to the larger life of the nation. It is in entire good faith that Professor Swing quotes "a famous scholar and journalist of the East" as remarking: "In my judgment, James H. Fairchild is the greatest original philosopher America has produced." That estimate was unfortunately too late for "Martin Chuzzlewit" or the "American Notes," rife as those works are in similar estimates by enthusiastic compatriots. When he was well established in his presidency, and past fifty, the greatest original philosopher took his first trip to Europe. In the Vatican gallery, the nude was too much for him. Turning to his companion, he inquired:

> "Am I right in saying that this is the finest sculpture gallery in the whole world?" His companion thought such a remark would be substantially correct. "Then," said he with emphasis, "I will never enter another sculpture gallery as long as I live. It was my *duty* to see this one, but it will be my *pleasure* to keep away from them hereafter."

In Palestine, which naturally he could not miss, he met, as other tourists have met, the widow of Sheridan Knowles, and *Brittanico more* she offered him beer. He declined the proffered beverage with the implied rebuke that he "never tasted liquor." Whereto the widow, with a sigh: "I am sorry for you; but I suppose every one knows his own weakness." Obviously the greatest original philosopher was not a cosmopolite; as obviously, that privation did not prevent him from being a useful and eminent person and a respected and beloved teacher. But a similar limitation prevented his biographer from the possible biography, and shut him up to doing, instead of a real book, a volume that makes its chief appeal to the alumni of Oberlin, by whom it will doubtless be appreciated, in oblivion of the larger public.

The other pedagogic biography is of a different kind and of a more human interest. In the first place it is an autobiography and an exemplification of the rule that autobiographies are never dull. Possibly, if James Harris Fairchild had told his own story he would have appeared in some more attractive guise than that of "the greatest original philosopher America has produced." At any rate, the president of Swarthmore appears in such a guise in his own story. The protruding moral—that a Pennsylvania Quaker who comes to be the president of a Quaker college is apt to be a more engaging and amiable personage than a transplanted Yankee Puritan who comes to be president of an "evangelical" seat of learning in the Western Reserve—may not be the

* James Harris Fairchild. By Albert Temple Swing. Revell. Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher. By Edward Hicks Magill. Houghton.

safest one to catch hold of. But clearly, as they are respectively portrayed in these volumes, one would rather tour Europe, or for that matter be cast away upon a desert island, with the late president of Swarthmore than with the late president of Oberlin. President Magill's provincialism, one perceives, was not so aggressive as that of President Fairchild. He might have been equally shocked in "the finest sculpture gallery in the whole world," but he would not have been so swift to condemn so august and venerable an agency for human culture. He would have reflected, rather, that there must be "something in it." He would not so rashly have taken

> the rustic murmur of his burgh
> For the great wave that echoes round the world.

The hardships of the struggle for an education and the courage with which these were surmounted may have been fairly equal in the two cases. Hear the autobiographer on this:

> I felt very much restricted in money matters, drawing as little as possible on my parents, who could not well afford to furnish me with funds, though always glad to do so to the best of their ability. I practised great economy, and, being trained by my mother in Graham's system of diet, I used Graham bread, which I weighed to prevent overeating. I bought molasses, and kept myself on bread and molasses only for many weeks at a time. My expenses were thus reduced to fifty or sixty cents a week. For a time, after I took regular board, I split wood in the cellar in part payment.

Such discipline is apt to issue in Josiah Bounderby. When it does not, when it spares sweetness and light in the constitution of the patient, a very amiable character is apt to ensue. Such a character seems, in his artless account, to have emerged in the case of this autobiographer. Whether or not the Society of Friends is responsible for the result, the result is attractive.

The most eminent and useful American negro of this generation was the proper and predestined biographer of the most conspicuous and effective American negro of the last.* We have found that emancipation by no means solved our negro problem; that, in some aspects, it rather complicated it. Douglass himself foresaw plainly enough that that would be the case. After the Civil War he opposed the dissolution of the Anti-Slavery Society, upon the ground that "it had not fulfilled its mission, which was not merely to emancipate but to elevate the enslaved class." He foresaw, too, with a discernment which did him credit, that this elevation must be accomplished through an industrial education which should give the receiver of it some more necessary function in the community than that of a doer of odd jobs. But for actual participation in this work he was unfitted, not only by reason of advancing years, but by the very career as an eloquent agitator which had conduced so much to the formation of the anti-slavery sentiment. Indeed, his connection with the collapse of the Freedmen's Bank, though his biographer labors to show, and seems to succeed in showing, that his responsibility for it was but nominal, had the effect of increasing the distrust of the whites for the practical capacity of the blacks. It was upon his biographer, more than upon any other man of his race, that the later labor devolved which has had results so considerable in the present, so encouraging for the future. Nevertheless, the old story of the growth of the movement for abolition, and of Douglass's concern with it, was well worthy of being told again. It is told in these pages simply, clearly and as fully as the limits of such a biography admitted—better told, one is inclined to say, that in Douglass's own version; and readers who already know it fairly well will find interest in this presentation of it under a personal aspect and under later lights.

* Frederick Douglass. By Booker Washington. Jacobs.

LAMP AND BEACON

By H. W. BOYNTON

MR. NORTON'S centenary memorial of Longfellow* is perfect in its kind. Few literary tasks are more difficult than the appraisal of such an achievement as Longfellow's. No man ever exposed himself more ingenuously to the attacks of a sophisticated criticism. There is a sense in which his poetry represents an apotheosis of the trite, and its popularity is consequently a hard thing for subtle tastes to bear. The sympathies of Mr. Arthur Symons, for example, sufficiently generous to encompass a Hubert Crackanthorpe and an Ernest Dowson, must needs contract in such a presence as Longfellow's. Even the honor of speaking for the common people is denied him: "What we call popular poetry," says Mr. Yeats, in one of the most interesting of his essays, "never came from the people at all. Longfellow, and Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, and Macaulay in his lays, and Scott in his longer poems, are the poets of the middle class, of people who have unlearned the unwritten tradition which binds the unlettered so long as they are masters of themselves, and who have not learned the written tradition which has been established upon the unwritten." Again Mr. Yeats speaks of the "triviality of emotion, the poverty of ideas, the imperfect sense of beauty, of a poetry whose most typical expression is in Longfellow." That is to say that Longfellow has produced a poetry not of symbolism, whether unconscious or conscious, but of commonplace. It is worth noting that Mr. Yeats puts Burns also upon his black-list. Mr. Norton makes no extravagant claims for Longfellow, but, having admitted that he is not distinguished by depths of thought or emotion or insight, he still judges him to have been possessed of a genuine and rare power: "the expression of simple feeling, of natural emotion, not of exceptional spiritual experience, but of such as is common to men of good intent. In exquisitely modulated verse he continued to give form to their vague ideals and utterance to their stammering aspirations." His poetry, at all events, seemed to his great audience to be its own peculiar possession, and if that audience was composed mainly neither of peasants nor poets, but of what we call middle-class people, it had still a right to its possession. Whether "exquisite" is a word to be properly ascribed to Longfellow's verse may be doubted; certainly exquisiteness did not win him his hearing, but rather an ingenuous earnestness, a capacity for naïve experience as well as for the expression of it:

The green trees whispered low and mild;
  It was a sound of joy:
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
  As if I were a boy;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
  Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
  Like one in prayer I stood.

Of Longfellow not as literary artist but as shepherd of a great

* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Sketch of his Life by Charles Eliot Norton; together with Longfellow's chief Autobiographical Poems. Houghton.

flock Mr. Norton's little volume is a tender and fitting memorial.

Mr. Woodberry's study of Emerson* is of more formal character; not a memorial but an appraisal. It is altogether the best among recent additions to the English Men of Letters Series—indeed, quite the most satisfying interpretation of Emerson which has been offered. Himself a mystic, Mr. Woodberry has much ground in common with the elder brother of transcendentalism; but the most interesting part of his interpretation is that in which he makes plain the partition between Emerson's mysticism and his didacticism. "He had the mind of a minister, though he had the ideas of a transcendentalist." . . . "He is the priest of those who have gone out of the church, but who must yet retain some emotional religious life, some fragment of the ancient heavens, some literary expression of the feeling of the divine." . . . "Emerson was an isolated thinker, and intellectually the creature of his religious moods. The essays are not a book of knowledge, of science, of reason, of civilization in orderly development through the institutional life of man and the slow ascertainment of truth by the hard joint labor of many minds; they are a book of religion." To such simple terms the Emerson phenomenon, which wore for contemporaries a veil of mystery, is here reduced. This great man was not a philosopher, nor a man of letters, but a sage of the elder sort. And the structure of his teaching, as Mr. Woodberry takes the utmost pains to show, is built upon a single tenet—a profound belief in the infinity of the soul. The obedience he inculcates is an obedience to one's true self. To the mass of men self-reliance is always a stimulating watchword, but not always a safe one. First catch your bird: the ruck of humanity is dull, not cowardly; how is a man to discover his true self? There are strange bedfellows among Emerson's disciples.

* Ralph Waldo Emerson. By George Edward Woodberry. English Men of Letters Series. Macmillan.

"To obey one's disposition," says Mr. Woodberry, "is a broad charter, and sends one's soul to sail strange seas—all seas. The discontented, the troubled in conscience, the revolutionary spirits in all nations, are his pensioners; the seeds of their thoughts are here, and also the spirit that strengthens them in lonely toils and perhaps in desperate tasks, for the wind of the world blows such winged seed into far and strange places."

But one supposes Emerson was hardly addressing himself to the mass of humanity, for which as a mass he had little regard. His meat was for strong men, for such as willed to know, and were capable of knowing, their true selves. He did not choose to measure words for the benefit of the weaker brother. As little as Jesus himself did he hold himself personally responsible for the frailty or folly of others. He used wine moderately, smoked on occasion, and did not willingly keep himself aloof from any temperate enjoyment. Intemperance he had none except that intemperance of speech which belongs perforce to the maker of aphorisms. Good people of the strait sect to which he was born have always been troubled by the boldness, or, as it seemed to them, the irreverence of his speech; not being able to understand that deeper reverence for truth which disdains reverence for accepted opinion. Yet his nature was tuned to conventions from which he was powerless to free himself. He inherited to the full that reticence, remoteness, social aloofness of the Puritan. Persons who half adored him and wished to know him found his presence a rebuff. How fully Emerson realized his deprivation is evident from much that he wrote. Mr. Woodberry quotes a striking passage in point from one of his journals, written in mature life: "Some people are born public souls, and live with all their doors open to the street. Close beside them we find the lonely man, with all his doors shut; reticent, thoughtful, shrinking from crowds, afraid to take hold of hands, . . . and, though loving his race,

discovering that he has no proper sympathy with persons, but only with their genius and aims. We would all be public men if we could afford it; I am wholly private; such is the poverty of my constitution. . . . Most of the persons I see in my own house I see across a gulf. I cannot go to them, nor they come to me. Nothing can exceed the frigidity and labor of my speech with such. You might turn a yoke of oxen between every pair of words; and the behavior is as awkward as proud." He is patient with himself, he even discerns compensations in this aloofness, and yet his "churl mask," as he calls it, is a cause of genuine chagrin. There is a kind of piteousness in the reluctance with which this generous spirit wears its destined and forbidding garb. Yet if he missed not only that personal affection of thousands which was lavished upon Longfellow and Holmes, but the eager love of the few, nobody who came into contact with him failed to be impressed with the essential nobility and magnanimity of the man. The seer is not commonly an engaging member of society, and rarely possesses that simple kindliness of feeling which lay behind the coldness and austerity of the outward Emerson.

Emerson, one recalls, though he was interested in the Brook Farm experiment, and frequently visited the community, declined to become a member. There was a touch of the canny in his nature which prevented his being over-venturous in the practical conduct of life. He had, besides, the prejudices of an individualist against the social experiments of the time; he was no more sociable than clubable.

It is a fact of almost whimiscal interest in view of his later career that Charles A. Dana, the David of the *Tribune*, the Moloch of the *Sun*, was an early and ardent Brook Farmer. The most striking impression one gets from General Wilson's Life of Dana* is that of abrupt contrast between the young Dana and the old. Dana the old accounted for the presence of Dana the young at Brook Farm rather more brusquely than sincerely; on the ground that his eyes broke down at college, and that "in those days when a person broke down his eyes he had to try farming or else go to sea. Some of my friends said to me, 'Now is your chance; go out to Brook Farm.' So I went there." The veteran journalist was perhaps a little ashamed of the youthful dreamer. There is no doubt that his eyes broke down—not from study, the old Dana says, but after an all-night experience with "Oliver Twist." Oliver Twist with his many pages of fine print may have been the last straw; but there is sufcient evidence that the camel's back had been long over-burdened by the tasks imposed from within and from without upon a serious New England country boy of the period bent upon earning his way through college. Emerson also was condemned to this form of servitude; but having neither of the temptations which besieged Dana—neither that of the linguist nor that of the insatiate reader—he escaped what was then a common penalty. Another of the Dana tribe, a cousin, took to that dread alternative, the sea, "and a noble book he made of it," says the Dana of the *Sun*. But compare what the young Dana wrote to his sister with these offish reminiscences: "I returned from Buffalo four weeks since, but as my eyes are not fully restored, although they are considerably improved, I have not returned to college. I am living with some friends who have associated themselves together for the purpose of living purely and justly and of acting on higher principles than the world recognizes. I study but little—only as my eyes will permit. I pay for my board by labor upon the farm and by giving whatever instruction lies within my capacity [chiefly Greek and German, it seems]." Elsewhere he declares himself deeply interested in the "supersublimated transcendentalism of New England." Its difficulty lies for him not in its visionary nature, but in its religious

* The Life of Charles A. Dana. By James Harrison Wilson. Harper.

inefficacy: "The fact is, as I think, their system is nothing more or less than pantheism." The young Dana himself has been bred in New England orthodoxy, and is "trying to believe the real doctrine of the Trinity." A very serious youth with never much boyishness or spirit of play in him; devoted to the study of language, but himself a stiff and awkward writer, with no suggestion of the vigorous fluency which eventually distinguished the editor of the *Sun*. The path from Brook Farm to the *Sun* was attended by a change rather than development; and the course of that change is thus triumphantly announced by the present biographer: "Surely and steadily the idealist and dreamer was laying down his illusions and taking up the methods of a practical business man. He was then, and remained throughout his life, devoted to idealism, poetry and romance, but never after that time did he allow either to lead him away from the practical duties of the hour." Dana was destined to become, among other things, a distinctly "practical" journalist and politician.

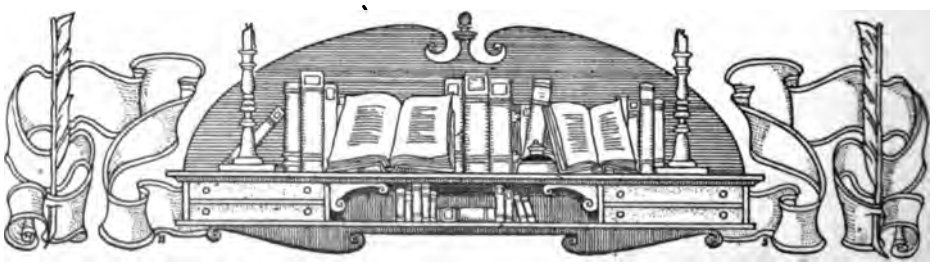
Not long after the close of the Brook Farm experiment episode he became city editor of the New York *Tribune*, under Greeley. This was in 1847, and the arrangement held till 1861, when the increasing differences of opinion between Dana and his chief led to his dismissal. General Wilson, who is nothing if not ardent, gives Dana credit for pretty much all that was best in the *Tribune* of those years. It seems pretty clear that Dana was the more courageous and consistent of the two; that he was by nature and impulse a larger man is less clear. Greeley, with all his faults, had a simplicity and kindliness which Dana rather conspicuously lacked. With secession in the air, it was Greeley's impulse to "let the erring sisters go"; while Dana was uncompromising for preservation of the Union. The loyalty of both editors was expressed by the *Tribune's* attitude after Sumter. To both of them, then and thereafter, be it said, loyalty to party was loyalty to the state. Dana was, says General Wilson, "a Whig, a free-soiler and a protectionist; he sympathized with the downtrodden, the impoverished and the oppressed": all the same thing, one takes it. Dana's services during the war, as "the eyes of the Government" in the field, and later as Assistant Secretary of War, are here detailed at great length, much of the material being gleaned from General Wilson's own memories of the Grant campaigns. Dana's judgment of conditions at the front, whether as to the personnel of the army or the conduct of military movements seems to have been greatly relied upon by Lincoln; and one must suppose that at that time and in such capacity, rather than as editor of the *Sun*, his usefulness was upon its highest plane. Zeal when animated by party considerations often degenerates to virulence; and there were occasions when sheer prejudice seems to have afforded a sufficient motive for those bitter verbal assaults for which the *Sun* became increasingly famous. There was no light and shade in his opinion or speech; he was either for or against. Having set his face against his old friend Grant, he dealt his blows with savage energy at the vulnerable spots in the armor of that simple-minded popular hero. His treatment of Cleveland is still remembered. Apart from politics, he did not stand for the highest type of journalism. E. L. Godkin, who had thought fairly well of Dana's work on the *Tribune*, wrote in 1869: "The *Sun*, Dana's paper, has been rivalling the New York *Herald*, in its worst days, in ribaldry, falsehood, indecency, levity, and dishonesty—championing Judge Barnard, for instance, and levying blackmail, to the horror of Dana's friends. He is now an object of general execration. I think I have never seen such nearly unanimous condemnation of a rascal, which is a good sign." Such language, it appears, may be used even of a "Whig, a free-soiler, and a protectionist." One notes that General Wilson not

only pronounces that Dana "overtopped and overlooked all professional contemporaries of his later years," but himself overlooks Godkin, who is nowhere mentioned in his text.

Mr. Ogden's Godkin* is a biography of the best, containing in its two plump volumes a minimum of excellent commentary, and a maximum of invaluable documentary material. Journalists of the Godkin type are too rare in any country, but especially rare, we must confess, in ours. A Greeley or a Dana is a more important figure in the popular mind; and a *Sun* cuts therein a far wider swath than an *Evening Post* or a *Nation*. Godkin's English birth was often cast at him as a reproach by the galled jades of American journalism. But it must be admitted that an Englishman was needed here to establish a weekly journal which might bear comparison with the English weeklies: the *Nation* is still our only asset of the kind. Though born in Ireland, Godkin was of pure English blood. He took his degree at Queen's College, Belfast, studied law at Lincoln's Inn, had a lively experience as war-correspondent in the Crimea, and was in his twenty-sixth year when he came to America. An ardent democrat, he was irresistibly attracted toward the promised land in the West. The picture which his letters give of American society and manners carries one back to the days of Martin Chuzzlewit. He is astonished at the volatility of the American mind and the whimsical extravagance of American speech. He is a little irritated by the mingling of self-consciousness and ignorance which produces the assumption that English institutions are in the nature of things inferior. Yet he takes root; his best years and his best efforts are given to the country in which he never ceased to discern a fair hope for the race. In later years he found rest from time to time in the orderliness and mellowness of English life; but he had no reverence for British institutions as such. He greatly admired Gladstone, but "Fat useless royalty" was his summary remark upon the spectacle of the Queen and the Prince of Wales being affable in public.

Godkin's services upon the *Evening Post* and the *Nation* need not be enlarged upon here; or his hardly lesser service as correspondent for the London *Daily News*. He did not sway the common mind as Dana did, but brought a steady pressure of enlightened opinion to bear upon the uncommon mind. Who in the history of our journalism deserves such a tribute as Professor William James has paid Godkin?—"To my generation, his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."

* Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Edited by Rollo Ogden. Two volumes. Macmillan.



Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

The Untranslatable in Literature

WITH all that we know and admire of other literatures than our own, there is a vast residuum that is practically, though not literally, untranslatable, because it is based upon mental processes or attitudes absolutely alien to our own.

I have been trying to read "The Quest" * of Frederik Van Eeden, the Dutch writer. The book is a translation of "De Kleine Johannes" which has had a vogue among the author's countrymen it can never have among us. This work consists of 518 solid pages of allegory and platitude. To be absolutely candid, I cannot imagine an American reader finishing it—except, of course, he be a critic!

Platitude and the Public

It is this "abyss of platitude," to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, that will cut Van Eeden off from an English-reading public forever, and it would operate to that effect even if it were true, as the publisher tells us it is, that he is at times "as beautiful as Ruskin, as interesting as Tolstoi at his best and as profound as Shakespeare."

"The Quest" is an allegory of man's long search for the truth by which he is to live. The writer's intentions are obviously excellent and his philosophy sound. To Dutch readers his performance is doubtless excellent as well, but to us it is so involved, prolix and tiresome as to be absolutely impossible. The barriers between our minds and his book are quite impassable.

Gorky's work is of a very different type, but it has always seemed to me almost equally alien to English-speaking readers. The barrier, certainly, is not the insurmountable one of dulness, but he deals with physical and spiritual conditions so foreign to us that no account of them, however vivid, can really reach us.

Gorky's "Mother"

But his new book, "Mother," * is different. It is important, not, perhaps, to us, but certainly to its author, for it is the first considerable piece of work he has produced which shows that he is capable of grasping and representing the notion of human development, of growth.

"Mother" reveals the fact that the light of an ideal has dawned in the writer's mind. The story is that of a Russian woman, a workman's widow, whose life has been difficult and dumb. The gradual process by which she becomes a revolutionary is depicted at great and somewhat tiresome length. The book is not pleasant reading, but it is as much better than his previous work as growth is better than decay.

On Being a Young Poet

To be twenty-two and think yourself a poet is, probably, a happier fate than to be twenty-two and a poet. In the former case you have the fun without the real responsibility. This reflection crossed my mind as I read "Nineveh and Other Poems" by George Sylvester Viereck.† It is certain that the young author must have had a glorious time while composing that volume. He thrilled and suffered, was elated, was depressed, and yet when he beheld his completed work it was not so poor as to cast him down utterly in spirit. Probably the effect was quite the opposite, for it is by no means bad verse. It will never set the poetic world on fire by its originality, for the writer has but a note and a half at best, and follows closely certain poets whom he obviously admires with extravagance. His themes are persistently Swinburnian, but his

* Lace

* Appleton.
† Moffat.

melodies, while smooth and even, have little of Swinburne's aërial lightness. The very best of them are plainly modelled after the cadences of the best of Oscar Wilde's poems, but whereas the very best of Wilde was clearly magic—the absolute wizardry of tone that cannot be gainsaid—Mr. Viereck has as yet accomplished only a fair imitation of the real thing. A near-poet of twenty-two has still so much to learn! Among other ignorances, he seems to have no idea of the marvellous depth, breadth and richness of the Land of the Living outside the House of Lust.

A Dilution of Dickens

"Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short," two novels by William De Morgan*, have pleased a good many readers who are not easily pleased, and won much commendation from high sources. I therefore approached them with amiable expectations of delight which were not fully realized. "Alice-for-Short" is interminably long and too nebulous to talk about, in spite of the *disjecta membra* of a first-class ghost-story which is very much tangled up with a great deal of less interesting matter.

The opening chapters remind one of the Dickens of "Little Dorrit," but after the author warms to his work, he forgets about Dickens, and tells us more simply the story of some people who are very real and human, and therefore absorbing. He is always too wordy, and one's mind stumbles over the useless words as tired feet stumble over pebbles, but the detail of which he is so lavish is none of it irrelevant, and the book has some very charming pages. The brief and vivid wooing of the soldier-man who wins Lassie is as delightful as any love-making I recall in recent fiction, and Joseph's own blundering among feminine heart-strings has an air of profound verisimilitude.

The Crime of Joseph Vance

Apropos of this, one of my correspondents tells me something I had failed to discover for myself. I hesitate to guarantee its truth, but she is very positive about it, as you see.

"With all Joseph Vance's loquacity about himself," she writes, "I know something about the 'why' of his tragic life that he shows no signs of knowing. This is the way of it. He loved Lassie from his childhood with an ideal affection; she was first and best because she was always in his early dreams, though she was much his senior and he was a mere boy when she married. He cherishes his dream to such an extent that his second love breaks their engagement once because he lets her feel that possibly she is less to him than the mere *idea* of Lassie. But, he is pitifully glad when, after two or three years of cheerless companionship with an idea, he regains the affection he had forfeited and they marry. They really adore each other and their married life is unusually joyous and sympathetic, but because this affection is different from that early worship, he is still obsessed by the idea that his love for Lassie was the Real Thing. He never faces the fact that the Real Thing may come into life twice or even oftener, but never twice alike. He never tells his wife in convincing words of her dearness to him nor of his need of her. He leaves it to his actions to say the things that only *words* will ever make a woman believe. It may seem absurd that women should be made so, but they are—and a man like Joseph Vance is just a self-centred, selfish brute. When after several happy years his wife is suddenly snatched from him by a terrible accident, he is left heart-broken, desolate, stunned by what seems to him the irrationality of the disaster. But in the reality of things, it had a reason. If he had not grudged her, man-like, the spoken reward of her loyal love, she would have lived beside him to the end. The gods do punish crimes against single-hearted affection, and the punishment fits the crime. Poor Joseph Vance, who did not know!"

* Holt.

The Lounger

From "*L'Art et les Artistes*"

M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

I CAME across in Paris recently this portrait of the late Ferdinand Brunetière by Randolphe Berény. It shows the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in his last days, "*raviné, tassé, le lorgnon scrutateur*." M. Berény has caught the expression of the sick man and the troubled editor.

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST
(The Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill, C. I.)

One of the most interesting of the fall announcements is that of Mrs. Cornwallis West's (Lady Randolph Churchill) autobiography. There was a lively contest among publishers and editors for the book, which was finally secured by the Century Company and will run serially through the *Century Magazine*. Mrs. Cornwallis West has already proved herself a writer of talent. As the wife of the late Lord Randolph Churchill she lived a full and interesting life. She entered fully into the spirit of her husband's political ambitions and was of great assistance to him in the making of his career. Some time ago she attempted editorship on an over-ambitious scale, but the effort was not a pecuniary success, though the contributions to the magazine and its gorgeous cover attracted wide attention. It is more than likely that her son, Mr. Winston Churchill, inherited his writing talent from his mother, while from his father he inherited a taste for public life. Mrs. Cornwallis West's autobiography I am told is more interesting than a novel. And why not? Few writers of fiction have had a more romantic career. One need only go to her son's life of his father to realize the romance of her courtship and marriage.

Printer's Pie is the name of a magazine published once a year in London, for the benefit of the Printer's Pension, almshouse and orphan asylum. All the contributions are voluntary, and the contributors with pen or pencil are among the best-known English authors and illustrators. Among the good things in the issue for 1907 is

A PLEASANT INVECTIVE AGAINST PRINTING

(BEING A SONNET IN THE SPLEEN)

By AUSTIN DOBSON

"Plee for the PRESSE and dwelle with sothfastnesse."
—CHAUCER, *Balade de Bon Conceil.*

THE Press is too much with us: small and great;
We are undone of chatter and *on dit*,
Report, retort, rejoinder, repartee,
Mole-hill and mare's-nest, fiction up-to-date,
Babble of booklets, bicker of debate,
Aspect of A., and attitude of B.—
A waste of words that drive us like a sea
Mere derelict of Ourselves, and helpless freight!

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"
Some region unapproachable of Print,
Where never cablegram could gain access,
And telephones were not, nor any hint
Of tidings new or old, but Man might pipe
His soul to Nature,—careless of the Type!

There is much that is clever in *Printer's Pie* and much that is perfunctory. Mr. Dobson's sonnet is the best of the good things. He is a poet who can rise to any occasion!

The Duke of Argyll's contribution is in verse of a more serious vein than Mr. Dobson's. It is called "Printer's Pie," and I quote it in compliment to a trade with which I have been pleasantly associated for the best years of my life:

Whatever way we wander,
In every room or street,
Though far our way asunder,
Our eyes will always meet
The work the Printers do,
The wide world through!

Printer! Pass on all teaching
Of all mankind to men,
Commands, or prayers, or preaching,
All arts of tongue or pen,—
Of all you are, good sir,
Interpreter!

"Oh, types! they blind us, tire us,
Mistake, misrepresent,
More truthful old Papyrus,
Old Rocks more eloquent,—
Yes, Gutenberg confessed
Rock types the best.

'T is naught that much must perish,
Through you the fire will live,
The words that men will cherish
Your types renewed shall give.
When Pen and Scroll are gone,
Man's mind lives on!

Nay, if you printed solely
  For men alive to-day,
Your work would balance wholly
  The ancient's graven clay.
One year gives you the ore
Their lifetimes bore.

When dies the year, another
  For men shall aye be born;
Let 's make it be the mother
  Of "Ink within the Horn."
How can, if black ink fail,
Bright type avail?

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF "PRINTERS' PIE"

Old Nineveh and Babylon
  Their thoughts on stone made good,
While you put but a label on
  Waste pulp of rotten wood:
Who 'll read, far ages hence,
Our Eloquence?

Nay! never slabs from Nilus
  Or new world's antique fane,
No unread scripts beguile us
  To deem your labor vain:
You make all human brain
Our loss or gain.

Thanks, Printer! God's torch-bearer!
  What though the torch burn down,
You light another, fairer,
  To glow a lambent crown?
And bear to every age
Thought's heritage.

Hear God through trial hail us
  To give the Printer food,
For if the Printer fail us,
  Can man know aught of good?
Lest God His grace withhold,
  Give gifts of gold!

Printer's Pie is almost good enoug to eat!

It is an interesting fact that th two greatest artists that Americ has produced should be of Frenc descent—Augustus St. Gaudens an John La Farge. The father of the lat Augustus St. Gaudens was a French man, and although he lived for man years in this country he spoke litt English. The elder St. Gaudens was

shoemaker, and long after his son had become famous you might read his sign—"Cordonnier pour Dames"—over a little shop on Fourth Avenue which was later torn down to make room for the Lyceum Theatre, now a pleasant memory, for the Metropolitan Life Insurance building covers its site. Augustus St. Gaudens had no false pride, and that his father made shoes for ladies never disturbed his peace of mind. The old man enjoyed his work and he was proud of doing it well. He was also proud of his son, and he had reason to be.

Augustus St. Gaudens was a great man as well as a great sculptor, and he was distinguished for that modesty and simplicity of character which we look for in great men but do not always find. He was not spoiled by success or flattery, and he was a genius without eccentricity. Neither in his art nor in his character was he eccentric. In both art and character he was simple and direct. Rodin, the great French sculptor, is, I believe, as simple in character as was St. Gaudens, but his greatest admirers must admit that he is eccentric in his art.

Augustus St. Gaudens is associated with my earliest recollections of New York. He belonged to a little band of painters, sculptors, and architects that I saw much of when I was younger than I am to-day. La Farge, who belonged to this group, had already become famous, while St. Gaudens, Chase, Abbey, Low, Olin Warner, Wier, and Albert Ryder were on the high road to that goal. They were among the seceders from the trammels of the Academy of Design. They were the young men who were held down by the Elder N. A's; now the most of them are N. A's themselves and a younger group regards them as old fogies, just as they regarded Wood, Huntington, Wyant, Eastman Johnson, and the rest thirty years ago. It seems to me that there was more enthusiasm for art when the Society of American artists was founded than there is to-day. Perhaps enthusiasm still runs as high as it did, but I am older and not so quick to recognize it when I see it as in the old days, when I was in the thick of it.

There are many monuments to the memory of St. Gaudens in New York: his statues of Farragut, of Sherman, of Peter Cooper, and the beautiful Diana pointing her arrow to the four winds from the tower of the Madison Square Garden. To many people, however, the piece of sculptured stone that will keep his memory the greenest is that of the figure guarding the Adams tomb at Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington. The pathos, dignity, and mystery of this simple figure place it among masterpieces of the world.

St. Gaudens left very little if any unfinished work. The beautiful Caryatides for the Albright gallery at Buffalo are ready to be set up, and the statue of Phillips Brooks is completed all but the figure of Christ, who stands with his hand on the preacher's shoulder. That, however, is far enough advanced to need no further work upon it. To the very end St. Gaudens worked, even when he had to be carried into his studio. Although suffering an agony of pain he put up a brave fight to the last, so that his contracts might be fulfilled and no one disappointed. St. Gaudens was paid large prices for his statues, but he made very little money. We who know nothing about a sculptor's work imagine that the money he gets for it is all profit. Very little of it is profit where the artist is as exacting and as conscientious as St. Gaudens. It has often cost him more than he has received to make a statue; for he was his severest critic, and if he was not satisfied with his work after it was finished he would destroy it and do it all over.

One by one the great artists of the world are passing away—St. Gaudens a few weeks ago, Joachim a few days later. We cannot call St. Gaudens the "grand old man" of sculpture—he was not old enough for that,—but we can call Joachim the grand old man of the violin. As far back as I can remember Joachim has been the Prince of violinists. There have been other great performers on the violin—Wilhelmj, Isaye, with a lot of younger men now winning their spurs,—but above them all has towered the leonine head of Joachim. He may not have been the greatest artist of them all, but he had that reputation. Living in London, in the lime-light, as it were, he has been seen and heard and painted for many years. His portrait by G. F. Watts did much to help his fame. Then again when London likes an artist it does not hesitate to say so, and once it says so it sticks to its opinion. Joachim was one of the few great musicians of Europe who was never heard in this country. It is said that he believed that his style—the cold and classic—would not be popular in America. Americans he thought from all he had heard of them cared more for fire and flame—in other words more for temperament, than for technique. England and Germany preferred the latter to the former quality and it was in those two countries that he elected to live and to play. That he was a master of his instrument no one will deny but I have no doubt that he was right in his estimate of our appreciation, and that if he had come to this country he would not have had the success of Wilhelmj a generation ago or of Kubelik to-day.

Wilhelmj, by the way, now well advanced in years, is living in London and teaching the violin. He does not teach beginners but confines his instruction to those who are already ranked among professional violinists but who want a few lessons in style for which they are willing to pay a good price. If he could give his pupils some of his temperament there is no price that would be too high to pay him, but alas! temperaments are born and not made. One of his pupils whom I met recently tells me that Wilhelmj in age is even handsomer than Wilhelmj in youth, and that with his violin tucked under his chin he has still all the beauty and picturesqueness that we remember—how many years was it?—thirty?—yes, all of thirty years ago when he delighted New York audiences.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure of all the violinists who have visited us was Ole Bull. He could not have been a very old man when he first came to America but his hair even then was snow white. Who that saw him will ever forget his tall, graceful figure in tightly buttoned dress coat, the locks of gray hair that would fall over his forehead to the black brows that hung over his blue eyes, the long white fingers that swept over the strings and wielded the jewelled bow! The greatest disappointment to me among violinists was Sarasarte. From his gypsy looks and Spanish blood I expected poetry and passion but he left me cold as a stone. He looked all fire and inspiration but his looks belied him as far as his playing was concerned.

It used to be that autobiographies were only published after their writers' death. If before, they were called Memoirs or Reminiscences. Mark Twain has shown us that it was not necessary to die before telling the public the story of one's life. He could not have written more intimately had he intended his book to be published a hundred years hence; that I believe was his first intention, but his publisher tempted him and he ate the apple—a golden pippin, it is said.

A poet who does not want his name

made public sends me these lines on "The New Actress":

A new great actress having come—
What 's doing?
Why, all the youthful geniuses,
Between the large and little seas,
Are stewing,
And brewing;
And every mother's son of them,—
And they are not a few,—
By night and day they dream of her,
And every *single* one of them,
And nearly every married, too,
Is singing lays
And writing plays
For "the divine Nazimova."

From *L'Art et les Artistes*

HONORÉ FRAGONARD, BY HIMSELF

There is quite a revival of interest in the paintings of Fragonard in England and on the continent. In London Mr. Morgan's beautiful decorative paintings which were so sympathetically described by Mr. Christian Brinton in an article in this magazine and admirably illustrated with reproductions of the series, are now reposing in the South Kensington Museum, London. We may never hope to see these pictures in America, thanks to our infamous tax on works of art. In Paris, too, there is a most interesting loan exhibition of Fragonards, from which I borrow some examples given in *L'Art et Les Artistes*. Fragonard was not only a decorative painter of the highest order, but he depicted his times with a more delicate brush, but none the less true, than Hogarth used to reproduce the seamy side of English social history.

Mme. Nazimova has accepted a play by Mr. Ridgley Torrence, one of our younger and more promising poets. Mr. Torrence wrote the play for Mme. Nazimova, and if she had

From *L'Art et les Artistes*

STUDY OF A DANCER, BY FRAGONARD

not accepted it with true poetic emotions he would have thrown it in the fire. It has fortunately been spared that fate. Mr. Torrence may be congratulated on getting his first play accepted, and by so talented an actress. Mme. Nazimova, by the way, visited some friends who were spending their summer in a small New England farming village. It was all very new to her, and I doubt whether she enjoyed the country sights and sounds as well as she does those of the city. Still it was a new sensation, and that is something. She was most impressed by a brood of newly hatched chickens at the farm where she stayed, and took two of the smallest and fluffiest back to New York with her. Two fluffy little chickens in an apartment are one thing, but two full grown hens, or roosters perhaps, are another, as the impetuous actress will no doubt soon discover.

Mr. Percy Mackaye's new poetic drama "Sappho and Phaon" was originally written for Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe but for reasons they decided to forfeit the money paid in advance and let some one else produce the play. Mr. Mackaye was not long in finding a some one else in the person of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, who sees in it a fine vehicle for Mme. Bertha Kalich. If one may judge from the published play Mme. Kalich has a hard nut to crack. Mr. Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" embodied a simple story with which every one was familiar (barring a certain poetic

license) and it was eminently actable. That Mme. Kalich was not frightened off by the title page of the new drama proves her to be a woman of courage. I quite agree with Mr. William Archer that "the very title page inspires misgivings": "Sappho and Phaon: A Tragedy, set forth with a Prologue, Introduction, Prelude, Interludes, and Epilogue, by Percy Mackaye." Then follows a description of the

TIME AND PLACE OF ACTION

Of the Prologue: The near (?) future.—A subterranean excavation, beneath the modern Italian town of Resina, the ancient site of Herculaneum. The scene represents a shallow, semi-ruinous chamber, anciently used as the players' quarters (behind the stage wall) of the private theatre of Varius, in Herculaneum.

Of the Introduction: About B.C. 25.—The same spot, in its state of original use and adornment.

Of the Prelude and Interludes: About B.C. 25.—The fore-stage or orchestra in front of the closed curtain of Varius's theatre.

Of the Tragedy (conceived as being enacted B.C. 25, on the stage of Varius's theatre): About B.C. 600.—The scene, which remains the same throughout, represents a high promontory overlooking the Ægean Sea, near Mitylene, in Lesbos; the temple of Aphrodite and Poseidon, exterior.

Of the Epilogue: The same scene as the Prologue; one hour later.

From *L'Art et les Artistes*

STUDY OF A WOMAN, BY FRAGONARD

From what I have read of the play I should say that it was involved and overwrought; but, as both Mr. Fiske and Mme. Kalich know more about the acting qualities of plays than I do, I may be wrong. Nevertheless

From *L'Art et les Artistes*

LA GUIMARD

From the painting by Fragonard in the collection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild

I think that they have courage, and courage is often an expensive thing for managers to have. At the same time it is an admirable quality.

Those of us who remember the pleasant sensation made during the Civil War period by Mrs. A. L. Wister's translations from the German of the novels of " E. Marlitt " will be glad to hear that she will give us another translation from the German. The new novel is called "The Lonely House" and is by one of her favorite authors, Adolph Streckfuss. It is a good fifteen years since Mrs. Wister has done any literary work other than that of assisting her brother, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his Shakespearian researches.

Dunlop Vander Weyde

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

Again I make my best bow and my most sincere congratulations to Mr. Oscar Hammerstein. That he should have made a profit of $60,000 or more out of his first opera season was a distinct triumph. Single handed and alone, without the backing of scores of millionaires and multimillionaires, he gave grand opera in New York and won out. Every one predicted failure, except Mr. Hammerstein—he knew better. It is hard to understand why the Metropolitan Opera House, with all its wealth, with all its prestige, and with its crowded houses and high prices, fails to make money. Every manager the Metropolitan has ever had gives himself a benefit at the end of the season, an extraordinary proceeding it seems to me, and one that I can never understand. I have always supposed that "benefits" were only given to those who were in need of money—such as widows or orphans or actors to whom fate had been unkind. Certainly the director of the Metropolitan Opera House cannot be "hard up."

Mr. Hammerstein's second season promises to be more successful than his first. With such prima donnas as Nordica, Melba, Schumann-Heink and Mary Garden, to say nothing of an army of tenors, baritones and bassos of the first rank and the best conductor of opera now before the public—Signor Campanini,—we may expect great things. Mr. Hammerstein is going to give us new operas too, and that is a great attraction.

From the London *Graphic*

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED PORTRAIT BY VANDYCK ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Mr. Conried will have to brush the cobwebs out of his eyes if he wants to make a reputation for himself. One must allow for his ill-health, but his brain is active though his limbs may not be; and, as he aptly remarked to a reporter, he does not manage an opera company with his legs. We are all sorry for Mr. Conried's breakdown and are glad to hear that his health is much better than it was at the end of the season.

As this paragraph is being written there is much excitement in Europe over the purchase of a portrait by Vandyck out of the palace of the

se Cataneo in Genoa. The
e was made for the National
, with the assistance of a firm
ealers who gave £1000 to that
'he Italian government is in-
that the picture should be
d taken out of Italy, and one
but sympathize with the
nent. On the other hand one
mpathize with the Marchese,
ust have been in straits or
ld not have parted with the
s of seven of his ancestors
by so great a master as
k. The picture that Eng-
s acquired is a portrait of the
e Giovanni Battista Cataneo;
ugh it was painted when Van-
s a youth in his early twenties
s little by comparison with his
work. The National Gallery
in Vandycks and the directors
turally very eager to get this
mple of his work; but Italy
to part with its art treas-
d the government is making
ffort to prevent their sale to
rs. Fortunately the master-
hat belong to public galleries
rches cannot be sold. They
y where they belong unless
Bonaparte swoops down upon
d tears them from their walls
to his own possessions. I
masterpieces wherever they
seen, but nowhere more than
place for which they were
ly intended. Take Leonardo's
Supper" for instance. There
the very wall where his hands
it centuries ago. Alas that
ld have been painted on a
ther than on canvas. In a
re years there will be nothing
immortal work left. Even
any of the faces are without
s and the whole picture is
ling away. I wonder if a
ould not be made large enough
er the whole painting and thus
t the crumbling and other
s of time?*

London *Daily Mirror* gives its
sions of the face of an American
ge 126.

financier, which it does not find inspiring. "It is a cruel face. It is a criminal face," says the *Daily Mirror*. Then it goes on to say that there are many business men in the United States like that, but only a few in England. And yet it is England that has given to the world in the immortal Hoggenheimer a type of "the mere money-making machines"—the men whose "digestions are ruined by over-anxiety, their nervous systems unable to stand the strain of travel, their brains a blank on every subject but their business." Is not that a perfect description of Hoggenheimer? And was n't Hoggenheimer the composite portrait of the English "money-making machines"?

I was talking recently with a prima-donna who retired from public life a number of years ago and she was lamenting that she had not come to-day rather than yesterday. Although she was one of the most popular singers of her time and although she made and, I am happy to say, saved a considerable fortune, the prices paid when she was in her prime were small compared with those paid to-day. Five hundred dollars a night was a good deal of money to pay a singer thirty years ago and there were not many who commanded that much. It was not only the money which was less but the work which was more. She had fifty-two operas in her repertoire and she had to be ready to sing any one of them on short notice. The old Italian operas were much easier learned than the modern German. It took her three days to learn "Il Puritani" and five to learn "La Sonnambula" sufficiently well to sing them at the Academy of Music. She created the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" in this country and it took her nine months to learn the part. "Faust" when it was first produced was considered as revolutionary as the Wagner operas that followed it. It took time and thought for a prima donna to master the peculiarities of its score, but this one

did it and created a sensation. No one who has seen her Marguerite will ever forget it no matter whom he may have seen in the part sin e.

SHOWING HOW LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "THE LAST SUPPER" IS BEING DESTROYED BY TIME

The publishers of Chicago's able and popular literary journal, *The Dial* are about to establish a bookstore in that city which will be known as "Browne's Bookstore." There will be three Brownes in the concern,—Francis F. Browne, President of the Dial Company and founder of *The Dial*, and his two sons, Waldo R. and Herbert S., who have always been more or less associated with their father in the Dial Company. To this strong trio is added Mr. R. S. Anderson, one of the best known buyers in the west, and Mr. H. B. Harvey, for the last six years in charge of the advertising department of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. Here we have five men who not only know their business but they know other people's business:—what other people want in the way of books. Browne's Bookstore will be unique as to situation for it will be on the seventh floor of the Fine Arts Building on Michigan Avenue. As a rule we look for stores for the sale of books, or anything else for that matter, on a level with the

street. Browne's sweeps tradition aside and goes seven stories above the street. Perhaps with shrewd business instinct the firm is anticipating the advent of the balloon as a means of getting about. When the air-ship takes the place of the motor as a touring car, space on any story of a building, no matter how high up, will be equally desirable for retail trade. It will not surprise me if Browne's Bookstore soon has a special entrance for air-ships.

Apropos of Mr. Granville Barker, of whom I had something to say in the September number of this magazine, I quote the following paragraph from the London *Daily Chronicle*. Writing of the banquet tendered Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker the *Chronicle* says:

Mr. Granville Barker, the other partner in the interesting three-year-old Court management, is just thirty, and has been an actor since he was fourteen. A Radical-Socialist in politics and an ardent woman suffragist, Mr. Barker is in most other respects far removed from the popular conception of a leading actor. Lately he took a part sufficiently paradoxical for Mr. Bernard Shaw himself by heading the movement within the Actors' Association for the exclusion from that body of the theatrical managers, of whom he is one. Most of Mr. Barker's experience, astonishingly varied in these days for so young a man, was obtained in the provinces. Much of his London work, before he went to the Court, was done for the Elizabethan Stage and Stage Societies, although eleven years ago he was at the Haymarket Theatre in "Under the Red Robe." Mr. Barker has written two plays, and half of two other plays, "The Marrying of Ann Leete" and "The Voysey Inheritance" entirely, "The Weather Hen" with Mr. Berte Thomas, and "Prunella" with Mr. Laurence Housman. He is writing another piece for the coming Savoy season.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER

Playwright and producer of plays, who it is hoped will be the manager of the new theatre

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Gribble, Francis. Madame de Staël and her Lovers. *Pott.*

Gröben, Countess Günther. Ralph Heathcote: Letters of a Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the time of Napoleon. *Lane.*

Johnston, R. M. Leading American Soldiers. *Holt.*

Marx, Karl. Revolution and Counter-Revolution. *Kerr.*

Miyakawaya, Masuji. Life of Japan. *Baker & Taylor.*

Ristori. Memoirs of Adelaide Ristori. Trans. by G. Mantellini. *Doubleday.*

Shelley, Henry C. John Harvard and His Times. *Little, Brown.*

Symons, Arthur. William Blake. *Dutton.*

Belles Lettres and Poetry

Abelard and Heloise, the Love Letters of. Rendered into English verse by Ella C. Bennett. *Elder.*

d'Annunzio, Gabriele. The Daughter of Jorio. Trans. by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola, and Alice Henry. *Little, Brown.*

Coutts, Francis. King Arthur. *Lane.*

Matthews, Brander. Inquiries and Opinions. *Scribner.*

Newmarch, Rosa. Poetry and Progress in Russia. *Lane.*

Phelps, William Lyon. The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature. *Crowell.*

Riley, James Whitcomb. Morning. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Art and Travel

Belloc, Hilaire. Paris. *Scribner.*

Betham-Edwards, M. Literary Rambles in France. *McClurg.*

Brooke, Stopford A. The Sea Charm of Venice. *Dutton.*

Burroughs, John. Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt. *Houghton.*

Caffin, Charles H. The Story of American Painting. *Stokes.*

Cox, Kenyon. Painters and Sculptors. *Duffield.*

Crawford, Mary Caroline. Old New England Inns. *Page.*

Dickinson, Capt. F. A. Big Game Shooting on the Equator. *Lane.*

Durland, Kellogg. The Red Reign. *Century.*

Guest, Antony. Art and the Camera. *Macmillan.*

Seitz, Don C. Discoveries in Everyday Europe. *Harper.*

Wendell, Barrett. The France of To-day. *Scribner.*

Fiction

Chambers, Robert W. The Younger Set *Appleton.*

Connolly, James B. The Crested Seas. *Scribner.*

Glyn, Elinor. Three Weeks. *Duffield.*

Hewlett, Maurice. The Stooping Lady. *Dodd, Mead*

Hichens, Robert. Barbary Sheep. *Harper.*

Kenton, Edna. Clem. *Century.*

Lyle, Eugene P. Jr. The Lone Star. *Doubleday.*

Oppenheim, E. Phillips. A Lost Leader. *Little, Brown.*

Parrish, Randall. Beth Norvell. *McClurg.*

Rives, Hallie Erminie. Satan Sanderson. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Sinclair, May. The Helpmate. *Holt.*

Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Car of Destiny. *McClure.*

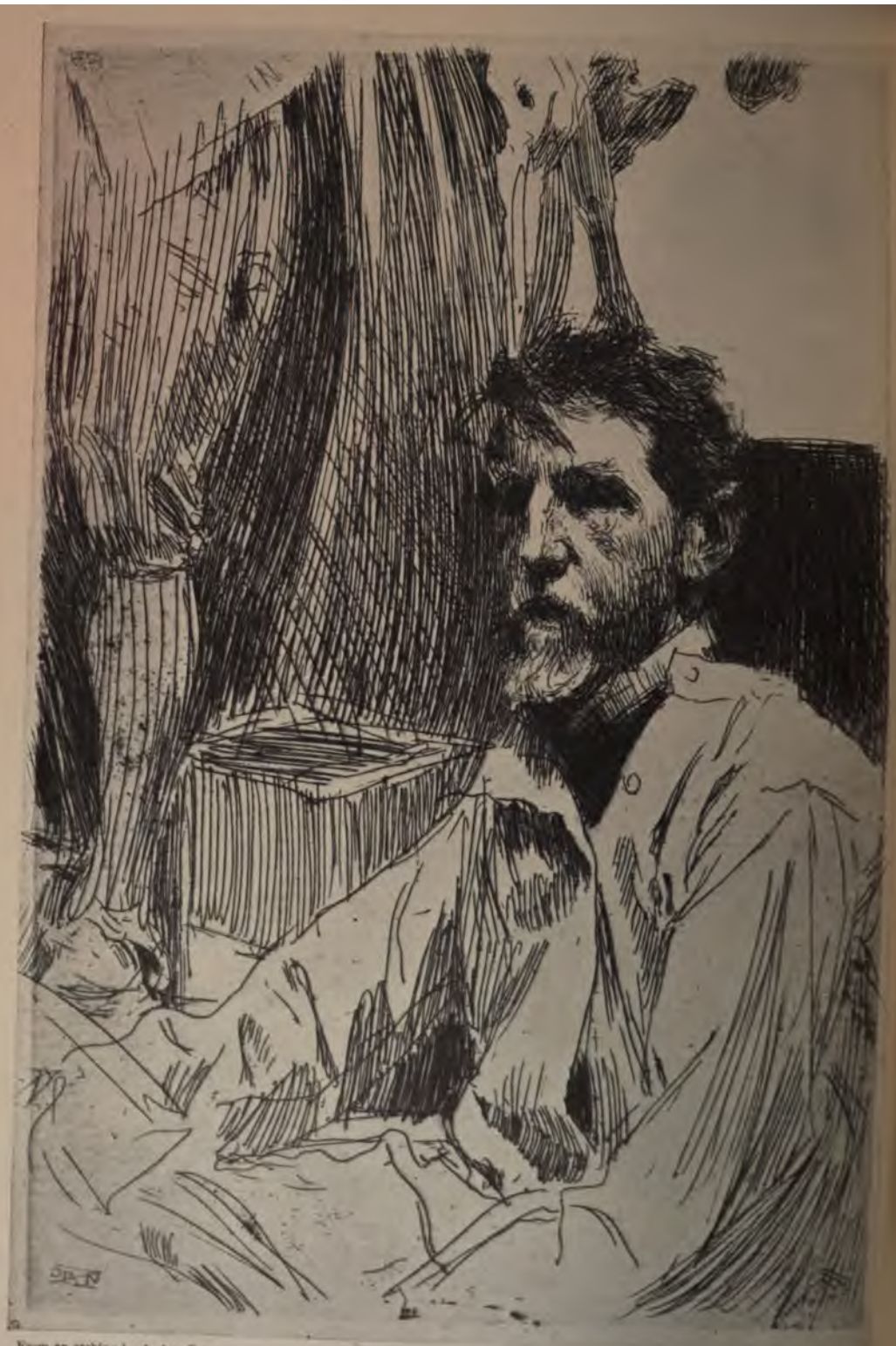
Miscellaneous

Burgess, Gelett. The Maxims of Methuselah. *Stokes.*

Smith, Arthur H. China and America To-day. *Revell.*

Wells, Carolyn. Rainy Day Diversions. *Moffat, Yard.*

NOTE.—On this page, in each issue of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, will appear a carefully compiled list of important or noteworthy recent publications, which list will serve as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes presented in the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons will not be included.



From an etching by Anders Zorn

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

Courtesy of
Frederick Keppel & Co.
New York

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART AND LIFE

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THE RESTORER OF ACADIA

By FLORENCE PAINTER and EDNA B. HOLMAN

With Original Illustrations by LOUIS A. HOLMAN.

"OH, he led a life full of wild happenings, did old Père Sigogne, and full of poetry," said Père Drouet. "When the winds howl around this point it seems cheerless enough here now, compared with Paris. But none of us knows what it is to go on a sick call in the middle of the night down the bay, as Père Sigogne often did. Many a time he had to sleep alone in a little open boat. He was a brave man!" The priest's face glowed under his stiff cap.

In the pause which followed he slipped from French into Latin, murmuring rapidly, his head bent over his plump breviary. His long robe and sash and cape fluttered and beat in the fresh breeze which always blows at Pointe l'Église. It was an old-world figure; but the setting was eloquent of New France. Within the little graveyard where Père Drouet paced back and forth, alternating from his evening devotions to courteous attention to the travellers, lay the buried dead of the Acadian exiles. Beyond the arched gateway of whale's jaw-bones and vertebræ, beyond the *reposoirs* that mark the course of the last Corpus Christi procession from the mainland out to the ancient cemetery on the point, the Abbé Sigogne's country lay in the evening sunlight. Here and there through the daisy-fields a black-robe, book in hand, made his way towards the refectory of the College of Sainte-Anne, from which evening chimes floated out to the point. Beyond the college buildings stretched the famous street which runs for forty miles in and out along the curves of the Baie Sainte-Marie, with the little villages of the exiled Acadians strung like scattered beads along its length. Built on its landward side, facing the bay, the trim, many-colored little houses and the white church of Pointe l'Église gleamed in the evening light. An ox-cart was passing on the way home from work. It was a gentle picture of contented industry, neighborliness, and faithfulness to home and church, this country of Père Sigogne. It is, indeed, most truly his country.

CEMETERY OF POINTE L'ÉGLISE, WHERE THE ACADIAN EXILES ARE BURIED

It would be hard to find a place and a people more deeply stamped with the personality and work of one man than is Clare township with the mark of this priest, teacher and man of affairs who so well proved himself a true leader of men.

We looked from the white church nestled in the peaceful village street, and Père Drouet of the easy boarding-school life, to the slab beside us there on the storm-swept point where a century ago a priest of another calibre first ministered to the neglected people of Sainte-Marie parish. The old chapel, like so many of the Acadian churches, was built stalwart to seaward. The worshippers, say the old records, were sometimes disturbed by the surf, as it seems might happen in not a few of the churches to-day. The chapel is gone. But the strong-hearted man who left prosperity and civilization to help a neglected handful of French colonists lives on among them. Everywhere, even among the younger people who know him only by hearsay, we found him a vital force sixty years after his death.

Already there is beginning to gather about him, as about every hero of a childlike and ignorant people, a body of folk-lore. Yet through the mist of time and tradition one comes upon a vivid personality, the presence of a man. A lovable presence it is, genial sunshine overlying strong fibre of brain and spirit, stuff that might have made a name if he had chosen to spend it for praise. He had, his people tell, "the kind of face that everybody love him when he see him; everybody like him wherever he go." A handsome man, they describe him, of the blond type which alone is held in admiration among the Acadians to-day, as it was in the England of Shakespeare. Man of scholarly tastes as he was, with gifts for languages and law, he was yet the merry and laughter-loving companion of these simple farmer and fisher folk. He drew the men and boys to his fireside as a regular evening gathering-place, and was famous as a *raconteur*.

CHURCH OF SAINTE-MARIE, POINTE L'ÉGLISE, BUILT BY ABBÉ SIGOGNE

"What Père Sigogne used to tell" is still repeated. He had much love for children and animals; had the little dog Titi always beside him on the carriage-seat; used to boil eggs himself in his simple kitchen for little visitors, and after baptism of Indian babies to kiss their foreheads, having first taken care to wipe clean a spot with a corner of his surplice. All this is the human side of the priest who built up a lasting and remarkably high state of public morality, and the man of affairs who found on the one hand a suspicious and discontented French colony, smarting with the memory of long sufferings, and on the other not too tactful English authorities, and left them in perfect harmony. It is no wonder that to-day his name is the shibboleth of the stranger for entrance into the vital interests and the almost intimate confidence of the people whose benefactor he was.

A FLOWER OF ACADIA

It is an oddly overlooked chapter of history, this of these transplanted Acadians. Much interest, with more or less intelligent understanding of the complicated circumstances, has been spent upon the exodus of the French colonists from their homes in Grand Pré and other parts of Nova Scotia. Yet to the pathetic remnant who struggled back through dangers and hardships no attention has been paid. Much has been written about the shadowy, sentimental figure of the village priest of Grand Pré, but nothing about the courageous upbuilder of the colony of returned exiles. Tourists armed with Longfellow and the guide-book flock to the Evangeline steamer, and the Evangeline engine, large-labelled, carries them past the beautiful forgotten home of the descendants of Evangeline's people.

Of those who tried to return, many tried in vain. Yet from the coasts of the Colonies, by water, often in unseaworthy craft, by land, through forests of Maine and New Brunswick that even to-day are almost trackless, they fought their way back, men, women and children, a pitiful remnant, to the region of Grand Pré. It was too late. At their journey's end they found their old lands occupied by English settlers. The government could do no better than grant them new territory, most of it along the shore of the Baie Sainte-Marie, in Clare township, Nova Scotia, the district now often called Metéghan. Disappointed, destitute, hating and distrusting the English government, "the old wounds still a-bleeding," as the Abbé Sigogne said later, they turned to the new lands to begin afresh the task of turning the forest into a home. The romance, the pathos, the dramatic elements of that return still await their poet.

Their hardships had left many regrettable effects. "In their forlorn condition as I found them" (in 1799), writes Abbé Sigogne, "they were like strayed sheep, left to themselves,

without law, almost without religion, victims of any schemer who took notice of them rather for the sake of their money than for their real interest. As for the rest of their English neighbors, they paid no attention to them. They were ignorant in the extreme, a great object of commiseration, especially for one who, like me, took the office as their pastor." His predecessors had not, apparently, shared his feeling, at all events not sufficiently to deal successfully with the people. French priests were, to be sure, hard to come at since the separation from France; and the Irish fathers who came at irregular intervals from Halifax filled the hearts of the people with wrath. The parish became a problem to the bishops of the diocese, until at length one of them told the people that they were hard to please, and that they ought not to expect any priest to leave a comfortable home for their forests. When Père Sigogne came to them the two poor little chapels which had been built to accommodate travelling priests were dilapidated by five years of entire disuse. For a childlike people this lack of spiritual guidance was serious. They lost the friendliness usually recorded of them before their wanderings, and grew quarrelsome among themselves. Their old simplicity threatened to disappear. Old people, weather-beaten men in homespun, sad-faced women in their black head-kerchiefs, can be warmed by the traveller's interest in their great Abbé to speak of those days, always with sorrow, and as if they had themselves experienced them.

"People had to be married by an English magistrate, or else wait a long time for a priest to come through," one will tell you. "And we had to baptize our babies ourselves. Oh, there was a great deal of trouble! Our people had come back from the ends of the earth, where they had been driven, and there was no one to look after them. We were left aside."

"All the people used to come together in one house," another relates, "and one would tell how he had never found his children since they were sent off in the ships, and another how he had lost his brothers and sisters, and yet another how his wife and baby had died because of the hard travelling; and then they would all cry."

"But," they often add at the end, "it was not so bad after Père Sigogne came."

"Yes," some white-haired woman tells, "when our fathers and mothers wept, Père Sigogne would weep too; and then he would talk to us and comfort us."

The man who undertook the mission of healing the breach between these people of many sufferings and their rulers had no easy task, but he had also admirable equipment for it. In addition to the native gifts of a diplomat, he had the advantage of

ACADIAN TYPES

CHURCH AT LOCHES, WHERE ABBÉ SIGOGNE WAS BAPTIZED

intimate knowledge of the British from a number of years of life in England as a Royalist refugee of the Revolution. To have lived through the Revolution was in itself a title to honor among the Acadians, who to-day tell with pride of this or that distant relative who was in France during that greatest of epochs. They have a mass of lore about Père Sigogne's experiences, including doubtless many details he would never recognize. The essentials of the story, however, and many of the minor points, have come down by several different routes in so nearly the same form that they are undoubtedly true. There are no written records of any part of the Abbé's life, except a few scattered newspaper reports of addresses given on church or civic memorial days. To what gleanings have been collected here further search may add much that is of interest.

At the little city of Loches, in the old province of Touraine, was born to worthy silk-draper Sigogne a son, baptized in the picturesque old church on the same April day of 1763 as Jean-Mandé. That his family were of a superior type is indicated not only by the fact that his father was mayor of Loches during the Revolution, but by the fineness of feature and unusual mental and

spiritual qualities of the descendants of his nephew Bonenfant in Sainte-Marie. The dainty attractiveness of the women, old and young, sets them apart from the mass, beautiful as many of the Acadian women are. The boy, destined like his kinsman for the priesthood, and like him gifted with "the kind of face that everybody love him when he see him," has the bearing of an ideal medieval student. Of such stock was the young priest whom the Revolution found the abbé of some years' standing in the parish of Monthélan in the diocese of Tours.

At some uncertain point of that troubled time, probably when he was about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, he was imprisoned as a suspect, and, upon his refusal to take the republican oath, barely managed to escape with his life. One story goes that he was sentenced to death; but with his head under the very knife, a servant-maid, a more self-sacrificing and disinterested Pocahontas, pleaded to die in place of the priest, so effectively that the executioner spared them both. Another version is that Sigogne and six other condemned priests melted the executioner by the hymn they sang on the way to the guillotine. A more probable story is that Sigogne was spared through the influence of friends prominent in the revolutionary party; for at this time his father was mayor, with considerable power in the region.

In any case, the Abbé certainly often told his parishioners of hot pursuit by gendarmes. One hairbreadth escape he owed to the wit of a clever woman. She put him in a closet, leaving the door open, and also a window. The soldiers burst in, certain of their prisoner. "To be sure, he was here—in that closet. But he fled by the window. You can see for yourselves!" The gendarmes glanced at the open closet door. Clearly there was no use in looking there. Growling with disappointment they left the house, where Sigogne remained until at night he could slip away to his father's.

He found the house dark, except for one window, his mother's. Cautiously he threw some gravel against the pane.

"Who is there?"

"Jean-Mandé."

Once inside, his first question was, "Which side has father taken?"

The answer was the worst.

"The republican."

Citizen Sigogne was at that very moment attending a meeting of a revolutionary committee. When he came in he took his son's hand with the inevitable question.

"Which side are you on?"

"The Royalist!"

When it proved that the only hope for the young man was escape to England, the father found himself in a hard dilemma. Mayor Sigogne, and he only, could make out the passport. The father and the republican official confronted each other. It was the father who turned to his son.

"There is your paper, Jean-Mandé. But it is as much as my life is worth."

"If that is so," said the younger man, "then I do not want it." And he tore the passport to pieces.

The father bowed his head on his hands in silence. The poor mother had a woman's homely solace in putting up a package of food for her boy, into which she slipped a few gold pieces. Through what necessities, by what sacrifices, the son managed to preserve them through all his later vicissitudes he never told. Keep them he did, reverently; at Pointe l'Eglise he had them in the church itself. At the time of the great fire he lingered so long in the burning building looking for them that he barely escaped with his life. He failed to find them. Afterwards, searching in the ashes, he came upon some, in such state as the fire had left them. To his death he bore the scars and injuries of that effort.

They bade each other good-bye with great tenderness, those two, foreseeing that he would never return. That night he joined another

MEMENTOS OF ABBÉ SIGOGNE

Shows monocle, money-box and box which held the Indian's medal

priest, who was waiting for him in hiding. With all possible caution they made their way towards the coast. At one place they came to a fork in the road, and were uncertain which branch to take. A boy standing by offered a suggestion.

"If you are priests, as I think you are," said he, "take this road. There is a guard set at the other."

Sigogne's companion declared they were no priests.

"The boy is getting us into a trap," he whispered to Sigogne.

"No," said the Abbé. "The boy has an honest face. I believe he is telling the truth." The old Acadian narrator remarked here, "Père Sigogne's companion was never heard of again." He himself, after many adventures, reached the coast. He wondered afterwards whether his father could have sent word to him by the boy. He and his audiences by the parish-house fire were, however, generally inclined to think that the stranger at the divided road was an angel in disguise.

At twenty-nine the Abbé Sigogne found himself in England, safe, and penniless. For two years he is said to have lived in a family as French tutor, himself learning English. He worked as a cooper, and also as a wood-turner, the altar-railing and candlesticks which he made for his church at Pointe l'Eglise bearing witness to his workmanship. Through his wood-turning he fell in with a young Protestant lord, who had a fancy for turning buttons. He found the young priest no ordinary man, became much interested in him, and enabled him to close his contract with his master and to enter upon work for which he issued the following card:

J. M. Sigogne,
French Clergyman,
No. 13
Paradise Row, Rotherheth,

Acquainted with the English language, teaches French, Latin and Greek Tongues, as well as Geography by a new and easy method.

Abroad and at Home.

He also takes Children on Board, on very reasonable Terms, to instruct them with above mentioned useful Branches of Education.

N.B.—Are sold at his House, Catholic Prayer Books: Books of Devotion, Paper, Writing and School Books, etc.

He became prosperous, his income reaching three hundred pounds a year. Many of his pupils were can-

didates for orders in the Church of England. Indeed, he made a considerable acquaintance among Protestants, and, like many other refugee priests, found the English in general hospitable and friendly. "The French," he used to tell his people in Sainte-Marie, "the French are Catholics, but they tried to kill me. The English are Protestants, but they helped me." The Acadians say, "He always liked the English, and tried to make us like them."

In 1799, when he had spent about seven years in England, there came from Canada a petition telling the desperate need of the pioneers of Baie Sainte-Marie for a priest of their own race, and the difficulty in finding one. The question was referred to one M. de la Marche, who was helping in the government care for the French refugees in London. He chose Abbé Sigogne.

"But," said Sigogne's practical-minded friend the English lord, "what salary are you to have?"

"Fifty pounds or so, and perhaps not that."

"And are you going to the wilds of Nova Scotia, where they have ice the year round, and wild beasts?"

"No matter about that," answered the Abbé.

As a matter of fact, the salary actually pledged by the Acadians was a hundred pounds a year. Yet at best the change meant leaving civilization and prosperity for pioneer hardships and an ignorant community.

A journey of three months brought him in July, 1799, to his parish, where Ruisseau d'Anguille on Cape Sable and Pointe l'Église became at once the principal centres of the work he took up single-handed in a district about a hundred and twenty miles long. The fair-haired young priest, with the manner so shy as to seem almost timid, soon began to show of what metal he was made. He became guide and authority in all matters of moment, temporal as well as spiritual. For the settling of the troublesome disputes which abounded he formed the heads of families into what became a recognized court for keeping order, giving the people some practice in self-government. Knotty problems and quarrels of long standing were referred to him, and were always settled without trouble, usually by compromise. Sometimes, however, he had to terminate a "*funeste discorde*" by speaking "according to his conscience, his lights and his principles." This meant such a discourse as Savonarola might have given, or a Hebrew prophet; violent, by present-day criterions. His insistence upon high standards of morality made of his parish, already inclined to be law-abiding, something like a model community to this day. For the whole township

A ROW OF ABBÉ SIGOGNE'S BOOKS

ABBÉ SIGOGNE'S HOUSE, POINTE L'ÉGLISE

there is but one tiny jail, in which the only criminal for several years was a man who gave the wrong change for a ten-dollar bill, and persisted in keeping his ill-gotten gains. He was summarily convicted, and looked upon with horror. Not only law-breaking but quarrelsomeness is out of fashion in the parish. The oldest persons cannot recall a disagreement of any importance. Even to the tourist the prevailing spirit of kindliness is noticeable.

The internal dissensions of the colonists were, however, a slight problem compared with their embittered dislike of the English government. Père Sigogne saw that the only hope for the colony was in loyalty, and set himself by every means to overcome the prejudice. If the Acadians had been guided by such a man at the time Nova Scotia became English territory, instead of his ill-famed predecessor Le Loutre, it is safe to say that no such measure as deportation would have been considered. By 1799, however, ignorance and unhappy experience had brought the people to a state in which they looked upon even the legal papers for a will or a sale of land as proofs of tyranny. The Abbé soon "formed himself to write" their important documents in strict accordance with English law. With patience and accuracy he followed the details of their exchanges of property and little contracts, and studied out the points of law with which these had to do. He became, he said, "their humble servant in temporal as spiritual concerns." In course of time he appears to have had himself regularly made a justice of the peace. In all these matters he stood as an interpreter between his people and the Canadian government. With the latter his uprightness and sound judgment won him almost unlimited influence, which he

was statesman enough to use for the advantage of the Acadians in many ways. He secured for them large concessions of land, especially eastward of the bay settlements, before these could be monopolized by English colonists. He was indefatigable in his efforts to secure for his people the full rights as citizens which were so curtailed at the time to Roman Catholics. Through him his friend Haliburton, the historian of Nova Scotia, succeeded in securing in the county the abolition of the laws requiring the test oath. The Abbé kept a sharp eye on all legislation which concerned the French, and took a politician's interest in elections, with especial activity if there was any question of an Acadian candidate. As a result, the Acadian of to-day is as thoroughly loyal to Great Britain as her most faithful subjects. He clings to all that is French, yet is willing to learn the English language and customs. "They are handy," he tells you, "for one often runs across the English." To him France is a dear but far-off country to which he never thinks of returning.

To be priest, governor, and notary in a district of a hundred and twenty miles would be activity enough for one man, it might appear. Père Sigogne added to this the task of bringing a province of illiterates abreast of civilization. When he took the parish all documents were signed with marks. When he died nearly every person had learned to read and write. He began by gathering the people together in his own house or another cottage and teaching them himself. As soon as one had learned a little, the Abbé set him to teaching others; for it was no small matter to have charge of a school-room the length of his parish. In time he was able to induce teachers to move in from other places, and to have school-houses built.

Whenever he came across a promising boy he made every effort to give him special opportunities, sometimes establishing a child of seven in his own house and bringing him up to manhood. For several years he had there a deaf and dumb boy whom he had found neglected and ignorant in an outlying village, and whom he taught reading, writing and carpentry. He had shrewd understanding of his pupils. To one of them he used to say,

"You will die a Protestant. I am doing the best I can for you, but you will die a Protestant." He was right.

His skill as a teacher, especially

AN ACADIAN FARMER

AN ACADIAN OF TO-DAY

of languages, is illustrated by his pupil Robichaud, the first Acadian to go up to the Provincial Parliament. The young man was not only well-informed in general, but astonished the chaffing passengers in his stage coach by talking with them in English, French and Latin, and with the wayside Indians in Micmac.

With the Indians Père Sigogne found his gift for languages especially useful. He quickly learned to speak the Micmac fluently, finding it, he says, of the six or seven languages he knew, "the most difficult and original of all." He is said to have written a Micmac grammar; did certainly invent a character for the language and make translations of the mass and part of the Bible, both still existing in his own writing. The mass is preserved by the chief. The stranger who inquires for it is met by faces of Indian inscrutability, and the completest ignorance of any such thing. A little diplomacy, however, and still more a genuine interest in Père Sigogne, may be successful in gaining a look at the precious manuscript. For with the Indians, as with the French, the surest key to confidence is an appreciation of the Abbé.

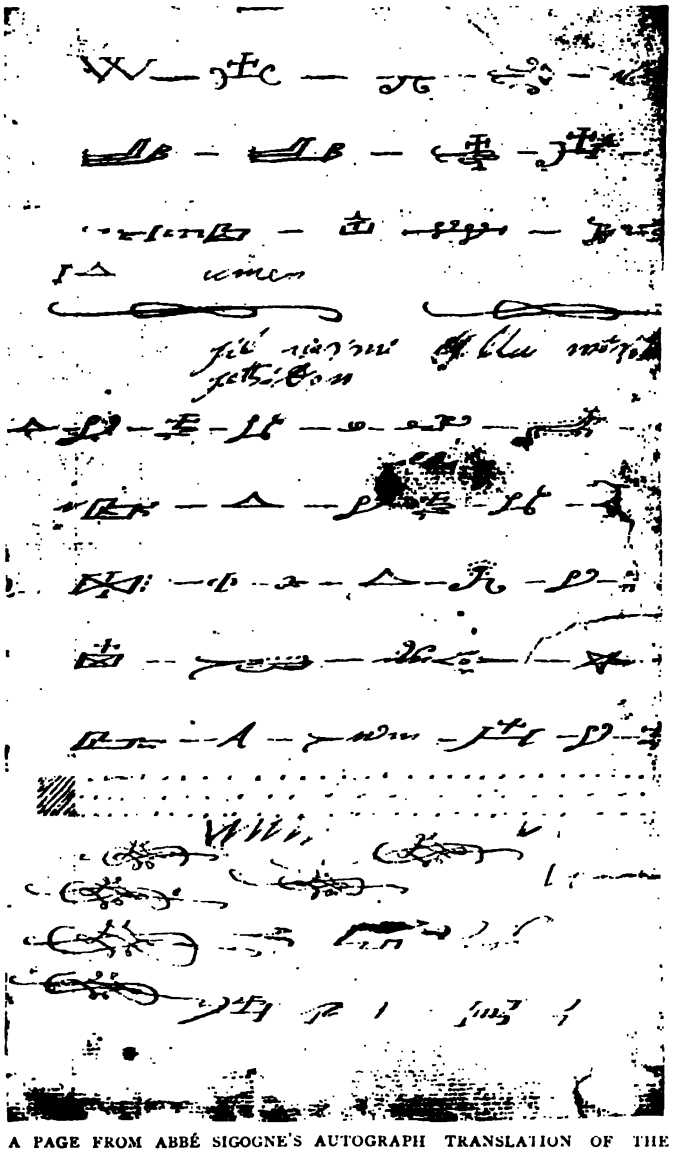
The tuberculosis that stalks in the filthy hovels of the Micmacs has left only one man among them, the chief, who can remember Père Sigogne. But sons and grandsons of his contemporaries warm with enthusiasm at his name. "He was a very good man," they say with feeling. "My children," he called them in the Micmac. His house was always open to them as a resting place, with a table ready spread for any who might be hungry. Nearly every night several of them slept there, sometimes as many as twenty in the little cottage. He did not wait for them to come to him to be Christianized, however, but made long and perilous journeys into the forest to their scattered wigwams. He established a little church at Bear River, still maintained by them faithfully, and in a spotless neatness strikingly in contrast to the vile condition of their houses. One little incident shows the wisdom as well as the spirit of his dealings with them. A certain "king" whom he had been trying to cure of drinking owned a medal, a thing of some value and an heirloom of a generation or two. He took it to Yarmouth, pawned it, and drank up the proceeds. Père Sigogne redeemed it, made a little wooden box for it, and carefully kept it himself for the "king's" son. The Abbé died before the "king," but left careful instructions for the care of the medal, which was duly delivered to the delighted young Indian. The effectiveness of Roman Catholic work among the Indians is often doubtful; but Père Sigogne's influence upon the Micmacs has been both valuable and enduring.

For forty-five years his ministry lasted, with only one serious set-back. It came at about the middle of the period, at a time of great prosperity and promise. In the face of dis-

ıgreements and threatened schism Père Sigogne had collected money or the building of a larger church ınd parish-house, better fitted for vork which had far outgrown the ıld quarters. His parish records are loquent with suppressed delight as hey describe the "joy and exemplary obriety" with which the frame was et up and the gable ornamented with ı cross and a garland. When the ıew church and parish-house were finished the people began to build better houses for themselves also. Pointe l'Eglise began to realize the Abbé's ideal of a village.

On a windy September day in 1820, when Père Sigogne was at Métaghan, several hours distant, word was brought him hot-haste of a fire. Spurring back to Pointe l'Eglise he found the town blazing in the rush of a forest fire lashed by a strong west wind. The roof of the new church was even then threatening to fall: but the Abbé dashed through the flames. He came out with the communion chalice and some other things from the altar, but without the precious gold pieces for which he searched so fatally long. The lasting disfigurement of one side of his face and the maiming of one hand to a thumb and forefinger were not the only results of that bold risk. Probably to this he owed the loss of sight in one eye, which however remained unchanged in appearance. His strength, too, never quite returned.

My church [he writes], my house, my library, my barns and other dependencies, with all my provisions, three-fourths of my furniture, and twenty or twenty-two



A PAGE FROM ABBÉ SIGOGNE'S AUTOGRAPH TRANSLATION OF THE MASS INTO MICMAC

of my neighbors' houses, barns, animals, fences;—everything has been the victim of a flood of fire driven by an irresistible wind. I found myself enveloped in the fire, which advanced faster than a horse at full gallop. I escaped with my life, but with serious injuries; and here it is already thirty-two days that I have had to keep my chamber, under the care of physicians. It is only two or three days that I have been able to help myself freely with my right hand. God be thanked! in our misfortune nobody perished but a child in the cradle and an old man of eighty. But alas, my lord! what a condition are all my neighbors in! Two miles of land above and below the church have been burned over, and all the inhabitants reduced to the last extremity, without lodgings, without food, with very little help from without.

It was a staggering blow; but the Abbé met it, like all situations, with courage. As soon as he was able he set himself to attend to the immediate needs of the people. Then with unchilled enthusiasm he began the building of the present church of Sainte-Marie, a matter of some nine years' labor. For himself, however, he did not think it right to ask a replacement of the roomy house that had been destroyed. To the end of his life he made shift to crowd his parish work and his many guests into the little cottage built for him just after the fire. Yet he persuaded his crippled parish to send help to some English who had suffered by fire in New Brunswick.

In his daily living there is much that looks idyllic. Even to-day the Acadians keep life at its simplest, weave their homespun on hand-looms and wash their linen in the brooks. The man who could grasp and settle a difficult political problem tilled his own garden, drained his own hay-fields, and shared the work of his cottage with the nun who was his housekeeper. Two meals of the three he made of bread and coffee. It was his habit always to rise at midnight and read the mass for the day. If at home, he quickened the fire and read on a sheepskin beside it, though for years he found it convenient to spend many nights on a hard sofa in the vestry. The many careful annotations in his books show that he must have spent much time in his little one-roomed library. Altogether it was the plainest of plain living, not without high thinking. He had such love for it, perhaps too with some feeling of how impossible it would be for another man to fill the place he had made, that when Napoleon invited the exiled priests back to France, and Père Sigogne's old parish was pressed upon him, he refused to leave his Acadian charge.

He is not without set memorials. Monuments and inscriptions to him are not lacking. English and French joined together to raise to his memory the College of Sainte-Anne, before which his bones now rest. Little mementos of him are preserved carefully. The college has his breviary and the chalice he rescued from the fire. At Grosses Cocques his grand-niece has his brass money-box and monocle, his candlestick, the remnant of his library, and the little wooden box which she as a child "nipped up" where the Indian left it when he took his hereditary medal. But Père Sigogne's best memorial is in the loyal remembrance of his people. They love to tell of his kindnesses, how out of his slender salary there was always something in the little brass money-box for the poor, or how he had pennies for the children, and always time to tie up a little hurt finger. With his gentleness he had red blood enough too, at times showed a quick temper, "like a Frenchman," they say proudly. Yet for all his warm humanity he was a priest in the true sense, "interpreting, even as the Prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the unseen Heaven to men." There is much significance in a little incident told by an English lady, granddaughter of a Church of England clergyman in Halifax. Her mother, a little girl, was in the room one day when the Abbé called. As he was

about to leave, her father the rector, sturdy Protestant though he was, bade the child kneel and receive a blessing from the Catholic priest.

Although he lived to eighty-one he maintained his activity to the last. During his later years he did his travelling in a carriage instead of on horseback. This was made possible by the improved roads, too primitive at the beginning of the century to allow wheels. He had several attacks of an apoplectic nature in his last years, yet he relaxed so little that only a few of his people noted a failing of his forces. He lived to see the accomplishment of his life work, his parish educated and established in a high standard of morality, and the important public service which gives a large significance to his life, the harmonizing of the discord between government and people, fully completed. When at last he fell, it was the death of a soldier at his post, but with a touch of something more lofty. His white head, crowned with years of blameless life, bent before the altar one November Sunday as he chanted words of a divine mission and a divine destiny. "Haec est autem voluntas Patris mei qui misit me," his people heard, "ut omnes, qui videt Filium et credit in eum, habeat vitam aeternam, et ego ressuscitabo eum in novissimo die." Then they saw him sink down. Grief-stricken they carried him to his little home. But the following day he made them know by signs—for he could not speak—that he wished to be taken to the church he loved. There they carried him, and there he died.

Filled with the warmth that gives life to the human round, yet also with the light that is not of the common day, his life still speaks its message, and declares, "This also was a man."

A TYPICAL ACADIAN HOMESTEAD

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

Its Design, its Arrangement and its Decoration

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

II

STAIRWAYS

A FLIGHT of steps is a tell-tale thing. Once listen with your inner ear to the part they have played, and the very history of man's ambitions and accomplishments is yours. You get his love of splendor and magnificence, his aspirations toward the beautiful, his secret care and private hope.

For flights of steps lend themselves to royal pageants. They have made gardens lovely. They have added distinction and magnificence to private homes; carried lovers to their trysts, and returning wanderers to extended arms. You may read in their very ruins evidences of past glories, which the toppling wall has been unable to convey, as when in feudal castles you see the wide flights which lead down into galleries, once assigned to armed retainers. You know well that no single file of soldiers mounted these, but phalanx after phalanx of stern warriors, in clattering steel. What else could give you as clearly the very sign and seal of a power long since fled, and half-forgotten?

Our own past has supplied us with no great models to follow, the steps before the Capitol at Washington being of course excepted. We have had, to be sure, the wooden stairways which the colonists left us, delightful and graceful affairs with their delicate spindle rails and mahogany hand-rest, suggesting both dignity and a certain lovely elegance. You can still hear on them the click of the high-heeled slippers, and feel again the full round of the arm and the taper of delicate fingers extended to the railing. You can imagine, too, the ascent and descent of the black silk stockings and buckled shoes of imported cavaliers. But the splendor of our modern tiaras and bejewelled stomachers suggests another need in these days.

In constructing our grand staircases, therefore, especially those in marble, with which of late years our more important houses have been enriched, we have been forced indeed to resort to foreign models as examples. Everywhere the European tradition is recognized. You see it now where a curve or a railing has been borrowed from Fontainebleau, now where a lantern is hung as at the Petit Trianon, and now again in the carvings of an oaken flight. You feel it especially in the application of detail, more particularly in that of the balustrade. The influence here is all foreign, whether it is shown in cut stone and marble, wrought iron or carved wood. And a very delightful influence it is, adding great elements of refinement and beauty to our houses, and making the process of house-building one perpetual source of pleasure or pain,—pleasure where

y Kimball, Architect

STAIRWAY IN MR. H. W. POOR'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT TUXEDO, NEW YORK

a fine bit of detail is discovered on some model capable of being applied to a present place; and pain where one is forced to confess in despair that most of its alluring quality has been lost in the process of attempting its reproduction.

The fault is not altogether ours, since the arts involved in their creation were never our possession. Take for example that of the fine cutting of stone and marble, and compare some of our modern attempts, with their broad lines and heavy detail, with that found in the Moorish work of the Alhambra. There in the Court of Lions the carved marble hangs over the open arches with the lightness and transparency of lace. One feels that a breath might sway it. Such grace is not possible among us. The inspiration has gone. In saying this, no critical, carping spirit is implied. The fault, if there be one, lies in the fact that we are not only in too much of a hurry about things to finish them properly, but that we expend our energies on copying, not on originating. "Can't you feel," a woman said to me, pointing to some Gothic carvings in the Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris,—"Can't you feel that these men studied nature? None of these were copyists. That is why they excite our enthusiasm, why we feel their power even in the fragments that have come down to us."

One of the most successful designers of silk that this country ever produced was a woman who got her inspiration from the woods, from the long trail of a delicate vine; the outspread of leaves as they grew close to the ground; the sway of water plants, the cheeks of their blossoms resting on the water; the intertwine of shadow and light, where sprays of leaves grow up against a garden wall. For the most part, though, I repeat we are in too much of a hurry to do even this; so much of a hurry, indeed, that even when one attempts to build slowly and surely, a host of the inexperienced cry out, wondering why it takes so long to finish a house! Houses finished in paint and plaster can be done quickly, leaving the householder the distraction of choosing her papers and hangings; but houses finished in fine detail, with every question of carving and cornice considered, require patient study and workmanship, and a long time to perfect.

"How did you attain to these results?" some one once asked a woman who had taken years to build a house, now quoted as the best example of its kind.

"By hard work," she answered; "by study; by being willing to build up and tear down till the proper relations were established; by being willing to sacrifice a cornice or a moulding, beautiful in itself, but out of proportion when placed. Hard work, patience and pain are the only secrets I know"—a confession which almost any great genius will make, whether the thing created be a book, a picture or a play. But how many people are capable of making it?

The fortunate collector brings back from Europe, now and then, some exquisite bits of old carving in wood or stone, pieces of an ancient balustrade or frieze, a stained column or fountain. These, by the skill of the architect, are introduced in and about stairways, and at once you have something compelling you to pause. No machinery produced these; no drill that was driven by steam, but an intelligence that loitered with caressing touch, a fancy that played over every stroke. The houses in which these are found are the houses that stand apart in the memory, and to which one wishes again and again to return.

When the marble staircase serves to bring the guests down, not up, to the hostess (as when they have been carried by elevators to dressing-rooms above), she has supplied these guests with the most becoming of all settings for their approach. Such a stairway, filled with descending figures brightened by the gleam of jewels and sweeping behind them trains of shining satins or rich velvets, makes a

Mead & White, Architects

RWAY FROM LOWER HALL OF MR. H. W. POOR'S HOUSE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

STAIRWAY IN THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU. STYLE OF LOUIS XV.

picture not easily forgotten. No lovely woman is ever as lovely as at that time; no man, if he be distinguished at all, is so impressive.

One of the most beautiful of these stairways is in white marble. Its side walls are panelled in old Sicilian marbles, carved in high relief. Above these rise the tapestries of the upper hall. The balustrade is dignified and impressive, being made of a series of swollen marble columns broken at intervals by plain shafts, the whole supporting a wide marble hand-rail. The corners where the turns are made in the hall above are finished with a sharply defined design that adds a feeling of both dignity and confidence. Over a turn in the stairs is suspended a silver cathedral lamp of great beauty and splendid in its proportions. Further light comes from the dome above, lighted by electricity at night. The stairs themselves are uncovered, the lower step widened into a graceful curve by the side of which rise the upright posts, surmounted by square summits.

With all our splendors we have not yet attained to those of the foreign staircases found in certain palaces, where the panels at the upper landing are framed by groups of sculptured life-size figures, the work of the best artists of their day. Perhaps we need the royal interest and patronage, perhaps we have more conscience than to drain the family coffers at all costs. For whatever reason, we see only fragments employed here and there, our general habit for the side walls of our staircases being to use tapestries and portraits, portraits of importance, it must be said, the size being necessarily considered. Spotty little pictures arranged along the side walls of steps and necessitating frequent pauses for minute examination are necessarily out of the question—or should be.

The lighting of stairways by means of great cathedral lamps suspended

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

STAIRWAY IN MR. CLARENCE MACKAY'S HOUSE AT ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

from the ceiling adds an imposing touch. The size of the lamp and the massiveness of the great retaining chain necessarily suggest height to the ceiling, and strength to the whole arrangement. Such a lamp, too, serves to break up the feeling of straight lines, carrying the eye off in new and agreeable directions.

The upright Venetian lanterns placed at the foot of the steps, as one sees them in the Scuola di San Rocco, lends both interest and dignity to the stairs. These upright lanterns, by the way, seem sometimes to have proved mere stumbling blocks to their fortunate possessors. One runs across them in some drawing-rooms set up in inappropriate corners and for no other purpose apparently but that of accentuating the sum of a man's lucky purchases. They are ridiculous when misplaced, as are all other things interesting in themselves, the penalty being that the man who arranges his possessions badly does not even make a museum of his house, but a bric-à-brac shop, where repose is impossible. The impression of a lot of studio properties having been tossed carelessly together is produced by many sumptuous interiors, the cost of whose individual elements has led to their finding their way into print.

The placing of the stairway is of course a question of considerable moment. In this, as in all things else relating to the home, the householder reveals himself. He must prove by his staircase that he knows how to balance his social and domestic life, paying no such attention to one set of interests as will sacrifice his obligations to another. It is not enough to have copied some superb palatial stairway to be made conspicuous, and then to have neglected the others, making the servants' stairways uncomfortable, or those to a third floor uninviting. For real refinement is proved not only by the application of detail throughout a house, but

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

STAIRWAY IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE W. C. WHITNEY, NEW YORK CITY

HEAD OF MAIN STAIRWAY AT THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

by evidences of a proper respect having been shown for the rightful value in all the component parts. Even a knowledge of periods proved by the purchase of furniture, or the proper turn of a moulding, does not entitle the taste of a householder to receive the crowning stamp of excellence. You must look for such evidences in the general arrangement of the house, the consideration paid to everybody's comfort, the respect observed for everybody's rights. With these, of course, must be allied the satisfaction of the eye.

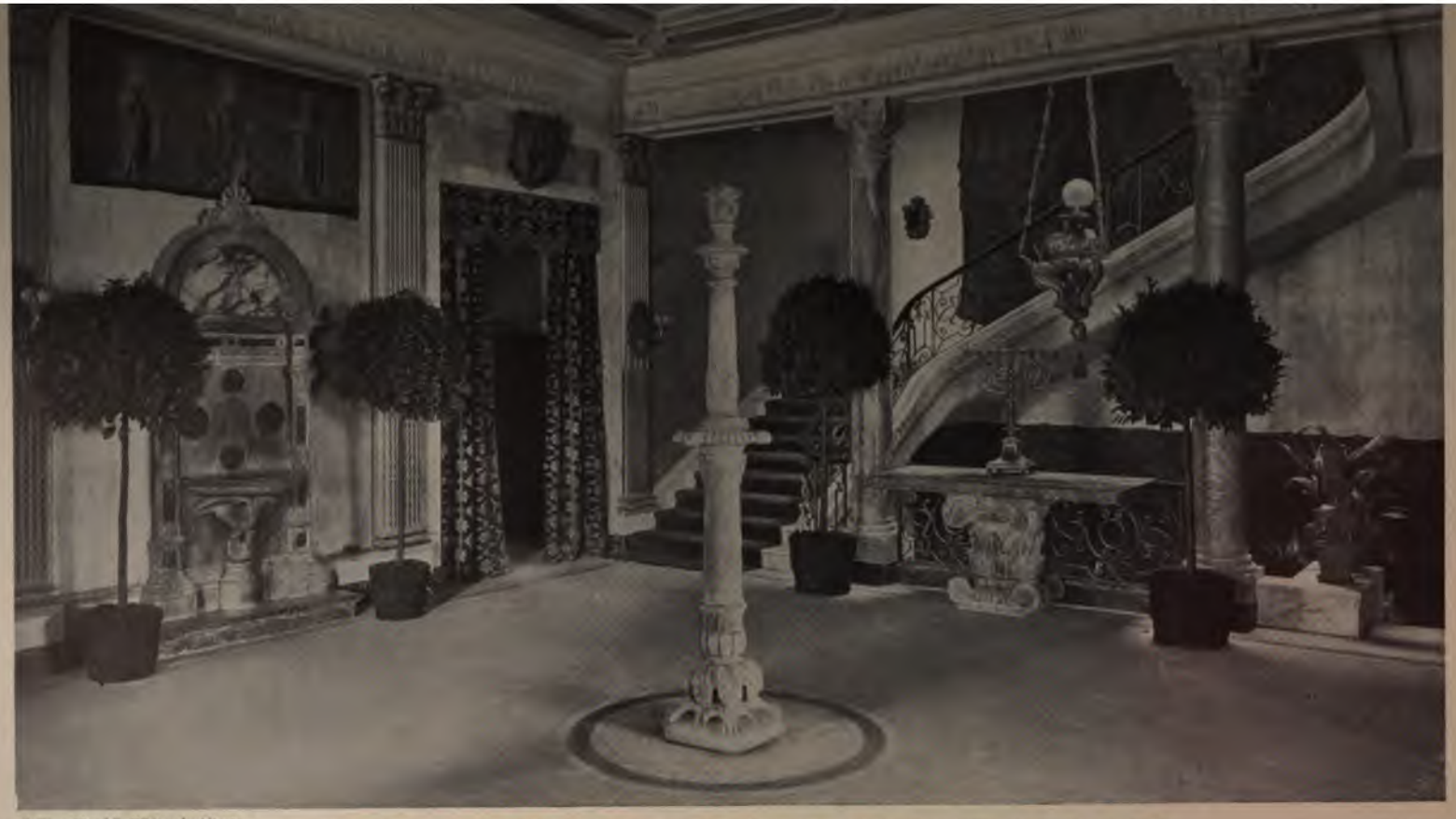
I know one most lovely stairway which in its refinement and the tact displayed in its position stands for all that is best in the mind of the builder. It leads to a bedroom floor. On all the other stories, even on those of the kitchen and pantry floors, marble has been used in stairway and wall. Out from the upper marble hall, with its tapestries and dome, open the hall and stairway to which I refer. This is entirely of old black oak carved in high relief, on doors and walls. The transition from marble to wood has, however, been made agreeable, the marble door-frame being wide and deep enough to suggest, not a mere opening for the holding of a door, but a sort of preparation for the mind as it were, a leading to something on the other side, as a passageway would have prepared it. From the carved oak hall, then, rises the oak stairway with its uncarpeted steps. The railing and post are elaborately carved. Above the wainscot the side walls to the ceiling are in oak, their oblong panels, on the level above, filled with paintings. The walls running by the bedroom doors are covered with a deep rich red damask, the transition being made by a series of arches and columns in oak, the arches of the various openings being capped by the same ornamental shell which appears over the various openings below.

The charm of this stairway is one that never palls. You may come upon it again and again with a sense of refreshment and delight, as when you find a flower in some unexpected place. And it is in these unexpected discoveries in houses that one is made to feel how certain and how unfailing has been the true appreciation of the householder. To realize, however, how rare such discoveries are, one has only to remember other stairways more or less hidden from the general eye, and upon which one stumbles with a certain shock, after having been dazzled with the glories of a drawing-room floor.

It is to be set down to our credit that, even in ordinary city houses, we have outgrown our desire for too obvious stairways. Attempts are everywhere being made to lend them some degree at least of privacy, especially in houses unprovided with a separate staircase for servants.

The most common of these methods is that of turning the steps midway in their flight, bringing the bottom step opposite the door leading into the dining-room or pantry. This accomplishes several purposes. The flight from the kitchen connects with the main staircase, the servants not being obliged to pass by the front door in order to ascend to their bedrooms at night. When the street door is opened, moreover, one is not confronted by ugly steps, but by a more or less decorative balcony, placed at the turning of the stairs, under which coat closets may be arranged, or pier glasses and seats, for the reception of wraps belonging to visitors disinclined to mount the stairs.

When the steps have not been turned, still other departures have been made to add an element of distinction. In the smaller hall, with its white wooden panels and mirrored doors described in the preceding chapter, great dignity has been added by a wrought iron balustrade of charming design. The hand-rail is covered with a deep red velvet, the stair-covering matching it in color. Though the wooden steps have been retained, a pinkish marble, matching that of the console under the mirror, has been introduced in the lowest step,



McKim, Mead & White, Architects

STAIRWAY IN UPPER HALL OF MR. H. W. POOR'S HOUSE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

supporting the newel post, a delicate touch, giving the whole arrangement the impression of having been well thought out and considered. This hall is lighted by a Louis XVI lustre, or chandelier, holding places for eight candles. Balloon shaped, with delightfully balanced projectors, this lustre is made of beautifully wrought iron and steel, the shining surfaces of the steel being repeated in the rock crystal pendants of elongated egg shape. To the general effect, then, of cleanliness and light produced by the white woodwork and mirrors, notes of real distinction have been added, clear-cut and exact, which at once lift the whole stairway and hall out of the ordinary.

A still more beautiful stairway is found in a city house of ordinary dimensions—that is, with a twenty-four-foot front. This is in the hall of Caen stone, to which reference has also been made in the preceding chapter as having its wall surfaces broken by arches into which mirrors have been fitted. Here the stairway, which does not face the front door, but is to the right of the entrance, has been made to follow lines of enchanting grace, aërial and light as the flight of a swallow, charming the eye and alluring the fancy. The steps are bare. No color is introduced anywhere except in the black of the iron balustrade. Yet the effect of coldness is not conveyed, the dignity being like that of the nude in sculpture, removed by its very essence from the reproach of the conventions. The frank austerity of the unrelieved white, lightened only by its mirrors, gains a quality which lends to a more

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

LANDING ON STAIRWAY IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE STANFORD WHITE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

or less contracted area a sense of spaciousness and authority.

What I always carry away from this house is the impression of the beauty made by the line of the stairs; and this leads me to say how much I have always felt indebted to the man (I wish I knew his name) who first introduced the curve into a flight of steps—that curve which carries the top landing out of view of the lower step. Straight flights are for pageants, or for purposes of pure utility. But the curve, or bend, is for all that is graceful and lovely and amenable in private life. It beckons you like the turn of a pretty girl's head over her shoulder. It suggests a certain mystery, the promise of possible good things awaiting you at the top, the not-quite-knowing just how delightful the reward of your real welcome may be. It should be like the ascent of a hill in this, encouraging you to the trouble of mounting for the sake of that which will lie outspread before you when the summit is reached. For this reason a flight of steps which leads nowhere except into stretches of emptiness beyond has a rude and disappointing quality about it, chilling your enthusiasm, and checking you with a well justified sense of disappointment and chagrin.

In houses where the layout of the street or grounds permits light to enter from several sides, the hall and stairway filling the central part, as it did in the old New England house, the flight is often broken by landings. Above these landings, in the newer houses of to-day, windows are placed, sometimes of great architectural beauty. Hangings for them must depend, of course, upon the nearness of the neighbors' eyes. Although this arrangement of the stairs brings the first turn of the steps facing the front door. you are not made to feel their obtrusiveness. That uncomfortable impression is spared you by two things;—the breaking of the flight by the platform, and the introduction of the windows, which carry the vision off as it were.

These platforms are treated with great formality, nothing being permitted to detain you except a chair, perhaps, in case you need to catch your breath. A table sometimes holds flowers or plants, a pedestal supports a Greek urn, but the unimportant and the trivial are not permitted.

The insistence upon this point may seem trivial, and would be, did not one find it everywhere violated. The temptation to the inconsequential mind is always to overdo, to go about hunting for places for things, instead of putting away and out of sight those things which do not belong in given places. The too obtrusive palm with its projecting branches has no right on a stairway up and down which people may be forced to hurry. Neither have pots of flowers tied up with ridiculous paper and bows of ribbon to match. Nor yet again have books; yet books, odd as it may seem, are sometimes introduced into formal halls, the niches along a flight of stairs being all too frequently furnished with shelves, holding ornamental bindings. The only thing proper for such a niche is a bust or a bronze, something which suggests an architectural forethought, a preparation for good things.

The mental constitution of those who are constantly breaking the perfectly obvious laws of a proper distribution of household properties is an ever present subject of perplexity to one who enters many portals. One cannot help wondering of what, for instance, men and women are made who make it necessary for themselves to leave the quiet of a library and descend half-way down a flight of stairs, in order to get a book which never should have been placed there. Nothing but the exigencies of apartment life warrants such a distribution of books, and even then they would not be found on flights of steps, since few apartments are provided with them.

Now and then one finds an eastern rug tortured into service as a stair covering, its figures crinkled into the confining grip of the stair rod. This

use of the rug is an illegitimate application of a beautiful object, designed to be outspread. Marble steps should be bare, and all stair coverings should be plain and uniform in tint. On colonial stairs, with their delicate spindle railings, the carpet was held in place by brass stair rods kept as carefully polished as the silver on the sideboard, or the knockers on the front door. The newel posts were charming, surmounted by a brass ornament or a glass ball, and in our houses copied from these models these questions of detail are always considered.

I cannot close this chapter without referring to two charming stairways both of which are in country houses. In each instance, one must turn a corner to reach them, the length of the hall being left to convey its full purpose and impressiveness. Round the corner, then, of one hall rises a carved oak staircase, its flight broken by a platform that is lighted by a leaded window. From this window one sees a stretch of lovely country, broken by hills and brightened by a river. Nothing else, however, is allowed to distract you as you turn.

In the other instance, the hall itself gives you at each end a view of outside things. At right angles to the entrance door is a large plate glass window: against this the trees grow, and it seems to bring them into the house. Not to make the arrangement too obvious the space under the window is finished in carved stone, from which an Italian fountain plays into a stone pool, filled with water plants and vines that grow up to the window itself. From the other end of the hall and through the door opening out on the terrace, one gets a view of forty miles of verdure, a line of hills against the faint horizon. The stairs are found, where they will interfere with no one, turning in, as they do, from the end of the hall nearest the entrance door. A platform breaks the flight half-way up, securing privacy for the final pause. Above this platform is a window of stained glass, with softly tempered lights and tones that recall the woodlands themselves.

THE AIRSHIP—AT DAYBREAK

THE Morning Star sinks swooning down, the pale Moon quits the chase,
We race the rushing Sun across the clamorous fields of space:

For, though our prow be wreathed about with purple sprays of Night,
Our pinions flick the Dawn that strives to gain upon our flight.

And now, with forelocks fluttering and manes blown out behind,
Come thundering down the sunward slopes the Coursers of the Wind—

For God's sake, UP!—give place to them, wild thoroughbreds of air:
The rush of those tempestuous hooves no man-wrought wings may dare!

Ahead, no mirrored gleam flares up from stream or mere below;
Behind, our cloud-wake catches fire and sets the east aglow.

Poised on the very tip of Time, a spinning satellite,
We float between the flood of day and ebb of yesternight.

'To-day," "to-morrow" "yesterday"—each is an alien name!—
We bear our own time in our wings, that rearward, ribbed with flame,

Fling downward, backward from our course, in aureate gleams of mirth,
The fiery sign that its "to-day" broods over drowsy earth.

Awake, look up, O cynic world!—as in the days of old
Still godlike progress stabs the sky with shafts of shaken gold,

For now bold Science grasps the myths the dreaming poets tell,
And rings our heedless star about with merry miracle.

DON MAROUIS

JOHN HARVARD REVEALED

By HENRY C. SHELLEY

[This article is based upon original researches made by the author, Mr. Henry C. Shelley,—researches that have dispelled much of the obscurity that has until now surrounded the life of John Harvard, the founder of the University that bears his name.—THE EDITORS.]

SIXTY odd years ago an enthusiastic Boston genealogist visited England solely for the purpose of learning something about the early history of John Harvard, but the only reward of his labors was to discover an autograph among the records of Cambridge University. He would gladly, he said, have given five hundred dollars for five lines of authentic information concerning the object of his search.

A few years later, President S. A. Eliot, in his sketch of the history of Harvard University, dwelt upon the many efforts which had been made to trace the ancestry of the founder and reached the depressing conclusion that "the obscurity is irremediable." Even in 1878, the editor of the diary of Judge Sewall was obliged to confess that John Harvard was the Melchisedec of the first age of the Colony of Massachusetts — he was "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor a known resting place for his mortal dust." Nay, even so late as 1886, Lowell, at the two hundred and fiftieth celebration of his *alma mater*, spoke of "the gentle and godly youth from whom we took our name —himself scarce more than a name."

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHAPEL OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

What is the situation at the present time? This year marks the three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth, and that such a fact is beyond dispute is but one indication of the fuller knowledge which is now available concerning the principal founder of America's premier University. If Lowell were still happily alive to lend the charm of his eloquence to the celebration of this memorable ter-centenary, he could not repeat that Harvard is "himself scarce more than a name"; for so many and so suggestive facts have been brought

to light that for the future that "gentle and godly youth" must take his place among the best known of New England's founders.

Although there does not exist in all America even a solitary autograph of John Harvard; although the house he built at Charlestown has long been swept away and there is no authentic knowledge of the spot where he was buried; and although in England the known examples of his handwriting are confined to three, or possibly four, autographs, yet the main facts of his life may now be presented with satisfactory completeness. It is possible, indeed, to outline his career from his baptism to his departure for New England with a fulness of detail unusual in the case of the Massachusetts pioneers.

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD ON THE DELTA, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

For more than a century before Joh Harvard's birth, tradesmen of th same name, and undoubtedly of th same family, were living in the borough of Southwark, at the south end of Lo don Bridge; and three years before th sixteenth century closed, a young ma bearing the name of Robert Harvar had established himself in business a a butcher in the High Street of South

wark, close beside that Church of St. Saviour's in which the record of his famous son's baptism may still be seen.

This young tradesman made such prosperous headway that in June, 1600, he ventured upon matrimony. In a little more than three years, however, Barbara Destyn, the first wife of Robert Harvard, was laid in a grave in St. Saviour's Church, one of the many victims of the plague which visited London in the fall of 1603. Two children had been born of the marriage: Mary and Robert, but the latter lived only a couple of weeks.

Robert Harvard, despite the fact that he had the care of a two-year-old infant, allowed a year and a half to elapse ere he espoused a second wife. Moreover, when he did marry again, he did not as was almost always the custom make choice of some one living in his immediate neighborhood, but sought for his bride one Katherine Rogers, whose home was in the distant town of Stratford-on-Avon. Two such noteworthy circumstances appear to call for an explanation.

Such were the conditions of Stratford-on-Avon in the beginning of the second half of the sixteenth century, and so small was its population, that we are on sure ground in thinking that the tradespeople there were well acquainted with each other. Hence it is inconceivable that John Shakespeare and Thomas Rogers were not on terms of close intimacy. For forty years these two tradesmen lived and carried on business in that same country town, and for many years each had his home in the same street. Further, both John Shakespeare and Thomas Rogers attained to office in the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, each eventually reaching the position of alderman. And there was yet another link between the Shakespeare and Rogers families: the children of each house, including William Shakespeare himself, were contemporaries at the grammar-school of the town for the seven years over which the usual curriculum extended, and must have been, beyond doubt, intimately acquainted.

But what has this to do with Robert Harvard? The statement of a few facts will make clear the answer to that question. As is well known, William Shakespeare, by the year 1592, had made his appearance in the Southwark district of the English capital. Four years later he had a lodging near the Bear Garden in that neighborhood; and when the Globe Theatre was built in 1599 his personal interests became more and more closely connected with the district where Robert Harvard lived; and in the seventeenth century, attendance at church was practically compulsory, and the church frequented by the actors of the Globe Theatre was that of St. Saviour's. Now, there are documentary proofs that for some years the temporal affairs of this church were governed by a group of men among whom Robert Harvard and several of the Globe Theatre actors were often associated together. In short, if circumstantial evidence ever has any weight, it may be regarded as certain that Robert Harvard was among those who actually knew Shakespeare in the flesh. Such being the case, it is not improbable that the young tradesman of Southwark was introduced to Katherine Rogers by the great bard himself.

Although he was a widower with a four-year-old daughter, and was at least in his twenty-ninth year, Robert Harvard's wooing of Katherine Rogers, not yet twenty-one, did not fail of complete success. On the eighth day of April, 1605, Robert Harvard and Katherine Rogers were married.

Katherine Harvard's first child, named Robert after his father, was baptized on the 30th of September, 1606; and fourteen months later this entry was made in the baptismal record of St. Saviour's Church: "1607 November 29, JOHN HARVYE, S. [son] of Robt. a Butcher." The strange spelling of the name now so familiar throughout the world represents the casual orthography of the times. The name which we know certainly to be intended for Harvard is variously written "Harwood," "Hervy,"

"Harwar," "Harvye," etc.; in fact, it is not unusual for the name to be spelled in at least two different ways in one and the same document.

Besides being an office-bearer in the parish church, Robert Harvard was a Governor of the St. Saviour's Grammar-School, where his boys—he had six children, four boys and two girls,—John of course included—received their education.

Up to the month of July, 1625, the Harvard family circle was unbroken. By that date, Mary, the child of Robert Harvard's first wife, had no doubt become the companion and trusted helper of her step-mother; Robert, the eldest son, now approaching his nineteenth year, is destined to succeed to his father's business; John, who will be seventeen a few months hence, has probably given early indications of his scholarly inclinations; while Thomas, who is half-way towards his sixteenth birthday, may already have expressed his preference for the occupation of a cloth-worker. The other children, Katherine and Peter, are still intent upon school. Upon this united and unbroken family a dark shadow is soon to fall.

During that summer, London experienced the second of those three disastrous visitations of the plague which darken the annals of the seventeenth century. The first of those visitations had claimed Robert Harvard's first wife for a victim; a far heavier toll is now to be exacted from this household. Of the family of eight, only Katherine Harvard and her two sons, John and Thomas, survived the pestilence.

Robert Harvard's will reveals him to have been a remarkably prosperous tradesman. Each of his sons was to receive a sum of £300 on attaining his twenty-first birthday, but apart from that special provision the whole of his estate was left to his "well-beloved wife." If, however, she married again, she was to become bound in a sum of one thousand pounds to ensure the legacies to the two sons. What Robert Harvard had foreseen came to pass, for five months after the death of her husband Katherine Harvard become the wife of John Elletson. In another five months she was a widow once more, but with her property greatly increased by John Elletson's bequests. Less than a year later, Harvard's mother married for the third time, her husband being Richard Yearwood. The bulk of the property which Katherine Yearwood willed to her two sons on her death in July, 1635, was derived from the bequests of Robert Harvard and John Elletson.

Some few months before their mother contracted her third marriage, John and Thomas Harvard made final choice of their life occupation, the former deciding for the ministry and the latter for the business of cloth-worker. John Harvard made choice of Emmanuel College, when he went to Cambridge early in 1627 to prepare himself for his profession.

Now, of all the colleges at Cambridge, Emmanuel was the most decidedly Puritan in its tendencies, and might well have made John Harvard proof against the most eloquent exposition of Laudism.

Among the notable Emmanuel men whom Harvard cultivated was John Sadler, who was held in such high esteem by Cromwell that he offered him the important position of Chief Justice in Munster. Mr. Sadler's father, the Rev. John Sadler, was vicar of Ringmer, Sussex, and in that vicarage John Harvard made the acquaintance of his fellow-student's sister, Ann Sadler, who eventually accompanied him to New England as his wife.

Of the more than seven years John Harvard spent at Emmanuel College, little actual record has survived. His autograph may be seen in the Registry of the University, inscribed in that volume first when he took his B.A. degree and again when he commenced M.A., and two other autographs are preserved at Emmanuel. One of these, under date December 19, 1627, records that "John Harvard, Middlesex," made a payment of ten shillings, probably for his room,

the other, reading "Liber Johannis Harwardi," may be seen on the title-page of a Puritan controversial treatise. But in addition to these relics, there are the memorial window in the Chapel, erected by graduates of Emmanuel; and the tablet that came from the alumni of Harvard University.

In July, 1635, Harvard's mother died, and the fact that his name had the foremost place in her will proves him to have been uppermost in her thoughts. To her eldest son, "John Harvard, clerk," Katherine Yearwood bequeathed the Queen's Head Inn, a half share in some house property she had received from her second husband, and a legacy of two hundred and fifty pounds; and he was also to have a half share in the residue of her estate after other bequests had been provided for.

Having discharged his duties in connection with his mother's will, it is not improbable that John Harvard spent a considerable portion of the remainder of the summer of 1635 at Ringmer, in Sussex. In the vicarage there, he would be able to resume his intercourse with his favorite fellow-student, John Sadler, and beyond that he had probably discovered ere this a greater attraction in the person of his friend's sister, Ann Sadler.

Seeing that Ann Sadler's father was vicar of Ringmer, it would have been natural to look for the record of her marriage in the register of that parish, and it seems difficult to understand why the ceremony did not take place in her father's church. Perhaps, however, the Rev. John Sadler was ill at the time, and hence the wedding was transferred to the adjacent church of South Malling, in the records of which this entry may be seen: "Maryed the 19 day of April, 1636. Mr. John Harvard, of the pish of St. Olives, neere London, and Anne Sadler of Ringmer."

Some ten months were to elapse ere John Harvard and his wife sailed for New England, and as he is described as of the parish of St. Olive's it is probable that those months were mostly spent under his brother's roof, for Thomas Harvard's home was in that parish. No doubt he was already meditating his departure, and in that event he would naturally desire to enjoy the utmost of his brother's company, who alone remained as a link between the present and the home of his childhood. Besides, Thomas Harvard's health was far from satisfactory, and the following July it became so precarious, he was so "sicke and weake in bodie," that he thought fit to make his will. Apart from its substantial bequests, this document breathes such a spirit of affection for Thomas's "well-beloved brother John Harvard" as to make it clear that the two brothers were deeply attached to each other.

Towards the close of 1636, or, at the latest, early in the following year, John Harvard arrived finally at a decision to emigrate to New England, and as a preparation for that event he would naturally desire to realize as much as he possibly could of his property, and wind up his affairs as advantageously as might be, before departing.

One of the chief occupations of John Harvard during his last few months in England was the collecting of the books which formed no inconsiderable part of his generous legacy to the cause of education in New England. The collecting of a library in the seventeenth century was no light task, and, in some cases, a dangerous one, for Laud exercised a vigorous censorship directed against Puritan doctrine. For all that, John Harvard did not fail to secure, among many other books, copies of many works which were the special object of Laud's aversion.

When John Harvard sailed is not known. All that is certain is that it was on some date subsequent to the 16th of February, and prior to the 5th of May, 1637.

John and Thomas Harvard were never to meet again. Only a few days at the most after his brother sailed, Thomas Harvard closed his eyes in death. Thus, long ere he set

foot on the shore of the New World, John Harvard's personal estate had been materially increased under the generous provisions of his brother's will.

Two explanations may be offered for Harvard's decision in making his home on the Charlestown peninsula instead of in Boston. For several years the latter town had been growing in popularity with the settlers, and it may well have been a much simpler matter to secure accommodation in Charlestown than in Boston. Again, Harvard would naturally locate himself in the district which promised to offer him a field in which to exercise his ministry. In fact, there was already a vacancy in the church in Charlestown, to which Harvard was soon appointed.

Absorbed first in the building of his house, and then in his preparations for the discharge of his duties as a teacher, Harvard's few short months in New England moved onwards to their close. Apart from serving on a committee which was charged with drafting "a body of laws," he does not appear to have taken any active part in the affairs of the young community. It may be that his health was now rapidly failing, and that he felt he ought to reserve such little strength as he had for the discharge of his ministerial duties.

There was one matter, however, in which he certainly took a keen interest, and that was the proposal for the establishment of a college. This had been under consideration some nine months before he landed in New England, for the records of the General Court, under date October 28, 1636, include this entry: "The Court agreed to give £400 towards a school or college, whereof £200 to be paid the next year, and £200 when the work is finished, and the next court to appoint where and what building." But the "next court" did not fulfil that obligation, and it should be noted that more than a year elapsed ere the college question again came before the General Court. Even then the record, under date November 15, 1637, only states that "the college is ordered to be at Newtown." However, five days later the Court formally appointed a committee of the leading laymen and ministers "to take order for a college at Newtown." Mr. Nathaniel Eaton was appointed to be the first master. The next entry in the records relating to the college was made on March 13, 1639, and was in these terms: "It is ordered, that the college agreed upon formerly to be built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard College." Two events are implied in that brief entry. In honor of the university town of the majority of New England ministers, the name of Newtown had been changed to Cambridge; and, in meet praise of one whose dying thought had turned to the infant seminary, that nameless school had received the title by which it was to become world famous. It was to matter little that no stone was upreared over the grave of the young minister to perpetuate the name of John Harvard; while that name was still freshly remembered it was taken from the grave of its owner and rewritten on a memorial which no lichen-growth can ever efface or ravage of time destroy.

It was as the year turned to the fall that John Harvard died. Having withstood the severity of one New England winter, he and his wife may have had good hopes that he would survive many more. But destiny had ordered it otherwise; and on the 14th of September, 1638, the last member of that Southwark household passed away. The probabilities are that death came so suddenly at last that no opportunity offered for the preparation of a formal will; at any rate, no such document has survived. Yet Harvard was able to make it perfectly clear to his wife and friends that one half of his estate and the whole of his library should be given to the new college at Cambridge, little knowing that that death-bed bequest was to have such momentous issues.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO SAMUEL WARD

WITH COMMENTARY BY HENRY MARION HALL

II

THE correspondence of Longfellow printed in the first article of this series ended in 1840, the year following the publication of "Hyperion" and of "Voices of the Night." These early works, with the others that soon followed, won for their author immediate and widespread recognition, so that the obscure professor became almost at one step a writer of considerable reputation, and a friend of the leading literary men of the time, numbering among his intimate acquaintance men like Charles Sumner, Emerson, Horace Mann, Hawthorne, Felton, Howe, Samuel Ward, Jared Sparks, Bancroft, Prescott, and later Lowell and Holmes. In the period following that of Longfellow's early publications we find him making translations from the German and from the Swedish, writing comments on authors who are translating his poems into German, following Ward's advice to write ballads, going frequently to entertainments in Boston or in Cambridge, and at the same time working industriously at his duties as professor in Harvard University. It is not remarkable, then, that his health failed and that he had to go abroad for rest.

The multifarious activities of the poet are amply demonstrated by the journal and letters published by Samuel Longfellow, so that it is unnecessary for us here to consider them at length; yet here and there unpublished letters supply valuable information—links hitherto missing from the chain. For instance, the following letter, written by Charles Sumner to Samuel Ward, gives a striking illustration of the influence of Longfellow's early work. It was penned when Sumner was only a Boston lawyer.

COURT STREET, Oct. 5th, 1842.

DEAR WARD,

I have just thought of two of our dear Longfellow's letters, which you will be glad to see. When you have read them, let me have them again.

Two days ago an old classmate of mine in College, on whom the world has not smiled, came before me as a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, to prove some debt. While writing out the technical form of proof, I enquired about his present pursuits and studies. He told me that he read very little; for it was difficult to find anything written from the depths of the heart. I then remarked—"I should think you would be satisfied with Longfellow."—"I reverence him" was the reply. "I think 'Hyperion' one of the greatest books ever written—and I think I may say," he continued very solemnly and with deep feeling, "I think I may say that the 'Psalm of Life' prevented my committing suicide—to me it is next after the Gospel. I first met with it in the hands of two Irish women, who had cut it out of a newspaper, soiled so as to be almost illegible." What a tribute to our friend! The soul of this poor sufferer did homage to Longfellow as to a Divinity. I was deeply touched by the feeling which he showed, and could hardly bring myself to the worldly matter on which he had called; much less could I permit the alloy of money to debase such a scene. I was too happy in the opportunity of serving an ancient classmate, who, without knowing him, so dearly loved one whom I so much love as Longfellow. Finding that he did not own his poems, I asked his acceptance of the two volumes, which he received with gladness and gratitude. The person to whom I allude is one of no mean powers

foot on the shore of the New World, John Harvard's personal estate had been materially increased under the generous provisions of his brother's will.

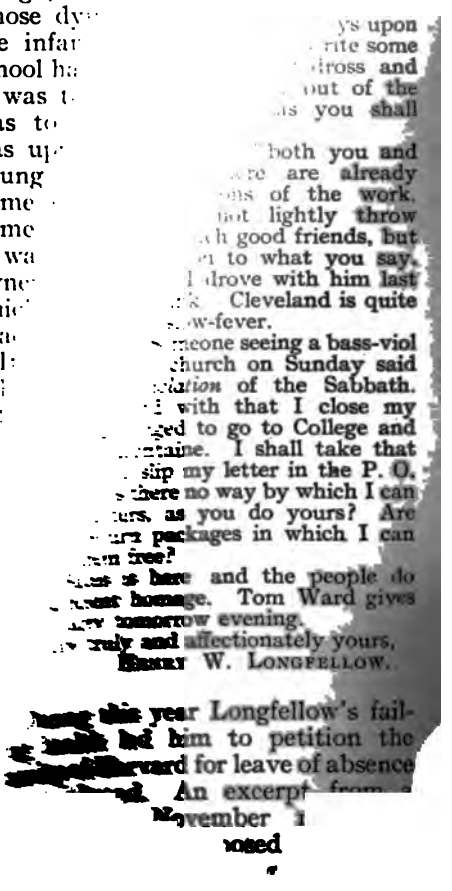
Two explanations may be offered for Harvard's decision in making his home on the Charlestown peninsula instead of in Boston. For several years the latter town had been growing in popularity with the settlers, and it may well have been a much simpler matter to secure accommodation in Charlestown than in Boston. Again, Harvard would naturally locate himself in the district which promised to offer him a field in which to exercise his ministry. In fact, there was already a vacancy in the church in Charlestown, to which Harvard was soon appointed.

Absorbed first in the building of his house, and then in his preparations for the discharge of his duties as a teacher, Harvard's few short months in New England moved onwards to their close. Apart from serving on a committee which was charged with drafting "a body of laws," he does not appear to have taken any active part in the affairs of the young community. It may be that his health was now rapidly failing, and that he felt he ought to reserve such little strength as he had for the discharge of his ministerial duties.

There was one matter, however, in which he certainly took a keen interest, and that was the proposal for the establishment of a college. This had been under consideration some nine months before he landed in New England, for the records of the General Court, under date October 28, 1636, include this entry: "The Court agreed to give £400 towards a school or college, whereof £200 to be paid the next year, and £200 when the work is finished, and the next court to appoint where and what building." But the "next court" did not fulfil that obligation, and should be noted that more tha year elapsed ere the college que again came before the General

Even then the rec November 15, 16 that "the college at Newtown." H later the Court for committee of the l ministers "to tak at Newtown." M was appointed t The next entry i to the college 13, 1639, and "It is ordered, upon formerl bridge shall lege." Two that brief e university t New Engla Newtown h bridge; an whose dy the infa school h it was t was to was up young name name it wa owne whic effa

I fal wi E h s



ter ays ns of ys upon rite some dross and out of the s you shall both you and re are already ns of the work, not lightly throw h good friends, but n to what you say. I drove with him last k Cleveland is quite w-fever. meone seeing a bass-viol church on Sunday said lation of the Sabbath. with that I close my ged to go to College and taine. I shall take that slip my letter in the P. O. there no way by which I can ers, as you do yours? Are urs packages in which I can n free? s here and the people do homage. Tom Ward gives tomorrow evening. ruly and affectionately yours, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

this year Longfellow's fail- had him to petition the rvard for leave of absence An excerpt from November 1 osed

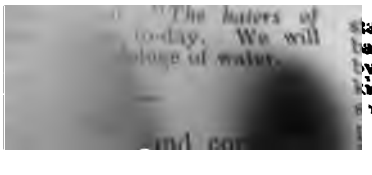
whisker
ays go it!
Great North [illegible]

a reference to [illegible]
s a vivid descrip[illegible]
travel in New [illegible]
light on the [illegible]
time when it took [illegible]
tter to reach [illegible]
rk. It is importa[illegible]
of the reference to [illegible]
German translations [illegible]
poems, and because [illegible]
to "The Children [illegible]
Supper."

[illegible]

My dear Sam,

I have just [illegible]
where I had the [illegible]
your charming [illegible]
like the Devil' Chapter [illegible]
you, as you requested [illegible]
inconveniences attending [illegible]
and the little [illegible]
which, I expected to be [illegible]
consequently to have [illegible]
28 and not Nov. 30. [illegible]
excuses himself, accuses [illegible]



I came back from [illegible]
stage-coach, eleven inside [illegible]
babies and a fat boy who [illegible]
by eating chestnuts, [illegible]
kicking, and finally discharging [illegible]
[illegible]id chestnuts from their stomachic re-
[illegible]sitory upon my cloak. After this, upon
[illegible] consideration of his having made
[illegible]h great exertions to entertain the
[illegible]pany, he was pensioned off with a
[illegible]ner in the coach, and suffered to sleep
his laurels [illegible] the journey was
[illegible] and [illegible] aching home I
[illegible]nd yo[illegible] [illegible]a;—received a

[illegible]ar
[illegible]ges
[illegible]our
[illegible]lven-
[illegible] rusoe.
[illegible] it with

[illegible]gel like a

[illegible]s a *hum-bug*.
[illegible]rwig no *true*

[illegible]e is only *false*

[illegible]e of the illustrated

[illegible] "The haters of
[illegible] to-day. We will
[illegible]ologe of water.

[illegible]and co[illegible]

or attainments. To an acquaintance with the ancients unusual in our country, he adds considerable familiarity with many departments of modern literature; but life seems to have been to him a starless night, and his soul was sinking in despair till he caught the encouraging "Voices" of our friend.

We have suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Channing. His soul was of rectitude and courage "all compact." His example and word were needed in the country. Wherever truth and duty called, there he was to be found. What seemed to me a sight almost sublime, was this weak old man, almost fading out of life, with a voice affected by the debility of his frame, uttering words that pass mountains and seas, overcoming the impediments of distance and boundaries, and, wherever they are heard or read, pleading trumpet-tongued for humanity, for right, for truth. In him Hillard, Howe and myself have lost a warm friend.

Goodbye—Ever ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

None of us had letters from Longfellow by the *Columbia*.

The following letter from Longfellow to Ward was written shortly after the death of the latter's first wife. The Dalmatian mentioned in it was the subject of a poem that the poet abandoned at his friend's advice; a very unusual thing with him, because, although he freely courted the criticism of his contemporaries, he almost never acted on it. "Frithiof's Saga," which Professor Felton and Ward urged him to translate, he began to render into English at this time, but he never finished more than a few fragments. It is worthy of notice that he wrote the first selection in hexameter, the metre that he was afterwards to use in his longer poems. "The Student of Alcalá," spoken of in the letter, was afterwards published under the title of "The Spanish Student," a play of which the author entertained hopes destined never to be fulfilled.

CAMBRIDGE, June 2, 1841.

MOST AMIABLE AND BELOVED SAM,

Pardon me for not answering instantly your affectionate letter of May 26; but I have been knocked up with a cold for some days past, with hardly sunlight enough within me to see by; *plus* sundry and almost continual interruptions. In fine enough to prevent me from taking the gray goose-quill in hand, until this morning.

In regard to the Dalmatian, my judgment approves your decision. I submit, and she takes her place among the bright Ideals.

Like a pure lily on some river floating,
So floats she on the river of my thoughts.

Finis!

Your visit was delightful to me, and to all your friends here: only, alas! too short. Such meetings are the wine of life: the "*golden-seal Johannisberger*"—1841—Cabinet-Wein;—I am glad you enjoyed it; also, it is wise as well as pleasant to sit down once in a while on the milestones of Life's journey; and compare Notes of Travel;—these same milestones being mostly gravestones either of a friend or of a Hope. We were all much pleased to see in you so much strength of nerve; such a cheerful, courageous bearing, after your many sufferings. May you always rise thus triumphant over the pains of life.

I hope to set to work in a few days upon "The Student of Alcalá," to re-write some parts of it, and cleanse it of dross and all impurities. It shall come out of the crucible pure and bright; as you shall see anon.

As to "Frithiof's Saga," both you and Felton are wrong. There are already *four* English Translations of the work. Nevertheless I shall not lightly throw away the advice of such good friends, but give due consideration to what you say.

Sumner is well. I drove with him last evening to Pine-Bank. Cleveland is quite ill, with a kind of slow-fever.

A good pun. Someone seeing a bass-viol in the choir of a church on Sunday said it was a *bass-violation* of the Sabbath. Very clever; and with that I close my letter, being obliged to go to College and lecture on Lafontaine. I shall take that opportunity to slip my letter in the P. O. By the way, is there no way by which I can send my letters, as you do yours? Are there no return packages in which I can smuggle them free?

Mr. Bates is here and the people do him sufficient homage. Tom Ward gives him a party tomorrow evening.

Very truly and affectionately yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

During this year Longfellow's failing health led him to petition the faculty of Harvard for leave of absence to go abroad. An excerpt from a letter dated November 10, 1841, mentioning the proposed trip, contains an interesting reference to his second volume of poems, and to his translation in hexameter of "Natt-

vardsbarnen" ("The Children of the Lord's Supper"). It would seem that he came near giving up the poem owing to his diffidence about the unusual metre.

It seems best, however, not to go before May; as by remaining until then I can finish my Course of Lectures for the Spring term; and go with a lighter heart. The secret is a secret still.

I send you by Harnden a Volume of Poems by Motherwell, of very great and distinguished power; though in parts rather *unruly*. "The Battle Flag of Sigurd" is a noble production. It is just from the press; edited by Dr. Cole, of Baltimore; now surgeon at the Navy Yard, Charlestown.

My volume will be out in a few days. You are very good to offer a Review. Pray don't wait for the book; you know it by heart already; all except Nattvardsbarnen (The Children of the Lord's Supper), and though that is all in type I think I shall suppress it, for the present, at least, if not forever. There have been such desperate failures in English Hexameters, and by such men as Sir Philip Sidney, and Robert Southey, that I begin to look wild, like a horse without blinkers. The translation is imperfect in melody. It wants revision. I must let the profits of my book go to pay the *pots cassés*, and suppress this part of it;—murder the Children in the Tower; they will rise again hereafter. Besides, there is some pleasure in having your own way,—*and paying for it*; you feel sure then that it *is your own*. . . . There is a book of voyages in press here by Richard Cleveland, (our Cleveland's father) which for wild adventure bids fair to rival Robinson Crusoe. I have looked over a few pages of it with great delight.

(Very bad) Conundrum. Why is *Nagel* like a *Nagelkäfer?*
Answer. Because he is a *hum-bug*.

(Much worse) Another. Why is *Herwig* no *true* musician?
Answer. Because he is only *false 'air* (hair).

P. S. What is the price of the illustrated Nibelungen Lied?

Cleveland & Felton "*The haters of horses*" dine with me to-day. We will drink your health in a deluge of water.

In the upper left-hand corner of a letter dated Craigie House, November 30, 1841, are these words:

"If you have room in your trunk, put into it that *rowdy* portrait of me, which you have in oils."

This reminds the reader of Longfellow's extraordinary love for various and rather bright colors in his clothes; a characteristic very noticeable during the early years of his professorship, but modified by time. His students at Harvard wrote a song about this, and were wont to chant it to a popular tune. The verses are to be found among the Chronicles of the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, but this sample stanza serves to illustrate the point.

Just twig the Professor dressed out in his best,
Yellow kids and buff gaiters, green breeches, blue vest;
With hat on one whisker
And an air that says go it!
Look here! the Great North American poet.

Besides a reference to dress, the letter gives a vivid description of stage-coach travel in New England, and throws light on the Postal Service at a time when it took eight days for a letter to reach Boston from New York. It is important also, because of the reference to Wesselhoeft's German translations of Longfellow's poems, and because of the reference to "The Children of the Lord's Supper."

CRAIGIE HOUSE, Nov. 30, 1841.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have just returned from Portland, where I had the satisfaction of receiving your charming domestic Novel of "Write like the Devil" Chapter X. I did not write you, as you requested, on account of the inconveniences attending the operation, and the little leisure I had. Besides which, I expected to be back sooner; and consequently to have dated this, Nov. 28 and not Nov. 30. Enough; he who excuses himself, accuses himself.

I came back from Portland in the stage-coach, eleven inside, including two babies and a fat boy, who amused himself by eating chestnuts, crying, fighting, kicking, and finally discharging the aforesaid chestnuts from their stomachic repository upon my cloak. After this, upon the consideration of his having made such great exertions to entertain the company, he was pensioned off with a corner in the coach, and suffered to sleep on his laurels. In fine, the journey was long and tedious. On reaching home I found yours of Sunday 22;—received a

week and a day after it was written. This reminds me of the oft-complained-of delay between Cambridge and New York. I have made representations thereof, through a third person, to the Boston Post-master who promises reform, which you might easily introduce into King's Paper;—namely that of separating the Book-sellers' advertisements from the rest, and giving them a fixed place in a corner. At present one has to look through the whole paper to find the lists of new books. And what a medley!—For example, in the last No. of the *American*;—

"American Harp—India-Rubber—Guizot's Eloise and Abelard Sharp's Liniment, partly in verse,

"What angel, O Sharp! inspired thee to invent
Thy wondrous pain-killing Cerates and liniment!"

Gems for Travellers—Railroad Iron—Westphalia Ham, Cook wanted—Illustrated and Standard Works—Pitch, 150 barrels superior—(Das ist Pech!) and so on to any amount. . . .

Among the books advertised are two I want you to bring me when you come next Friday;—"Chorayzin," by D. E. Ford; and "The Neutral French,"—by Mrs. Williams; both published by Dodd, Brick Church Chapel opposite City Hall—Into your other pocket put Mönchwesen.

Lieber made a good speculation by translating the *Conversations Lexicon;* why would it not be a good plan for Gräeter to translate the Continuation of it now publishing in Germany, containing the Present, living Authors, &c. I think he might do it to advantage. Or why not set him to work upon Palestrina? if you abandon it.—Then follows a secret.

Wesselhoeft has translated *Monaldi* into German, to be published by Blackhaus, Leipzig. He has also translated some of my poems; as for instance, "Footsteps of Angels," under the title of *Es gehen Engel durch das Zimmer*, the beautiful Proverb. You shall see it when you come; as likewise "The Children"; upon reading which you will acknowledge that I am very pious—on paper. I have concluded to print it—having gone so far.

Don't forget that you are coming here on Friday or Saturday—make it Friday, if possible.

Yours evermore,
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The next letter that I shall cite is one written after a visit to the Perkins Institution for the Blind. The Misses Ward were passing the summer at a cottage in Dorchester, and it was upon this occasion that the eldest, Julia, met her future husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, for the first time. Longfellow and Charles Sumner drove the sisters to see Laura Bridgman, the first blind deaf-mute who was ever taught the use of language. Mrs. Howe has described this visit in her "Reminiscences" (published in the *Atlantic*, some ten years ago). On looking out of a window at the Institution "I beheld a noble rider on a noble steed." Dr. Howe, who was a fine horseman, mischievously remarked as Miss Ward was about to drive away with the poet, in a buggy, "Longfellow, I see your horse has been down."

The Halleck mentioned in this letter is Fitz-Greene Halleck, at that time a popular poet.

CAMBRIDGE, July 7, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your welcome letter of the 2nd reached me on Saturday, on my return from a drive to South Boston with your sisters. We had been to see the Institution for the Blind. They seemed much pleased with the visit; and I rejoiced in their enjoyment. They all seem very well;—inhaling the cool New England, native air;—for you are all of you New Englanders. I told them I should write you on Sunday; but I was prevented from putting my threat into execution by company.

I had the pleasure of seeing Halleck at breakfast with me on Monday, with Sumner, Felton, &c. I did not know he was in these regions until Sunday evening. He is a glorious fellow certainly. He staid too short a time here;—merely long enough to shake a few friends by the hand, and then off again. This is not right.

How can you show a man any civilities, if he will not stay long enough to receive them?

We have had a little uproar in College, but all is again quiet. The honors of the Institution will be distributed in a few days;—I mean the performances for Commencement. Hoffman, of your city, and a fine fellow by the way, carries off one of the first parts.

Much obliged for the *American*, which is very welcome. It serves as a kind of link between me and you, through which the electric spark may pass daily. If two lovers gaze at the same moon, at the same hour, *by appointment*, why may not two friends read the same Newspaper &c.—I take it for granted that those Letters from England are by Armstrong. I think

them excellent; and trust they are to be continued. I have *not* bought a copy of Stephens' Book; and if you have a spare one, I shall not refuse it. In the same package (or trunk) put the long-promised

1. Ritterwesen!
2. Mönchwesen!

You cannot forget this time.

Who are the writers in the July No. of the New York *Review*? It has not yet reached Cambridge, but I see the Contents in the *American*. It looks like an interesting No. The writers in the *Old North* are Art. 1. Francis Bowen.—2. Chs. Adams.—3. Lieut. Davis.—4. (Good) Francis Bowen.—5. Hillard.—6. D. Colman (*not Sammy*).—7. Dr. Frothingham.—8. Prof. Emerson (to me an unknown quantity = x).—9, Capt. Whiting, who once wrote a poem called *Ontwa*.

When shall I have your bed made at Head-Quarters? Julia* pretended that you are to stay with them at Dorchester; but I corrected that error. Come soon, Patroclus, and we will fight for your body. My vacation has commenced; and I am tugging at the painter, like a boat when the wind and tide are rising.

Most affectionately yours,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the summer Longfellow visited Portland again, but usually he spent the vacation months at Nahant. As will be seen from the letter given below, he found it difficult to write that summer. The refusal to recite a poem in New York was typical of his rather retiring disposition as is his description of the sister of G. P. R. James the novelist, a woman who seems to have been somewhat of an Ancient Mariner.

PORTLAND, August 5, 1841.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have just received your note of Aug. 3, payable at sight; and after the first pleasing emotions at seeing your hand-writing have subsided, what emotions do you suppose take their place?—Fear, apprehension,—despair; lest in your letter to Kach you forgot to write in large letters "*Johannisberger 1834*." I have an awful presentiment, that by some demoniac shuffling of the cards (corks) it will turn out "*Rudesheimer*"; which will be equal to 500 bottles pure vinegar. Don't be angry. I only say this to vex you. When it arrives we will have a *Symposium*, and drain that green Luck of Edenhall which stands on your mantel. *Hoch! Es lebe die Rosamunda!*

*Mr. Samuel Ward's sister, now Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

If you found my chambers Paradise why did you stay so short a while? For my part, when I think of it, I wonder we did not prolong a pleasure, which occurs so seldom. To me it was delightful. It was almost like travelling. We were free from care; almost joyous; the sunshine only subdued and broken by some long, sharp shadows from the Past. Come again, soon, dear Sam; and if possible I will run on and pass a couple of days with you before the vacation closes, in your *Purgatorio!* (What? please repeat that last word.) If I come, will you consent to pass a Sunday at Katskill instead of going up to Red Hook? I have not yet seen that glorious landscape.

I have just been asked if I would deliver a Poem in New York before the New England Society, to which I have said No. You who know my plans and ways of thinking will not be surprised at this.

I have been here already one week; and shall remain two more. Then to Nahant for a day or so. I cannot work. My brain is asleep; and the best thing I can do (next to mending this pen) is not to fash myself about it, but consider it as so much ammunition saved for more vigorous operations in Autumn.

There is a sister of *James* the Novelist now residing here. I dined with her a few days ago. She is a woman of very decided talent, great vivacity, and easy manners. But what think you? After dinner by way of *chasse-cousin* (there was no coffee) she read me her own poetry for two hours; then a prose-tragedy in three acts;—and began another in five. At the end of the first Act, (excuse the vulgarism) I *bolted*.

I beg you to write me soon. My days here pass slowly, and solitary. With kind regards to Mersch, Cogswell, and the good Doctor.

Yours very truly,
H. W. L.

P. S. The books may be sent to Cambridge at yr convenience.

Although Longfellow was now well known, his poems did not bring him very substantial returns, and some publishers did not pay him at all. He asked Mr. Ward's help with the recalcitrant Colman, drawing pictures of a gimlet, to show his regret at thus boring his friend. Caricatures and parodies especially displeased him, as will be seen from the closing sentences of this letter.

Der Tod ist die Kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag!
Es dunkelt schon;—mich schläfert;—
Der Tod hat mich müde gemacht.

Dearly beloved brother, you will find this text recorded in the Gospel according to Heinrich Heine, first volume, second page. And again, in another chapter, these words:

Ich hab' im Traum' geweinet;
Mir träumts, du lägest im Grab!
Ich wachte auf und die Thräne
Floss nach von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum' geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich;
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

MY DEAR SAM,

Your two last letters lie still unanswered; —the one witty the other sad—the one a light, the other a shadow; but the shadow is more beautiful than the light. What a frantic old *Rabelais* the Plutosopher has become, to jest so upon such a theme! But at times the river of life must rush through *such* wild *Lurley Felsen* also, with mad whirlpools and loud, demoniac laughter! $(x-y=\frac{\text{Carlyle.}}{2})$

I had two or three very pleasant interviews with Marion,* during his short stay in Boston. From what he says, you seem really to have thought in good earnest of the plan of a Geneseo Farm. You must look *twice* before you leap there. You ask my opinion; but of course I cannot give it without knowing more about your private affairs than I now do.

Pray send me Ritterwesen and Mönchwesen by earliest opportunity. Why did you not slip them into Marion's trunk, O most forgetful of men?—If you can find at any of your book-sellers the edition of Molière, by S. Aimé-Martin, forming part of the Bib. d'auteurs Classiques, have the goodness to buy it for me, and send it by Harnden. I cannot get it here; and it is incomparably the best edition I have ever seen, on account of its notes. Let me know in your next, whether it can be had in N. Y.

Did you think to pay my bill for Arcturus? If not, I beg you to do so, as I am in doubt about it, and do not want to pay the Boston agent, for fear of paying twice. This, and the Molière shall be instantly repaid to your order. And while I am in this business paragraph, I will ask some information about that Colman. Can I rely on getting anything from him before January next?

Excuse this Bore.†

I will not close this letter yet; for I imagine I shall find a note or a newspaper at the Office, when I go down. By the way, I have arrived at the honor of a caricature, in a newspaper. "Illustrative of Longfellow's 'Voices of the Night'" —A tall, desperate looking individual, with wild hair and eyes;—hat knocked off by branch of a dead tree,—rushing through a dismal swamp at night,—a heavy mist everywhere about,—dim woods in the background,—frogs and owls, &c. I will send it to you, as soon as I get another,—very coarse and poor.

Half-past-one o'clock, and no letter. I have however a copy of the "Voices," which I send by today's mail. Show it to Dr. Francis.

In haste,
Very truly yours,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Monday, Sept. 6, 1841.

P. S. Do take the trouble to see Colman and appeal to his sense of Justice—or shame.

P. S. continued. "Der flüchtige Vorsatz wird nie eingehalten, geht nicht die That gleich mit." Goethe, and *of course* not to be doubted! I have a right to say this to you; for three weeks ago you asked me to translate Nalth——, and I have done it. Two years ago, I urged you to translate *Palestrina* and——you know the rest.

If you have the second part of Munde's book, please send it. Also Richter's "Versuch einer Wissenschaftlichen Begründung des Wasserheilkund."

As has been already stated, Samuel Ward was particularly active in helping his friend find publishers for his poems, a favor which later in life, Longfellow often repaid in kind. The next letter is full of references to the poet's work in 1841, but it is particularly valuable because of the allusion to "Ballad Hints." Shortly before he wrote this, he had received a letter from Ward, urging him to write a ballad about the spectre-ship, in Cotton Mather's "Magnalia." As will be seen, Longfellow at first refused this hint, but later on wrote the well-known "Wreck of the *Hesperus*" a poem founded on an actual occurrence but reminiscent of Ward's letter.

The few sentences of the postscript are more significant and tell more about Longfellow's goodness of heart than reams of criticism could do.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 14, 1841.

Blind Bartimeus I have sent as a Christmas Present to Duykinck, because I like him, and his Arcturus. The Greek—those musical sweet organ-stops at the close of each stanza,—may however pre-

* Francis Marion Ward, brother of Mr. Ward and Mrs. Howe.

† Here follows a picture of a gimlet.

vent him from *performing* the piece; that is, publishing it.

I am rejoiced at Sparks' warm welcome in New York. Your notice of his first Lecture I had already sent to Mrs. Sparks, before your letter and paper arrived. I called to see her yesterday, and informed her of the authorship of the article, whereupon she expressed herself duly grateful. Please inform General Washington, that "Dear Patsy" is in good health and spirits..

Thanks for your *Ballad Hints*, which reached me last evening. I fear, however, that I shall not be able to make use of them. The wild legend from Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* (by the way, how could you suspect a New Englander to be so ignorant of that book?) has been used by Irving as a Tale, and a Ballad has been written on the subject by Professor Upham of Bowdoin College. As to the Newport ship, the same thing happened on the shores of Marblehead, with an additional horror; namely in the cabin of the "Deserted Ship," on a table was a coffin, with a corpse in it. And a few evenings ago I read an English Ballad on a ship in the Bay of Biscay, floating about at the will of the wind, with a dead crew!—I never loved the horrible, and am not *Monk-Lewis-y* enough to write upon these themes.

Have you read Monaldi?

Munde's book on the water-cure I have never seen. It is very dull and poorly written. You would rather go through the *Cure* itself than his description of it. The other work by Hirschell I shall be much pleased to see.—*Palestrina* came safely.

In answer to your kind inquiries after my health, what shall I say? I think there is no immediate danger of my entering "the Green Gate of Paradise";—but I am all unstrung, eating only bread and meat, —which, all things considered, one may content one's-self withal. Not a glass of wine—not a drop of coffee—not a whiff of tobacco. No agile limbs like yours,—no slapping stalwart health, like Sumner, but a meek, Moses-like state of being, not without its charms. This reminds me that Dr. Palfrey has discovered, that the Hebrew word usually translated *meek* in connection with Moses, does not mean *meek*, but *miserable*; and we should read "Now Moses was the most miserable of men";—which makes much better sense, than the old reading.

Into your next package put *Mönchwesen*, or bring it with you—that is better.

But don't let me deter you from coming out at your earliest leisure; always excepting Thanksgiving week when I shall be away. Come of a Friday, so as to reach Cambridge Saturday morning by the *Homby*, without the trouble of stopping at Tremont house. I am sorry that you ever promised Ticknor; for I want my roof to shelter you whenever you are within sight of it. Come as soon as you can; and meantime write like the very Devil.

Yours truly,
H. W. L.

P. S. If O'Sullivan does not like God's Acre, pray send it to Clark. I suppose he is hard-beset for money. Let him have it, for old acquaintance' sake, and the love of our *Kind*. I have not the heart to press him.

An excerpt from a letter dated Cambridge, December 26, 1841 gives a merry description of a dinner at Professor Ticknor's house, and contains an allusion to the Water-Cure at Marienberg, whither Longfellow went the following Spring (1842). With that voyage ended his earliest successful literary period, as it may be termed, hence this letter is a good one with which to conclude this chapter.

. . . The second edition of the *Ballads* is out. It looks better than the first, the paper being smoother, and the whole getting up neater. The large paper edition will be ready during the week; and then you shall have a New Year's present.

I dined yesterday with the Ticknors, Lord Morpeth, Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Frank Gray and Sumner being the other guests. It was a pleasant Christmas dinner. His Lordship wore that flaming red waistcoat you wot of ("quite jolly") and was gay as a lark. So was Prescott. His Lordship told us he was to dine with you on Tuesday; and I sent my *regards* by him. By the way, you have made a conquest of Mrs. Ticknor. She says there is no resisting your *winning ways*, from which I infer, *that all your cards are trumps*.

Frank Gray amused me with an account of his *Wassercur* experiences in Marienberg, near Boppart, the very place I had fixed upon for my summer residence.

I hope you continue to like *Maidenhood*. Sumner says "I do not like that piece!"—To me it is one of the best. I have not yet got the key to his taste. He rejects Motherwell with a sneer, and praises Milnes, for which Ticknor laughs in his face.

Yours affectionately,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Write to the care of Com'der Wadsworth, my much beloved uncle, with whom I trust one of these days to sail up the Nile.

Kind regards to all yr. family. If my finger were warmer I should write better.

Truly yours,
LONGFELLOW.

(*To be concluded*)

THE HALF-BROTHERS*

By MAURICE HEWLETT

II

An end of such exploits on his part, my master Sir John Hawkwood came home to Milan and saw the Lord Bernabò every day. "My Lord," said he, "you shall not blame me that affairs have gone counter. I and my company have done our best, but I cannot drive sheep without a dog. Now, your Milanese are sheep, my Lord, and the dog is kennelled in Venice; at Castelfranco you shall find him."

"I will buy this Venetian dog for you, John," says Bernabò, "if you will fetch him home."

"That I can do, my Lord," says Sir John.

"As how?" asks Lord Bernabò.

"Report has it," said Sir John, my master, "that the young wolf Costanza has set his heart upon a lamb of your fold. You must throw him a sop if you want him."

"Where is the lamb? Where is the sop?" cried Lord Bernabò.

Sir John told him that Donna Emilia was the price. "And a good price too," says Bernabò, who had fancied her himself — in all honor, mind you. However, he agreed with my master, because necessity was outside the door.

Now, the term of this was set that Sir John should win over Matteo Costanza by means of Donna Emilia. Well and good. There was a truce of forty days declared, in which time my master sought out his man and opened the matter. "By God, I will say nothing to it," said Matteo, "I will have her with clean hands," says he. "What might that mean?" asked him Sir John. "Why," says Matteo, "I have slain her brother in a fair fight, and I fear that her father may take it amiss. Now I will either have her from him by arms, or from his open hands—one or the other; but not by purchase from that thief of Milan, your master."

"Well," said Sir John, "if I cannot move you——"

"You might as easily move Monte Rosa," says Matteo Costanza. What! But a fine young man, I call him.

My master Sir John rode away from Castelfranco all in a pother; but he must needs report to my Lord Bernabò. "Let me have speech with my friend Visdomini." Now, old Visdomini, much as he loved his blood, loved his country more. "Milan has had my life in her hand long enough, and my father's life, and my son's. My Lord, you shall have my daughter's since you need it. Give her to young Costanza, if it must be; but let Milan prevail. Amen!" So he said, and Bernabò Visconti departed very well pleased.

Thus they won over Matteo Costanza to sell his nation and his master for the sake of a girl's meek smile. But there was mighty little smiling in the Church of Sant' Onofrio, I promise you, when Emilia went to be comforted, and Luca Costanza to give comfort.

By this time Donna Emilia needed more comfort than Luca had to spare, who wanted a deal himself. "Here is my brother coming for his wife," thought he, "to find her as good as wife already, and better than many

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wives are. Lord my Saviour, what shall I do?" The truth was that Matteo, when he came, must find her the mother of a boy. There was no getting out of that; and here you see the pretty quandary in which our Luca saw himself. The girl was his altogether at that season, adoring in him the father of her child. By that only she was strong to face Matteo himself, whose image, much as she feared it by habit, was now grown blurred and faint, washed out (maybe) by Luca's love-balsams. So when she heard of what had been devised, how Matteo was to come in and help Milan, how his price was herself, and the seller her father—she laughed comfortably, and put up her face for Luca to kiss it.

"Too late, too late, this poor Matteo!" she said: and "Too late, indeed," said Luca.

But he kissed her face, turning over in his mind how he could get out of the quag in which he was stuck.

"What shall you say to your father, chuck?" asks he; and she says that she will excuse herself from this marriage. "Never do that, my soul!" cries Master Luca; "but agree, agree; and leave me to find a way out." She laughed.

"You little know Matteo Costanza," she says, "if you think him satisfied with agreement."

"Let me deal with him, for all that," says Luca.

"No, no, my King-Cupid," cried she. "He is a good knight. I will tell him the truth and ask his pardon. That is the way of honor."

"It is the way of death, Emilia," says Luca, very white.

"Fear not for me, dear love," says Emilia.

"I do not," says Luca, "but by my soul, I fear for myself."

She looked strangely at him, not perceiving all his drift. "Heaven and earth!" says she—and no more. Then Luca told her, what she had never known before, that Matteo was his brother of the half-blood; and she reeled where she stood. He went on to use those wits which he had in abundance, and those welling founts of tears. He knelt, he clasped, he humbled himself, dropping tears like thunder-showers all the time. He was (said he) a villain, a black thief, a white thief, a Judas, a Pontius Pilate, a miserable, aching, groaning, longing lover. He was a father who could never look his child in the face, he was a lover whose mistress would bid him to death—and God knew, he said, how willingly he would go to death for her sake: but I say that God knew nothing of the sort. In truth, he threw himself so far below her that Emilia, who had a soft heart, was closely touched, and spent herself to raise him up again, if it might be only a part of the way. She could not find it in her breast to condemn a man who had done all these villainies for the sake of her love. A coward she knew him, but he loved her; a coward he was, but she loved him. What she agreed to do was this, in the end. She would confess to Matteo the bitter truth, but would cast no paternity on Luca. Luca swore her, with a hand on the five crosses on the alter slab, one touched after another; and had to be content with that. So they waited, miserable sinners that they were, with love turned sour in their mouths; and the child was born before ever Matteo came to Milan.

He came in his time, and rode in by the Gate of the Sun, like a young Roman Consul come to view his province. Messer Bernabò, with his brothers and his base-brothers, met him at the Castle; they made as much of him as he would allow, but this was very little: Matteo had a short way. He signed the treaties, he sold himself with few words spoken; then says he, turning curtly on Messer Bernabò, "Let me see Pierfrancesco Visdomini and Madonna Emilia." This was done. When he saw old Pierfrancesco he knelt down on the flags and kissed his foot—the first time in his life he had condescended to any but his Saviour, you may well believe. "Get up, Costanza," says Visdomini. "Not so, Sir," he replies, "till I have your forgiveness."

Old Visdomini sat down. "Tell me the truth from the beginning," he says, "and I shall believe you." Kneeling where he was Matteo tells him the tale. At the end Pierfrancesco freely forgives him and bestows, with an open heart, his daughter upon the slayer of his son. "Now," says Matteo, leaping to his feet, "let me have the price of my renunciation." They take him in to Emilia; and whether she held her mad heart or not, whether her lips were grey, whether there was panic-fear alight in her blank eyes, whether she was cold-footed, hot-headed, dizzy, and sick to death—I leave you to judge.

"My love, my love, I have come!" he says, gulping.

"Alas," says she in a whisper.

"I see my glorious Saint!" he cries.

She says, "You see ruin," and fell to his feet, and held to them fast.

This he could not allow, so stooped to raise her. Together they tussled on the floor, she to stay where she was he to lift her up. So as they strove together he felt a new master and she a new more dreadful fear. Up she got and fled to the wall; he followed after, lowering and angry by now.

"What does this mean, my love?" says he, panting.

"O misery, misery, my ruin!" says she. He knew it all by now, and she saw him blind and possessed, fumbling for his dagger. She runs to him with her vest pulled open, her white bosom bare. "Kill, kill, kill!" she cries, and awaits the red harvest. But Matteo covered his eyes. "O God, a mother's breast!" he said, and shuddered like a man in fever. The holiness of her estate saved her for worse things. Matteo was till then an honest man. But here is a sorrowful pass for a young lover, whose only fault was the vehemence of his love.

Now, this poor Emilia, also, so far as she could be, was an honest woman. When she saw that Matteo meant murder still, though not of her, no fury nor grim silence of his could drag out of her the name of her undoer. Her spirit was as great by now as is that of any mothering thing in the world. Set dogs to worry a lambing ewe, or a littering cat, or a broody bird: the piety of the blessed creature outvails the lust of the foe. So here. Emilia, a double mother, defended her babe, and her babe's father. Matteo left her with these words. "You are mine. I have bought you with the price of treachery. I will never let you go. This is your punishment and mine, that I shall see you every hour of the day and know myself fool and knave, and you shall see me, and read in my face what indeed you are. Stay you here till I come for you."

He went out to seek his twittering brother, and when he found him the strong sluices wherewith he had dammed up his sorrow were cast down, and the floods leaped out. Matteo fell weeping upon Luca's neck, and so remained long time. But Luca could have laughed and chirped for thankfulness.

"Oh, brother," says Matteo, with terrible sobs which shook him to pieces, "Oh, brother, could you not have saved her for me?"

"Alas," says Master Luca, "I should have saved her if I could."

"I know it well," says Matteo, "but not even a brother's lôve can keep wretched women from folly and sin."

"That is so indeed, brother," says Luca, very demure. Then Matteo's eyes began to burn.

"I conjure you, Luca, by our father's good name, tell me who was the thief of my honor," he says; and Luca fenced with him.

"I know not—indeed, I know not," says he. Matteo looked at him.

"Where have your eyes been, brother, all this while?" he asks him. Luca began to stammer, confused.

"I see," says Matteo, "that you do know his name, but will not tell it. I think you may have a reason for that. I think so, indeed." It was not that he began to sniff at his brother's real offence: but it was so that Luca thought he had. That gave him a rare fright.

"Oh, Matteo," he said quaking, "this is a wicked Court, where the

greatest in authority find the greatest scope for sin!"

"Proceed," said Matteo.

"Alack," cried Luca, "must I bear witness against my neighbor?"

"There is no reason against it," says Matteo, stern as death. "The Scripture saith, Thou shalt not bear false witness. Look to it that you do not."

"I dare not do it, I dare not speak—I fear the power of Milan!" So said Luca in a sweat of fear. He saw murder in Matteo's bright eyes.

"Fear nothing, Luca," says Matteo, with his dagger free, "fear nothing, Luca, but God and me." Luca caught his breath. "So," says Matteo, "you will not? Then prepare yourself." Luca sees the bare knife and shrieks for fear. He falls on his knees—"Mercy, have mercy, Matteo!" he whines. "I will tell thee what to do."

"Tell then," says Matteo.

"Go ask in Milan whether the Lord of Milan loved not his wife's maid. Ask what he gave, and what called her." Matteo went out to ask. Now, it was true enough, as I have told you, that Messer Bernabò had fancied Donna Emilia; also, that he had given her a belt of gold and enamel of Limoges, and called her, because of her meek beauty, La Madonnetta, which means Lady-kin.

All this Matteo gathered in Milan as easily as boys get nuts in October. He read it ten times worse than it was, because of his own inflammation; he read all the shameful fact into Messer Bernabò's heart which, as you know, lay nearer home. Monstrously he did, and like a madman; for by this time he was both mad and a monster. Emilia he took and Emilia's child, and sent them with Luca out of Milan under escort to Castelfranco. He himself, then, with certain hired assassins of his choosing, attacked Messer Bernabò at the coming out of church one morning and stabbed him deep between the shoulders. Three times he stabbed: "This for Emilia; this for Venice; this for Costanza!" were his words as each time the knife went to work. He just failed of killing his man; but did fail, and so drew down all the enmity of Venice, which might else have pardoned his first treachery for the sake of his second. In the frenzy that followed he hacked a way for himself out of Milan, and gained the open country. They pursued him, but he had their heels and gained his walled town. There he had space to breathe for a little, but not very much.

I think he knew that his hour was at hand; it had been odd if he did not. All Italy was his enemy, within doors and without. The Milanese hated him because he had stabbed their tyrant, the Venetians because he had stabbed not deep enough. This brought Venice and Milan together; wise men make profit out of the vagaries of fools. Luca hated him because he feared him, and Emilia hated Luca. Within that strong house of Castelfranco all sat hushed in their hatred and fear of one another under the shadow of Death's wings. They tell me—those who escaped—that from dawn to dusk, day after day, no soul spoke a word to another, though they lived in the common hall and ate at the common table. Whether Matteo had by now suspicion of Luca, I cannot tell you. If he had none, why did he never speak with him? He let none be seen at any rate; but Luca eyed him about wherever he went, dreading a knife in the back; and as for Emilia, she would not suffer either brother near the child. I suppose Matteo must have guessed fire from this kind of smoke.

Now here I make an end of my tale, and in this manner. The Venetian Admiral led a great force up against Castelfranco and besieged it so close that soon there was nothing to eat. That silent company of wretches, on a day, sat down to their board with never a crumb of food upon it. All the noise in the house was of Emilia's child wailing for milk, which she could not give him, yet dared not ask of Matteo. Nor could she pray him by ancient love that the siege might end; but Heaven's

love is more ancient than all, and by Heaven's mercy it did end. Venice and Milan accorded; so in the trenches about the walls stalked Messer Bernabò Visconti and the Duke of Venice, with my master Sir John for their common friend.

One night we mined the eastern gate and got in under cover of dark. There was fighting in the streets, one or two houses fired; the fire caught, and ringed the citadel with flame. Soon we got the doors of that stronghold down, and broke through, Messer Bernabò, the Venetian Admiral, Sir John Hawkwood, and your servant, with others. By the light of the fires without we saw our man at bay in his hall. He had the tressle-tables thrown up like breastworks, himself behind; and behind him again Emilia white as a ghost, her child in her arms, and Luca the friar, rigid with the sickness of awful fear. We who came in stopped at the barriers to see what were best to do; for we wished no violence to the poor girl, nor had any grudge (so far as we knew) against the friar.

"Are you come, Lord Bernabò, for your minion?" says Matteo, grim and cold.

"I am come, Master, for you," says my Lord.

"Me you shall have in good time," says Matteo again, "and make your pleasure my carcase. But if you want her whom you have made shameful, you shall come and fetch her."

"I have nothing to do with your wife, fellow," says my Lord.

"She is not my wife, dog, thanks to you!" Matteo thundered, and turned to the girl. "Emilia," says he, "art thou mine or his? Art thou mine or another's?" Her lips moved, but not her eyes.

"Thine, O Matteo," she said in a voice like the wind in dry reeds.

"Mine to dispose?" says he.

"Yes," says she. He laughed aloud —but dreadfully.

"Thus then I dispose of mine own thing. Look you, Bernabò" he said, and stabbed her deep in the heart.

We all fell back at the horrid deed: we who had seen so many, and done them too, by my soul! So then the frantic wretch snatches up the child and takes a step forward.

"I have used my way with my own," says he. "Now, Bernabò, use yours with what is yours"—and he would have thrown the child over the tables to my Lord. But Luca Costanza shrieked and made to take it from him, and Messer Bernabò gave a great horse-laugh. Matteo saw the whole truth at last, and turning madly, cut his brother down. Luca fell without a sound, and lay still; we leaped the tables. Matteo died fighting like a beast embayed. Twenty wounds were found in the front of his body, all of my own counting, and some few of my own dealing, if the truth is to be told in this company.

So died, good friends, the right line of this honorable fighting house of Costanza, doomed (as it seems) from the beginning. So also died that other house, which loved or hated Costanza as war or peace was abroad. For Costanza had slain both Visdomini's children, and Visdomini's children had cursed Costanza. Here you have a circle of misfortune; and whose the beginning or whose the first fault, let prophets and philosophers determine. This I know, that if the right line of Costanza died out, the left line held on. The child of Luca Costanza and Emilia Visdomini was put in possession of the fief, and grew to live and flourish and fight battles for Venice, and for all I know against it he lives and fights them to this hour.

That is the tale, [said Salomon Brazenhead,] which I singled out in Italy, when I served there under Sir John Hawkwood, that tailor's boy who became a great captain. Go to, I make an end.

By the Lord, Sir, [said Captain Richard Smith,] I am not sorry for it.

But no one else said anything at all.

THE END

A DEFENCE OF MAGIC

By EVELYN UNDERHILL

THE gradual debasement of the verbal currency results in many regrettable misconceptions. Of these perhaps none provides so constant an irritant for the student of mysticism as the loss of the true meaning of the word *Magic*. Magic, in the vulgar tongue, means the art practised by Mr. Maskelyne. The shelf which is devoted to its literature in the London Library contains many useful works on sleight of hand and parlor tricks. It has dragged with it in its fall the terrific verb "to conjure," which, forgetting that it once compelled the spirits of men and angels, is now content to produce rabbits from top hats.

Yet the real significance of these words should hardly be lost in a Christian country; for Magic is the science of those Magi whose quest of the symbolic Blazing Star brought them to the cradle of the incarnate God. This science does not consist in the production of marvels. Its true adepts have always condemned necromancy, fortune-telling and other devices for the astonishment of the crowd. It is a living and serious philosophy, descended from immemorial antiquity, and never failing of initiates, who have handed down to the present day its secret wisdom, symbols and speculations.

There was a schoolmaster who said to his construing class, "Remember that the Latin poets did not invariably write nonsense." So it seems necessary to remind the present generation, weighed down as we are by a sense of our own perspicacity, that the occult philosophers, from Empedocles to Paracelsus, were great personalities, who exercised a commanding influence over the minds with which they came in contact. Throughout the long and tangled history of "the science of the Charlatan," discerning students may perceive a thread of gold, never lost though often concealed, which links the hidden wisdom of the ancient with the profoundest speculations of the modern school. This thread is the true "tradition of magic," originating in the East, formulated and preserved in the religion of Egypt. In Gnosticism, in the Hebrew Kaballah, in much of the ceremonial of the Christian religion, and finally in secret associations which still exist in most European countries, the "thread of gold" has wandered down the centuries. These things have kept alive, if not intact, a philosophy which, like religion, has always been misunderstood by the unworthy majority, but remains a source of illumination to the few. It is this philosophy which I propose to defend; and because the quaint, fine trappings of "forgotten, far-off things" are apt to offer careless readers the picturesqueness of cloak and feathers instead of the living organism which these things clothe, I will examine it first as exhibited in the writings and in the experience of an eminently sane French philosopher of the nineteenth century. This writer found in the magical tradition, rehandled in the terms of modern thought, an adequate theory of the universe and rule of practical life. He thus forms a link between our time and that

of his teachers, the Kaballists and Hermetic philosophers of the Middle Ages.

Alphonse Louis Constant, well known under his fantastic pseudonym of Éliphas Lévi, was born in France about the year 1810. He was a shoemaker's son; but his unusual intelligence obtained for him an education at the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, where he received minor orders. Constant's eager mind, at once critical and visionary, could not rest in the arid formularism of the French Catholic theology of his day. He made the inevitable pilgrimage of the youthful individualist from orthodoxy to Voltairian agnosticism, was expelled from Saint Sulpice, and passed under the influence of a political illuminist named Esquiros, who announced himself as an initiate of occult science. Possibly Constant obtained from Esquiros his first introduction to Magic: if this be so, the pupil soon excelled his master. During these *wanderjahre* he made a romantic but unhappy marriage, his wife finally deserting him, to his great grief. It is perhaps not unreasonable to trace a connection between these events and the turning of Éliphas Lévi's mind towards those speculations which afterwards dominated his life.

The date at which he embraced Hermetic philosophy is obscure, but in 1853 he was already skilled in magic, and well known to its serious students. In this year he came to England, and there performed the amazing ceremonial evocation of Apollonius of Tyana, which he describes in his most celebrated work, the "Dogme de la Haute Magie." This extraordinary narrative is like a wizard's tale of the Middle Ages reported by the Society for Psychical Research. Nothing can be more curious than its blend of the mystical, scientific and bizarre—the assignation with an unknown old lady outside Westminster Abbey; the "completely equipped magician's cabinet" which she promptly places at Constant's disposal, with its altars, mirrors, perfumes and pentagrams; the twenty-one days of preparation for the rite. Then the evocation: Constant, crowned with vervain leaves and clothed in a white magician's robe, reciting the antique ritual, and, in a true scientific spirit, checking his own sensations at each point in the ceremony. His attitude at the beginning of the adventure is not that of a mystic seeking transcendental truth; it is that of a victim of intense intellectual curiosity. Nevertheless, the ceremony produced its traditional effect. A phantom appeared, vague at first, but afterwards distinct. Many ordinary spiritualistic phenomena accompanied the evocation: the sense of fear, of intense cold. The hand by which Constant held the magic sword was touched and benumbed from the shoulder, and so remained for many days. At the third evocation he became exhausted, and sank into a condition of coma; but on his awakening he found that the questions he had desired to ask the phantom had answered themselves "within his own mind" during the period of unconsciousness.

Though he refused to acknowledge it probable, or even possible, that he had really evoked and seen the spirit of Apollonius of Tyana, this vision was for Constant a crucial experience, and left behind it marked physical and mental effects. He says:

> Je n'explique pas, par quelles fois physiologiques j'ai vu et touché; j'affirme seulement que j'ai vu et que j'ai touché, que j'ai vu clairement et distinctement, sans rêves, et cela suffit pour croire à l'efficacité réelle des ceremonies magiques. [Again] L'effet de cette expérience sur moi fut quelque chose d'inexplicable. Je n'étais plus le même homme, quelque chose d'un autre monde avait passé en moi; je n'étais plus ni gai, ni triste, mais j'éprouvais un singulier attrait pour la mort, sans être, cependant, aucunement tenté de recourir au suicide. (*Dogme de la Haute Magie*, pp 270, 271.)

Reading this passage, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, owing

perhaps to the ecstasy produced by the perfumes, the ritual, the solitude, acting on an eager imagination, there happened to Constant in the course of this experience one of those sudden uprushes from the subliminal consciousness which underlie the phenomena of conversion. It marks, in all probability, its writer's real, as apart from his merely intellectual, initiation into the spirit of occult philosophy.

It is during the decade 1855 to 1865, corresponding roughly with the period of Éliphas Lévi's literary activity, that we can best observe that mental evolution which is so candidly reflected in his writings. The first part of his great work upon Hermetic science, the "Dogme de la Haute Magie," was issued in 1854, and its sequel, the "Rituel," in 1856. In 1860 appeared the "Histoire de la Magie"; "La Clef des Grands Mystères," which completes the trilogy, following in 1861, and "La Science des Esprits"—a violent condemnation of popular spiritualism—in 1865. During the remainder of his life Constant wrote much, but published nothing. His pupils have, however, issued many of his MSS. and letters since his death in 1875. Hence there is considerable material available for the student who desires to investigate Éliphas Lévi's spiritual pilgrimages.

He died in complete communion with the Catholic Church, from which he had set out in his youth, and to which his subsequent adventures, rightly understood, constituted a gradual and consistent return. He has some claim to be included in the ranks of her great apologists, for his works demonstrate, with uncompromising clearness, the fundamental identity of all religious and philosophic truth with that esoteric mystery which dogmatic Catholicism at once veils and reveals. "Les cultes changent, et la religion est toujours la même," he says in his posthumous "Livre des Splendours."

This sameness, this One, he at last attained; only to be taunted, by those still entangled amongst the Many, with the obvious insincerity of such a reconciliation with the Church. But to the unprejudiced mind this reconciliation appears as the inevitable end, for him, of the journey on which he set out. The spectacle presented to us is that of a man of eager desires and natural intuitions pursuing the one eternal quest by strange paths, but with a passionate sincerity. It matters little what road such adventurers choose; whether they seek the symbolic perfection of the Magnum Opus or the Grand Arcanum of the Cross. The end which these things veil is always one. This truth Constant apprehended. It forms the justification of his philosophy and the coping-stone of his work: a work full of fantasy and not guiltless of perversity, yet, as he proudly proclaims on the title-page of the "Histoire de la Magie," *Opus hierarchicum et catholicum.*

Let us now consider the principles of High Magic as we find them formulated in Éliphas Lévi's works.

Like the world it professes to interpret, Magic has a body with a soul: an external system of words and ceremonies, and an inner doctrine. The external system—which is all that the word Magic connotes for the average man—is hardly attractive to educated minds. It consists of a series of confusing and ridiculous veils: pretended miracles, absurd if literally understood, strange words and numbers, personifications and mystifications, clearly designed for the bewilderment of impatient investigators. Stripped of these archaic mysterymongerings, delightful to the æsthetic sense of the adept, but exasperating to the ignorant inquirer, true Magic rests on two dogmas, neither of which can be dismissed as absurd by respectful admirers of the amazing hypothesis of fashionable psychology and physics. The first dogma affirms the existence of an imponderable medium or "universal agent," beyond the plane of our normal sensual perceptions, which

interpenetrates and binds up the material world. For this medium Lévi borrowed from the Martinists the rather unfortunate name of Astral Light: a term to which the religious rummage-sales of current Theosophy have given a familiarity which treads upon the margin of contempt.

The Astral Light possesses, nevertheless, a respectable ancestry. It is identical with the "ground of the soul of religious mysticism"; with the Azoth which the Spiritual Alchemists call "the First Matter of the Great Work," and with the "Burning Body of the Holy Ghost" of Christian Gnosticism. From it came the Odic Force of old-fashioned spiritualists, and the Vril of Lord Lytton's "Coming Race." According to the doctrine of magic, the Astral Light is a storehouse of forces more powerful than those which we know upon the physical plane. Intensely receptive, it provides that moral and intellectual "atmosphere" of which many are conscious, and also constitutes the "cosmic memory," in which the images of all beings and events are preserved, as they are preserved in the memory of man. On this theory spiritualists, evoking the phantoms of the dead, merely call them up from the recesses of universal instead of individual remembrance. Further, the Astral Light is first cousin to the Ether of Sir Oliver Lodge, and is the vehicle of telepathy, clairvoyance, and all those supra-normal phenomena which science has taken out of the hands of the occultists and renamed "meta-physic." Modern psychology, it is plain, can ill afford to sneer at the first principles of Magic.

Occult philosophy has always proclaimed its knowledge of this medium: postulating it as a scientific fact, susceptible of verification by the trained powers of the initiate. The possessor of such powers, not the wizard or fortune-teller, is the true magician; and it is the first object of occult education, or "initiation," to establish a conscious communion with this supersensual plane of experience, imposing upon its forces the directive force of the will, as easily as we impose that will upon the "material" things of sense.

Hence the second axiom of Magic, which has also a curiously modern air, for it postulates simply the limitless power of such a disciplined will. This dogma has lately been "taken over," without acknowledgment, from occult philosophy, to become the trump card of Christian Science and "New Thought." The ingenious authors of "Volo," "The Will to be Well," and "Just How to Wake your Solar Plexus," have some of the pure gold of the Magi concealed amongst the strange trappings of their faiths.

The first lesson of the would-be magus is self-mastery.

> Au moyen d'une gymnastique persévérante et graduée [says Lévi] les forces et l'agilité du corps se developpent ou se créent dans une proportion qui étonne. Il en est de même des puissances de l'âme. Voulez vous régner sur vous mêmes et sur les autres? Apprenez à vouloir. Comment peut-on apprendre à vouloir? Ici est le premier arcane de l'initiation magique." (*Rituel*, p. 35.)

In essence, then, magical initiation is a traditional form of mental discipline, strengthening and focussing the will, by which those powers which lie below the threshold of ordinary consciousness are liberated, and enabled to report their discoveries to the active and sentient mind. This discipline, like that of the religious life, consists partly in physical austerities and in a deliberate divorce from the world, partly in the cultivation of will-power; but largely in a yielding of the mind to the influence of suggestions which have been selected and accumulated in the course of ages because of their power over that imagination which Éliphas Lévi called "the eye of the soul." There is nothing supernatural about it. It is character-building with an object, conducted upon a heroic scale. In Magic, the uprushes of thought, the abrupt intuitions, which reach us from the subliminal region, are de-

and controlled by rhythms nbols which have become ıal because the experience of s has proved their efficacy. s the truth hidden beneath parently absurd rituals of ion, the doctrines of signs and , pentacles, charms and the is known amongst the Indian who recognise in the Mantra, t and rhythmic formula, an le help to the attainment tic states. It again appears new American "mysticism," necessary starting-point of us meditation. It is the l reason of that need of a iturgy which is felt by nearly organic religion. The true word" or spell is untranslat- cause its power resides only in that outward sense which hended by the intellect, but in the rhythm, which is d to the subliminal mind. Catholic Church choose to edge a law long known to gicians, she has here an ex- n of that instinct which has her to cling so strenuously tin liturgy, whose amazing— ly magic—power would cer- vaporate were it translated e vulgar tongue. Symbols, and other, the many sym- ts which appear meaningless udged by the reason alone, a similar office. Says Lévi:

> ces dispositions de nombres caractères [*i.e.*, sacred words, , ceremonial gestures] ne sont, ous l'avons déjà dit, que des ıts d'éducation pour la volonté, xent et determinent les habitudes. it en outre a rattacher ensemble, tion, toutes les puissances de maine, et à augmenter la force le l'imagination. (*Rituel*, p. 71.)

symbols, therefore, from vo- dles to Solomon's Seal, fall, rn technical language, into ses. The first class con- struments of self-suggestion l-direction. To this belong spells, charms, rituals, perfumes, the magician's vervain wreath and burning ambergris, and the "Youth! Health! Strength" which the student of New Thought repeats when she is brushing her hair in the morning. The second class contains autoscopes —*i.e.*, material objects which focus and express the subconscious perceptions of the operator. The dowser's divining rod, the fortune-teller's cards, the crystal-gazer's ball are characteristic examples.

Both kinds are rendered necessary rather by the disabilities of the human than by the peculiarities of the superhuman plane; and the great adept, like the great saint, may attain heights at which he can entirely dispense with these "outward and visible signs."

These things, now commonplaces of psychology, have been known to students of Magic for countless generations. Those who decry the philosophy because of the absurdity of the symbols should remember that the embraces, gestures, grimaces and other "ritual acts" by which we all concentrate, liberate and express love, wrath and enthusiasm will—when divorced from their inspiring emotions—ill endure a strictly rational examination.

To the two dogmas of the Universal Agent and the power of the will there is to be added a third, that of Analogy, or of implicit correspondence between the seen and unseen worlds. In this, occultism finds the basis of its transcendental speculations. *Quos superius sicut quod inferius*—the first words of that Table of Emerald which ranks as the magician's Table of Stone—is an axiom which must be agreeable to all Platonists. Truly catholic in the breadth of its application, it embraces alike the visible world—which thus becomes the mirror of the invisible—the parables and symbols of religion, and the creations of musicians, painters, poets.

> L'analogie [says Lévi] est le dernier mot de la science et la premier mot de la foi, . . . le seul médiateur possible

entre le visible et l'invisible, entre le fini et l'infini. (*Dogme*, p. 361.)

This vital quality, this illuminating power of analogy, crops up in many unexpected places. It is present of necessity in every perfect work of art. It permeates all the great periods of English literature. Sir Thomas Browne spoke for more than himself when he said, in a well-known passage of the "*Religio Medici*:" "The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric."

Our best critics are at one with the magicians in proclaiming its importance:

"Intuitive perception of the hidden analogies of things," says Hazlitt, in "English Novelists," "or, as it may be called, his instinct of the imagination, is, perhaps, what stamps the character of genius on the productions of art more than any other circumstance."

Comparing these passages with Lévi's already quoted dicta, we perceive that there are several senses in which it may be said that the keys of Magic open doors from the Many to the One.

The general doctrine of Magic may therefore be summed up thus:

a. That an intangible and real Cosmic medium exists, which interpenetrates, influences and supports the tangible and apparent world.

b. That there is an established analogy and equilibrium between this unseen world and the illusory manifestations which we call the world of sense.

c. That this analogy may be discerned and this equilibrium controlled by the disciplined will of man, which thus becomes master of itself, and to a certain degree director of its fate.

I submit that these conclusions cannot be dismissed by any student of idealism as vain and foolish inventions.

The third dogma of Magic, torn from its frame, is now recognised as a factor in religion and therapeutics: our newest theories on these subjects being merely the old Hermetic wine in new bottles. The methods of the magical physician differ in nothing but splendour of ceremonial from those of the modern mental healer.

Toute la puissance du médécin occulte [says Lévi] est dans la conscience de sa volonté, et tout son art consiste à produire la foi dans son malade. (*Rituel*, p 312.)

This simple truth was in the possession of the Magi at the time when Church and State saw no alternative but the burning or beatification of its practitioners. Now, under the polite names of mental hygiene, suggestion and psychotherapeutics, it is steadily advancing to the front rank of medical shibboleths. Yet it is still the same "magic art" which has been employed for centuries by the adepts of Hermetic science.

Again, the accredited psychological theory of religious "experience" rests upon the assumption that by self-suggestion, by the will-to-believe, by "recollection" and other means, it is possible to shift the threshold of consciousness and to exhibit supranormal powers and perceptions which are variously attributed to inspiration and to disease. This is exactly what ceremonial magic professes, in milder and more picturesque language, to do for her initiates.

Les opérations magiques . . . sont le resultat d'une science et d'une habitude qui exaltent la volonté humaine au-dessus de ses limites habituelles " (*Rituel*, p. 32.)

Recipes for this exaltation of personality and for that opening up of the subliminal field which accompanies it—concealed from the profane by a mass of confusing allegories and verbiage—form the backbone of all *grimoires* and occult rituals. The magi, psychologists before their time, were perfectly aware that ceremony has no objective importance except in its effect upon the operator's mind.

In order that this effect may be enhanced, it is given an atmosphere of intensest mystery and sacredness, its rules are strict, its higher arcana difficult of attainment. The arduous preparations and strange rites of an evocation have power, not over the spirits of the dead, but over the consciousness of the living, who is thus caught up from the world of sense to a new plane of perception. For him, not for unknown presences, are these splendors and arts displayed. No philosophy ever said more plainly to its initiates, "The Spirit of God is within you." Thus the whole education of the genuine occult student tends to awake in him a new vision and a new attitude; altering the constituents of that apperceiving mass by which ordinary men are content to know and judge the—or rather *their*—universe.

Finally in spite of the consistent employment by all great adepts of their "occult power" in the healing of disease, Magic, like Christianity, combines a practical policy of pity for the sick with a creed of suffering and renunciation. Éliphas Lévi, whilst advising the initiate whose conscious will has reached its full strength to employ his powers in the alleviation of pain and prolongation of life, laughs at the student who seeks in Magic a method of escaping suffering or of satisfying his own desires. None, he says, knows better than the true magician that suffering is of the essence of the world-plan:

> Malheur à l'homme qui ne sait pas et qui ne veut pas souffrir, car il sera écrasé de douleurs. (*Histoire*, p. 36.) [And again, perhaps his finest single utterance:] Apprendre à souffrir, apprendre à mourir, c'est la gymnastique de l'Eternité, c'est le noviciat immortel. (*Ibid.*, p. 147.)

So much for that pure Theory of Magic of which Éliphas Lévi is the greatest modern exponent. In his works its doctrines are seen "through a temperament," and transfigured, perhaps even distorted, in the process. But this is true of every philosophy and religion which man undertakes to interpret to man. It is impossible to deal here with the criticism to which he has been subjected by students of his system, of whom the eminent occultist Mr. A. E. Waite must be reckoned as chief. These criticisms, in so far as they are destructive, would appear generally to arise: first from the natural annoyance which is aroused in any school by the proceedings of a born "free lance," next from an angry inability to comprehend Lévi's return to the Church of Rome, finally from a misunderstanding of the degree of reality which he attributed to the symbolic framework on which he wove his deep speculations upon God and the soul. These symbols—drawn chiefly from the Kaballah, the Tarot, and mediæval Alchemy—had, as he progressed, less and less importance for him. They were his "ladder to the stars." He was born upon the earth crying, like the figures in Blake's design, "I want! I want!" By this ladder he, like many other adepts before him, attained something of that which he desired.

He found in the exalted imagery of the Hebrew Kaballah the best symbolic expression of Magical philosophy; but he found one final satisfaction of that thirst which Magic had awakened in the mysteries of the Catholic religion. This, it would seem, was the logical result of his progress from a merely intellectual and agnostic to an implicit and spiritual understanding of Hermetic science. It is the defect of all occultism that it is tainted by a certain intellectual arrogance. A divorce has been effected between knowledge and love, between the religion and the science of the Magi; and, in the language of mysticism, till these be re-united the Divine Word cannot be born. Éliphas Lévi came to a point at which this was brought home to him; when he saw that "L'étude approfondie des mystères de la nature peut éloigner de Dieu l'observateur inattentif, chez qui la fatigue de l'esprit paralyse les élans du cœur." (*Histoire*, p. 541.) He

perceived that Catholic symbolism, though he believed it to be misunderstood by its official keepers (and "l'intelligence des symboles est toujours calomniatrice"), might well be the revealing medium of those eternal truths which transcendental Magic had always possessed but was no longer able to convey. There, at any rate, place was provided for the "élans du cœur" in which the spirit of man pierces furthest into the unknown. In Catholicism he found, as in Magic, the same qualities of purity and detachment, faith, steadfastness, self-control, accomplishing the same task: that, namely, of opening the eyes of the soul, and "passing beyond the flaming rampart of the world." In Magic he found an explanation of those age-old mysteries which are concealed beneath the dogmas of the Church; a reasonable theory of her sacraments and ceremonies; a reconciling medium between philosophy and orthodox faith. That Christianity, heir of all wisdom and truth, is also the heir of the Magi—that current theology veils, as popular Magic veils, the same ineffable truths,—is Lévi's final position. It is a position which is not without justification. All rituals and ceremonies, whatever explanations of their efficacy may be offered by their official apologists, have and must have, as the rationale of their existence, a magical—*i.e.*, a hypnotic—character; and all persons who are naturally drawn towards ceremonial religion are in this respect really devotees of Magic. Sacraments, however simple their beginnings, tend, as they evolve, to assume a magical aspect. Those who observe with understanding, for instance, the Roman rite of baptism, with its spells and exorcisms, its truly Hermetic employment of salt, anointing chrism, and ceremonial lights, must see in it a ceremony nearer to the beneficent operations of white magic than to the simple lustrations practised by Saint John the Baptist.

In the liturgies of the great Eastern and Western Churches the occult elements—however we may choose to account for their presence—are peculiarly well marked. There are sacred numbers, perfumes, invocations, words of power. The ceremonies which attend the vesting of the priest in his hieratic robes, the rites of purification, the blessing of incense, are all paralleled in the preparations for a magical evocation. In the Latin Church the Asperges, the triple repetitions of Words of Power in the Kyrie, Sanctus and Agnus, and the roll-call of angelical names with which the Preface ends, are instances of ritual acts of which the true intention would be well understood by any expert student of occultism.

In many minor observances—*e. g.*, the Rosary, with its Hermetically correct number sequences—we seem to stand on the very borderland between magician and priest. But when all this has been conceded, the religious value of these ceremonies remains unimpaired: for only under that ecstatic or hypnotic condition which it is the very business of Magic to induce can that subconscious mind which is the medium of our spiritual experiences come to its own, and communicate with the transcendental world. The appeal of religion is not to the intellect, but to the soul. Its theology may or may not convince the reason: only its Magic will open the inner door. Therefore Christianity, when she founds her external system on sacraments and symbols, on prayer and praise, and insists on the power of the pure and self-denying will and the "magic chain" of congregational worship, joins hands with those Magi whose gold, franckincense and myrrh were the first gifts that she received.

This was the truth which Éliphas Lévi reached. When he began his investigations of Magic he was in no sense a mystic. The illumination which he offers in his earlier work is upon the intellectual, never upon the spiritual, plane. As he progressed the Universal Medicine worked in him, and he read deeper and deeper into the esoteric and spiritual mean-

ings of the doctrines of Hermetic science. Hence his willingness, at last, to avail himself of the active Magic of the Church. Biographers have assailed him for the "inconsistency" of this reconciliation, and for his tendency to explain away or modify in later works positions rather arrogantly assumed in his early writings. But it is just this childlike exhibition of his own mental and spiritual processes which constitutes the value of Éliphas Lévi's books, both to the psychologist and to younger adventurers who are bound on his own quest.

That quest, as no student of mysticicism needs to be reminded, is always one. In Hermetic language its end may be deduced by analogy, apprehended by faith, achieved by obedience to the four laws of initiation *Oser*, *Vouloir*, *Savoir*, *Setaire*. It is the quest on which the true adepts of Magic have always been set, though disguising their standards with many strange devices and mystifications because of the enemies upon the road. It is their glory that they have been able, of all the pilgrims on that way, to proclaim the unique dogma of the true Catholicity, which for Éliphas Lévi, the last of their great initiates, proved the Word of Power which reconciled reason with faith — "Je crois qu'un même espoir vit sous tous les symboles."

This is the defence of Magic.

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

V

TRAVEL

THERE are many motives that impel us to travel, to change our sky, as Horace calls it —good motives and bad, selfish and unselfish, noble and ignoble. With some people it is pure restlessness; the tedium of ordinary life weighs on them, and travel, they think, will distract them; people travel for the sake of health, or for business reasons, or to accompany someone else, or because other people travel. And these motives are neither good nor bad, they are simply sufficient. Some people travel to enlarge their minds or to write a book; and the worst of travelling for such reasons is that it so often implants in the traveller, when he returns, a desperate desire to enlarge other people's minds too. Unhappily, it needs an extraordinary gift of vivid description and a tactful art of selection to make the reflections of one's travels interesting to other people. It is a great misfortune for biographers that there are abundance of people who are stirred, partly by unwonted leisure and partly by awakened interest, to keep a diary only when they are abroad. These extracts from diaries of foreign travel, which generally pour their muddy stream into a biography on the threshold of the hero's manhood, are things to be resolutely skipped. What one desires in a biography is to see the ordinary texture of a man's life, an account of his working days, his normal hours; and to most people the normal current of their lives appears so commonplace and uninteresting that they keep no record of it, while they often keep an elaborate record of their impressions of foreign travel, which are generally superficial and

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picturesque, and remarkably like the impressions of all other intelligent people. A friend of mine returned the other day from an American tour, and told me that he received a severe rebuke, out of the mouth of a babe, which cured him of expatiating on his experiences. He lunched with his brother soon after his return, and was holding forth with a consciousness of brilliant descriptive emphasis, when his eldest nephew, aged eight, towards the end of the meal, laid down his spoon and fork, and said piteously to his mother, "Mummy, I *must* talk; it does make me so tired to hear Uncle going on like that." A still more effective rebuke was administered by a clever lady of my acquaintance to a cousin of hers, a young lady who had just returned from India, and was very full of her experiences. The cousin had devoted herself during breakfast to giving a lively description of social life in India, and was preparing to spend the morning in continuing her lecture, when the elder lady slipped out of the room and returned with some sermon-paper, a blotting-book and a pen. "Maud," she said. "this is too good to be lost: you must write it all down, every word!" The projected manuscript did not come to very much, but the lesson was not thrown away.

Perhaps, for most people, the best results of travel are that they return with a sense of grateful security to the familiar scene: the monotonous current of life has been enlivened, the old relationships have gained a new value, the old gossip is taken up with a comfortable zest; the old rooms are the best, after all, the homely language is better than the outlandish tongue; it is a comfort to have done with squeezing the sponge and cramming the trunk: it is good to be at home.

But to people of more cultivated and intellectual tastes there is an abundance of good reasons for the pursuit of impressions. It is worth a little fatigue to see the spring sun lie softly upon the unfamiliar foliage, to see the delicate tints of the purple-flowered Judas-tree, the bright colours of Southern houses, the old high-shouldered château blinking among its wooded parterres; it is pleasant to see mysterious rites conducted at tabernacled altars, under dark arches, and to smell the "thick, strong, stupefying incense-smoke"; to see well-known pictures in their native setting, to hear the warm waves of the canal lapping on palace-stairs, with the exquisite moulded cornice overhead. It gives one a strange thrill to stand in places rich with dim associations, to stand by the tombs of heroes and saints, to see the scenes made familiar by art or history, the homes of famous men. Such travel is full of weariness and disappointment. The place one had desired half a lifetime to behold turns out to be much like other places, devoid of inspiration. A tiresome companion casts dreariness as from an inky cloud upon the mind. Do I not remember visiting the Palatine with a friend bursting with archæological information, who led us from room to room, and identified all by means of a folding plan, to find at the conclusion that he had begun at the wrong end, and that even the central room was not identified correctly, because the number of rooms was even, and not odd?

But, for all that, there come blessed unutterable moments, when the mood and the scene and the companion are all attuned in a soft harmony. Such moments come back to me as I write. I see the mouldering brickwork of a crumbling tomb all overgrown with grasses and snapdragons, far out in the Campagna; or feel the plunge of the boat through the reed-beds of the Anapo, as we slid into the silent pool of blue water in the heart of the marsh, where the sand danced at the bottom, and the springs bubbled up, while a great bittern flew booming away from a reedy pool hard by. Such things are worth paying a heavy price for, because they bring a sort of aërial distance into the mind, they touch the spirit with a hope that the desire for beauty and perfection

s not, after all, wholly unrealisable, ›ut that there is a sort of treasure o be found even upon earth, if one liligently goes in search of it.

Of one thing, however, I am quite :ertain, and that is that travel should not be a feverish garnering of impressions, but a delicious and leisurely plunge into a different atmosphere. It is better to visit few places, and to become at home in each, than to race from place to place, guide-book in hand. A beautiful scene does not yield up its secrets to the eye of the collector. What one wants is not definite impressions but indefinite influences. It is of little use to enter a church, unless one tries to worship there, because the essence of the place is worship, and only through worship can the secret of the shrine be apprehended. It is of little use to survey a landscape, unless one has an overpowering desire to spend the remainder of one's days there; because it is the life of the place, and not the sight of it, in which one desires to have a part. Above all, one must not let one's memories sleep as in a dusty lumber-room of the mind. In a quiet firelit hour one must draw near and scrutinise them afresh, and ask oneself what remains. As I write, I open the door of my treasury and look round. What comes up before me? I see an opalescent sky, and the great soft blue rollers of a sapphire sea. I am journeying, it seems, in no mortal boat, though it was a commonplace vessel enough at the time, twenty years ago, and singularly destitute of bodily provision. What is that over the sea's rim, where the tremulous, shifting, blue line of billows shimmers and fluctuates? A long, low promontory, and in the centre, over white clustered houses and masts of shipping, rises a white dome like the shrine of some celestial city. That is Cadiz for me. I daresay the picture is all wrong, and I shall be told that Cadiz has a tower and is full of factory-chimneys; but for me the dome, ghostly white, rises as though moulded out of a single pearl, upon the shifting edges of the haze. Whatever I have seen in my life, that at least is immortal.

Or again the scene shifts, and now I stumble to the deck of another little steamer, very insufficiently habited in the sharp freshness of the dawn of a spring morning. The waves are different here—not the great steely, league-long rollers of the Atlantic, but the sharp azure waves, marching in rhythmic order, of the Mediterranean; what is the land, with grassy downs and folded valleys falling to grey cliffs, upon which the brisk waves whiten and leap? That is Sicily; and the thought of Theocritus, with the shepherd-boy singing light-heartedly upon the headland a song of sweet days and little eager joys, comes into my heart like wine, and brings a sharp touch of tears into the eyes. Theocritus! How little I thought, as I read the ugly brown volume with its yellow paper, in the dusty schoolroom at Eton ten years before, that it was going to mean that to me, sweet as even then, in a moment torn from the noisy tide of schoolboy life, came the pretty echoes of the song into a little fanciful and restless mind! But now, as I see those deserted limestone crags, that endless sheep-wold, with no sign of a habitation, rising and falling far into the distance, with the fresh sea-breeze upon my cheek—there comes upon me that tender sorrow for all the beautiful days that are dead, the days when the shepherds walked together, exulting in youth and warmth and good-fellowship and song, to the village festival, and met the wandering minstrel, with his coat of skin and his kind, ironical smile, who gave them, after their halting lays, a touch of the old true melody from a master's hand. What do all those old and sweet dreams mean for me, the sunlight that breaks on the stream of human souls, flowing all together, alike through dark rocks where the water chafes and thunders, and spreading out into tranquil shining reaches, where the herons stand half-asleep? What does that strange drift of kindred spirits, moving from

the unknown to the unknown, mean for me? I only know that it brings into my mind a strange yearning, and a desire of almost unearthly sweetness for all that is delicate and beautiful and full of charm, together with a sombre pity, for the falling mist of tears, the hard discipline of the world, the cries of anguish, as the life lapses from the steep into the silent tide of death.

Or, again, I seem once more to sit in the balcony of a house that looks out toward Vesuvius. It is late; the sky is clouded, the air is still; a grateful coolness comes up from acre after acre of gardens climbing the steep slope; a fluttering breeze, that seems to have lost his way in the dusk comes timidly and whimsically past, like Ariel, singing as soft as a far-off falling sea in the great pine overhead, making a little sudden flutter in the dry leaves of the thick creeper; like Ariel comes that dainty spirit of the air laden with balmy scents and cool dew. A few lights twinkle in the plain below. Opposite the sky has an added blackness, an impenetrability of shade; but what is the strange red eye of light that hangs between earth and heaven? And, stranger still, what is that phantasmal gleam of a lip of crags high in the air, and that mysterious, moving, shifting light, like a pale flame, above it? The gloomy spot is a rent in the side of Vesuvius where the smouldering heat has burnt through the crust, and where a day or two before I saw a viscid stream of molten liquor, with the flames playing over it, creeping, creeping through the tunnelled ashes; and in the light above is the lip of Vesuvius itself, with its restless furnace at work, casting up a billowy swell of white oily smoke, while the glare of the fiery pit lights up the under-side of the rising vapours. A ghastly manifestation, that, of sleepless and stern forces, ever at work upon some eternal and bewildering task; and yet so strangely made am I, that these fierce signal-fires, seen afar, but blend with the scents of the musky alleys for me into a thrill of unutterable wonder.

There are hundreds of such pictures stored in my mind, each stamped upon some sensitive particle of the brain, that cannot be obliterated, and each of which the mind can recall at will. And that, too, is a fact of surpassing wonder: what is the delicate instrument that registers, with no seeming volition, these amazing pictures, and preserves them thus with so fantastic a care, retouching them, fashioning them anew, detaching from the picture every sordid detail, till each is as a lyric, inexpressible, exquisite, too fine for words to touch?

Now, it is useless to dictate to others the aims and methods of travel: each must follow his own taste. To myself the acquisition of knowledge and information is in these matters an entirely negligible thing. To me the one and supreme object is the gathering of a gallery of pictures; and yet that is not a definite object either, for the whimsical and stubborn spirit refuses to be bound by any regulations in the matter. It will garner up with the most poignant care a single vignette, a tiny detail. I see, as I write, the vision of a great golden-grey carp swimming lazily in the clear pool of Arethusa, the carpet of mesembryanthemum that, for some fancy of its own, chose to involve the whole of a railway viaduct with its flaunting magenta flowers and its fleshy leaves. I see the edge of the sea, near Syracuse, rimmed with a line of the intensest yellow, and I hear the voice of a guide explaining that it was caused by the breaking up of a stranded orange-boat, so that the waves for many hundred yards threw up on the beach a wrack of fruit; yet the same wilful and perverse mind will stand impenetrably dumb and blind before the noblest and sweetest prospect, and decline to receive any impression at all. What is perhaps the oddest characteristic of the tricksy spirit is that it often chooses moments of intense discomfort and fatigue to master some

scene, and take its indelible picture. I suppose that the reason of this is that the mind makes, at such moments, a vigorous effort to protest against the tyranny of the vile body, and to distract itself from instant cares.

But another man may travel for archæological or even statistical reasons. He may wish, like Ulysses, to study "manners, councils, customs, governments." He may be preoccupied with questions of architectural style or periods of sculpture. I have a friend who takes up at intervals the study of the pictures of a particular master, and will take endless trouble and undergo incredible discomfort in order to see the vilest daubs, if only he can make his list complete, and say that he has seen all the reputed works of the master. This instinct is, I believe, nothing but the survival of the childish instinct for collecting, and, though I can reluctantly admire any man who spares no trouble to gain an end, the motive is dark and unintelligible to me.

There are some travellers, like Dean Stanley, who drift from the appreciation of natural scenery into the pursuit of historical associations. The story of Stanley as a boy, when he had his first sight of the snowy Alps on the horizon, always delights me. He danced about saying, "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" But in later days Stanley would not go a mile to see a view, while he would travel all night to see a few stones of a ruin, jutting out of a farmyard wall, if only there was some human and historical tradition connected with the place. I do not myself understand that. I should not wish to see Etna merely because Empedocles is supposed to have jumped down the crater, nor the site of Jericho because the walls fell down at the trumpets of the host. The only interest to me in an historical scene is that it should be in such a condition as that one can to a certain extent reconstruct the original drama, and be sure that one's eyes rest upon very much the same scene as the actors saw. The reason why Syracuse moved me by its acquired beauty, and not for its historical associations, was because I felt convinced that Thucydides, who gives so picturesque a description of the sea-fight, can never have set eyes on the place, and must have embroidered his account from scanty hearsay. But, on the other hand, there are few things in the world more profoundly moving than to see a place where great thoughts have been conceived and great books written, when one is able to feel that the scene is hardly changed. The other day, as I passed before the sacred gate of Rydal Mount, I took my hat off my head with a sense of indescribable reverence. My companion asked me laughingly why I did so. "Why?" I said, "from natural piety of course! I know every detail here as well as if I had lived here, and I have walked in thought a hundred times with the poet, to and fro in the laurelled walks of the garden, up the green shoulder of Nab Scar, and sat in the little parlour, while the fire leapt on the hearth, and heard him "booing" his verses, to be copied by some friendly hand."

I thrill to see the stately rooms of Abbotsford, with all their sham feudal decorations, the little staircase by which Scott stole away to his solitary work, the folded clothes, the shapeless hat, the ugly shoes, laid away in the glass case; the plantations where he walked with his shrewd bailiff, the place where he stopped so often on the shoulder of the slope, to look at the Eildon Hills, the rooms where he sat, a broken and bereaved man, yet with so gallant a spirit, to wrestle with sorrow and adversity. I wept, I am not ashamed to say, at Abbotsford, at the sight of the stately Tweed rolling his silvery flood past lawns and shrubberies to think of that kindly, brave, and honorable heart, and his passionate love of all the goodly and cheerful joys of life and earth.

Or, again, it was a solemn day for me to pass from the humble tenement where Coleridge lived, at Nether Stowey, before the cloud of sad habit

had darkened his horizon, and turned him away from the wells of poetry into the deserts of metaphysical speculation, to find, if he could, some medicine for his tortured spirit. I walked with a holy awe along the leafy lanes to Alfoxden, where the beautiful house nestles in the green combe among its oaks, thinking how here, and here, Wordsworth and Coleridge had walked together in the glad days of youth, and planned, in obsurity and secluded joy, the fresh and lovely lyrics of their matin-prime.

I turn, I confess, more eagerly to scenes like these than to scenes of historical and political tradition, because there hangs for me a glory about the scene of the conception and genesis of beautiful imaginative work that is unlike any glory that the earth holds. The natural joy of the youthful spirit receiving the impact of mighty thoughts, of poignant impressions, has for me a liberty and a grace which no historical or political associations could ever possess. I could not glow to see the room in which a statesman worked out the details of a bill for the extension of the franchise, or a modification of the duties upon imports and exports, though I respect the growing powers of democracy and the extinction of privilege and monopoly; but these measures are dimmed and tainted with intrigue and manœuvre and statecraft. I do not deny their importance, their worth, their nobleness. But not by committees and legislation does humanity triumph. In the vanguard go the blessed adventurous spirits that quicken the moral temperature, and uplift the banner of simplicity and sincerity. The host marches heavily behind, and the commissariat rolls grumbling in the rear of all; and though my place may be with the work-a-day herd, I will send my fancy afar among the leafy valleys and the far-off hills of hope.

But I would not here quarrel with the taste of any man. If a mortal chooses to travel in search of comfortable rooms, new cookery and wines, the livelier gossip of unknown people, in heaven's name let him do so. If another wishes to study economic conditions, standards of life, rates of wages, he has my gracious leave for his pilgrimage. If another desires to amass historical and archæological facts, measurements of hypæthral temples, modes of burial, folk-lore, fortification, God forbid that I should throw cold water on the quest. But the only traveller whom I recognise as a kindred spirit is the man who goes in search of impressions and effects, of tone and atmosphere, of rare and curious beauty, of uplifting association. Nothing that has ever moved the interest, or the anxiety, or the care, or the wonder, of human beings can ever wholly lose its charm. I have felt my skin prickle and creep at the sight of that amazing thing in the Dublin museum, a section dug bodily out of a claypit, and showing the rough-hewn stones of a cist, deep in the earth, the gravel over it and around it, the roots of the withered grass forming a crust many feet above, and inside the cist the rude urn, reversed over a heap of charred ashes; it was not the curiosity of the sight that moved me, but the thought of the old dark life revealed, the dim and savage world, that was yet shot through and pierced, even as now, with sorrow for death, and care for the beloved ashes of a friend and chieftain. Such a sight sets a viewless network of emotion, which seems to interlace far back into the ages, all pulsating and stirring. One sees in a flash that humanity lived, carelessly and brutally perhaps, as we, too, live, and were confronted, as we are confronted, with the horror of the gap, the intolerable mystery of life lapsing into the dark. Ah, the relentless record, the impenetrable mystery! I care very little, I fear, for the historical development of funereal rites, and hardly more for the light that such things throw on the evolution of society. I leave that gratefully enough to the philosophers. What I care for is the touch of nature that shows me my ancient brethren of the dim past—who would have mocked

and ridiculed me, I doubt not, if I had fallen into their hands, and killed me as carelessly as one throws aside the rind of a squeezed fruit—yet I am one with them, and perhaps even something of their blood flows in my veins yet.

As I grow older, I tend to travel less and less, and I do not care if I never cross the Channel again. Is there a right and a wrong in the matter, an advisability or an inadvisability, an expediency or an inexpediency? I do not think so. Travelling is a pleasure, if it is anything, and a pleasure pursued from a sense of duty is a very fatuous thing. I have no good reason to give, only an accumulation of small reasons. Dr. Johnson once said that any number of insufficient reasons did not make a sufficient one, just as a number of rabbits did not make a horse. A lively but misleading illustration: he might as well have said that any number of sovereigns did not make a cheque for a hundred pounds. I suppose that I do not like the trouble to start with; and then I do not like being adrift from my own beloved country. Then I cannot converse in any foreign language, and half the pleasure of travelling comes from being able to lay oneself alongside of a new point of view. Then, too, I realise, as I grow older, how little I have really seen of my own incomparably beautiful and delightful land, so that, like the hero of Newman's hymn,

> I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough
> for me.

And, lastly, I have a reason which will perhaps seem a far-fetched one. Travel is essentially a distraction, and I do not want to be distracted any more. One of the mistakes that people make, in these Western latitudes, is to be possessed by an inordinate desire to drown thought. The aim of many men whom I know seems to me to be occupied in some absolutely definite way, so that they may be as far as possible unaware of their own existence. Anything to avoid reflection! A normal Englishman does not care very much what the work and value of his occupation is, as long as he is occupied; and I am not at all sure that we came into the world to be occupied. Christ, in the Gospel story, rebuked the busy Martha for her bustling anxieties, her elaborate attentions to her guests, and praised the leisurely Mary for desiring to sit and hear Him talk. Socrates spent his life in conversation. I do not say that contemplation is a duty, but I cannot help thinking that we are not forbidden to scrutinise life, to wonder what it is all about, to study its problems, to apprehend its beauty and significance. We admire a man who goes on making money long after he has made far more than he needs; we think a life honorably spent in editing Greek books. Socrates in one of Plato's dialogues quotes the opinion of a philosopher to the effect that when a man has made enough to live upon he should begin to practise virtue. "I think he should begin even earlier," says the interlocutor; and I am wholly in agreement with him. Travel is one of the expedients to which busy men resort in order that they may forget their existence. I do not venture to think this exactly culpable, but I feel sure that it is a pity that people do not do less and think more. If a man asks what good comes from thinking, I can only retort by asking what good comes from the multiplication of unnecessary activity. I am quite as much at a loss as anyone else to say what is the object of life, but I do not feel any doubt that we are not sent into the world to be in a fuss. Like the lobster in the "Water-Babies," I cry, "Let me alone; I want to think!" because I believe that that occupation is at least as profitable as many others.

And then, too, without travelling more than a few miles from my door, I can see things fully as enchanting as I can see by ranging Europe. I rode to-day along a well-known road; just where the descent began to fall into a quiet valley there stands a

windmill—not one of the ugly black circular towers that one sometimes sees, but one of the old crazy boarded sort, standing on a kind of stalk; out of the little loopholes of the mill the flour had dusted itself prettily over the weather-boarding. From a mysterious hatch half-way up leaned the miller, drawing up a sack of grain with a little pulley. There is nothing so enchanting as to see a man leaning out of a dark doorway high up in the air. He drew the sack in, he closed the panel. The sails whirled, flapping and creaking, and I loved to think of him in the dusty gloom, with the gear grumbling among the rafters, tipping the golden grain into its funnel, while the rattling hopper below poured out its soft stream of flour. Beyond the mill, the ground sank to a valley; the roofs clustered round a great church tower, the belfry windows blinking solemnly. Hard by the ancient Hall peeped out from its avenue of elms. That was a picture as sweet as anything I have ever seen abroad, as perfect a piece of art as could be framed, and more perfect than anything that could be painted, because it was a piece out of the old kindly, quiet life of the world. One ought to learn, as the years flow on, to love such scenes as that, and not to need to have the blood and the brain stirred by romantic prospects, peaked hills, well-furnished galleries, magnificent buildings: *mutare animum*, that is the secret, to grow more hopeful, more alive to delicate beauties, more tender, less exacting. Nothing, it is true, can give us peace; but we get nearer it by loving the familiar scene, the old homestead, the tiny valley, the wayside copse, than we do by racing over Europe on the track of Giorgione, or over Asia in pursuit of local colour. After all, everything has its appointed time. It is good to range in youth, to rub elbows with humanity, and then, as the days go on, to take stock, to remember, to wonder, "To be content with little, to serve beauty well."

The subject of Mr. Benson's December essay will be "Specialism."

THROUGH THE VORTEX OF A CYCLONE

By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

IT was in the middle of November that the four - masted bark *Golconda* came down from Crockett and anchored off Telegraph Hill, San Francisco. She was loaded with grain, and was homeward bound round Cape Horn. Five days later she was towed out through the Golden Gate, and cast loose off the Heads, and so set sail upon the voyage that was to come so near to being her last.

For a fortnight we had baffling winds, but after that time got a good slant that carried us down to within a couple of degrees of the line. Here it left us, and over a week passed before we had managed to tack and drift our way into the southern hemisphere. About five degrees south of the line we met with a fair wind that helped us southward another ten or twelve degrees, and there, early one morning, it dropped us, ending with a short, but violent, thunder-storm.

During the day, the wind, as I have remarked, left us entirely and we lay becalmed under a blazing hot sun. We hauled up the lower sails to prevent them from chafing as the vessel rolled lazily. As the day proceeded so did the heat seem to increase, and so, hour by hour, the day moved steadily onward, the sense of oppression growing ever more acute. Then it was, I should think about four-thirty in the afternoon, that I became conscious of the fact that a strange, unnatural, dull, brick-red glare was in the sky. As I stood looking at it the mate came up beside me. After about half a minute he gave out a sudden exclamation.

"Hark!" he said, "did you hear that?"

"No, Mr. Jackson," I replied, "what was it like?"

"Listen!" was all his reply, and I obeyed, and so for perhaps a

couple of minutes we stood there in silence.

"There! — There it is again!" he exclaimed, suddenly, and in the same instant I heard it, a sound like low, strange growling far away in the northeast. That evening we experienced a sunset of quite indescribable gorgeousness, which had, to me, an unnatural glow about it. It was about this time, I remember, that I heard the mate remark to the captain that we were in for bad weather, and that it was his belief a cyclone was coming down upon us; but this the captain, who was quite a young fellow, pooh-poohed, telling him that he pinned *his* faith to the barometer, which was perfectly steady.

That night, I recollect, it was my watch from midnight until four in the morning. That the mate was uneasy I very soon perceived; for presently, a little while after he had relieved the second mate, he ceased his pacing of the poop-deck and came and leant over the rail alongside of me.

"I wish to goodness the Old Man would have her shortened right down to lower topsails," he said, a moment later, in a low voice. "There's some rotten dirty weather knocking around. I can smell it!"

As he spoke, there sounded a faint, far-drawn-out, wailing noise that seemed to echo queerly across the quiet sea. And after that—silence. The mate stood upright and faced round at me.

"Do you know," he said, "only once before in my life have I heard anything like that, and that was before the cyclone in which the *Loncing* and the *Eurasian* were lost in the Indian Ocean."

IT FALLS A CALM AND WE HAUL UP THE SAILS TO PREVENT THEM FROM CHAFING

"Do you think, then there's *really* any danger of a cyclone now?" I asked him, with something of a little thrill of excitement.

"I think—" he began to reply, and then stopped and swore suddenly. "Look! 'Stalk' lightning, as I'm a living man!" And he pointed to the northeast. "Photograph that while you've got the chance; you'll never have another as long as you live!"

I looked in the direction which he indicated, and there, sure enough, were great, pale, flickering streaks and tongues of flame *rising apparently out of the sea*. They remained steady for some ten or fifteen seconds, and in that time I was able to take a snap of them. It was after I had secured a snap-shot of the phenomenon that the mate declared it to be his conviction that a great cyclonic storm was coming down upon us from the northeast.

With the daylight there came a change, a low, slow-moving scud driving down from the northeast, and drifting across the face of the newly-risen sun, which was shining with a queer, unnatural glare. The glass also showed a change at last, rising a little for a short while and then dropping about a tenth.

Presently, at eight bells, we were relieved by the other watch, and went below for a short sleep. At eight o'clock, when again I came on deck, I found that the sea had begun to rise somewhat, and that the sun was hidden by a heavy squall to windward, which was coming down upon us. Some fifteen minutes later it struck the ship, making the foam fly and carrying away the main topsail sheet. Immediately upon this the heavy iron ring in the clew of the sail began to thresh and beat about, as the sail flapped in the wind, striking great blows against the steel yard; but the clewline was manned, and some of the men went aloft to repair the damage, after which the sail was once more sheeted home, and we continued to carry on. About this time the mate sent me down into the saloon to take another look at the glass, and I found that it had fallen a further tenth. When I reported this to him he had the main t'gallant taken in, but hung on to the mainsail, waiting for eight bells, when the whole crowd would be on deck to give a hand.

A little before one o'clock in the afternoon I went out on deck and found that the wind had freshened considerably. At four o'clock, the spray was flying over us with a good deal of freedom, and the solid water coming aboard occasionally in odd tons. Yet, so far there was, to a sailorman nothing worthy of note in the severity of the weather. It was merely blowing a moderately heavy gale. Indeed, it seemed to me at this time that the captain was right in his belief that we were not in for any very dirty weather, and I said as much to the mate, whereat he laughed somewhat bitterly.

"Don't you make any sort of mistake!" he said, and pointed to leeward, where continual flashes of lightning darted down from a dark bank of cloud. "We're already within the borders of the cyclone. Mark my words, within twelve hours it'll be upon us!"

It was our watch that night from eight to twelve. At midnight I went below for a sleep. When I was called at four o'clock I found a very different state of affairs. The day had broken, and showed the sea in a very confused state, with a tendency to run up into heaps, and the sky everywhere one great glare of gloomy, orange-colored light, streaked here and there with red, and presenting an effect of astounding and uncanny grandeur.

I made my way up on to the poop, carrying my camera. There I met the mate.

"You'll not want that pretty little box of yours," he remarked, and tapped my camera. "I guess you'll find a coffin more useful. Look!"

I saw in an instant what it was at which he pointed—it was a great black wall of cloud that seemed to cover about seven points of the

horizon, extending almost from north to east, and reaching upward some fifteen degrees towards the zenith. The intense, solid blackness of this cloud was astonishing, and threatening to the beholder, seeming, indeed, to be more like a line of great black cliffs standing out of the sea than a mass of thick vapor. I glanced aloft, and saw that the other watch were securing the mizzen upper topsail. At the same moment the captain appeared on deck, and walked over to the mate.

"Glass has dropped another tenth, Mr. Greyson," he remarked, and glanced to windward. "I think we'd better have the fore and main upper topsails off her." Scarcely had he given the order before the mate was down on the main deck, shouting: "Fore and main topsail halyards, lower away! Man clewlines and spillinglines!" By the time that the upper topsails were furled I noted that the red glare had gone out of the greater part of the sky to windward, and that the black rampart of clouds had disappeared, and in place thereof it seemed to me that the clouds in that quarter were assuming a hard, tufted appearance, and changing their shapes with surprising rapidity. Then, as sudden as the report of a heavy gun, a great bellowing came out of the north and east, and died away into a series of muttered growls. It was not thunder. It was the voice of the approaching cyclone.

SOME OF THE MEN WENT ALOFT TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE

In the same instant the mate nudged my shoulder and pointed, and I saw that a large waterspout had formed about two hundred yards astern, and was coming towards us. All about the base of it the sea was foaming in a strange manner, and the whole thing seemed to have a curious luminous quality.

As I watched it, I realized suddenly that the thing was coming straight for the ship. I ran hastily to the taffrail, raised my camera, and snapped it. In the same instant there came a blinding flash of lightning, almost in my face, followed instan-

taneously by a tremendous roar of thunder, and I saw that the thing had burst within about fifty yards of the ship. The sea, immediately beneath where it had been, leaped up in a great hummock of solid water and foam, as though something as great as a house had been cast into the ocean. Then, rushing towards us, it struck the stern of the vessel, flying as high as our topsail yards in spray, and knocking me backwards on to the deck.

As I stood up and hastily wiped the water from my camera, I heard the mate shout out to know if I were hurt, and then, before I could reply, he cried out:

"It 's coming! Look out, everybody! Hold on for your lives!"

Directly afterwards a shrill yelling noise seemed to fill the whole sky with a deafening, piercing sound. I glanced hastily over the port quarter. In that direction the whole surface of the ocean seemed to be torn up into the air in monstrous clouds of spray. The yelling sound passed into a vast scream, and the next instant the cyclone was upon us. Immediately the air was so full of flying spray that I could not see a yard before me, and the wind slapped me back against the teak companion, pinning me there for a few moments helpless. The ship heeled over to a terrible angle, so that for some seconds I thought we were going to capsize. Then, with a sudden lurch, she hove herself upright, and I became able to see about me a little, by switching the water from my face and shielding my eyes. Near to me the helmsman —a little Dago—was clinging to the wheel, looking like nothing so much as a drowned monkey, and palpably frightened to such an extent that he could hardly stand upright.

From him I looked round at so much of the vessel as I could see, and up at the spars, and so, presently, I discovered how it was that she had righted. The mizzen topmast was gone just below the heel of the t'gallantmast, and the fore topmast a little above the cap. The main topmast alone stood. It was the losing of these spars which had eased her, and allowed her to right so suddenly. Marvellously enough, the foresail—a small, new No. 1 canvas stormsail—had stood the strain, and was now bellying out, with a high foot, the sheets evidently having surged under the wind pressure. What was more extraordinary was that the fore and main lower topsails were standing, and this despite the fact that the bare upper spars on both the fore and mizzen masts had been carried away.

And now, the first awful burst of the cyclone having passed with the righting of the vessel, the three sails stood, though tested to their utmost, and the ship, under the tremendous urging force of the storm, was tearing forward at a high speed through the seas.

Then I saw the mate. He was up against the lee-rail, chopping at something with a hatchet. At times the water left him visible to his knees; anon, he was completely submerged; but ever there was the whirl of his weapon amid the chaos of water, as he hacked and cut at the gear that held the mizzen t'gallantmast crashing against the side. I saw him glance round once, and he beckoned with the hatchet to a couple of his watch who were fighting their way aft along the streaming decks. He did not attempt to shout; for no shout could have been heard in the incredible roaring of the wind. Indeed, so vastly loud was the noise made by this element that I had not even heard the topmasts carry away, though the sound of a large spar breaking will make as great a noise as the report of a big gun. The next instant I had thrust my camera into one of the hencoops upon the poop, and turned to struggle aft to the companion way, for I knew it was no use going to the mate's aid without axes. Two axes I procured, and was soon up to my neck in water on the maindeck, helping to clear away the wreckage. The second axe I had pushed into the hands of one of the men, and now, very soon, we had the

A LARGE WATERSPOUT HAD FORMED

tangle cleared away. Then we scrambled away forward along the decks, through the boiling swirls of foam and water that swept the vessel, as the seas thundered aboard, and so we came to the assistance of the second mate, who was desperately busied, along with some of his watch, clearing away the broken foretopm and yards that were held by th gear, thundering against the side the ship.

Yet it must not be supposed t we were to manage this piece

THE FOLLOWING SEAS HAD RISEN TO A TRULY FORMIDABLE HEIGHT

rk without coming to some harm. enormous sea swept aboard, and shed one of the men against a spare omast that was lashed along in- e the bulwarks below the pin-rail. en we managed to pull the poor seless fellow out from underneath spar, where the sea had jammed , we found that his left arm and r-bone were broken. We took n forrard to the fo'cas'le, and ere made him as comfortable as could, after which we left him t half-conscious in his bunk. After at the rest of us, men as well as ficers, made our way aft to the poop, here to wait, desperately ready to ope with any emergency. With reat difficulty the carpenter managed o sound the well, and, to our delight, ound that we were not making any vater; so that the blows of the broken pars had done us no vital harm.

By mid-day the following seas had isen to a truly formidable height, nd two hands were working half- aked at the wheel; for any care- ssness in steering would most certainly have had serious consequences. In the course of the afternoon the mate and I went down into the saloon to get something to eat, and here, out of the deafening roar of the wind, I managed to get a short chat with my senior officer. I asked him why the captain did not heave to, and ride the storm out, instead of running before it, and risking being pooped, or broaching to. To this the mate made reply that we were right in the line of translation — in other words, that we were directly in the track of the vortex, or centre, of the cyclone— and that the skipper was doing his best to edge the ship to leeward, before the centre, with the awful pyramidal sea, should overtake us.

BREAKING ABOUT AS MUCH AS A HUNDRED TONS AT A TIME

"If we can't manage to get out of the way," he concluded grimly, "you'll probably have a chance to photograph something that you'll never have time to develop!" I asked him how he knew that the ship was directly in the track of the vortex, and he replied that the facts that the wind was not hauling, but getting

steadily worse, with the barometer constantly falling, were sure signs. And soon after that we returned to the deck.

By four P.M. the seas were so much worse that it was impossible to pass fore or aft along the decks, the water breaking aboard as much as a hundred tons at a time, and sweeping all before it. To get for a little out of the painful and exhausting pressure of the wind, each of the officers would in turn—sometimes singly and sometimes two at once—go down to the saloon for a short rest and smoke. It was in one of these brief "smoke-ohs" that the mate told me the vortex of the cyclone was within eighty miles of us, and coming down on us at something like twenty knots an hour, which, as this speed exceeded ours by perhaps twelve to fifteen miles an hour, made it probable that it would be upon us before midnight.

"Is there no chance of getting out of the way?" I asked.

"No," replied the mate, "the seas would make a clean breach over us if we tried that. It 's a case of "run till you 're blind, and pray till you bust."

A few minutes later we went up on deck. There we found that the wind had increased, and blown the foresail bodily away; yet, despite the greater weight of the wind, there had come a rift in the clouds, through which the sun was shining with a queer brightness. Within ten minutes the sun had vanished, and the clouds seemed to be right down upon our mast-heads, great bellying webs of black vapor that seemed almost to mingle with the flying clouds of foam and spray. About five-thirty P.M. I heard a louder roar in the air above us, and, in the same instant, the two topsails were blown out of the bolt-ropes, and one of the hencoops was lifted bodily off the poop, and hurled into the air. Luckily it was not the one into which I had thrust my camera.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS THROUGH WHICH THE SUN WAS SHINING WITH A QUEER BRIGHTNESS

With the losing of the topsails,

we might be very truly described as running under bare poles, for now we had not a single stitch of sail set anywhere; yet so furious was the increasing wind, so tremendous the weight of it, that the vessel, though urged forward only by the pressure of the element upon her anked spars and hull, managed to keep ahead of the monstrous following seas, which now were grown to truly awesome proportions. Hour by hour, the wind increased as the vortex of the cyclone—the "death-patch," as it has been called—drew nearer and ever nearer.

Night came on early, or, if not night, a darkness that was fully its equivalent. And now I was able to see how tremendous was the electric action that was going on all about us. There seemed to be no lightning flashes, but, instead, there came at times across the darkness queer luminous shudders of light. A further sign of electric action was to be seen in the "corpse-candles" which ornamented every yard-arm. Not only were they upon the yard-arms, but occasionally several at a time would glide up and down one or more of the fore and aft stays, at whiles swinging off to one side or the other, as the ship rolled, the sight having in it a distant touch of weirdness.

It was an hour or so later, I believe a little after nine P.M., that I witnessed the most striking manifestation of electrical action that I have ever seen, this being a display of aurora borealis lightning. It occurred suddenly. First a ripple of "stalk" lightning showed right away over the oncoming seas to the northward; then suddenly a red glare shone out in the sky, and, immediately afterwards, vast streamers of greenish flame appeared above the red glare. These lasted, perhaps, half a minute.

I don't know how I can convey any vivid impression of our case and chances at this time, but imagine a noise as loud as the loudest thunder you have ever heard; then imagine this noise to last hour after hour, without intermission, and to have in it a hideously threatening hoarse note, and, blending with this, a constant yelling scream that rises at times to such a pitch that the very ear-drums seem to experience pain, and then, perhaps, you will be able to comprehend the *sound* that has to be endured during one of these storms.

I found, too, that with my face to the wind I could not breathe. To give some idea of the wind's power, as shown in a larger way, one of the lifeboats on the after skids was upended against the mizzenmast, and there crushed flat by the wind. Apart from the wind, it must be borne in mind that the gigantic seas pitch the ship about in a most abominable manner; indeed, I have seen the stern of a ship hove up to such a height that I could see the seas ahead over the foretopsail yards, and when I explain that these will be something like seventy to eighty feet above the deck, you may be able to imagine what manner of sea is to be met with in a great cyclonic storm. Regarding this matter of the size and ferocity of the seas, I possess a photograph that was taken about ten o'clock at night. This was photographed by the aid of flashlight, an operation in which the captain assisted me. We filled an old percussion pistol with flashlight powder; then, when I was ready, I opened the shutter of the camera, and pointed it over the stern into the darkness. The captain fired the pistol, and, in the instantaneous great blaze of light that followed, I saw what manner of sea it was that pursued us. To say it was a mountain is to be futile. *It was like a moving cliff.*

I turned from the taffrail, and hurried below to wipe the lens and cover of my camera, for the whole air was full of driving spray, that soaked everything, and hurt the face intolerably, being driven with such force by the storm.

Whilst I was doing so, the mate came down for a minute's breathing-space, and said quietly:

"I suppose you know we expect to meet the centre in less than an hour? If we're not pooped before

the centre reaches us, it'll finish us in quick time!" It was on the deck, a little later, that the captain plucked me hard by the sleeve, then dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled aft along the streaming poop-deck, I following, my camera held between my teeth by the handle. We made our way to the saloon. Here he turned to me. He was a devil-may-care sort of man, and I found that he had brought me down to say that the vortex would be upon us very soon, and that I should have the chance of a lifetime to get a snap of the much-talked-of pyramidal sea. And, in short, that he wished me to have everything prepared, and the pistol ready loaded with flashlight powder; for, as he remarked, "*If* we get through, it'll be a rare curiosity to show some of these unbelieving devils ashore." In a little we had everything ready, and then we made our way once more up on deck, the captain placing the pistol in the pocket of his silk oil-skin coat.

There together we waited under the after weather-cloth. Shortly we saw a tremendous flash of lightning burst through the clouds. It was followed almost directly by another, which seemed to rive the sky apart. Then, so quickly that the succeeding thunderclap was *audible* to our wind-deafened ears, the wind ceased, and, in the comparative, but hideously unnatural, silence, I caught the Captain's voice shouting:

"The vortex—quick!"

Even as I pointed my camera over the rail, and opened the shutter, my brain was working with a preternatural avidity, drinking in a thousand uncanny sounds and echoes; and then—*flash!* in the same instant in which I had taken in these varied impressions the captain had fired the pistol, and I saw the pyramidal sea—a sight never to be forgotten, a sight rather for the dead than the living, a sea such as I could never have imagined, boiling and bursting upward in monstrous clots of water and foam as big as houses. Then one of those vast flying hills of water had struck the ship, and, for some moments, I had a sickening feeling that she was sinking beneath me. The water cleared, and I found myself clinging to the weather-cloth stanchion; the weather-cloth had gone. I wiped my eyes, and coughed dizzily for a little; then I glanced round for the captain. I could see something dimly up against the rail, something that moved and stood upright. I called out to know if it were the captain, and whether he were all right, to which he replied, heartily enough, that he was "All right so far."

From him I glanced across to the wheel. There was no light in the binnacle, and, later, I found that it had been washed away, and with it one of the helmsmen. The other man, also, was gone, but we discovered him, nigh an hour later, jammed half through the rail that ran round the poop. To leeward, I heard the mate singing out to know whether we were safe, to which both the captain and I made reply so as to assure him. It was then I became aware that my camera had been washed out of my hands. I found it eventually among a tangle of ropes and gear to leeward.

Again and again the great hills of water struck the vessel, seeming to rise up on every side at once, towering, live pyramids of brine, hurling upward with a harsh, unceasing roaring. From her taffrail to her knight-heads the ship was swept fore and aft, so that no living thing could have existed a moment down upon the main deck, which was practically submerged; indeed, the whole vessel seemed at times to be lost beneath the chaos of water that thundered down and over her in clouds and cataracts of brine and foam, so that each moment seemed like to be our last. Occasionally I would hear the hoarse voice of the captain or the mate calling through the gloom to one another, or to the figures of the clinging men. And then again would come the thunder of water, as the sea burst over us. And all this in an almost impenetrable darkness,

save for when some unnatural glare of lightning sundered the clouds, and lit up the thirty-mile cauldron which had engulfed us. And, anon, round about, seeming to come from every point of the horizon, sounded a vast, but distant, bellowing and screaming noise, which now appeared to be growing louder upon our port beam. It was the storm circling round about us.

Again there came a short period of windlessness, and then once more the yelling of an approaching gust. It struck us; but now the vessel had paid off before the wind, and she was not again forced over on to her side. From now onward we drove forward over vast seas, with the cyclone bellowing and wailing over us in one unbroken roar. . . . The vortex had passed, and, could we but last out a few more hours, then might we hope to win through.

Slowly, with an undreamt-of slowness, the remainder of the night passed, minute by minute, and at last the day broke in a weary dawn, the sky full of a stormy, sickly light. On every side tumbled an interminable chaos of seas. And the vessel herself! A wreck she appeared. The mizzenmast had gone some dozen feet above the deck, the main-topmast had gone, and so had the jigger-topmast. I struggled forrard to the break of the poop, and glanced along the decks. The boats had gone. All the iron scupper doors were either bent or had disappeared. On the starboard side, opposite to the stump of the mizzenmast, was a great ragged gap in the steel bulwarks, where the mast had struck when it carried away. In several other places the t'gallant-rail was either smashed or dinged where it had been struck by falling spars. The side of the teak deckhouse had been stove, and the water was roaring in and out with each roll of the ship. The sheep-pen had vanished, and so, as I discovered later, had the pigsty. Further forrard my glance went, and I saw that the sea had breached the bulkhead across the after end of the fo'cas'le, and with each biggish sea that we shipped a torrent of water drove in, and then floated out, sometimes bearing with it an odd board,

IT WAS LIKE A MOVING CLIFF

or perhaps a man's boot, or some other article of wearing apparel. In two places on the main deck I saw men's sea-chests washing to and fro in the water that streamed over the deck. And there came into my mind a memory of the poor fellow who had broken his arm when we were cutting loose the wreck of the foretopmast.

Already the strength of the cyclone was spent, so far, at least, as we were concerned, and I was thinking of making a try for the fo'cas'le, when, close beside me, I heard the mate's voice. I turned with a little start. He had evidently noticed the breach in the bulkhead, for he told me to watch a chance, and see if we could not get forrard. This we did, though not without a further thorough sousing, as we were still shipping water by the score of tons. Moreover, the risk was considerably greater than might be conceived, for the doorless scupper-ports offered uncomfortable facilities for going gurgling out into the ocean along with a ton or two of brine from the decks.

We reached the fo'cas'le, and pulled open the lee door. We stepped inside. It was like stepping into a dank, gloomy cavern. Water was dripping from every beam and stanchion. We struggled across the slippery deck to where we had left the sick man in his bunk. In the dim light we saw that man and bunk, everything, had vanished; only the bare steel sides of the vessel remained. Every bunk and fitting in the place had been swept away, and all of the men's sea-chests. Nothing remained, save, it might be, an odd soaked rag of clothing or a sodden bunk-board. The mate and I looked at one another in silence. "Poor devil!" he said. He repeated his expression of pity, staring hard at the place where had been the bunk; then, grave of face, he turned to go out on deck. As he did so a heavier sea than usual broke aboard, and swept in through the broken bulkhead and the lee doorway. It swirled round the sides, caught us, and threw us down in a heap, then swept out through the breach and the doorway, carrying the mate with it. He managed to grasp the lintel of the doorway, else I do believe he would have gone out through one of the open scupper-traps—a doubly hard fate after coming safely through the cyclone.

Outside of the fo'cas'le, I saw that the ladders leading up to the head had both gone; but I managed to scramble up. Here I found that both anchors had been washed away, and the rails all round, only the bare staunchions remaining. Beyond the bows, the jib-boom had gone, and all the gear was draggled inboard over the fo'cas'le head, or trailing in the sea. We made our way aft, and reported; then the roll was called, and we found that one other was missing, besides the two I have already mentioned, and the man we found jammed half through the poop-rails, who was now under the steward's care. From that time on the sea went down steadily, and we proceeded to work to get the ship cleared up a bit, after which one watch turned in on the floor of the saloon, and the other was told to "stand easy."

Hour by hour through the day the sea went down, until it was difficult to believe that only a short twelve hours gone we had despaired for our lives. And so the evening came, calm and restful, the wind no more than a light summer's breeze, and the sea calming steadily. About seven bells that night a big steamer crossed our stern, and slowed down to ask us if we were in need of a tow; for, even by moonlight, it was easy to see our dismantled condition. This offer, however, Captain Avery refused; and, with many good wishes, the big vessel swung off into the moonlight, and so, presently, we were left alone.

When she had gone, the captain, who had been walking the poop-deck along with the mate, called across to me to know when I was going to develop those negatives.

"Never thought he'd need to," interjected the mate.

"Oh! you're an old croaker," replied the Captain, laughing. "though I'll admit it *was* stiff."

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

AN APPRECIATION

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

SUCH personal facts in the life of Augustus Saint-Gaudens as bear upon his art can be told in a few words. His father was a Frenchman; his mother, Irish. The son was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter and spent six years in the practice of the craft. Meanwhile he studied at the Cooper Union and National Academy of Design; whence he proceeded to Paris and entered the École des Beaux Arts under Jouffroy. In due course he visited Italy and was particularly attracted by the works of Donatello and the other Florentine primitives.

He returned home in 1876 to find the new impulse toward more artistic conditions fairly under way. Already in Paris his ability had been recognized by visiting Americans, so that opportunity awaited him here in the form of a commission for a statue of Admiral Farragut. He went back to Paris to execute it. But, from the time that its erection in Madison Square established his pre-eminence among American sculptors, his work, with the exception of the *Sherman Group*, was done at home. Why he decided to produce this work in Paris, I do not know, but the experience proved a disappointment. He seems not to have derived from the modern metropolis of art the inspiration he expected. With its artistic ideals and conditions he found he had little sympathy. The reason may possibly be gathered from a letter I received in 1901, shortly after he came back. In it he writes: "What you say about the conditions of American art" (he was referring to an article in one of the periodicals) "gives me great pleasure, as it expresses forcibly the feeling I had on my return home from a three years' absence from America. The directness and energy, the healthfulness and promise of it all impressed me extraordinarily."

It was characteristic of Saint-Gaudens that he should write thus in terms of commendation and encouragement to a stranger; equally, that he should be so generous in his approval of the work of brother-artists; while the qualities that he notes in their work—energy, directness, and healthfulness, were among the conspicuous characteristics of his own.

It was the exhibition of those qualities in the *Farragut* that at once made Saint-Gaudens a marked man and the leader in a new direction. For, hitherto, American sculptors had been looking toward Rome for instruction and, what they were pleased to consider, inspiration; finding them in the classic and Late Renaissance examples, and, particularly, in the imitations of those by modern workers. Saint-Gaudens, on the contrary, notwithstanding that he had come under the academic influence in Paris, rejected it when he reached Italy, and turned to the example of the Early Renaissance, whose artists were stirred by the beginning of a knowledge of the classic to a close study of nature. The pose of his *Farragut* recalls that of Donatello's *Saint George*. This, however, was but an incident of the influence he had felt;

its real inspiration prompted to a union of plastic nobility with direct rendering of the energy of life.

Consciously or unconsciously, he was confronted with the alternative: art for art's sake or art for the sake of expressing life, and he chose the latter. Probably he did but follow the call of his own temperament; yet the choice was a momentous one. It gave a new ideal to the American sculptor, and broke ground for the subsequent harvest of "directness, energy, and healthfulness."

At the Paris Exposition of 1900 two equestrian statues soared above the turbulence of whited forms that filled the acres of space devoted to sculpture in the Grand Palais. The one was the *Jeanne d'Arc* by Paul Dubois, his masterpiece; the other, the *Sherman*, considered by some the masterpiece of Saint-Gaudens. The contrast they presented was as illuminating as it was marked.

The work of the French artist exhibited a decision, precision and perfection of technique that the other lacked. What the *Sherman* suggested in compensation was a flaming sincerity and force of purpose. It was a stirring revelation of personal expression, while the *Jeanne d'Arc* in its purity of academic faultlessness, remained an achievement, almost solely artistic. At least that is how the contrast affected me, and, not being a practising technician, I preferred the *Sherman*. Whereas the one exhaled art, the other breathed life. For the refinements of artifice that distinguish Dubois's work belong exclusively to art; they are not concerned with, are, indeed, antagonistic to, the expression of life. Their conclusive perfection centres one's attention on the technicalities themselves and their æsthetic allurement. It defeats suggestion, for life and character are at once too varied and too subtle to be thus included in precise limits. They demand for their expression a freer method, that, as it were, shades off at the edges into suggestion which invites the imagination to complete the conception. It is this penumbra of expression, enveloping the *Sherman Group*, that distinguished it from the clear orb of the *Jeanne d'Arc*. Some people feeling the difference, but not reasoning it out in this way, speak of Saint-Gaudens's work as lacking in style. It certainly has not the same kind of style as the Frenchman's work, and for the reasons we have been considering; but, judged from its own standpoint, conception and form are cemented by an individuality of expression on the artist's part that is of the very essence of style; and one of extremely high distinction.

The *Sherman* is at once forceful and controlled, convincingly sincere; no hint of flamboyance disturbs the rhythmic nobility of the design; yet in character and spirit it suggests an irresistible impulse of onward movement. But it is not impetuous; on the contrary, one of solemn intensity, as if at the call of a high Fate. Fate governs the mind and actions of the figures as inevitably as the action of a Greek tragedy. The man is even greater than himself; he is the chosen hand of Destiny. Nor is it from any written or spoken word of the artist that one has derived this impression; still less from any fancy of one's own imagination. It comes to us straight from the actual plastic suggestion. It is the product of style.

Nothing, as we know, is less capable of definition than style; to attempt to analyze its ingredients is to lose the savor of it. But it is capable of interpretation. And, if I may attempt it in the case of Saint-Gaudens, it is the expression of an *intellectual* as well as of an *emotional* comprehension of his subject. Style may be an expression only of the artist's delight in the sensuous allurement of form, of lines, and planes and modulations, reaching a pitch of exquisiteness that corresponds to the keenness and subtlety of the artist's susceptibility. In Saint-Gaudens's case this delight, experienced by all artists, was allied to a profound appreciation of the actual subject of his study. It was not the mere

THE SHERMAN MONUMENT—ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

personality that occupied him, but the soul of the man as revealed in his conduct. His intuition regarding the significance of the latter, seems to have been exceptionally acute; and no less complete, the intellectual comprehension with which he subsequently accounted for the intuition. Conviction realized, he brought to the achievement all the resources of his art, and the result was an idealization of the man and his relation to his conditions. But it was his intellectual comprehension as well as his range of emotion and imagination, that determined his style.

I reach this conclusion, for my own part, from the effect produced upon me by his work, the *Lincoln*, for example. Otherwise how can I explain to myself the extraordinary uplift that I experience in its presence? From the circumstances of my birth and bringing-up the conception of Lincoln forms no part of my spiritual heritage. My admiration for him is purely objective; feeling is not involved. Yet before this statue I am conscious of a poignancy of personal feeling, a profound exaltation.

It is not caused by the lifelikeness of the face. I have seen other portraits, and a few interested me; but nothing more. Still less is it the character of the clothes, although to men who knew Lincoln they may well seem a part of his personality. No, it is something deeper. Certainly, in part, the rhythmic poise of the figure; balanced so marvellously between energy and calm; with suggestion alike of intense, vibrating action, and of imperturbability, as solid as a rock. In part, also, the gravity and sweetness of the bowed head, the expression of which is at once the culmination and the restarting point of the rhythmic movement that circulates through the figure. These impressions move me deeply; but there must be something deeper and fuller yet. Whence, by degrees, the extraordinary realization of mingled majesty and tenderness, of moral and mental elevation, of manhood touched with what is godlike? For it is no longer a matter of feeling only, but of something intellectually com-

prehended, that has become a part of my mental convictions. Without prepossessions and so involuntarily have I reached this altitude of mind, that I must attribute it to something more than the emotional appeal of the statue. I have discovered in it a mind, appealing to my mind. It is the intellectual grasp of the subject in the artist's own mind, his complete comprehension of the qualities of his hero, his own profound conviction, shaping its expression to a form of the ideal, by which I have been stimulated.

It is this superior kind of idealization that is perhaps the most distinguishing feature of Saint-Gaudens's work, for the average studio conception and treatment of the ideal is so meagre and jejune. It is limited, for the most part, to the rendering of the human form, under circumstances, as far as possible, removed from ordinary experience. So the nude is preferred; in lieu of it figures swathed in draperies; character, individuality and humanity are rejected in favor of a calculated perfection of form, and the effort of the artist is expended in administering to the pleasure of sense, without reference to mind or spirit.

Photo. copyrighted by ARTHUR HEWITT, 1904

NIRVANA—THE ADAMS TOMB, ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON

With this notion of the ideal Saint-Gaudens could have had little sympathy. For to him the ideal meant a discovery of the soul in the person or event; the rendering of its import both to mind and spirit. In this higher sense, almost everything that came from his hand is an idealization. This quality of soul-expression, so conspicuous in the best of his portraits as well as in his large memorial statues, lends a very rare charm to his few examples of the female form.

One recalls, for instance, the winged figure, holding aloft a tablet with the words *Amor–Caritas*. Here there is scarcely more than the dawning of soul; a maiden's quiet converse with thoughts yet vague, unrealized. But the artist has created the type of face that to him personified beauty. We meet it again in the Victory of the *Sherman* and in the figure in the Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington.

The face has a high, spiritual forehead, narrowed by the encroachment of the hair; a strong angle of brows and nose; high cheek-bones, short upper lip, a mouth inclined to downward curves, and a full round chin. It is a type, one would say, formed of a blend of the Eastern and the Middle West, distinctly American. In the *Amor–Caritas* the suggestion of its spiritual possibility is still faint. Not until it reappears in the other statues does it attain to an authority of expression.

To Saint-Gaudens the conception of Victory had in it the combined ideas of anguish and exaltation; as if he had had in mind the saying of Wellington, that the next saddest thing to a defeat is victory. The rendering of the head of this figure will seem to many of us the most purely beautiful of all his creations. It is, in the first place, so nobly thoroughbred. The proportion it bears to the figure, its own lines, and the thrill of distinction imparted to it by the mingled virility and nervous delicacy of the modelling are instinct with the most refined nobility. As to the expression, it combines loftiness of purpose, complete self-oblivion, irresistible resolve, a white heat of ecstasy, flaming with the pain of pity. But how can we capture in words its intense spirituality? This expression, concentrated in the head, pervades the movement of the body and the buoyant draperies; seems to inspire the very action of the horse, and irradiates the grim figure of its rider with the fervor of exalted patriotism.

In comparison with the heightened feeling that this victory imparts to the whole composition, the floating figure of the Shaw Memorial is inexpressive. In its present form it was added at the last moment after the conception and execution of the group had occupied twelve years. Neither in spirit nor design is it an actual ingredient of the composition. Beside the magnificent directness and breadth of the other figures, its lines are quavering and confused; in contrast with their naturalness the expedient of unnaturally suspended draperies strikes a discordant note, while the sentiment of the form is ineffectual in comparison with the tremendous purpose of the soldiers. They, once more, are impelled by the momentum of destiny and represent the idealization of the soul of a great fact.

But comparable to the *Lincoln* in directness and simplicity, perhaps even exceeding it in impressiveness, is the female figure in the Rock Creek Cemetery. Trying to define the emotion that it idealizes, people have given it various titles: *Grief*, *Nirvana*, *The Peace of God*, and so forth. But the sculptor himself never limited its significance by a term; and it is rather as some solemn work of music that it affects one, with suggestion wholly abstract. The memorial bears no name or date. Its immediate purpose was to give expression to the immensity and irreparableness of a husband's bereavement; it became through the intensity and scope of the artist's vision a type, universal in its import and appeal.

As usual with Saint-Gaudens's monuments, its setting is most impressive. To reach the spot the visitor must thread his way through the customary array of monuments, tolerable, banal and distressing, mutually antagonistic through lack of privacy, for the resting places of our dead are as incongruously crowded as our cities of the living. But presently a narrow opening in a tall hedge invites to enter.

One peers in from a motive of curiosity. In an instant it is changed to reverence; one is conscious of what one has come to seek. We take the seat prepared for us, a marble *sedile*,

and find ourselves walled about with cypress trees that close us in from everything except the sky. In this quiet sanctuary the Presence dwells.

Now, or, it may be, later, we note the material details: An upright slab of polished granite, in front of which upon a rough-hewn rock is the bronze seated figure of a woman. A thick, coarse drapery, as of sack-cloth, covers her from head to foot, leaving exposed only a face with closed eyes, a clenched hand beneath the chin, and a tense arm, visible to the elbow. The knees and thighs show gaunt and large below the drapery; but under its voluminous folds the body seems shrivelled, though the line of the back is rigid, and the carriage of the head high. Elsewhere we have seen a face like, and not like, this woman's.

She is an older sister of *Amor-Caritas*, older for she has lived with sorrow; older also than that other sister *Nike*, for her sorrow is past. With her everything is past—love and hope, peace and the joy that is born of pain, the glory that comes of conflict, sacrifice, and victory, all gone; protest, rebellion, even memory, irrevocably gone. Consciousness of sensation stilled. What had to be has happened and the consequence has been received again into the vast ocean of the universal cause.

If art is greatest when it least partakes of the local and the temporary, when its suggestion is most purely abstract and it invites to moods that impinge upon the universal, this statue is a great wonder of modern art. There is no need to compare it with the miracles of the past. Every work of art should be judged in its relation to the life-spirit of its own time. Such is peculiarly the test that the most important works of Saint-Gaudens invite and satisfy; and none of them, perhaps, more than this one.

THE AWAKENING

I FOUND Love years ago, a dimpled sprite,
Whose outspread wings of gossamer had snared
A little struggling rainbow, that had dared
To play too close to Love, in its young flight.
There, poised upon a sunbeam, wanton, bright,
He bent to kiss a flower, with body bared,
And so I caught him, trembling, unprepared,
And, laughing, held him fast with all my might.

To-day, he walked beside me on the road,
With drooping wings—a saddened, old-young child,
With lips a-quiver and dull eyes of pain.
His little hand held mine, yet all things showed
He longed for freedom, and his old life wild.
Dear God! how can I set him free again?

FREDERICK TRUESDELL.

MY INTERPRETATION OF "MACBETH"

By TOMMASO SALVINI

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY DIRCÉ ST. CYR

IN the whole play of "Macbeth" there is a bleak and ghastly atmosphere. Shakespeare's genius trod upon the farthest bounds of nature and passion.

The definition of the character of Macbeth involves, it seems to me, an absolute antithesis to that of the Prince of Denmark. If we can define the tragedy of "Hamlet" as illustrating the power of thought over action, we can describe "Macbeth" as indicating the power of action over thought.

Macbeth lived during a period when a valorous soldier was more esteemed than gold. Politics, strategy and diplomatic negotiations would easily surrender to the merit of personal courage. It was, no doubt, a bloody, ferocious, brutal age, yet it had also its virtues: the scrupulous observance of all obligations and of sworn faith; a genuine admiration for valorous deeds and a disposition to reward adequately past services and all magnanimous and generous acts. At that time, the people of Scotland, either on account of their ignorance or their roaming life, were very superstitious and believed in all supernatural apparitions. Macbeth, though reputed a strong, proud, courageous and adventurous soldier, yet shared the beliefs of his countrymen. This play, like "Hamlet," is based on fatalism; the appearance of the witches is the key-note of the development of the tragedy.

We all agree that Macbeth is a remarkable personality. His intense energy and high courage to face boldly all dangers in the battle-field, trusting implicitly in his good fortune, have rapidly advanced his fortunes. His selfishness is due only to his great ambition; and the more he is honored, the more eager he becomes to reach his goal.

The actor who aspires to embody the character of Macbeth should first of all be endowed with a strong physique, so as to represent adequately his sanguine, nervous temperament. Possessing this requisite, he must carefully study all the delicate shades of this complex nature. From the very beginning of the play he should endeavor to get the public interested in Macbeth. In fact, the first time the hero enters he is at the height of his glory, returning victorious from a battle. The witches, hailing him as Glamis, flatter his pride; then again, hailing him as Cawdor, as King, they startle him and arouse his ambition.

> Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
> The greatest is behind,

he repeats to himself. Much depends on the way these two lines are delivered, to make the audience understand Macbeth's real soul. Until the moment of the prophecy he has the courage of a warrior; but now to his courage he adds ambition, and thus his true enthusiasm. He shows that

all the obstacles he may find in his way can not intimidate him, except the idea of committing a crime and shedding blood without a fair combat. He says,

> Present fears
> Are less than horrible imaginings.

Macbeth knows that much is at stake—his position, the public esteem and the honors he has recently received from the king he means to murder. The actor should give evidence of the horror that Macbeth feels at the thought of committing this crime. In the effort to down his conscience, he says to himself,

> Come what may,
> Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

These words show also his belief in Fate. But would a man like Macbeth, who is used to defy all dangers, at the end be overcome by any obstacle? No; incited by his ambition, with all his strength he plans for the killing of the king, even before he meets Lady Macbeth. He is thirsty for honors, and in order to be king is ready to sacrifice all lives. In the following words we perceive his feeling:

> Stars, hide your fires!
> Let not light see my black and deep desires.

In his wife, Macbeth finds his twin soul; she reads well his inner thoughts and encourages his "black and deep desires." As soon as Lady Macbeth receives the letter from her husband informing her of the witches' prophecy she also plots the crime, and is anxious for his return, that she may persuade him to it, showing him how easily it can be done. She tells him to

> look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under 't.

To my mind, Lady Macbeth is not really ambitious; she is a wicked woman of tremendous intellectual power, the very personification of evil.

At the time of the murder, Macbeth fears for a moment. These two lines will explain his state of mind:

> If 't were done when 't is done, then 't were well
> It were done quickly.

The success of this scene depends much on Lady Macbeth. She should with all her devilish soul, without making it burlesque, instigate and persuade him to commit the murder. She tells him she would be ready to do the crime herself, and later she puts her courage to the test by staining her hands with Duncan's blood; she calls her husband foolish and bitterly reproaches him for his stupid hallucinations.

In Shakespeare's plays we sometimes find scenes laid in peculiar places wholly unadapted to what is going on and thus causing the situation to appear unreal. For instance, after Macbeth has committed the crime, would he come and tell his impressions in such a public place as the courtyard of his castle, where he could easily be heard at any moment? Why, the first thing that a man would do in such a case would be to go to some remote place, where no human being could trace his murder.

After Macbeth has killed the king, he becomes frightened and begins to see apparitions. He desires peace, but not atonement, for he is not repentant. It is true that the ghost of Banquo and that of his son make him delirious, yet these phantoms kindly confront him, exalt him! We cannot say he is afraid of them; no, he is only perturbed; he would rather lie down in peace with the murdered Duncan than have those sleepless nights. In Act v, when the Doctor talking with him says,

> Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself,

Macbeth answers:

> Throw physic to the dogs!
> I 'll none of it!

This shows plainly that he is not repentant or remorseful. He defies

hese visions, fights them, and with is strong will for a time subdues hem. There is real greatness in his ambitious, bloody man!

An actor able to portray all these hanges in Macbeth's character may be assured of a complete success.

In my version, I always omitted the ghost of Banquo, in the banquet scene, because I thought it more impressive to make my audience feel that I alone saw the ghost.

Like Achilles, Macbeth has his vulnerable side. In our time, who would believe that a forest could be removed to another place? Who would have faith that children born before their time have the strength to knock down a giant? Macbeth believes all this; superstition is his weakness; it discourages and prostrates him. His hallucinations become uncontrolled, and his reign a reign of terror. Like a ferocious lion, he will fight to the end. He reasons thus: "You must be ready to succumb to your destiny and die on the battle-field, like a courageous man, as you always were; your excessive ambition has ruined your heart and intellect. Even if everyone imprecates you, yet make all admire you." This ferocious usurper of Scotland's throne is a majestic figure.

The first time I read this tragedy, I expected to see the sleep-walking scene played by Macbeth, instead of his wife. This scene occurs at the beginning of the fifth act, and not until the gentlewoman and the doctor converse together are we aware of the change in Lady Macbeth's character, and of the illness that has made her weak. A woman so brutal in her conception and so resolute in her projects—how could she at once lose steadfastness? She who was capable of saying—

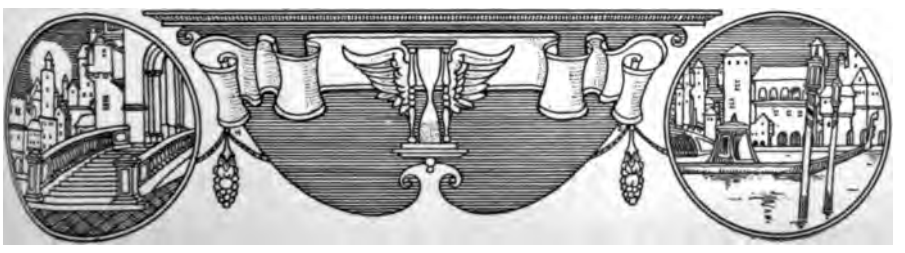
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out—

such a woman is capable of committing any crime, without losing her impassiveness! I should have preferred not to see her, even in sleep, wash her hands of the murder of Duncan; her wicked personality would have appeared still greater.

I do not believe that Shakespeare meant the sleep-walking scene for Lady Macbeth. Have you not noticed how precise the famous writer was in drawing his characters? He always tried to keep them in the same light, from beginning to end. To my mind it seems impossible that Lady Macbeth should collapse like that; instead, it would be more natural in Macbeth. I found this scene so unnatural that I cut it out in my version.

The explanation may be something like this: In Shakespeare's day there were no women players. Perhaps some of the actors were not satisfied with the length of their respective parts. Shakespeare, to keep the peace, may have shortened Macbeth's speeches and given them to somebody else.

The tragedy of Macbeth is a sublime display of tragic passion, a pathetic picture of fate and evil conquering good. There is no moral; but without doubt, this play may be regarded as the greatest work of dramatic literature.



THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer

TO be in London is to be in society. Each invitation accepted brings two more, with an ultimate result like that of the old-fashioned "chain letter."

Having thoughtlessly begun a social career, I suddenly found my London carpeted with crimson velvet. And by insidious processes, and by reason of the advance of summer, the velvet carpet magically transformed itself into country-house lawns, the only difference being that the green velvet carpet was of a richer pile.

I had determined to accept no country-house invitations. The somewhat ample length and breadth of London itself was all the England I desired, and this I absorbed as fast as I could; my only difficulty being that I could not live nimbly enough.

But like the historic gentleman who "loved but was lured away," I was invited to a Saturday afternoon garden party in the country, and, under pressure of argument by some cherished friends, I consented to go.

The garden party, unlike Sheridan, was seventy miles away; but I learned that it would be a typical English garden party of the three-volume sort, and though it necessitated a week-end stay, and concomitant luggage bothers, I stoically prepared to see it through.

I was to meet my Cherished Friends, who were none other than the Wag O' The World and his Wife, at Victoria Station.

This, of itself, was a worth-while

experience, for meeting friends at a London station is always exciting. To begin with, they are never there. You rush madly about from one ridiculous, inadequate ticket wicket to another,—from one absurd, inadequate waiting-room to another, and then you think that after all they must have said Charing Cross.

Then you forget them, and become absorbed in watching the comic opera crowd of Week-Enders, in their neat travelling-suits of beflounced muslin, frilly lace scarfs and stout boots.

Wandering about in the luggage-room, I suddenly chanced upon my friends calmly sitting on their own boxes, and looking as if they had been evicted for not paying their rent.

And such a multiplicity of luggage as they had! I had contented myself with one box of goodly proportions, but my Cherished Friends had no less than twelve pieces of the varying patterns of enamelled blackness and pig-skinned brownness which only England knows.

"Why sit ye here idle?" I demanded.

"We await the psychical moment," responded the Wag O' The World; "you see they won't stick our luggage sooner than ten minutes before train time, and they're not allowed to stick it later than five minutes before train time. The game is to catch a porter between those times."

The game seemed not only difficult but impossible, for the porters were not only elusive but for the most part invisible. Preoccupied-looking men strolled about with a handful of labels and a pastepot, but could not be induced to decorate our luggage therewith.

"The principle is all wrong!" I declared. "It is absurd for one to be such a slave to one's luggage. Somebody ought to invent a trunk with legs and intelligence, that would run after us,—instead of our running after it!"

"Even that would not be necessary," responded the Wag O' The World, in his mild way; "if somebody would only invent a porter with legs and intelligence, it would fulfil all requirements."

Now this is the strange part:

Though there were more than a thousand people waiting to have their luggage stuck (i.e. labelled), and

THE COMIC OPERA CROWD OF WEEK-ENDERS

though there were but few of the invisible porters, yet everybody was properly stuck, and started when the train did!

The next entertainment was the securing of an entire compartment for our party of three. This is always accomplished in England, but by many devious and often original devices.

"I 've thought of a good plan which I 've never tried yet," observed the Wag O' The World, "to get a compartment to one's self. That is, to invent some collapsible rubber people—like balloon pigs, you know—that may be carried in the pocket, and

LOOKING AS IF THEY HAD BEEN EVICTED FOR NOT PAYING THEIR RENT

blown up for use when necessary. Three or four of these, when blown up, and placed in the various seats, would fool any guard. And if one were shaped like a baby, with a crying arrangement that would work mechanically, the others would not be needed."

This plan was ingenious, but, like everything else in England, unnecessary. It is one of the most striking characteristics of the English that nothing is absolutely necessary to their well-being or happiness. If anything is omitted or mislaid, it is not missed but promptly forgotten, and no harm done.

After an hour or two of pleasant travel through the hop-poled scenery of south eastern England, we reached a place with one of those absurd names which always suggest Edward Lear's immortal lyrics, where we must needs change cars.

My Cherished Friends strolled along the length of the platform to the luggage van, and judiciously selected such boxes as they cared to claim; though I am sure they did not get all of their own, and acquired a few belonging to other passengers. I easily picked out my own American trunk, and, surrounded by our spoil, we stood on the platform while the train wandered on.

After a long, but by no means tedious, wait there appeared on the other side of the platform a toy railroad train, so amateurish that it looked like one drawn by a child on a slate.

We were put into a box-stall, and locked in. The ridiculous little contraption bobbled along its track, and finally stopped in the middle of a beautiful landscape, and we jumped out to become part of it.

The barouche of our hostess awaited us, with still life in the shape of liveried attendants. A huge wagon awaited the luggage, which had mysteriously dumped itself out of the train, and we were whisked away to the Garden Party.

Partly to be polite, and partly because I could n't help it, I remarked on the marvellous beauty of the country.

The Wag O' The World enthusiastically agreed with me. "But, Emily," he said, "if you could only see this same country in the spring! These lanes are walled on either side with the pink bloom of the may,—and the wild flowers——"

Tears stood in the blue eyes of the Wag, at the mere thought of spring in Kent, and I realized at last why English poets have sometimes written poems about Spring.

We passed through the village,

ne of those tiny hamlets which cquire merit only by age and local tradition. The Happy Villagers tared at us with just the correct egree of bucolic curiosity, and e rolled on through the lodge gates, nd along the winding, beautiful avenue to the house. In every direction stretched wide lawns of perfect grass, that probably acquired its uppish look when William the Conqueror trod it.

We were met by no humanity of our own stamp, but were shown to our room by benevolent-minded factotums, and gently advised to prepare for the Garden Party.

With the exception of entertainments of a public nature, I have never seen so beautiful and elaborate an affair. The guests, to the number of two hundred, came from all the country round, some in equipages dripping with ancestral glory, and some in motor-cars reeking with modern wealth.

The women's costumes were of themselves a study. The Englishwoman's dress often inclines to the *bizarre*, and at a garden fête she lets herself loose in radant absurdities, which she wears with the absolute self-satisfaction born of the knowledge that in the matter of feminine adornment England is the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Garden Party proceeded with the regularity of clock-work. The invitations read from four till six, and promptly at four the whole two hundred guests arrived. This occasioned no confusion, and the hostess greeted them with a neatness and despatch equalling that of our own Presidential receptions.

ENGLISH PEOPLE HAVE ORIGINAL IDEAS OF POSING

The guests then conversed in amiable groups on the lawn, while a band of musicians in scarlet and gold uniforms played popular airs.

All were then marshalled into a huge marquee, of dimensions exceeding our largest circus tent. Here, a Lucullian feast was served at small tables, and the country gentry, in their vague, involuntary way, amply satisfied their healthy English appetites.

After the feast, the assemblage was rounded up into a compact audience, to witness the performance

of a troupe of Pierrots. The antics of these mountebanks, with accompanying songs and dances, were appreciatively applauded, and then, as it was six o'clock, the assemblage dissolved and vanished, almost with the rapidity of a bursting bubble.

To my easily flustered American mentality, it all seemed like a feat of magic; and I looked in amazement at my hostess, who, after the departure of the last guest, was as composed and serene as if she had entertained but a single guest. And like the insubstantial pageant faded, it left not a rack behind. More magic dissolved the tent, the band-stand, the Pierrots' platform, and all other incriminating evidence, and then, with true English forgetfulness, the garden party was a thing of the past, and dinner was toward.

The house-party numbered forty, and, after exchanging the filmy finery of the garden garb for the more gorgeous regalia demanded by candle-light, the guests repaired to the stately dining-hall. Of course, *repaired* is the only verb of locomotion befitting the occasion.

Sunday passed like a beautiful day-dream. The English have a great respect for the Sabbath day, and, perhaps as a reward for this, the weather on Sunday is usually perfect. It is not incumbent on guests to go to church, but it is considered rather nice of them to do so—especially if, as happened in this instance, the old church is on the estate where one is visiting. Nor is it any hardship to sit in an old carved high-backed pew that has belonged to the family for ages.

Sabbath amusements are of a mild nature, one of the favourites being photography. English people have original ideas of posing, and any one who can invent a new mode of grouping his subjects is looked upon as a hero.

Aside from Lord Nelson's declaration, if there is one thing that England expects, it is Tea; and tea she gets every day. But of all the various modes of conducting the function, the out-of-door Tea at a country house is probably the most delightful.

The appointments are the perfection of wicker, china and silver, but it is the local color and surroundings that count most.

I cease to wonder that the English are only vaguely interested in their viands, for who could definitely consider the flavor of tea when in full view was a rising terrace leading to a magnificent old mansion of the correct and approved period of architecture, and covered with ivy that may have been planted by an Historical Character? or, looking in another direction, one could perceive a formal garden, with fountain and sun-dial; another turn of the head brought into view a unique rose orchard, unmatched even in England; while toward the only point of the compass left, rolled hills and dales that made many an English landscape painter famous.

Add to this the inconsequent and always delightful small-talk of English society, spiced here and there by their dreadful expletive, "My word!" and enlivened by the English humor, which is, to those who care for it, the most truly humorous thing on earth,—and I, for one, am quite ready to concede that these conditions combine to make afternoon Tea a Spangle of Existence.

MORTMAIN

By H. G. DWIGHT

I

THE building of the chapel on the Hill of the Arrow Makers was for Mr. Bisbee, the Reverend Horatio Bisbee, who had that matter in charge, an abounding means of grace. At the time, to be sure, he thought it the very devil—although he was not the man to say so. But in after years the structure stood for him as a monument to many things that might have remained sealed to him had he staid happily at home in Iowa. And it even became his to arrive at the somewhat rare realization that it is well for a man to be able to say of himself, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio. . . . "

The first of them was the Pasha to whom the ground belonged. He lived in a tumble-down *konak* with nothing but divine providence and three thin props to keep him from sliding into the street, and he ought to have been delighted to get rid of such a draughty, rambling old firetrap for nothing. Whereas he pretended that he loved every unpainted board on the place, where his fathers had lived ever since the Conquest and where his sons should have lived after him, if—that *if* was the measure of his unreasonableness. For he also pretended that everything had been spoiled for him by these uncircumcised barbarians who had come and planted their infernal printing presses at his ear. How could you take a nap between meals, how could you sip a coffee in peace, how could you look after your rose-bushes—*janum!*—when your light was darkened by a vast pesthouse in which the Christians were already tasting their portion of the world to come, and which resounded from noon to noon as with the torments of the damned? And then they said they merely wished to do good! Let them therefore pay the Pasha's price. Which they did, with much grumbling, being more anxious for his *konak* than his company. Only it was many days before Mr. Bisbee, being fresh from his native land, learned that a Pasha's price is not necessarily the one he proposes to you, or that when a Pasha says yes he expresses a courteous desire of not injuring your feelings, rather than any intention of keeping his word. And according to the lights of Iowa it was somewhat difficult to make out what numberless cups of coffee—Mr. Bisbee thought them very nasty at first, too,—and endless disquisitions on the culture of roses had to do with a matter of real estate. Then the Pasha had a pet cheetah that somebody had brought him from Persia, and whenever you went into the place the creature would jump at you as if he meant to tear you limb from limb. He was quite capable of it, too—although he merely wanted to rub against your legs, purring affectionately, like the big cat he was. But as he sometimes knocked you over, and as the purr of a hunting-leopard sounds unpleasantly like a buzz-saw, the reverend Horatio did not encourage the beast's advances. Which perceiving, the Pasha seldom failed to call in the cheetah at delicate points in the negotiation.

It came in time to an end, as even

Oriental negotiations will—only to plunge the unhappy man of God into another, involving yet more harassing delays and more fantastic processes of law. This was the affair of the Arrow Makers. Mr. Bisbee, born in a land where great companies tremble before small inventors who take thought day and night how to ruin them, made the mistake of thinking that the Arrow Makers, whose prosperity might be supposed to have been affected by the not altogether recent invention of gunpowder, could safely be ignored—even if they did happen to carry on their occupation in certain black vaults that yawned upon the steps of the street and incidentally held up that edge of the Pasha's garden. But he learned before he was through with them that an ancient and honorable guild enjoys powers of resistance, quite independent of the transitory human inventions which may happen to have assisted at its birth. For the Arrow Makers delicately intimated that the Pasha's title to a large part of his estate rested chiefly on their own complaisance—which might well take on a different color when it became a question of *ghiaours*. It was clear that the Pasha had not owned the earth under his garden, down to the buffalo who holds the world on his back. What, therefore, was to prevent the Arrow Makers, in the natural expansion of trade, from building as many stories as they pleased on their own foundations? So, for the sake of future peace, it became necessary to buy the air over the Arrow Makers' heads, right up to the moon!

When these transactions were at last brought to a close Mr. Bisbee breathed again. Never had his energy so spent itself in vain against forces as invulnerable as the shadow of the minaret that swept daily across his premises. But if his exasperated bewilderment gave him a new view of the magnitude of the missionary enterprise, it also sharpened his zeal. He thanked God that he was now master on his own ground, and that the cry of the *muezzin* should presently be answered by the sound of Christian bells. He likewise went so far in disloyalty toward his native land as to be secretly thankful that he had neither eight-hour laws nor labor unions to cope with. But it was not long before he would have taken a walking delegate to his bosom as a brother. For the poor young man, alas, reared as he had been in Calvinistic ideas of bribery and corruption, had yet to acquire the art of adjusting himself to the exigencies of surveillance by an alien police; and as for his workmen—! To the eye of their unhappy employer they appeared far fitter to destroy the house of God than to build it. Not only were they as unlikely a band of ruffians as ever lay in ambush, but the confusion of Babel reigned amongst them. Mr. Bisbee, painfully picking up what he understood to be the language of the country, discovered that there were apparently as many languages of the country as there were inhabitants. He also discovered that with each language went a different set of habits and prejudices, the most obstinate of which were of a religious nature. This was to the practical young missionary a ridiculous and intolerable state of affairs. If the benighted creatures must go following after strange gods why could they not do it like sensible beings on the first day of the week, instead of dropping incontinently to their knees at all hours of the day, leaving him short-handed when he most needed them? The worst of it, though, was a mysterious but inexpugnable tradition that bound down each of them to one kind of work alone. There was to him nothing against nature in setting a Persian to dig or an Armenian to drive a donkey. But he began to understand how inalterable were the laws of the Medes and the Persians when he attempted that feat. In fact the sole point in which the men were at one was that they were all as deliberate as oxen and as wedded to the ways of their ancestors. Their energetic employer

would sometimes snatch a tool from one of them, in order to show how the thing should be done. But they were insensible to the force of example. Such exhibitions were for them merely examples of Western eccentricity—to be gravely applauded, like the struggles of a child with the laws of gravitation, or to be condoned with private tappings of the brow, but not to be emulated. When searched, haltingly, for reasons, they would answer: "It may be that Americans do so. Let them, and God be with them. As for us, we do *so*." And there was an end of the matter.

There was not altogether an end of the matter, however, for there was always something new. The men were as incalculable as children—they had a way, indeed, of addressing their square-jawed young master, at moments of expostulation, as their father and their mother,—and as full of superstitions as a pomegranate of seeds. One day, for instance, after digging had begun, they uncovered in one corner of the grounds a lot of skeletons. Whereupon they ran gibbering away and everything came to a standstill. It was only when a Jew happened along and obligingly offered to remove the bones that the men consented to be appeased. It was not very clear to Mr. Bisbee what the Jew wanted of a lot of skulls, or how the rude coins that rattled about in each one, and the earthenware lamps beside them, would pay for the trouble of carrying them away. He had read at college, of course, that it was once the fashion to put a coin into the mouth of a dead man, to pay his passage to the other world; but he was less interested in such heathenish customs than in planting the seed of the Word. And how the Word was to be planted by such unsanctified hands, and in such a soil, was often more than he could see. It was a mystery, for that matter, that the Pasha had ever succeeded in raising so much as a single heathen rose. The whole subsoil of the garden was one mass of rubble, made up of bits of marble, of pottery, of broken glass and crusted metal, all so fine and dry that it would run like sand. And a faint strange odor came up from it, which was very unpleasant to Mr. Bisbee and made him desperately homesick for the sweet tilth of his native State.

It appeared, however, that others did not look upon the matter quite as he did. Which, indeed, became the next source of his troubles. After the Jew had carried away the bones and the coins and the lamps, and even the big tiles forming the curious triangular concavities in which these objects had lain, a Greek turned up who evinced as much curiosity in the proceedings as if they had been any of his business. He was the more perplexing to deal with because he was a gentlemanly sort of fellow—he called himself a member of the Hellenic Archæological Syllogos, whatever that might be—and knew English very well. The reverend Horatio had never imagined that a Greek could seem so civilized. This one was particluarly interested to learn the nature of the building to be erected—Mr. Bisbee was a little at a loss to answer his question as to its architecture,—for he said that the place had once been the site of a Byzantine monastery, and before that of a pagan temple—to Aphrodite or somebody. He also explained the nature of the soil, as being due not only to the natural effect of time but to the fact that the city had been so often sacked—by the Persians in the fifth century before Christ, by Septimius Severus in the second century after, by the Venetians and Franks of the fourth crusade and by the Turks in 1453. He nevertheless declared himself as certain that priceless relics of antiquity still remained to be discovered—witness the pre-Christian necropolis that had lain undisturbed at a higher level than centuries of subsequent building and rebuilding. Although of the treasures for which the emperors had ransacked Italy and Greece so many had been carried away or destroyed, a

great many must have been overlooked or buried, particularly in 1453. For this reason, and because the opportunity was so unusual—since the government did not permit excavation—he begged that Mr. Bisbee would give away no more archæological finds to the first Jew who happened to ask for them. Every spadeful of the soil of a city whose walls had first been raised by Apollo and Poseidon, and which had kept alive the Attic torch for the kindling of the Renaissance, was precious—as a citizen of so enlightened a country as the one to which Mr. Bisbee belonged was of course the first to appreciate. And the Syllogos would be only too happy to accept the custody of whatever might be found in the course of digging.

It is the historian's pleasure to record that Mr. Bisbee eventually became sensible, in his degree, to the strange eloquence of antiquity, which may speak to men more loudly than living tongues. But at the time of our tale he was far from agreeing with his learned and somewhat prolix friend as to the value of the soil of Constantinople. It struck him, on the contrary, that soil so utterly valueless he had never seen. And he was less impressed by the antiquity of the town than by the fact that it was an extremely dirty and disagreeable place, inhabited by persons primitive, godless and discouraging to the last degree, whom the Most High in his providence had mysteriously appointed for the trying of happier nations. Why then should he spend his valuable time, already so trespassed upon, in collecting the relics of a heathen past—especially when his business was the building of a house to the confusion of the heathen? So his relations with the representative of the Hellenic Archæological Syllogos became a trifle strained. It is true enough that certain fragments of iridescent glass, certain bits of marble decorated with patterns of grape-vine, certain ancient bricks stamped with the names of emperors, certain battered capitals intricately carved with birds and basket-work, to say nothing of a few odd coins, a little broken pottery, and a miscellaneous collection of limbs in human semblance, passed into the possession of that erudite body. But differences of opinion as to these specimens were not rare. And there was in particular a matter of a marble statue, almost perfectly preserved, with so indecent a lack of raiment that the reverend Horatio accepted the judgment of heaven when the men managed to smash the thing in trying to haul it out. He accordingly allowed them to break it up for lime, for whose uses they apparently had knowledge of the value of marble. Which became the cause of open rupture between himself and the Greek. When this polite gentleman found what had happened he quite lost his head and said unpardonable things about barbarians to whom the city of Apollo and Poseidon was nothing: even Turks were better, for they at least existed in 1453 and they had some color of religion for destroying statues. The honest Bisbee, for his part, was free to admit that Apollo and Poseidon were very little to him. For the rest, having a Christian example to set, he refrained from exposing his own views as to barbarians. But he ordered the Croat at the gate to exclude, thereafter, all persons unconnected with the work.

II

On the day after this incident Mr. Bisbee was not surprised to learn that speech was desired of him. He thought it probable that the Greek would object to being turned away, and possible that he might have a few apologies to make. So, not without an inward sense of magnanimity, the young man consented to an interview. He accordingly did feel a certain surprise when two persons waited upon him—the sole resemblance of either of whom to the member of the Hellenic Archæological Syllogos was that the elder had been almost equally in evidence from the

beginning of the work. This was an Armenian of some age, rather bent and shabby, who had attracted Mr. Bisbee's attention by reason of the excessive leisure he seemed to enjoy and the excessive politeness, bordering upon the obsequious, with which he never failed to salute the director of the works. These characteristics, and a certain furtiveness of eye, had not particularly commended him to that straightforward gentleman, who sometimes found time to wonder why a man apparently in need of work did n't go out and hunt for it instead of watching a lot of lazy lummocks dig a hole in the ground. So the missionary felt small pleasure in the honor now done him; and, although the man had interfered with his operations as little as a silent spectator could, he made up his mind to deny any request for the lifting of the embargo.

The man did not, however, make any such request. He merely introduced his son, a small dark youth with a flat head and a quantity of black fuzz about his face, and the two proceeded to inform themselves with great minuteness as to the state of Mr. Bisbee's health and that of his entire acquaintance. The missionary, who abominated roundabout ways, was not mollified by this courtesy. It came to him, as he recollected how many of his valuable minutes had been wasted in one way and another, that to love one's neighbor as oneself was more of an affair in Constantinople than it used to be in Iowa. And while there was little to choose between his present neighbors—whose mutual rivalries and pretensions often amused him, since they were all poor heathen together—it likewise came to him that his Armenian neighbor was perhaps the hardest of all to love. This should not have been the case with regard to a people supposed to have special claims upon a lover of liberty—apart from the fact that among the heterogeneous driftwood of the empire they furnished the timber most apt for conversion. But there was something about these two —about their strange eyes, about their strong Semitic noses, about the very way in which they sat on the edges of their chairs with hands folded and feet tucked under the rounds—something unctuous and exotic and incurably Oriental, that aroused in their host, in spite of himself, that race feeling which slumbers so near the surface of civilization. Upon such a mood therefore did the younger at least so far approach his point as to throw out, in tolerable enough English:

"Mr. Bisbee"—he pronounced it Muster Busbee, giving full value to the final *e's*—"my father has something to tell you. He says: will you give him your word?"

"Give him my word?" inquired the missionary, not a little puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the youth, "that you will not say what he tells."

"Why, I will of course keep any confidence you may wish to make," said Mr. Bisbee rather stiffly. "But I must ask you," he added, "to be as brief as possible."

Had the young Armenian been able to read his host's state of mind he might have taken more pains to suit his own action to that gentleman's word. As it was, being absorbed by what he had to say, he first gazed steadfastly at Mr. Bisbee for some moments and then uttered with great deliberation:

"Mr. Bisbee, our family is very old." After which announcement he paused again before going on to add: "The Turks are now our masters, but we have lived here longer than they. They are here only from 1453. We are here from the time of Leo the Fifth, the Emperor."

If this name touched no responsive chord in the memory of a gentleman who happened to be better acquainted with the rulers of Israel than with those of the Eastern Empire, the date which the young man mentioned, and the air with which he mentioned it, quickened in Mr. Bisbee a dormant irritation. It seemed to him that these people had 1453 on the

brain. One would think that nothing had happened since then! Apparently for them, indeed, nothing had. They lived one and all in old, dead, forgotten, exploded things. He could hardly conceal a contempt which suddenly swelled up in him.

"That is very interesting," he said, "but I hardly have time to hear the story of your family this morning."

The youth was unperturbed.

"Mr. Bisbee," he went on, "because we are old we know many things. We know things about this land you have bought."

The remark was hardly the one to stem Mr. Bisbee's ebbing patience.

"So did a Greek gentleman who spent some days here," he observed with a touch of asperity. "I heard all about it from him."

The youth smiled a little and exchanged a guttural word with his father. Then he said:

"We know more than the Greek."

If this declaration was even less happily conceived than the preceding, its effect was tempered for Mr. Bisbee by the impressiveness with which it was uttered. He scarcely knew whether to be irritated or amused at the air of mystery which his interlocutor chose to maintain.

"Well," he inquired, "what do you know?"

The youth took another of his pauses before answering.

"We know this"—and glancing over his shoulder at the door he went on in a lowered voice: "When you have dug fifteen feet, twenty feet, perhaps twenty-five feet, you will find an iron door. When you open the iron door you will find steps. When you go down the steps you will find a passage, leading south and west."

Again there was a silence. In it Mr. Bisbee looked from one to the other of his visitors, whose eyes were upon him with an unpleasant fixity of gaze.

"You do seem to know a good deal!" he exclaimed with a smile. "Where did you happen to pick up this interesting information?"

"My father told me," answered the youth ingenuously. "His father told him, and his father told him, and his father told him—back to 1453."

That was enough for the gentleman from Iowa. He rose and pushed away his chair:

"You are very entertaining, young man, but unfortunately I have many calls upon my time. If you will kindly excuse me——"

The two, who remained seated, exchanged a startled look.

"Mr. Bisbee, please!" begged the younger. "I do not speak well. I try to tell you. This passage went underground from a monastery which was once here to the Palace of the Senate. And in it you will find many things. They were put there by the Emperor Constantine, in 1453, to keep them from the Turks. Our ancestor helped. The Emperor and the others were killed."

This disconnected speech, uttered more rapidly than the rest, and with a curious excitement about it, puzzled Mr. Bisbee not a little.

"Well, what of that?" he demanded.

The Armenian bent forward:

"We only ask: give us half!"

The fellow was so comical, with his black fuzz and his melodramatic air and his tucked-up legs, that Bisbee burst out laughing.

"Oh, you mean buried treasures? The Arabian Nights, and the Spanish Armadas, and Captain Kidd, and that sort of thing! Well, I don't know what your game is, but I guess I don't go in on it. Good-bye."

And he made for the door. But the older Armenian, whose strange eyes looked stranger than ever, silently reached out and caught him by the coat, while the younger darted in front of him.

"Mr. Bisbee! I beg you!" he cried, clasping his hands before his face. "It is so! We know! For four hundred years we have watched this place, waiting, waiting, the father telling the son, the son telling his son! It has belonged always to Turks, who did not know. And they have not treated us as the emperors did.

(To be concluded)

They have spit upon us, they have robbed us, they have massacred us—there is nothing they have not done to us! But we have waited! For four hundred years we have watched and waited! And now at last this place has come again into the hands of Christians—and of the Christians who have been our only friends! So we tell you! You might not find it, but we tell you! And because we tell you, only give us half! Ah, you have no idea! There is gold—gold—gold! There are jewels! There are treasures of the church! There are statues of the Greeks! There are things kings would give their crowns to have, hidden there in the ground, where no one knows. You will be rich—rich! You may go home and be a prince in your own country! But only give a half, a quarter, a tenth, to us who have told you, who have waited four hundred years—that we may breathe again, that we may be revenged upon our enemies, that we may live somewhere on the earth in peace!"

This outburst held the reverend Horatio a moment in sheer astonishment. Then the absurdity of it, and all the antagonisms which his two visitors called into consciousness, broke down his long-tried patience.

"Go to somebody else with your poppycock!" he cried angrily. "I have other things to do than to listen to such stuff!"

But before he could get away they had each a hand, kissing it and mumbling over it as they dragged themselves after him on their knees. It was all he could do to jerk himself loose. And when he finally got through the door the youth called after him in a strangling voice,

"Ah—our inheritance—you will take all!"

(*To be concluded*)

OUR NATIONAL PROBLEMS

By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

To come upon a dozen recent books of which the common theme is virtually the question, "What ails the body politic?" is a rather startling experience. One recalls Carlyle's "Characteristics," and its glorification of "unconsciousness." "The healthy know not of their health but only the sick"; "In the body politic as in the animal body, the sign of right performance is unconsciousness."

How can one help recalling these snatches of youthful reading, when he comes upon a dozen diagnosing and disagreeing doctors who make him think that our leading minds are feeling the national pulse or listening to the national respiration? A consultation of two was of old held to bode ill for the patient,—

For two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Conduct him faster to the Stygian shores.

But these dozen volumes by no means record a consultation, of which the result is always a superficial agreement. Here are not so many opinions, to be sure, as "opinionators." But the points of view are almost as many as American society affords among the vocal and articulate classes. In this multitude of councillors there should, proverbially, be safety. There is at any rate interest.

One searches in this variety of points of view and in this confusion of tongues for something that all these deliverances have in common, for some nexus among them. And it does not take a long search to find it. What they have in common is almost a firm faith in democracy, is quite an acceptance of it as the condition of all our political speculations

as well as experimentations, for a future to which the expectation of any American man "runneth not to the contrary."

Secretary Root,* in the first of his Yale lectures, is quite sure of the universal assent of his countrymen when he says: "The demonstration of the capacity of the people to rule themselves . . . has produced an effect upon the constitution of government throughout the civilized world by the side of which the Roman dominion sinks to an inferior place as a permanent force." And our acceptance is as ungrudging as it is universal. We have attained democracy. To that extent at least we have attained "unconsciousness." "We must educate our masters," exclaimed Robert Lowe finding the tide of British Democracy rising to submerge the Canute of the "governing classes," against his eloquent and futile protest of forty years ago in the debate on the extension of the suffrage. "Democracy you can have at any time. Night and day the gate stands open that leads to that bare and arid plain where every ant-hill is a mountain and every thistle is a forest tree." But how impossible to any American of any one of the past three or four generations, to have employed the phrase in which he expressed his reluctant acquiescence. "We must educate our masters" implicitly denies the solidarity of the nation in implicitly affirming the solidarity of the privileged classes. An American would have said, and not only would have said as a politician, had he chanced to be one, but would have meant as a citizen, "We must educate ourselves." To an American the effort of Robert Lowe and his Tory and "Adullamite" co-workers is seen to have been an effort to maintain a condition of unstable equilibrium; the effort they were resisting, an effort to arrive at a stable equilibrium, such as we have none of us any doubt that we have attained.

* The Citizen's Part in Government. By Elihu Root. Scribner.

So all the pulse-feeling and auscultation comes to the cheering conclusion, which the patient had already reached, that whatever may be the matter with him, it is functional and not organic.

If the late William E. Dodge had done nothing else by his foundation of the Dodge lectureship "On the Responsibilities of Citizenship" than to produce the lectures of Secretary Root and of Secretary Taft * the foundation would already have been abundantly justified. Secretary Root praised Mr. Dodge, most justly, at the beginning of his first lecture, for practising what the Secretary was to preach. Therein he does Mr. Dodge no more than justice, but himself less. For some of the authority with which Mr. Root speaks, and some of the authority with which Mr. Taft speaks, comes from the knowledge of every hearer or reader that the speaker has borne a weighty part in the administration of the government. It comes also from a like knowledge that the speaker has taken office as a matter of public duty, that he could have "done better" by remaining in private life. This is a distinct moral advance. And there has been a corresponding intellectual advance. One remembers what kind of a figure the successful politician of a generation ago used to cut when he was betrayed into a lecture, or even a magazine article—how his misty conceptions of any important question he essayed to tackle were further confused by the cloudy verbiage in which he wrapped them up—how difficult it was to extract from his deliverance any proposition in a shape definite enough to be combated, even—how "sloppy" the whole effect. The late Jeremiah Black said of a literary effort on the part of one of those statesmen that it showed he had a "flabby intellect." The characterization was quite just. And yet the subject of it attained to the vice-presidency, and to the further dis-

* Four Aspects of Civic Duty. By William Howard Taft. Scribner.

tinction of being "spoken of" for the presidency itself. What a refreshment to contrast these present lectures, in which there is no rhetorical attempt at all, but a rhetorical success all the same, in which the lecturers can quite unmistakably say what they mean and in which they always mean something. One of the things they mean in common is that it is the part of a good citizen to "go into politics," even to offer himself as a candidate for office. Here, again, the philosophy of the speakers is the supplement of their practice. Neither of them has much sympathy with the "Mugwump," the man who refuses to make ties that will fetter him in stepping from one party to the other. They acknowledge his potential and sometimes his actual usefulness. But they suggest, and with reason, that popular government would not go at all if the majority of the voters were like him. Both exhibit an impatience of the man who will stand idle all the day for fear of soiling his fingers, and Mr. Taft exhibits a particular and justified animosity to the character he happily calls a "parlor socialist." Through both sets of addresses there breathes that spirit of practicality and expertness which adds greatly both to the value and to the interest of what they have to say.

We have remarked the advance in what we may call academic qualities in the literary performances of the statesmen of this over those of a past generation. It is gratifying to note an equal advance in the direction of practicality in the actual race of university presidents. The Scholar in Politics must have had a million commencement orations and university addresses written about him for the undergraduate. It would be interesting if we had any statistical organ for ascertaining how much good the undergraduate ever got out of them. Many a senior, if he had dabbled much in college politics, must at times have thought that he could give the orator pertinent points on his subject. But the university president of those days was not the university president of these. A retired clergyman whose sands of life had nearly run out and who had dwelt in the still air of delightful studies, was a very different being from his successor, whom, even in his lowest capacity of money raiser, it behooves to be a man of the world as alert as any other variety of "drummer." If he be a scholar also, so much the better. But his newly enforced capacity as a man of business binds him, even in his academic excursions, to "drive at practice." So does President Butler, of Columbia.* So does President Hadley of Yale.† There is nothing of cloistrality or aloofness about either their subjects or their treatment. Both exude "actuality." Both deal with concrete and urgent civic problems. It is permissible to mention, since President Roosevelt has mentioned it in public, that the President of the United States has found in the President of Columbia a highly valued political adviser. To mention the fact is to show the approach, from both sides, between scholarship and politics. Can one fancy any American president of the forties or fifties taking political counsel with a college president? And the reader of Dr. Butler's addresses will be apt to find the present President's confidence by no means misplaced. Though this volume consists of three several and separable addresses, one to the University of California on "True and False Democracy," one to the University of Michigan on the "Education of Public Opinion," and one to the National Educational Association on "Democracy and Education," they have, when collected, a coherence and consecutiveness. They constitute a diagnosis. The first is a forcible presentation of the old-fashioned American notion of "individualistic"

* True and False Democracy. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Macmillan.

† Standards of Public Morality. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Macmillan.

Baccalaureate Addresses and other Talks on Kindred Themes. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Scribner.

democracy, contrasted with the new-fangled notion of "socialistic" democracy. Nothing could be more acutely timely than such a discourse. Combating the underlying basis of the Socialist movement, President Butler says: "We must put behind us the fundamental fallacy that equality is demanded by justice. Justice demands inequality as a condition of liberty." It is curious to find the same thought in one of Mr. Root's addresses and to find that the lawyer and statesman has arrived by a different road at the goal of the disinterested scholar. For in his first Yale lecture the Secretary of State says:

> A common benefit of property and a common standard of exertion are liable to be substituted for all inequalities of fortune and achievement. After many centuries of struggle for the right of equality, there is some reason to think that mankind is now entering upon a struggle for the right of inequality.

The conversance with affairs which we have just noted as an indispensable part of the equipment of the modern university president gives particular point to these thoughtful and suggestive addresses.

Not less concrete and practical are the five lectures of President Hadley, the Kennedy lectures of 1906 delivered under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society in New York. It is significant that the first of them should concern itself with President Butler's theme, "The Formation of Public Opinion," and with the individual's responsibility for his share of that opinion. One reads it with a concurrence which is by no means due to its familiarity. But one really must interject one caveat. President Hadley says: "The man who in his own grocery store encourages his clerk to let the scales weigh a little too heavy for the customer who does not notice or is too self-respecting to make a fuss about it, has deprived himself of the chance of saying anything effective against railroad rebates." With the general sentiment nobody can quarrel. But surely the writer should have said, instead of "too self-respecting," "not self-respecting enough." The quantitative estimation of justice and injustice will not do—is, in fact responsible for countless petty injustices which tend to grow, and is also, one has to admit, a specially American form of weakness. The rule ought clearly to be to acquiesce in no injustice, and not to be deterred from protesting by the fear of an imputation of meanness because it is "such a little one." The contentious Briton cavilling on the ninth part of a hair and filling the air with clamor over a halfpenny wrong in his change, sets an example which the easier-going American might follow to his advantage. If we were all of the British disposition, the morals of trade would be much better than they are. *De minimis curat jus.* None the less President Hadley "drives at practice" with pregnant distinctions and suggestions. Practicality is the very note of such a passage as that on the tendency of men to make fetishes of liberty, say, or of democracy, or of constitutional checks:

> When we look at the matter in this way, we shall see that not one of the three represents a fundamental principle of morals or politics; that each has been adopted as a means to the strength and progress of the community, rather than as an end of strength and progress; that when any one of the three is thus made an end instead of a means, or regarded as a postulate of right thinking instead of an incident of right living, it fails of the very purpose for which it exists.

This practical and concrete way of considering political problems President Hadley's readers will find to be most illuminating and helpful. They cannot help observing that it is by no means the attitude of the conventional university president, from whom they have learned to expect something more in the nature of a panacea eternally and universally applicable to the troubles of man-

kind. Still less like the regular university president is the racy and idiomatic way the lecturer has of presenting his thought, the homespun and vernacular illustrations which he does not scruple to employ, and which both enliven and point his discourse.

Much more in the regular way of the university president with a topic is the procedure of the third of those functionaries on our list.* Much more also in the selection of topics. It may be there is some significance in the fact that while the presidents of universities in Connecticut and New York addict themselves to the discussion of urgent political problems, the President of the University of Colorado, albeit of downeastern birth and training, takes subjects of the older fashion. Neither is there anything irregular in the treatment of them. In fact, to dissent from President Baker's conclusions would involve some eccentricity. When he says that "Nature is more than rock and soil, civilization is more than industry, and life is more than occupation," or when he says that "the graduate of the schools has great lessons to learn in the School of Life," he is sure of concurrence, except from the abnormal. The normal might merely remark that such propositions, and they abound in these pages, are almost too true. But he would have to add that in the third division of the volume in which the author discusses his own art of education, and with technical thoroughness, he finds things to say which are more adapted to excite both interest and contradiction.

The element of interest which comes from disputableness and disputatiousness can never be absent from the writing of Mr. Charles Francis Adams.† Nobody more disgusted than he to say what everybody is bound to agree with. If everybody had agreed, in 1883, that Greek, as taught in our colleges, was not only a waste of time but a humbug, we may be sure that the address on "A College Fetich" would not have been prepared or delivered. If everybody had agreed, in 1906, that the elective system had been ridiculously overdone in Harvard and the colleges that followed Harvard, we may be sure that the address on "Some Modern College Tendencies" would not have been prepared or delivered. And if, in 1902, everybody had been ready to agree that there ought to be erected in Washington at the public cost an effigy of Lee, "mounted on his charger, and with the insignia of his Confederate rank," as certainly the address "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" would never have come to delivery or publication. An inheritance of "the dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion" at least assures, it seems, that the inheritor will not be found following a multitude to do evil—or, for that matter, good. Mr. Adams pleasantly and playfully alludes to his congenital contradictiousness when he describes himself as "neither optimist nor pessimist, though inclined, perhaps to be otherwise minded." But nobody—possibly to Mr. Adams's regret—will dispute the usefulness of this kind of critic, provided he be not too numerous; and we are really not suffering from a superfluity of Adamses. Mr. Adams's protestation of the consistency of his first and last educational pronouncements was scarcely necessary. It is, in fact, open to anybody both to maintain that the old curriculum was too Procrustean and that the modern curriculum is too licentious. Mr. Herbert Paul put the specific case very neatly the other day when he said "Latin and French are necessaries; German and Greek are luxuries." But painful as it may be to Mr. Adams, most of his readers are bound to agree with him in his later contention. All the philosophers, from Solomon to Goethe, are agreed that it is good for a man "in his youth" to do something which he does not like,

* American Problems. By James H. Baker. Longmans.

† Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses. By Charles Francis Adams. Houghton.

even were his distaste the sole argument for making him do it. And Mr. Adams's address entitled "Some Modern College Tendencies" is only one of the many signs that the freedom of election has been overdone, and that a revolt is at hand which will tend to revert education to its old moorings.

However, excepting to the mind of such a fastidious scholar as Matthew Arnold, the question of the "higher education" has not risen to the rank of a national problem. The question of the lower education, of such an education as our system assumes that every voter possesses, without doubt constitutes such a problem. The poor we have always with us. The entirely ignorant we are receiving in such increasing numbers that it comes to seem almost a work of dilettantism to discriminate among theories of university training. For, by the consent of all, the problem of assimilation of alien elements is the most urgent of our problems. Europe and lands beyond Europe supply abounding dough. America supplies only yeast. Will the leaven suffice to leaven the whole lump, now that the components of the lump are more diverse and heterogeneous than ever before? That is a leading theme of Dr. Shaw's book,* which is, in a sense, the most important, being the most systematic and comprehensive, in our whole list of diagnostics. It almost follows that it is not the most "racy" or the most readable. It is not once in a thousand times that the man who can make the most accurate generalizations is the man who can illustrate them most interestingly. Walter Bagehot is almost if not quite unique. Dr. Shaw in his nine lectures, now become chapters, deals, "in a learned spirit," with what may be called our permanent problems, problems of population and citizenship, especially as affected by race problems and problems of immigration, problems of the national domain, problems of party machinery, problems of railways and trusts. One notes with satisfaction his continual insistence upon the necessity, as a postulate of our system, of what he calls a "homogeneous and well-conditioned" and elsewhere a "unified" democracy. To him, for example, the suppression of the slave trade was one of the most important achievements of the United States, was that achievement which prevented the descendants of settlers from Western Europe from being swamped and submerged under an inrush of African immigration. And similarly he does not hesitate to approve warmly the Chinese Exclusion acts, and to welcome the passage of even more exclusive legislation directed against immigration equally alien and inassimilable. To him, as indeed to most of us, the very greatest national work we are doing is the assimilation of such of it as is assimilable. His discussion of the race problem is highly illuminating and suggestive; and hardly less so is his discussion of the treatment of the national domain, which for generations we squandered, so inexhaustible it seemed, and of which we are really only now beginning by works of forestry and irrigation, to make a "government reservation,"—now that, like the Sibyl's books, its value is perceived through the shrinkage in its dimensions. Dr. Shaw explains the reaction which "followed the undue optimism of those who attempted to pursue ordinary farming in the areas of doubtful rainfall." But the problem is political as well as agricultural. Every periodical drought in what used to be marked on the maps as "The Great American Desert" produces, when the soil will yield no other harvest, an abundant crop of financial heresies, and devices to make a cheap dollar do the work of paying debts as conclusively as a dollar's worth of dollar. The exposition of what is actually doing for reclamation and for repairing the effects of our former improvidence with the national domain is one of the most valuable chapters of a very valuable book.

* Practical Problems of American Development. By Albert Shaw. Macmillan.

Mr. Henry Holt* makes ungrudging acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Dr. Shaw's labors. Mr. Holt, as Mr. Stedman pointed out the other day, in correcting a slip in proof-reading whereby "publisher" was printed for "publicist," is one of the men who tend to make the terms synonymous instead of contradictory; though, indeed, Mr. Holt is neither a publicist in his capacity of publisher nor, as here appears, a publisher in his capacity of publicist. "Talks on Civics" is already familiar to students, and almost a classic in its kind. But under its new title and in its new form it has been much amplified, modernized and actualized. The change from the catechetical form is doubtless an improvement, and the new matter a valuable addition. The author confesses that in the original work, he handled the labor question "with gloves," desiring to secure acceptance for his work as a text-book in schools whence he feared that "Organized Labor" might exclude it. However that may be, his present treatment of it is sufficiently bare-handed to please anybody and doubtless to displease "Labor" of the variety which insists that it is the sole factor in production and the whole source of wealth. In fact, the most valuable as well as the most interesting parts of the present volume are those that combat the Socialistic fallacies which are trying to displace the old-fashioned notions of law and liberty as the foundations of American society. What Mr. Holt has to say about strikes and boycotts and "municipal operation" would be all the more wholesome for those to whom it would be most distasteful. One wishes that the Socialist agitators and the labor leaders could be got to read it. "For things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?"

At any rate, those who do not "desire to be deceived" will find much "dry light" in Mr. Holt's pages on current and burning questions, concerning which there is much more of heat than of light in most current discussion.

Under all the investigations and expositions we have been following, however various their points of view, there lies the assumption that our chief difficulty is the immigrant, that with the population confined to the descendants of the original settlers, or of other immigrants fairly homogeneous with them, our most pressing problems would either not have been propounded or would have been easily solved. Secretary Root puts it thus:

> I believe it to be true that . . . the tendency of the newcomer to violent Socialistic or Anarchistic denunciation is in inverse proportion to the amount of liberty he enjoyed before he came to this country; that it decreases in direct proportion to the length of time that he lives here and the extent to which he mingles with and becomes a part of the community, and that it tends strongly to disappear with the second generation which has had the opportunity to take in the impressions and influences of American life and education during the impressionable years of childhood.

A comfortable doctrine which most of us would like to hold, but which some of us find increasing difficulty in holding. Consider the Western Federation of Miners, for example. We may feel a sensible relief that the "undesirable" Orchard was born on the other side of the Northern frontier. But the undesirable Haywood, the undesirable Moyer, the undesirable Pettibone, are not only native, but as we practically count such things, autocthonous. Like the cowboy of French name and descent in Mr. Wister's story, they "have been white for a hundred years." And yet no newly landed immigrant is more "class conscious" than they. But in any case it is satisfactory to know, so far as statistics can tell us, and down to date, just what the nature and effect of our immigration is. That is the object in-

*On the Civic Relations. By Henry Holt. Houghton.

telligently pursued and reasonably well attained in Mr. Prescott Hall's book*—a book quite indispensable to serious students of the problem of immigration. Mr. Hall is himself quite convinced of the necessity of limiting immigration to human material desirable politically as well as economically, for citizenship as well as for developing a little sooner the natural resources of the country. One need not go all the way with him to be grateful for his labors. For he has collected the statistical material from which, if he be confutable, he may be confuted. And accurate and detailed information upon the actual facts and effects of immigration is the chief need of him who is to enter upon the discussion to advantage.

Statistical information is an indispensable prerequisite to fruitful discussion of many subjects. But the common man fails to understand the mental attitude of Mr. Allen† who seems to gloat over a statistical table or a graphic curve as a joy in itself, without too much reference to what it is that it proves or indicates, and who rises to lyric heights in celebration of statistics "as such." Doubtless, to the promotion of statistical investigation it is conducive that somebody should arise filled with the notion that statistical investigation is the one thing needful. And indeed Mr. Allen seems to make out a very good case in various departments of public work, a case good enough to commend the institution of that "Institute for Municipal Research" which he has so much at heart.

But, *pace* the convinced Mr. Allen, there are other fruitful methods of investigation than the statistical, and subjects of the greatest importance to which that method does not apply. Mr. Hutchins Hapgood has taken such a subject, and investigated it in his own way. In his well-named book‡ he attempts an answer to a question more and more urgent, more and more puzzling. How comes it that when, according to Sir Henry Maine's famous generalization, "the movement of the progressive societies has been from status to contract," a considerable and increasing number of American workers for wages should willingly revert, so far as they can, to the condition of "status," should voluntarily become the "proletariat" out of which their predecessors struggled generations ago, should hold by their class rather than by their country, for internationalism of class is here visibly tending to the stage which in France is called "Herveism," in which anti-patriotism is a virtue. What is the mental attitude of a man who shirks his work "on principle,"—who glories in cheating and injuring his employer and in deterring, even to death, the man who is willing to work for wages on terms which he has declined,—who holds himself as much outside the law as a member of the Mafia? An attempt to answer this question by personal investigation of a typical instance is an attempt well worth making. To succeed in it is in fact to find "The Spirit of Labor." The value of it depends, of course, on two conditions. The report must be authentic and it must be sincere. To us, Mr. Hapgood's most interesting study carries its own evidence of authenticity and sincerity, so far as his account of his hero is concerned, and truly that is the main thing. What seems to have been observed is strong and suggestive. What seems to have been invented is weak and ineffectual; as, for example, the two anæmic, free-loving or "varietist" dead-beats, who live on the wages of an admiring cook who earns $9 a week, without injury to what may be called their social position in labor circles. This presentation by no means authenticates itself; and it tends to discredit, though it does not succeed in discrediting, the grim presentation of the "residuum," the unassimilated and inassimilable "outsiders," not by any means all of foreign birth or training, who do not

* Immigration and its Effects upon the United States. By Prescott F. Hall. Holt.

† Efficient Democracy. By William H. Allen. Dodd.

‡ The Spirit of Labor. By Hutchins Hapgood. Duffield.

at they belong to American , or have part or lot in this c. Sure enough, this is the of our symptoms, the toughest ıe most pressing of our national ns. It may and must temper tional optimism. And yet, in f this, in spite of everything, : devil's advocate having been ɜard, we may close this survey e sober and measured words Secretary of War:

On the whole, when one looks into the system of government at Washington and regards it from the standpoint of an impartial, tolerant citizen and critic, taking into consideration all the limitations of structure and constitution which prevent any government from being a perfect machine, he cannot but reach the conclusion that we are a fortunate people, who have progressed far in the development of an efficient public service and in vindicating the theory of popular sovereignty.

LETTERS AND MEMOIRS

By H. W. BOYNTON

THERE have been several recent editions of Pepys and Evelyn, and now comes a most attractive new version of Howell.* To many readers ɔe the more attractive because efully prepared text has not ıbjected to the elaborate anno- with which "scholarship" is ɔnt to embroider the plainest ıls. Though one may not know : is to be bored by footnotes, y see the humor of them, and on occasion in the presence ir clean page. Nothing could e pleasant to the eye or the than these two volumes of . Miss Repplier has supplied : her witty introductory es- being an ardent lover of among other quaint worthies he says, "that little band of ı who, unknown to the wide ı world, remain from genera- generation the friends of a few te readers." The wide care- ɔrld will pay little attention e volumes, but they will have vn sure welcome.

niliar letters," says Howell, e keys of the mind; they open boxes of one's breast, all the cells of the brain, and truly set forth the inward man." So, though the Clerk of the Council Extraordinary and Historiographer Royal, with some score of grave literary works by that personage, is long dead, the man himself, the kindly, whimsical, talkative, pious James Howell, thanks to his one book, yet lives. Written as many or most of these letters were with a view to publication, they really constitute an epistolary autobiography. One may wish, to be sure, that a certain episode in his experience might have been recorded as Pepys would have recorded it. In 1642 he was sent to the Fleet Prison by order of the Long Parliament, nominally for debt, but really, it appears, as a Royalist. He stayed there eight years. Yet we hear nothing from him of life in the Fleet. The letters which were confessedly written during the period of his imprisonment are as urbane, as wide in their range of subject, as complaisant as any others. Indeed, it is supposed that many of the letters which are dated earlier,—even, perhaps, some of those belonging to his first experience abroad—were deliberately composed at this time. However, this does not affect their value as familiar literature; for if a man has the knack to open the boxes of his breast, he may as well write letters to the world as to his next-door neighbor.

ır Letters of James Howell. With an on by Agnes Repplier. Houghton.

One of Howell's boxes contains an engaging literary vanity. In answering letters of praise, he is artful to rehearse the terms of that praise for the benefit of an interested public. He is capable of flights of rhetoric and metaphor which proclaim him a contented member of that most self-conscious of literary schools, the Fantastics. His letters often begin with the most fashionable flourishes, as

> Love is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the elixir of love. They are the best fuel of affection, and cast sweeter odor than any frankincense can do. Such an odor, such an aromatic perfume, your late letter brought with it. . . .

More especially is his generous soul moved to eloquence by the achievements of others. To one Will Austin, who has sent him some verses upon a religious theme of a devotional nature, he addresses himself in these terms:

> . . . Let me despair if I lie unto you. All the while I was perusing it, it committed holy rapes upon my soul. Methought I felt my heart melting within my breast, and my thoughts transported to a true elysium all the while, there were such flexanimous strong ravishing strains throughout it.

But such feats of expression are by no means all that Howell has to offer, as witness this hearty and gracious invitation:

> Tom:—If you are in health, 't is well; we are here all so, and we should be better had we your company. Therefore, I pray, leave the smutty air of London and come hither to breathe sweeter, where you may pluck a rose and drink a cillibub.
>
> Your faithful friend,
>
> J. H.

Dear old boy—how he must have beamed as he produced that little masterpiece. Perhaps the quaintest passage of all, at once so antiquated and so modern, is that in which he takes a nephew gently to task for running after new books. What, he suggests, if we have an advantage of the ancients in knowing pretty much everything there is to know,—

> I advise you not to neglect old authors, for though we be come as it were to the meridian of truth, yet there be many neoterical commentators and self-conceited writers that eclipse her in many things, and go from obscurum to obscurius.

It were a jest if one deliberately exchanged a Howell for a Hewlett.

Lord Chesterfield is another person of sufficient gravity in his own day who has been ferried down to posterity upon a casual raft of letters.* His case is more like Pepys's than Howell's, for he had no intention of addressing the public by way of his son, and the letters were eventually published, after his death, by an act of treason on the part of his son's widow. Taken by themselves, as they have been in the main, they undoubtedly give a partial and misleading impression of the man. It has been the purpose of the present biographer to do justice to an important historical figure, to recommend the consideration of "those rarer and higher qualities which distinguished him as a valuable public servant to whose ability, zeal, energy, political foresight, incorruptibility, and dexterity England is more indebted than she appears to recognize at present." It cannot be denied that there is an air of special pleading about the narrative which follows. The author means to be disinterested, but his animus is occasionally too much for him. His mind is not especially judicial, nor his method especially well-balanced. What he has to say is excellent in substance, but there is a great deal of repetition and digression in the book. He disclaims any intention of pronouncing upon Chesterfield's private ethics or upon his literary style. Yet he repeatedly asserts that if Chesterfield's private morals and code of social ethics were no better than they should be, neither

* Life of Lord Chesterfield. By W. H. Craig. Lane.

hey worse than the average even now. And of the Letters :

e contemplated giving them to the e would no doubt have polished, ed, suppressed and altered many n them. Yet, owing to the irony t is by these raw, unpremeditated, us letters that his literary powers ged, his morality judged, his repu- ecided.

inly his literary powers have l nothing by reference to that These letters are neither raw premeditated; and what would e worth without their incau- ss? Their author would no have edited them for publica- e boxes of his breast were not inspection of the world. Has said, in defence of dissimulation, is "as necessary in business hes are in the common inter- of life; and a man would be rudent who should exhibit his naked, as he would be indecent oduced his outside so." Well, rfield's inside was destined to tty thoroughly exhibited; to credit, no doubt, as a figure orical importance. It is just e should not forget the part this man played in the larger t of affairs. Mr. Craig suc- n showing him as an extremely st supremely—useful man of ; a statesman of unusual fore- public spirit and personal incor- lity. He twice refused the f a dukedom; and did not allow eptance of the Garter to affect litical action. His services roy in Ireland proved him an onally hard-working and skil- utive. Absolute greatness the her does not claim for him. pressed his age but did not : "He seems to have been ly satisfied with the standard as he found it, and to have simply at reaching the highest f that standard." After all, likely to lay down the book e feeling that all this about lic man is chiefly of interest for the light it throws on the private man, the author of the letters. He was not an engaging person whether in public or in private. Our interest in him is altogether different from our attachment to Howell, or to almost any other familiar writer. Apparently nobody was ever fond of Chesterfield; I think the world has always liked to listen at his keyhole; and has felt besides a kind of cold pity for this tireless parental admonition which came to nothing.

Exactly contemporary with Lord Chesterfield was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,* famed in a dull age for her learning and her wit; childish toast of the Kit-Kat Club; tireless traveller, and insatiable linguist; the object of Pope's most flowery adulation, and most virulent hatred. It is pleasant to recall that she and Henry Fielding were cousins and had for each other a very warm esteem and regard. She was, in brief, the cleverest and most picturesque of eighteenth-century Englishwomen. Her literary talent was strikingly like that of Chesterfield. She had a similiar knack at rhymed satire, and one of her letters at least was taken to have been written by him. Mr. Paston has done well to draw upon the letters as largely as possible for his narrative; and has been fortunate enough to have at his command in addition to the well-known published correspondence some hundreds of letters dealing with the strange romance of her youth. The Lady Mary most commonly remembered was a hard and bitter, though brilliant woman. These letters show a very different aspect of her. It was a hard age, and the circumstances of her bringing up were not such as to nourish the softer virtues. Her mother died when she was very young, and her father, Lord Kingston, a man of fashion, introduced her precociously into the whirl of a town life for which little can be said on the score of refinement or even decency. She early got the swing of London

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her Times. By George Paston. Putnam.

tattle, with its burden of mercenary marriage and scandalous intrigue. At twenty she is capable of retailing scandalous anecdotes to her feminine correspondents.

Yet it all has the air of a polite accomplishment, or is made to assume that air by the very different tone of the correspondence which shortly ensues. In this year Lady Mary met Edward Wortley Montagu at the house of his sister. He was much struck with her beauty, and even more, it appears, with her learning. Before long he had become her avowed suitor. What attracted her to him—above all, what held her to him—is hard to say. There must have been something attractive about the man who became Addison's intimate friend. Possibly she liked him because he was neither a fop nor a fribble, and because he seemed able to appreciate her. The fact remains that there is nothing to attract and much to repel in his part of the correspondence. His love-making is perfunctory though florid, and he has not the least notion of letting his feelings run away with his business sense. He is far more interested in settlements than in sentiment, and the terms upon which he insists are so hard that in the end the lady's father breaks off negotiations entirely. To be sure, he is eventually so inconsistent as to become involved in a runaway marriage, and so makes no terms at all; but his air of magnanimity would have driven to despair a woman less in love, or less bound to have her way.

She had, in fact, a real and patient love for the frigid and pompous Edward; and there is a character very appealing and sweet in her fidelity, in her womanly attempts to win from him something like tenderness, something like abandon. "I am sure was I in love, I could not talk as you do," she says in her very first letter to him; and the gentle reproach echoes and re-echoes throughout the whole correspondence. For two years she endured the petty fault-finding, the jealousy, the frigidity of her declared lover. Her high spirit is continually in revolt against his treatment of her; yet her affection survives; the quarrel and the eternal farewell, however often repeated, never end the matter. Whatever force may have drawn them together, it was irresistible. On the eve of marriage to another man, her father's choice, she runs away with her calculating and half-reluctant lover. The result was what it could not help being. He took his wife into the country, where, after the first outburst of jealous fondness, he left her, himself returning to London. A letter written by the young wife when, after three months, they are first separated, is touchingly ingenuous and womanly, in view of later events. She is "perfectly unacquainted with a matrimonial style," "but regrets his absence as if he was still her lover." After describing the rather noisy family of children in which she is visiting:

> I don't know whether you will presently find out that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expression of my love to you; but it furnishes my imagination with agreeable pictures of our future life, and I flatter myself with the hope of one day enjoying with you the same satisfaction, and that after as many years together, I may see you retain the same fondness for me as I certainly shall for you and the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us than the noise of an opera.

Poor Lady Mary was not destined to romantic happiness either as wife or mother. The son who was born six months after this ingenuous utterance became a lifelong trouble, and the husband never recovered any of his honeymoon fondness. If the neglected wife became a worldly and cynical woman, her early experience was mainly to blame.

Had Lady Mary been a Frenchwoman, she would no doubt have had a salon. Her breakfast-parties were indeed an attempt in that direction. But English precedent and the atmosphere of London were against the experiment. In France it had become a powerful institution. For

the might-have-been historian few careers would be more stimulating than Madame Necker's. When she was a pretty Swiss school-mistress Edward Gibbon fell in love with her, only withdrawing from a virtual engagement because—his father told him he must. Mademoiselle Curchod told young Mr. Gibbon what she thought of him, and presently, with a good deal of complacency, married M. Necker, the great banker of Paris. If she had married Gibbon there would have been no Madame de Staël; and who knows whether there would have been a "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire"—or, for that matter, a French Revolution?

Mr. Gribble's book on Madame de Staël* is not written from the point of view of a personal enthusiasm. He does not make a noble or gracious figure of her. Her failings and limitations, to be sure, were not of a kind to be ignored, and the present study, in the nature of it, deals somewhat specifically with them. When you have said that she was a woman perfectly self-centred and not in the least self-controlled; a woman bent upon achieving an obvious public glory through the exercise of her talent, and an exclusive private happiness through love, you have accounted for all that she was and did. When she said fame she meant notoriety, and when she said love she meant passion. She was married for her dowry by a man she did not care for; but it is hardly to be supposed that she would have made a good wife for any man. Her restless vanity, her impatience of restraint, would have been fatal, even with the hypothetical constancy we may allow her. At all events, her marriage was a mere bargain, and her ensuing *liaisons* numerous and frank. The most important and long-lived of them, her connection with Benjamin Constant, is recounted here in great detail; largely by quotation from Constant's appalling "Journal Intime." It is not an edifying story. They were both clever people, good writers, figures of prominence in their day; but when all is said, she is a good deal of a cat and he of a monkey; and the bond between them is rather absurd than impressive. He is always pulling her chestnuts out of the fire and always recoiling with a wistful grimace.

Mme. de Staël was pretty firmly kept under by Napoleon, who rightly regarded her as a dangerous person. In her different places of exile, however, she succeeded in drawing about her such persons of note as were willing, in some sense, to worship at her shrine. A salon in the best sense, she could never have had; for it was essential that the presiding genius should inspire an interchange of ideas, not seek a monopoly of them. Madame de Staël sought rather a theatre for the display of her own talents; and her habit of monologue rather blocked than encouraged conversation.

*Madame de Staël and her Lovers. By Francis Gribble. Pott.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

The Experiences of an Honest Convict

THE generosity of David Aldrich, the hero of Leroy Scott's story, "To Him that Hath" (Doubleday), may be called noble and extraordinary, because, an innocent man, he went to prison for three years, and voluntarily bore for years besides the reputation of a thief, in order to shield the name of a dead friend and to preserve the good and great results of that friend's work as a missionary among the city poor. To be more explicit, the Reverend Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission, had been blackmailed, had taken $5000 of the Mission money, and had been found dead in his bath when the theft was about to be discovered, and David, from motives of the highest altruism, had declared that he had stolen the money himself.

We do not need, it seems to us, to consider closely the question whether the same good might not have been accomplished by means less distressing to David. The deed shines, whether it was necessary or not; and moreover, if David had not allowed himself to be numbered in the ranks of the criminals it would have been difficult to fulfil a main purpose of the tale—namely, the affording of proof that society treats its criminals with great injustice. The author of "Les Misérables," it will be remembered, entertained this idea, and now Mr. Scott's story enforces it.

David had a wofully hard time after he came out of prison. Some malicious little messenger of fate seemed to trot forever at his heels to proclaim to honest people that here was a felon and so to prevent him from getting work. If he had not met at last with a publisher distinguished for his clear vision, who wanted a story of reforming purpose written by somebody who had suffered, it seems likely that he would have starved. As it was, his writings of rich experience, tinctured no doubt with suitable imagination and winged and footed with what was necessary of the felicities of style, lifted him fairly into opulence. It is pleasant enough, after bitter days, even for an unconvicted author, to write so well as to make the coffers bulge. But David should have been superlatively happy. He could eat (duck and terrapin if he chose) after long black days of fasting. He had once, at the deepest point of his descent, come perilously into temptation. Kate Morgan, the most interesting female in the tale—more interesting even, it must be thought, than Miss Helen Chambers, the heiress and the heroine—fed him with sandwiches and coffee at three in the morning and led him forth to rob a house. He was dazed, in a manner hypnotized, by the dominating Kate and by the sudden, unfamiliar food. It was not until they were in the house, and his fingers were closing over an article of value, that he came to himself. After that he merely waited for Kate while she went about filling the suitcase. Her bitterest scorn could not drive him to take anything. When the owner of the house awoke and turned on the electric light he knocked him down, and he stood by while Kate gagged and bound the unfortunate man, but he would not steal. He was saved with a clear conscience to write his book and to think upon such high things as "a new organization of society where individual selfishness would be replaced as the fundamental

y the interest of the whole —where 'all men are born free qual' would not be merely a ome bit of rhetoric, but where would be true equality of e—where the development of idividual in the truest, highest would be possible—where that portion of vice and crime which sfrom poverty and its ills would ed out, and there would remain the vice and crime that spring the instincts of a gradually ving human nature."

: we dare say that David, like icott, knew how to administer cautiously when he was building story. It is good story-telling to get theory into the reader ut his knowing it.

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ores Ellerson, a strange, sad came sailing across the sea. The reader may learn all about her in F. F. Montrésor's curious, copious epressing story entitled "The g Torch" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). ad newly lost her Spanish r, and was journeying with straught father from Mexico gland. Somebody without a r's sensitive understanding of a little girl of eight might y wear on shipboard, or inywhere else, had dressed her ably in black crape. The eyes of Dolores (it will be ted that her name was as sad garb) were accustomed to see y and distressing visions. possessed what we call clair- : power—beheld things that till hanging enshrouded in the

A week before little Willie n died she was found "sitting er berth as white as a sheet and out that she saw Willie in a ing flung into the sea!" She itnessed in advance the death sailor Samuelson, a man very to children on board, who it of the rigging and was d. It was after these two that she awoke from a trance d her father that she had seen "something dark and cold," approaching nearer and nearer. That night, after the distressed child had been put to bed and quieted by the ministrations of the ship's doctor, Mr. Ellerson cast himself overboard.

Does the reader desire further rehearsal of this remarkable tale? Is his own sky so bright that he welcomes a little something that is sombre to qualify it with? It is a thick and compact book, and we do not feel that we can properly follow the entire history of Dolores. We must content ourselves with a little. When the ship reached England the bereaved child was sent to her Aunt Dora in London. This fairly estimable lady had been for twenty years the unhappy wife of the rich Mr. Muncassen. A great ball was in progress in the splendid Muncassen house when Dolores presented herself quite unexpectedly in her black crape dress. Her violet eyes opened wide. They darkened with sorrow and burned with a sense of injury. The story says that she was "like a little incarnation of tragedy." It says that nobody who was present ever forgot the "wail" in which her feelings found utterance. Clapping her hands to her ears to shut out the music of the band, she cried out, in her high, childish voice: "Who are all these dressed-up people? Why is every one laughing and *my* one dead?" We are told that after that no one laughed. The spirit of the ball was shocked and dampened. The band did not play so well afterward, and Mr. Muncassen was very cross at breakfast the next morning.

Dolores grew up to be very beautiful. The generous reader will wish that she might have outgrown her visions, but they persisted. They were of course no more than foreseeings. She was only a prophetess, but the reader will find it hard not to think of her as an instrument and an executioner. She herself expressed the fear that she would be thought to have the evil eye. The title of the book is explained in something that she said to her cousin Gregory when

she was warning him that he was going to be assassinated in Palestine. She said to him: "You wont listen; no one listens; but I can't let you go unwarned. It is as if I held a torch, and it burns!—it burns my own hand! It sears my own heart! It hurts me to hold it, but no one is the wiser for its light. No one turns a hair-breadth out of his path because I see danger waiting in it." Of course it was impossible for the victim to turn out. Nobody can dodge his fate; quite unavoidable is the event that is determined. Gregory was duly assassinated in the desert in Palestine. As he was dying he called through space to Dolores, and in that moment she was killed by what ordinarily would be called an accident in a railroad tunnel. She was always apprehensive in tunnels. Disaster fell heavily upon the numerous Muncassen family. A book heavier with fate and fatalities we have never seen. It is not an easy book to read; but we recommend it to the intrepid and the too cheerful. If Mark Tapley could get hold of it he would thumb it well.

An Engaging Book of Romance

It is agreeable to follow the suggestive and encouraging unfoldings of the first chapter of Mr. E. W. Jennings's romantic story called "Under the Pompadour" (Brentano's). We can well believe that the bay of Studland, where the scene lies, is a vision of great beauty. It is sketched for us in sufficient but not too lingering fashion. We know as soon as she is mentioned that Marjorie, the daughter of Silas Bradwinch, is an enchanting girl, and inasmuch as her brother Wilfrid purports to tell this tale it is plain enough that he is going to be the hero of it. Down on the sands Kyrle Mildmay and Lieutenant Slingsby are hotly quarrelling, and if the cause of the quarrel should chance to be the fair Marjorie, the fact need not be surprising. The Chevalier Mildmay happens along, and as he is accompanied by the notorious duellist, Captain O'Rourke, we have a pair of highly interesting and accomplished villains at this point. From the conversation of the elder Bradwinch it appears presently that this capable man in the course of twenty years has acquired a great fortune by ways which may not have been quite unconnected with smuggling, though nothing so strong as that is explicitly declared. Later, after supper, Silas Bradwinch, his pipe alight, informs his son that he is going to send him on the grand tour. He shall have a year, with plenty of money, for travel in the foreign world. In the following chapter the drama, so projected and arranged, breaks into vigorous and abundant action, and thereafter, all through the book, it does not linger. If the reader does not like it we shall think him a real realist, and we shall be sorry for him accordingly. For our own part, we would have gone without supper, if such heroic denial and deprivation had been necessary, in order to learn how it came out with Captain O'Rourke. An excellent romantic tale.

The Lounger

THE Autobiography which Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote shortly before his death is now in the hands of his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, who will enlarge it with biographical notes upon his father's reminiscences, and with such of Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens's letters as may be collected. Therefore Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens would be under deep obligation to those who would send such letters to him at Windsor, Vermont. The letters would be copied and the originals returned without delay.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is visiting America this month. Not the United States, but "Our Lady of the Snows" as he has picturesquely named Canada. It has been a number of years since Mr. Kipling turned his back upon the United States and offered his home in the Vermont hills for sale. In the mean time he has had two homes in England and has made long visits annually to South Africa. A volume containing all of Mr. Kipling's poems is announced by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. This will be the first time that all of this writer's verse has appeared between the same covers or under the imprint of a single publisher.

MR. W. J. LOCKE, AS "MAX" SEES HIM HAVING TEA AT A FAMOUS LADIES' CLUB IN LONDON

Miss Elizabeth Robins has made a novel of her successful play, "Votes for Women," which will be published immediately if it is not already published. I should think that this play would lend itself well to the process of novelization. One advantage that the play has over the novel is that it can lay the Trafalgar scene before our eyes. It is as stagecraft rather than literature that this act will be remembered.

Apropos of plays I see at this writing that "Fluffy Ruffles" is to go before the footlights. Why not? Was n't "Buster Brown" a dramatic success and before that "Foxy Grandpa"? Miss Wells's creation has much greater possibilities for the stage, and I hope that she will make pots of money out of it.

One of the most successful novelists now before the English reading public is Mr. W. J. Locke. I have not a "Who's Who?" before me at the moment, but judging from his appearance when I had the pleasure of meeting him during the past summer in London, I should say that Mr. Locke was still a young man. He has been writing for a number of years, but

MR. W. J. LOCKE, AUTHOR OF "THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDYNE."

only attracted general and flattering attention after the publication of "The Morals of Marcus Ordyne." I tried to read some of Mr. Locke's earlier books at the time of their first publication, but I did not care for them. They struck me as being melodramatic and neither witty nor wise. "The Morals of Marcus Ordyne," on the other hand, is both witty and wise as well as a good story. I chuckled over it from first page to last and rejoiced in the discovery of a new wit. Being one of the most popular stories of the day it could not escape the dramatist's hand, and under the name of "The Morals of Marcus" was one of London's greatest successes. Now we are to have the play in New York, with the little Doro girl as the sweet-toothed Carlotta. I do not think that I will go to see it, for it is not likely to gain in the transposition from novel to play. I can imagine no one, except perhaps William Gillette, as the witty Sir Marcus. Mr. Locke suggests his hero in his own appearance, as the reader may see in the accompanying portrait. He is fair, and wears eyeglasses on a rather large nose. I see, by the way, that "The Beloved Vagabond" has also been turned into a play.

Baron Tauchnitz, the Leipzig publisher, is to bring out in January, in his Collection of British and American Authors, a "Manual of American Literature" prepared by Mr. Theodore Stanton in collaboration with half a dozen professors in the English Department of Cornell University. This will be the four-thousandth volume in this well-known series. The chapters dealing with the Colonial and Revolutionary periods have been selected from the standard work of the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell; but the rest of the book will consist wholly of new matter.

It is very interesting to know that the catalogue of American authors whose writings appear in the Tauchnitz Collection, which Mr. Stanton has prepared as an appendix to this volume, will name John Hay as the author of "The Bread-Winners." The title of this book and the name of the late Secretary of State have been coupled many times, but never before by authority. They appear together in Mr. Stanton's list with the written permission of Mrs. John Hay, who says that her husband always meant that the identity of the writer should be revealed at the proper time. Scarcely, if at all, less interesting will be the appearance of the name of the author of "Democracy"—another brilliant novel, very popular in its day.

stantly hears that the is an entirely American but, if I may be pardoned so disagreeable a subject, igly instrument in as high d as at home. Nowhere iave I seen what I saw at stations in France and wiches served each with ith-picks standing erect y top. We serve sand- railway stations in this , so far as my observation it this unpleasantly sug- ration.

ɔ see that the motor-bus Fifth Avenue. On the I am happy to say that it s noisy nor as smelly— allowed the expression ign motor-bus. The lum- drawn stage has clung like of the sea to Fifth Ave- amount of scorn hurled had the slightest effect weeks ago. I can well he big lumbering stages, irty white that used to ı Avenue. And—if you dark—I remember when ort of a vehicle was the had in which to get up Broadway. It was no to get about New York ıys. Fashion ended at d Street and only the tradesman thought of wares above Fourteenth ıny & Co. and Ball, Black heir *habitat* downtown— h Street,—and the future e site of the Tiffany con- upied by a young ladies' ıd day school. Union a high iron fence around days and tramps seldom its benches. The Spingler s the school was called, of its own which was so he other stages that the of the town would make they thought it one of line and would jump) the indignation of the teachers and the amusement of the blushing pupils. "Little old New York" we might have called it then with much more reason than to-day.

Since writing a paragraph about Miss Betham-Edwards for this column I have read her latest contributions to the *entente cordiale*—"Literary Rambles in France." Miss Betham-Edwards is now in her seventy-third year and she took these "rambles" in 1906—when she was in her seventy-second year. The book is a remarkable performance for a woman of her age. Not only because it means much travelling about, but because it is written with all the virility and enthusiasm of youth. The chapter called "The Story of the Marseillaise" has caught the spirit that led Rouget de Lisle to write that clarion call to battle. In rehearsing the story she imparts the feeling of patriotism that stirred France to her depths when she first heard the music and the words of that inspired hymn, and still causes her heart to beat high and her cheers to rend the air. Even those who know the story of the writing of this song will do well to read it over again told as it is, in this book, with so much *élan*. Though there is the merest thread of French blood in my veins, I am always stirred when I hear

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

In the well known Provençal novel, "The Reds of the Midi," the author tells how this song was taken to Paris by the volunteers of Marseilles, who harnessed themselves like beasts of burden to their field-pieces, and, singing as they went, bequeathed the new song to every village that they passed through, finally bursting into Paris with the war cry on their lips.

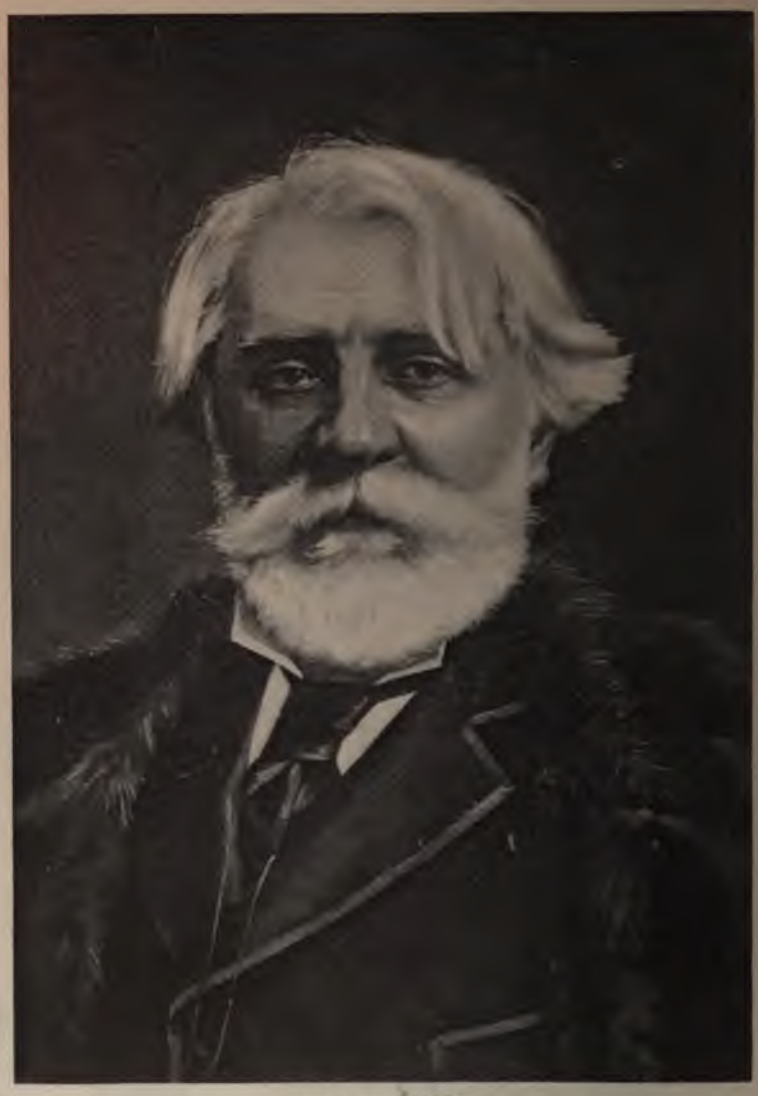
Miss Betham-Edwards's chapter on Flaubert is equally fascinating. While she laments his unnecessary coarseness she admires his undaunted spirit and

branch of the W. C. T. U. and others equally far removed from "wickedest New York." Having made such a success in the middle and farthest West, Mr. Chambers has allowed himself more rope in "The Younger Set" than in "The Fighting Chance", and it is well known that "more rope" is a dangerous thing. It often leads to suicide. In his latest novel he has become a preacher, and he deals out platitudes with a sense of pleasure that is surprising in a man who used to be something of a wag and never a bore. Or is he laughing in his sleeve?

Again Elinor Glyn has startled the novel-reading world. She made people sit up and rub their eyes when she published "The Visits of Elizabeth," and they will sit up again and rub their eyes harder after reading "Three Weeks." The two books are as wide apart as the poles. The former was amusing, witty and without sentiment. The latter is clever—Mrs. Glyn is always clever; but it is not amusing, and it reeks with sentiment. "The Visits of Elizabeth" was not a proper story, but compared with "Three Weeks" it is the soul of propriety. I can see no excuse for this book. Daudet's "Sappho" was a bold book, but it had a purpose, as any one who read it could see. "Three Weeks" has no purpose that I can discover, unless it be to prove that a young man of twenty-three may have a liaison with a woman of thirty-five and be the better for it. It is lucky that this liaison lasted but three weeks. It could not have run on much longer. Such hot-house passions are bound to burn out. The whole book seems to me overwrought and unnatural. There is too much perfume, too much of an appeal to the sensuous. To me the man and the woman are not real, and yet I saw a young girl weep as though she had lost a dear friend when she finished this story, and a man of sterling qualities told me he thought it a "beautiful idyll"! To me it is only a tale of illicit love, cleverly told to be sure, but not worth the telling—certainly not in such unvarnished language. Mrs. Glyn in the preface to the American edition of her book sets up the defence against her English critics that it is the story of two Souls, and not to be treated as the story of an ordinary, everyday man and woman. To spell Soul with a capital S deceives a great many good people, as does the spelling of affinity with a capital A, but it does not deceive every one.

"Why?" a young woman asked me recently,—"why all this outcry because a certain so-called artist sets aside his lawful wife for another woman? Is n't the thing done every day, and nothing said about it, while in this case there is the biggest sort of a hue and cry? What is the difference?" The difference is easy enough to discover. In the case of the so-called artist, who boasts Charlemagne as an ancestor, the excuse for wrong-doing was that he was impelled by high motives. Instead of admitting that he was a common, everyday immoralist, he talked highfalutin' nonsense about "affinities." In short he was a coward and a hypocrite in morals on a par with the "tenderloin" type; only that makes no boast of "views" or "affinities." To the defence of the "artist" comes the "poet," a young man with a certain amount of talent and a large amount of commercialism. He wants to be thought very wicked and delights in the sort of criticism his verse receives. All this means advertising. And advertising means a sale for his decadent verse. Perhaps after he has scandalized himself into publicity he will drop the cloak of immorality in which he now loves to wrap himself and come forth as a real poet, not a silly pretender. I regret that I have felt moved to write this paragraph, for it will please the "poet" as much as it pleased the "artist" that his fellow-townsmen wanted to pelt him with rotten eggs.

ELINOR GLYN
Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," "Three Weeks," etc.



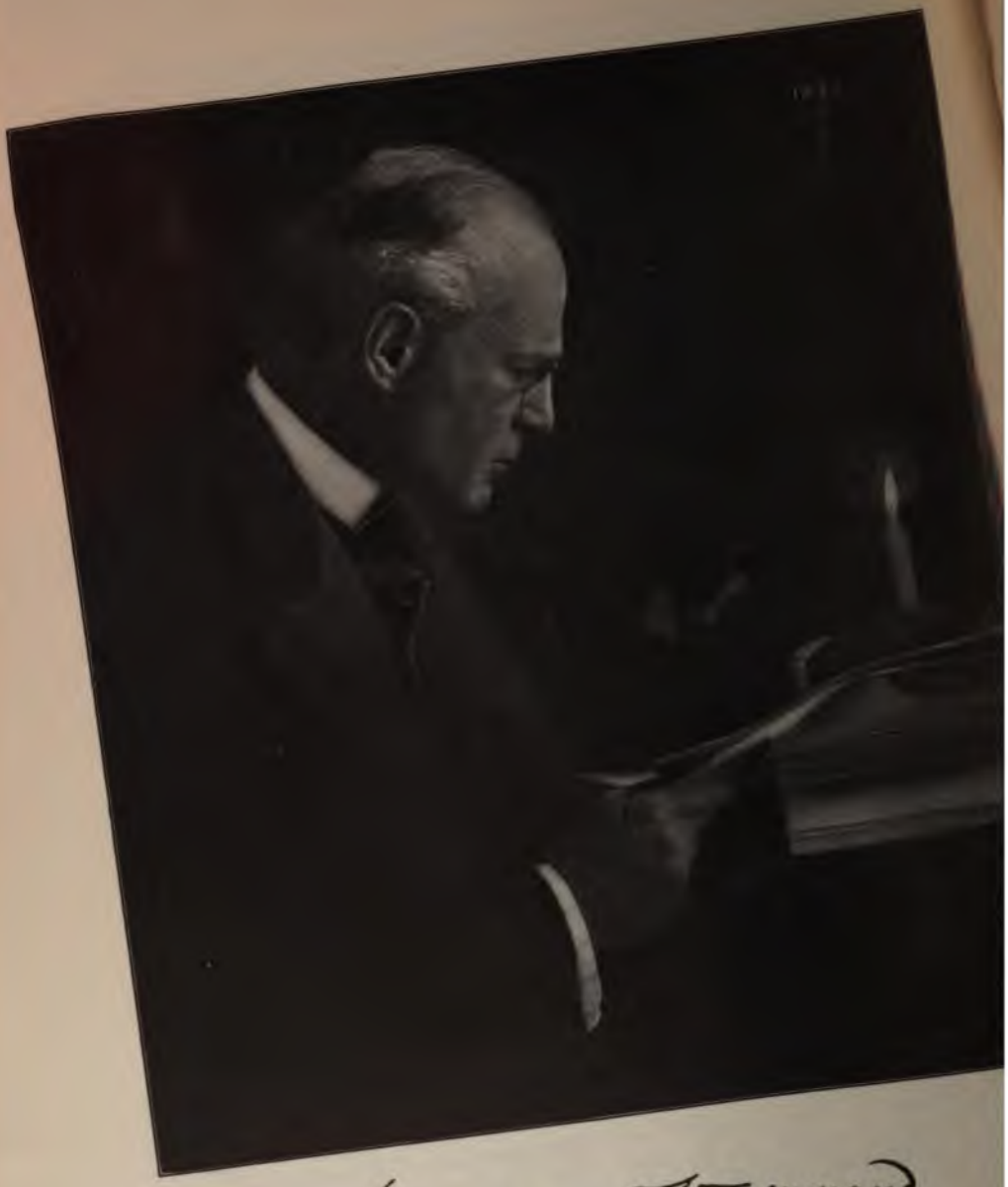
IVAN TURGENIEFF

It is the misfortune of weak minds that they think that to imitate the faults of genius makes genuises of them. Defects in one's moral makeup do not make one a Burns, any more than a club-foot makes one a Byron!

Messrs. Scribner are entitled to our hearty thanks for the fine edition of Turgenieff's novels they have given us. Heretofore we have had no complete edition in English of this master's work and we are glad to get it. There are those of us who ra Turgenieff high above his famous f low-countryman Count Tolstoy. Tu genieff is a saner writer. He wro with quite as much purpose as Tolst but he did not always thrust h purpose in our face. I prefer h finish to Tolstoy's roughness. B the latter has a thousand readers Turgenieff's one. Tolstoy is always the lime-light; Turgenieff never w and yet he lived in Paris, the cent of the world, while Tolstoy h passed his life in a remote Russi

MR. ROBERT HICHENS
Author of "Barbary Sheep"

village. Apropos, a volume of Turgenieff's letters to Mme. Viardot has recently been published in France. They are interesting as they could not fail to be, but they would be much more so if all the personalities had not been left out. The editor tells us frankly that he has purposely left out all references to contemporary writers, for which we can hardly thank him. We have, however, Turgenieff's views on various subjects, but none of great importance. Those who know that Turgenieff spent the best years of his life in the home of the Viardots will wonder how it was that he happened to write so many letters to the lady of the house. The Viardots took him in when he came friendless, penniless and alone to Paris, and they made him one of the family. There was never the least breath of scandal in the relations of the Viardots and Turgenieff. He was a beloved member of their household, the friend equally of Monsieur and Madame. The husband and wife were fond of travelling: Turgenieff was not; so they left him behind: hence the letters. Mme. Viardot-Garcia was, and I am happy to say still is, a distinguished figure in



Your servant to command

Richard Mansfield.

Parisian artistic life; but there is no laurel in her crown more enduring than that won by her devotion to the great Russian writer when he needed all that a clever and devoted woman's friendship meant.

Is Mr. Robert Hichens* going down to fame as the author of one book only—"The Garden of Allah"? Judging by the two he has published since, "The Call of the Blood" and "Barbary Sheep", it looks very much as though this might be the case. "The Garden of Allah" was a wonderful story. "The Call of the Blood" had moments that recalled the sensations of the former book. In "Barbary Sheep," except for the scene and the bit of description, there is no suggestion of his masterpiece. Of course a man cannot always be at his best, but when he sets his own standard he must not be surprised if we hold him to it. If I might make a suggestion to so clever and accomplished a writer as Mr. Hichens, I should beg him to forget "The Garden of Allah" and write something as different as that story is from "Felix" or "Flames."

It is a pity that Richard Mansfield is dead, for he did much to uphold the dignity of the American stage. I do not know that I should call him a great actor, for that is what I call Fechter and Salvini. Great is a big word if we use it seriously. He was a clever and an intelligent actor. While he was not equally successful in every part that he played he was always interesting. Like many another good actor he had mannerisms that we could have wished him without, but he was always worth seeing and listening to. His acting was as unequal as his voice. That organ was at times as rich and full as Salvini's—I could pay it no higher compliment—and again it could be as harsh as the crackling of thorns under a pot. *The Critic* was one of the first weeklies—this was in the eighties—to discover and proclaim the great talent of Mansfield, and he was always grateful for this early recognition. As every one knows, he was a man of quick impulses and his gratitude changed to something less admirable when he thought that he was unjustly criticised. I do not think that I ever met Mr. Mansfield face to face more than once, and that was years ago in an editorial office down town, but we had been the best of friends through the mail bag until one unlucky day. I sent him a play to read that was written by an exceptionally clever young American writer, and he returned it unread with a short note in which he said, "As you do not think that I know anything about acting, you cannot think that I am any judge of plays," or words to that effect. I could not recollect ever having made such a foolish statement in regard to Mr. Mansfield, so I ransacked the files of *The Critic* to see if any such remark could have crept in without my knowing it. No, there were nothing but words of praise—and very warm if discriminating praise; but something had disturbed him and my name was no longer to him that of a friend. I regretted this exceedingly; for I always had, and always shall have, a great admiration for Richard Mansfield, for the man and the actor when living and for his memory now that he is dead.

I used to suppose that the late George Du Maurier was the only person who believed Mars to be inhabited. But it seems that no less an authority than Percival Lowell believes that there are people up there moving about and attending to business the same as those who inhabit this terrestrial ball. Unfortunately Professor Lowell does not prove his theory. I say unfortunately though I am not quite sure that it is unfortunate. I am afraid that it would have a bad effect upon the average man to think that

* See page 249.

other average men were living so far out of reach. Expeditions fitted out with air-ships would be sent skywards by our enterprising newspapers and the North Pole as a place to be discovered would soon be forgotten in a mad race for the planets.

In "The France of To-day" Professor Barrett Wendell has a subject made to his hand. He loves France and the French as much as he hates Germany and the Germans. He was the first lecturer on the Hyde Foundation at the Sorbonne and other French universities and his lectures were successful. Professor Wendell is never a bore. He may irritate or amuse one, but he is never tiresome. As Professor of English at Harvard University he has made an international reputation, perhaps not so much for the soundness of his views as for his picturesque way of presenting them. He is as enthusiastic in his dislikes as he is in his likes, which makes his lectures lively and keeps his audiences entertained as well as instructed.

The London *Academy* having made shift to live through several decades of innocuous desuetude is, in the hands of its new owner, trying to attract attention by its "yellow" utterances. To abuse America is always a sure way of attracting attention in England. The *Saturday Review* screamed itself hoarse against the United States, and now the *Academy* as a last resort is doing the same thing. In a recent number it publishes this summing up against the American people:

> Readers of *The Academy* may remember my very inadequate attempt to depict the horrible body of death, decay and wickedness which is called the United States of America. Briefly, I showed, from American evidence, and from unchallenged reports, that (1) the whole judicial system of America had fallen into contempt; (2) that it was corrupt; (3) that its proceedings, as in the Thaw trial, were in the highest degree degraded, offensive, and abominable; (4) that its—*etc.*, *etc.*, *etc.*

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when this sort of abuse would have made me hot under the collar. I used to think because of such outbursts that English people hated Americans. I have learned better. They are merely the last cry, when all others have failed, to attract attention for a little hour, but the hour is so very little that it misses its purpose. I wonder what the shade of that genial gentleman and cultured editor, Dr. Appleton, would say to such abuse in the journal he founded of a nation that he sincerely admired. The first thing that Dr. Appleton did after setting the machinery of the *Academy* in motion was to visit this country to establish friendly relations with its men of letters. Alas, alas, how has that journal, founded on the principles of culture and courtesy, fallen from its high estate!

I have known, for some time past, that Mrs. Burnett was ambitious to become the editor of a magazine for young folks, and this ambition has at last been gratified. With its October number, the *Children's Magazine* has passed under her direction, with Miss Birdsall, its founder, as associate editor, and Mr. Vivian Burnett ("Little Lord Fauntleroy") as business manager. Mrs. Burnett's editorial policy is, we are told, summed up in Stevenson's couplet,

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

She will be a regular contributor to the magazine, and under her editorship it will aim to publish material which "shall subtly lead its readers to understand the beauty of the world about them, turn their eyes towards its more joyous side, and help them to acquire the habit of cheerfulness and happiness." If anyone knows what will interest young people, it is Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness's variorum Shakespeare is apparently a

DR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Whose Variorum Shakespeare has made him famous

(See page 254)

family affair. As I understand it, Dr. Furness owns the plates and copyrights in the book, and the editorial work is done by himself first and foremost, by his son, Horace Howard Furness, Jr., and his sister, Mrs. Wister. This variorum edition has been Dr. Furness's life work. Up to the present time he worked upon it alone—that is, virtually alone; he may have had assistance of one sort or another. But more recently his sister and son have helped him. It is unquestionably the most notable edition of Shakespeare ever made, and it leaves nothing for future Shakespeareans to do or say. It is yet incomplete, but the work is going bravely on. Within a few weeks we have had a new volume. Mrs. Wister will be gratefully remembered, by those of us who can look further backward than we can forward, for her translations from

MRS. A. L. WISTER
Sister of Dr. Furness and an editorial associate

rman. It was Mrs. Wister roduced that pleasant German ller E. Marlitt to the Ameri- ıblic. I remember so well :hese innocuous tales were ublished. We hailed them y, and their popularity was xtraordinary. This popular- ıave not the slightest doubt e as much to Mrs. Wister's ing as to the author's story. re various ways of translating, lled literal, the other free. 'ister's translation was a free ion—more of an adaptation. ɔt the spirit of the story, and same time gave us the charm wn manner.

cent issue of the New York prints a capital interview with race Howard Furness, which I to be from the pen of Mr. Valsh, the clever literary editor paper. Mr. Walsh is of a own Philadelphia family. His ther founded the *North Ameri-* ich under his editorship was the most able and dignified journals, though it now out- its yellowest contemporaries. ılsh has probably known Dr. all his life, and it was an ıatter for him to get that man and famous Shake- n scholar to talk with him and im his treasures. Mention is ɔf Shakespeare's gloves, which d to Garrick and to Mrs. and were presented to Dr. by Fanny Kemble. An- ɔf Dr. Furness's treasures is presented to him by Edwin Booth, often used by that actor and many other famous Hamlets as the skull of Yorick. Still another treasure in this collection is an autograph verse written by Lord Byron and published in the *Herald* for the first time. It is written in a playful vein to recommend a guide who had served him well in Spain and who later, in 1855, served Dr. Furness in the same capacity and gave him the autographic scrap, which, however, is more valuable as a souvenir than as poetry:

All those that travel ever must decide
'T is time ill spent without a skilful guide,
One who the manners and the customs knows
And gives the history of all he shews,
And all the locks with picking can undo
With silver keys, with skill applied thereto.
If such you want, and one who will not fail ye,
I strongly recommend Antonio Bailly.

Speaking of Byron, I once owned the first pair of shoes that he wore. They were given to my father by a woman who had been the poet's nurse. She had cut them down to fit the feet of a doll belonging to one of her children. It must have been a pretty good-sized doll, for the shoes —little soft things made of braid— were none too small for a child. I gave them to the Players because I knew that they would be well taken care of (not because Byron was a playwright), and to the best of my knowledge and belief they now repose under a glass case at 16 Gramercy Park.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Bates, David Horner. Lincoln in the Telegraph Office. *Century.*

Bernhardt, Sara. Memories of my Life. *Appleton.*

Carl Schurz, Reminiscences of. *McClure.*

Cortissoz, Royal. Augustus Saint-Gaudens. *Houghton.*

Eaton, John. Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen. *Longmans.*

Griffis, Wm. Elliot. The Japanese Nation in Evolution. *Crowell.*

Molmenti, Pompeo. Venice. Part II. **Venice in the Golden Age.** *McClurg.*

Schaff, Morris. The Spirit of Old West Point. *Houghton.*

Seymour, Thomas Day. Life in the Homeric Age. *Macmillan.*

Belles Letters and Poetry

Colton, Arthur. Harps Hung Up in Babylon. *Holt.*

Gayley, Charles Mills. Plays of our Forefathers. *Duffield.*

Hovey, Richard. The Holy Graal, and Other Fragments. *Duffield.*

Riley, James Whitcomb. Morning. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Schelling, Felix E. A History of Elizabethan Drama. *Houghton.*

Stringer, Arthur. Woman in the Rain and Other Poems. *Little, Brown.*

Art and Travel

Caffin, Charles H. The Story of American Painting. *Stokes.*

Cary, Elisabeth Luther. The Art of William Blake. *Moffat, Yard.*

Lathrop, Elise. Sunny Days in Italy. *Pott.*

McSpadden, J. Walker. Famous Painters of America. *Crowell.*

Fiction

Atherton, Gertrude. Ancestors. *Harper.*

Brady, Cyrus Townsend. The Blue Ocean's Daughter. *Moffat, Yard.*

Burnett, Frances Hodgson. The Shuttle. *Stokes.*

Crawford, F. Marion. Arethusa. *Macmillan.*

Hope, Anthony. Helena's Path. *McClure.*

McCutcheon, George Barr. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. *Dodd, Mead.*

Oxenham, John. A Man of Sark. *Baker, Taylor.*

Parker, Gilbert. The Weavers. *Harper.*

Smith, F. Hopkinson. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. *Scribner.*

Van Dyke, Henry. Days Off. *Scribner.*

Von Hutton, Bettina. The Halo. *Dodd, Mead.*

Wharton, Edith. Fruit of the Tree. *Scribner.*

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. The Old Peabody Pew. *Houghton.*

NOTE.—On this page, in each issue of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, will appear a carefully compiled list of recent publications, serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes presented in the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons will not be included.

A Prayer for Holy Night

Lord, let Thine Eastern Star that led those three
Upon whom years agone sweet Mary smiled,
Send down its beams where babeless Marys be
With hungry hearts, all wistful for a child.

Lord, bid Thy Star that poured its ruby light
A glowing pathway, trod by angel feet,
Send down its beams where angels plod to-night,
Sad-eyed, unwinged, along the frozen street.

Lord, let Thy Star on Wise Men burn so bright
That it will lead their steps into that place
Where children toil, each thinking on this night
With bitter tears upon a small white face.

Garnet Noel Wiley.

The Royal Picture Gallery, Dresden — From a color print by Hanfstaengl

THE SISTINE MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

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VOL. III DECEMBER, 1907 NO. 3

PAINTING AND THE WORD

THE WORD OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

PAINTERS very properly resent the suggestion of their art being beholden to literature. They assert its independence as an art of expression; and not the less stoutly because certain painters have exhibited a dependence upon literature, or, at least, the literary point of view. But that Rossetti, for example, expended much of his talent in transmuting the word-pictures of Dante into pictures of paint, they regard, not as a phase of principle, but as an exceptional episode due to the individual bias of that artist. It is one that is to be taken rather as a warning than an example. For Rossetti from boyhood was steeped in the literature of Dante; he was himself as much poet as painter, and in each direction his art suffered by the confusion of motives.

It was because I concur, as all thoughtful persons must, in this *amour propre* of the painter, that, when I was asked to write something about the relation of Painting and Literature, I selected the above title —Painting and the Word. It may sound a little enigmatic, but is simple enough when we have cleared up the meaning that we attach to "the Word." Then, I think, we shall find we have a very convenient topic for discussion, since it presents a fixed central idea, and yet admits an adjustable radius, so that we can circumscribe the subject closely or expand it at will.

I am then seeking back of painting and of literature for that force which has influenced both to separate forms of expression—the thought of the age. Whether it originated in the mind of one man or simultaneously in the minds of many, it is at first like the Spirit of God moving upon

the face of the waters. Then the Spirit speaks; someone gathers the vagueness of thought into the form of speech, and there is Light. To the spoken word, in time, is given the precision of the written word; and this after many rewritings may evolve into the permanence of literature. Meanwhile, whether it does or not, the thought in the spoken and written word is germinating in the minds and hearts of the people, a vital force that affects belief and conduct. It is no monopoly of the literary man; it is the common property of its age, a possession of strength or weakness to each and every one, according as the individual works in harmony with or in opposition to the collective force. I do not forget that in a given age the written and the spoken word that makes itself most heard may be claptrap. If so, it is because it is the word of fashion and not of life; the formulation of what passes current in the self-constituted superiority that happens to be the Society of the day. It is not an expression of those deeper, often unconscious impulses that well up out of the massed heart of the people. It was to this latter source that Richard Wagner looked for that impulse which "urges from Life into the Work of Art." His position, as laid down in "The Art Work of the Future," is summed up by Arthur Symons: "The people alone can feel a common and collective want; without this want there can be no need; without need no necessary action; where there is no necessary action, caprice enters, and caprice is the mother of all unnaturalness. Out of caprice, or an imagined need, come luxury, fashion and the whole art-traffic of our shameless age."

It is, then, the *vox populi*, the utterance through the spoken or written word of a common or collective want, in its influence upon painting at different periods, that I shall try to examine. We may pass in review the varying effects of the Word of Classic Literature; the Dramatic Word, as spoken from the stage; the Poetic Word, and the Word of Realistic Prose and of the present Daily Press; but begin with the most important—the Word of the Christian Faith.

I call it the most important, not because of its intrinsic import, which is another matter, but because of its potency during the greatest period of painting, so that the noblest works of the Italian Renaissance are religious, at least in subject. On the other hand, because the art of religious painting has gradually declined, until to-day it is practically non-existent, it need not be suggested that in religion itself there has been a corresponding decay of vitality. That again is another matter. The truer inference, from the point of view of our present subject, is that the common and collective religious want of to-day no longer has need of expressing itself in the art of painting; that it even recoils from the naïveté and inadequacy of the attempt. Whether the religious need of to-day be satisfied with the recognition of a divinely sanctioned ethical system, or seek to discover the spiritual relation of humanity to the universe, it demands an interpretation and expression, on the one hand more practical, on the other more complex and embracing than pictures in paint can give. For the world has grown too old to find ideas seem more real when interpreted into bodily forms. On the contrary, such forms are apt to act as limitations to the imagination.

But it was not so in the days of the Renaissance, any more than in the classic age of Hellas. In both periods the common and collective need demanded that the Word be embodied in the likeness of human form. At no other time has that need been so single-hearted; consequently never have the artists of form been so necessary to the community or enjoyed such opportunities of service as in those periods. In each case the need was a twofold one, voicing itself in the word of religious Faith and in the word of life. The consciousness of life was poignant and intense; the joy of life unbounded; the beauty of external form was the

Avenue Chapel, Padua

THE ENTOMBMENT, BY GIOTTO (1266–1337)

symbol not only of life but of faith. It is worth while to note the correspondences and differences represented by these two periods.

The Classic, as the Renaissance, was a period of renewal of health after sickness—a time of exalted mind and of glorying in recovered strength such as we may have experienced in our own selves after nearly mortal sickness. For, while we know the Renaissance to have come to birth from the throes of the Middle Ages, it is apt to be overlooked that the Classic age also emerged from a corresponding jungle of darkness. In each case a period of high enthusiasm and of great art had been born of spiritual conflict. For Hellas not only had experienced the fury and confusion of foreign invasion and domestic rivalries, but she had emerged from the darkness of spiritual conflict with the powers invisible. It is only necessary to read the tragedy of Œdipus to realize the horror of the conflict. Laius of Thebes and his wife Jocasta, for no fault of their own, as it appears, but only on the general principle that human prosperity is hateful to the divine powers, are condemned to the horrible destiny that the child of their marriage shall murder his father and commit incest with his mother. The wretched parents, in a futile effort to escape their doom, compass the crime of making away with their innocent child. The latter, preserved from death and grown to man's estate, fulfills unconsciously his hideous destiny; and the penalty therefor involves, for himself, a prolonged existence as a blind outcast, and for the mother and the

four children of incest violent deaths. Here is the Word quarried out of the confused thought of the past which had struggled to discover the relation of man to the invisible powers surrounding him; crude and repellent, until the master-hand of Sophocles shaped it into the sculptural-literary form of drama. Under the magic of his hand the horror of the theme was no whit abated, yet the horror was subordinated to a prevailing sense of harmonious proportion. Out of the impotence of man in the presence of Destiny is raised up a triumph of the Will. Œdipus and his daughter Antigone, while conforming to their Destiny, rise superior to it; the balance is adjusted, the harmony of Will with Destiny secured.

Before the Word attained to the architectonic grandeur of the Sophoclean drama, through what conditions of confusion and compromise must the attempts at interpretation have passed! just as sculpture faltered and blundered ere it reached the sublime balance and harmony of Pheidias. Alike in the drama and sculpture of classic Hellas, the balance and harmony were not reached until the consciousness of conflict with the invisible had become ameliorated by a recognition of the dignity and beauty and, one might almost say, the sufficiency of life. Similarly, in the times of the Italian Renaissance, art did not develop its highest possibilities until the goodness of this life was balanced with the conceptions of the life to come; in fact, until an adjustment of life and religion was effected. The realization of the value of life came to the Italians through their humanistic studies of the Greek classics; a subject to occupy us later. At present, it is with the influence of the Word of Religion that we are concerned.

The spiritual conflict of the Middle Ages was infinitely more poignant and intense than that of early Hellas; inasmuch as Christianity is a personal religion, compared with which the religion of Hellas was communal, affecting humanity in the mass. Thus the conflict of man with the hidden powers of darkness had become splintered into a myriad conflicts, the battle-ground of each of which was the soul of the individual man and woman, the object to be fought for, personal salvation. The world, darkened with desolation, lurid with the fires of perpetual fighting, scourged with pestilence, had become to the religious imagination Gehenna, sodden with the blood poured out to Tophet, a valley raging with horrible passions, through which the soul in its own loneliness must tread a difficult path. Not through self-expansion, but self-repression, through denial of the natural man only, could salvation be reached. This Word, so appalling in its significance, received its final and perennial expression in Dante's "Divine Comedy." Herein the poet, representing the Soul of Man, passes from the sin of Hell to ultimate salvation in Paradise. Hell and Paradise—so far Dante is one with Gothic intensity, crystallizing and refining upon the awful alternative which preoccupied the religious imagination of the Middle Ages. His poem, so far, is the drama of its spiritual conflict. But in its entirety it is more than that. With an Italian aptitude for compromise, prefiguring that of Machiavelli, Dante anticipated the Roman Church's later adoption of the doctrine of Purgatory.

It is noticeable that, whereas the spiritual conflict of Hellas found literary expression in the sculpturesque or plastic art of the drama, Dante's poem is rather akin to the art of painting; for he not only interpreted the Word into form, but supplied the latter with environment. The thought involved had become too intense and complex to be adequately expressed by form; it needed the emotional accompaniment of color and atmosphere. Thus, also, in the domain of the arts of design, it was painting, rather than architecture or sculpture, that most adequately expressed the common and collective need of the Italian Renaissance. Painting became the characteristic art of the period.

St. Maddelina dei Piazzi, Florence,

Photograph by Alinari

THE CRUCIFIXION, BY PERUGINO (1446-1524)

Louvre Museum, Paris

THE HOLY FAMILY, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO (1486-1531)

With Cimabue and Giotto, in his early work, painting still follows the Byzantine tradition. Its motive is primarily, and almost exclusively, symbolical. Form is not regarded as of value for its own sake, but as the means of expressing an idea. Presently, however, Giotto, representing episodes in the lives of Christ and the saints, begins to give character and expression to the forms; expressing individual sentiments through the medium of gesture and facial expression. Yet his use of color and treatment of form are still simple; but little more, one might say, than sculpture flattened and colored; the accessories, such as trees and rocks still exhibit the naïveté of Gothic sculpture; the whole scene is felt as a drama of action, set in front of a plastic background. It is not until some seventy years later that Masaccio draws the background forward and unites it to the foreground by filling in the intervening space with atmosphere, so that the figures are enveloped in their environment. With him painting emerges from the sculptural manner and becomes independently and characteristically pictorial. From Masaccio the step is short to Perugino, who, like Dante, creates an environment that corresponds to and ex

forces the sentiment of the forms, at the same time expressing a sentiment too abstract for expression by dramatic gesture—a condition of soul contemplation.

By this time the Word of religious Faith inherited from the Middle Ages had run its course, as a single and unalloyed need, and painting in the interpretation thereof had exhausted its gamut of expression. Henceforth the Word of Religion shares influence with the Word of Life, the common and collective need aroused by humanistic studies. The notes in the gamut of expression have been—symbolical, realistic, the allegorical, which is a blend of the two, and the devotional, or that of soul-expression. These terms are not intended as sharp distinctions, separating one class of pictures from another, for these qualities may be found in combination, but rather as convenient indications of the various aspects of interpretation, demanded of and rendered by painting.

The symbolical motive, as seen in early Italian painting, is without the subtlety that characterizes modern symbolism. It is, rather, a frank and simple attempt to bring home to the minds of the people the mysteries of dogma: the mystery, for example, of the Trinity, of Christ's agony, of the doctrine of Transubstantiation; and, at first especially, it makes constant use of symbolism of objects consecrated by devout association. No more useful example of religious symbolism can be cited than the "Dogma of the Christian Faith," by John S. Sargent, in the public Library of Boston. For its conception and general treatment have been frankly borrowed from existing examples of the past, so that it presents a summary of the old symbolical point of view and method; while the fact of its appearing in a city where the dominant religious attitude is Unitarian, opens up a sharp challenge as to the fitness of such motive and method to interpret the Word of Faith to-day.

One recalls that in the upper part of the arched space sit enthroned the three Persons of the Holy Trinity, grave, motionless figures, with closed eyes and hands upraised in blessing. Beneath the central figure is suspended a symbolic representation of the Fall of Man and his Redemption through the Sacrifice of Christ. It is purely symbolic, not allegorical, for no suggestion of realism is introduced. The Cross, itself, is of ornamental design, and attached below the arms is a framed panel, in which on either side of the Christ crouch Adam and Eve, so that the arrangement of the figures offers the suggestion of a triptych. The nail which pierces the feet of Christ pins to the Cross the head of the serpent, whose coils encumber the feet of the man and woman. They are holding chalices to receive the blood which flows from the Sacred Hands; the woman in an attitude of submission and devotion, the man with a freer gesture, as of one confident that he is about to obtain strength for his release. The stole of the priesthood, hanging from the shoulders of the Priest-Christ, binds the three bodies together in token that it is through the medium of the Church that the benefits of Redemption are secured. Below the Cross stretches an old inscription, whose play upon words and pregnant conciseness may be rendered somewhat freely: I BEING MADE MAN, MYSELF THE MAKER OF MAN, AND THE REDEEMER OF THAT WHICH I HAVE MADE, DO REDEEM THROUGH MY BODY THEIR BODIES, AND THEIR SOULS AS WELL, BEING GOD.* At the foot of the Cross appears a symbol of the pelican feeding its young from her own breast which she has pierced. The nest and cross are upheld by two angels, beside whom, forming a band of figures are other angels holding the reed, the nails, the spear, the hammer and pincers, the column of scourging, the crown of thorns and the ladder—the symbols of the Passion. Their heads are encircled with halos, as

* Factus Homo, Factor Hominis, Factique Redemptor, Redimo Corporeus Corpora, Corda Deus.

are those of the Trinity. Only in the figures of the angels is there any intrusion of aught but what is purely symbolic. The beauty of their forms and fair young faces may draw off one's attention somewhat toward physical joy; though even here the painter may have desired to symbolize the beauty of holiness and of the life unstained. Otherwise the sole impression of the painting is spiritual, an appeal direct and poignant to devoutness of soul, if—of course—you can accept and be moved by the peculiar language of the symbolism. To the high churchman among Episcopalians, as to the devout Roman Catholic, who has been trained to an intimate and penetrating contemplation of the mystery of the Passion, I believe that the significance of each and every symbol and of the totality of the symbolism is as moving as the corresponding pictures of antiquity were to the devout souls of that day. On the contrary, to numbers of modern Christians, who have learned to draw nigh to spiritual truths by mental pathways entirely different, the painting must be spiritually unacceptable, and may well seem morbid and bizarre.

From the respective acceptability or inacceptability of the decoration, we may gather a clue as to the use of symbolism in painting. It is Pater, is it not? who says that the most enlightening criticism is a man's frank statement of how a given work of art affects himself. Well, then, for my own part, I know of no other modern religious painting that has moved me as this one. But, as a youth, I was habitually familiar with the language of mediæval symbolism; consequently, when I look at one of the symbols, still more at the symbolic group of Christ, the Man and the Woman, it is like a shot fired among the mountain heights. The single note, caught and flung back by every peak of memory in turn, swells into a tumult of embracing emotion. It is no longer the symbol, as such, that counts, but the association of memories, ideas and experiences that it has aroused. *Per contra*, it is just because modern Protestant religion has abandoned the language of symbolism,* that religious painting has lost its significance. The painter has not been able to create any new form of symbolism, expressive of the new attitude toward the spiritual, and, accordingly, in his picture or decorated window simply tells a story. He may do so with a dignity of composition and a splendor of color that make the work enjoyable to the senses. But the mind is tethered to the episodical facts of the representation; there is no abstract appeal to spiritual experience; the appeal of the work is insignificant beside what we really feel and know. In these days we have to look outside of religious painting for the profound suggestiveness of symbolism; to a Boecklin, for example, who, to cite one instance, has created a symbolism that fills our imagination with the silence and solitude, the poignant awe, of deep woods or unfrequented mountains.

The realistic note entered into religious painting as soon as the artist was encouraged to tell a story by depicting scenes from the Bible, or episodes from the life of Christ or from the lives and legends of the saints. Giotto was first; yet still so close to mediæval painting that some of the manner, if not of the spirit, of its symbolism pervades his work. Large expanses of flatly painted draperies, alternating with simply treated spaces of background, form a particularly handsome patterning of composition. This is so ample and striking that Giotto still holds his own as a master decorator; though the fascination which his paintings exercise over the modern imagination is due to a further and more vital cause. He could not draw in the later sense of the word; had none of that learned and facile skill in the rendering of form that characterized the later Florentines, and to-day is displayed by the French school and

* The primitive Protestant substitute for mediæval symbolism is the allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Prado Museum, Madrid

267 THE HOLY FAMILY, BY MURILLO (1618–1682)

Louvre Museum, Paris

Photograph by Braun

VISIT TO EMMAUS, BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669)

its students. On the other hand he had a sense of form, a feeling for form, as strong probably as ever an artist had; but it was not an interest so much in form *per se*, as in the expressional capacity of form. The bent of his mind was dramatic, interested in interpreting mental and emotional conditions through action, gesture and facial expression. And, fortunately for his subsequent fame, he had not that skill of drawing which we now know as academical, that rivets one's attention on the merely outward and physical aspects of form. From these Giotto withdraws our attention, concentrating it solely and forcibly upon the essential significance of movement and gesture. Hence, beside the architectonic decorativeness and fundamentally dramatic quality of his works, those, for example, of Carpaccio or Ghirlandajo, with all their nimble cleverness, are merely elaborate story illustrations; or, if you will, theatric but not dramatic. In a word, then, Giotto's motive was realistic, inasmuch as it was dramatic, intent on holding up the mirror to nature; but his method, in its omission of everything but what was essential, and in its affecting us, not by elaborate explanation, but by suggestion to the imagination, is symbolical.

It is now nearly six hundred years since Giotto died, and in the revolution of the wheel the principle of his greatness has come up again as the most advanced motive of modern art; only now it is not the *omission* but the *suppression* of everything save what is essential. I might quote Puvis de Chavannes as an example. But inasmuch as Giotto's work was dramatic there is a more apt, as well as a more matured and consistently perfect example in the Italian actress, Duse. While the genius of Bernhardt consists in converting her body into an instrument upon which she manipulates every phase of emotional situation in analytical sequence, until the audience is as entranced with the marvellous capacity of the instrument as with the emotion expressed—nay, may be distracted from the latter by absorption in the external display of action and gesture; Duse withdraws into herself, concentrates within herself the dramatic emotion, at the same time rendering her audience clairvoyant. Their imaginations awakened, they are alive to the minutest shades of physical expression; they follow her less with the eyes than with the mind; in their own minds the dramatic conflict is being reproduced. Surely there is here a great example for the modern painter who would revive religious painting, or adequately compass its modern counterpart—the decorating of our great public buildings with mural paintings. It is not by the explanatory, illustrative methods that he will move us, not by thrusting into our view the facts of form or the form of facts; but by kindling our imagination with the inward significance and the soul of facts.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to follow the course of the realistic motive in Italian painting, until it becomes modified by Hellenic influences. We have mentioned Carpaccio and Ghirlandajo, and they are representative of its general tendency toward the merely story-telling picture. With the Spanish painters of the seventeenth century, however, and with Rembrandt in the same period, realism takes on a new and vital meaning. Already Giovanni Bellini had freely drawn his types from the people of the streets and quays of Venice; transferring the heads of fishermen to the shoulders of his saints and dignitaries, and capturing the gamin for service in the angelic choirs. But although he did not idealize the types, the general character of his stately compositions is the antithesis of realism. In Spain, however, as with Rembrandt, the motive went much farther than the introduction of local types. It included the conscious and deliberate purpose of translating the Bible story or saintly legend into the vernacular of Seville or Amsterdam. Both Murillo—for he is a typical ex-

Manchester Art Galler

THE SHADOW OF DEATH, BY WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT (1827——)

ample of this phase of Spanish art—and Rembrandt brought the sacred theme into contact with the actual life of their day; painting the scene as an artist would have done, for example, if he had lived in the days of Christ and had visited the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. But Christ "yet liveth," and in Murillo's time was found in the house of a Sevillian carpenter, or with Rembrandt appeared after His resurrection to the three disciples in a village inn near Amsterdam.

The logic of this is so simple and sincere, its application so free from affectation, that, one may well believe, no religious paintings have ever been as close to the heart of their times as those of Rembrandt and the Spanish period. For in each case they were a natural product of local conditions. Both the Spaniards and the Dutch were centred in their own

Metropolitan Museum of Art — Reproduced by permission

AMONG THE LOWLY, BY LEON AUGUSTIN LHERMITTE (1844– ——)

profoundly interested in lives. The art of the Dutch rtraiture of themselves; so of Spain in the seventeenth Rembrandt's interest may have been aroused by the ueness of the poor; but ia's death and when troubles n him, and he himself was a man of sorrows and ac- with grief, it is sympathy poor and suffering that im, and in his pictures d drama is re-enacted among them in its poignant truth. The Church in Spain was distinguished, as an institution, by the purity of life of the priesthood and its devotion to religion and the good of the people; so that religion was a real and cherished part of people's lives. It was both a cause and a result of this that the painters were encouraged by their ecclesiastical patrons to represent the religious theme naturalistically and, as it were, in the vernacular of the people.

The example of Rembrandt and the

Boston Public Library — Copyright by Curtis & Cameron

THE DOGMA OF THE REDEMPTION, BY JOHN S. SARGENT (1856– ——)

Spanish has influenced certain modern painters, the German, Fritz von Uhde, for example, and the Frenchman, Léon Lhermitte. The former leads the way with a picture of "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me." The scene is a village schoolroom; the sun streaming through the open windows upon the tiled floor, straw mats, rush-bottomed chairs and flowers in pots. The village pastor has finished the scripture lesson, as Christ enters, garbed in a long robe. He takes the teacher's chair and the children gather round him, one little one in advance of the others. Meanwhile the pastor stands aside with hands clasped in prayer, and other grown people are crowding the open doorway. A beautiful reverence, tenderness and sincerity pervade the picture, which suggests no incongruity, or to my mind even any shock of surprise. One finds oneself, as one watches the scene, a part of the group of villagers, to whose simple devoutness the miracle, if it occurred, would seem quite natural. This is the source of its quiet convincingness; but it is significant that, to obtain this necessary reinforcement of a common collective need, Von Uhde had to leave the society of his own rank in life and search for it among the peasants in the Bavarian hills. Lhermitte, on the other hand, himself a peasant by birth, had but to live and work in the home of his boyhood, at Château-Thierry in the valley of the Marne, to find among the peasants enough naive, unquestioning faith to suggest and warrant such a picture as "Among the Lowly."

When, however, Jean Béraud turns from subjects of Parisian elegance and

stage-life to depict religious subjects, his pictures no longer present an illusion of convincingness, but the shock of incongruity. Here, for example, is a stag-party in the house of a modern Pharisee; the coffee and liquors are being handed round, and the light jest circulates; the host has left his seat to chat with a guest, and the Saviour appears and takes his chair. At the same moment a modern Magdalen, in evening toilette, enters and flings herself in a paroxysm of remorse at his feet. However sincere may have been the painter's intention, the work is bizarre and sensational; the presence of Christ is not made reasonable, but seems to be an audacious solecism; not even necessary to the moral significance of the idea.

In contrast with these efforts, more or less acceptable, to clothe the Word of the Christian Faith in modern garb, was the attempt to put it back into the trappings of the past. It was a phase of realism that rebelled against the classic draperies and poses of Raphael. Gebhardt, in Germany, recognizing the religious intensity of the works of the Van Eycks, Memling, Dürer and Holbein, sought to revive it by dressing his figures in the costumes of the fifteenth century. Menzel and Liebermann represented the sacred scenes as being enacted by Polish Jews of their own day; while Holman Hunt, followed by James Tissot, sought for realities of impression by an exact representation of the human types and their costumes and environment in modern Palestine, presuming that these did not differ from those of the time of Christ. Such a method of arousing the religious consciousness is curiously antipodal to that of Giotto at the dawn of modern painting. For, while the latter reached spiritual suggestion through a minimum of external *vraisemblance*, Hunt and Tissot, by an exact and almost painful reliance upon externals, reach—what? However, pending your own reply, it is important to remark, that realism was with Hunt a religion, while Tissot, under the influence of religion, having "found it," as revivalists would say, applied to it the principles of realism that had interested him in his unregenerate days.

Yet both these points of view and all this effort at archæological rehabilitation of religious painting only seem to emphasize the hollow pretensions on which this branch of art now languishes. It is no longer expressive of a common and collective need, but the invention of a painter's individual theories. Indeed, as we have already suggested, it may be that for religion, as understood by Protestant Churches, painting is not an adequate form of expression. For that of the Roman Catholic it would certainly seem as if it should be; but it is one of the curiosities of the history of painting, that the Roman Catholic Church is no longer the discriminating and generous patron of the art that it once was. Even in Rome the modern embellishments of churches and of St. Peter's itself, as witness the ingeniously inartistic reproductions in mosaic of Raphael's paintings, exhibit a lack of æsthetic taste and knowledge. It would seem as if the mental attitude were: Religion is all in all, and everything else is to be considered, not as having any possibilities of virtue in itself, but solely as a means to an end. Thus, for example, the pictures representing the Stations of the Cross are selected much as you would select a broom to sweep out the sacristy.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

An Appreciation, Apropos of the Poet's Centenary

By H. W. BOYNTON

AFTER living many years within a few miles of the Whittier birthplace, I recently found myself a rather languid party to a pilgrimage thither. I have, I fear, less reverence than I ought to have for shrines and relics; I went because a guest proved to be intent upon going. I assured him plaintively that I had a book which gave a full description of the birthplace, and contained excellent pictures of the birthplace, if he really felt that the birthplace mattered. It was of no use; he did not want books and pictures. He wanted the birthplace itself; and he got it. He seemed to take comfort in the acquisition; and I fancied him taking home (to the middle West) something that I had failed to get, or to understand even. As for me, the birthplace looked exactly as I had expected it to look, and I was not greatly impressed. It was such a little old farmhouse as you may see on any New England hillside: blunt and porchless of front, sloping of roof, painted white before and red behind. There are lilacs in the dooryard, and a wellsweep, long disused. Inside, the room of interest is the kitchen, to which piety has restored many properties which were there in Whittier's boyhood: "properties" one calls them involuntarily, since the room is now a showroom, and has the conscious air inseparable from the rôle. The things themselves are merely such as may be found in any house of the kind which has not been despoiled by the black-walnut housewife of a generation ago, or the old furniture collector of more recent date. After a due amount of nosing, we took our way through the back garden to the brook which used to drive the mill-wheel of the Whittiers, a century or two ago.

Here is the place; right over the hill
  Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
  And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

The lines came dimly to mind; but the enchantment was, after all, in them rather than in the place. The brook was dispirited, almost dry. A party of fellow-pilgrims followed us from the house. It was very hot; and we heeded the call of a cooling trolley-car far up the road.

Afterward, when my zealous friend had taken his westward way, after the little experience seemed to have found its place among other memories of trivial adventure, I found it unexpectedly developing a kind of meaning, a meaning which I gradually began to fancy almost without parallel in our American experience, in the preservation of that homely shrine in the outskirts of Haverhill, such meaning as attaches to the cherishing of a certain bald little cottage in Ayrshire where Whittier's acknowledged master came into being. Whittier, quite as truly as Burns—and of what other American poet can it be said with any approach to truth?—was indigenous, incorrigibly provincial in the narrow sense, yet, through his very loyalty to the province which nature had made his own, achieving an integrity of effort and result hardly to be at-

tained by the most ardent cosmopolitanism, the most skilful compliance. The Haverhill farmhouse was not merely Whittier's birthplace; it was his home for some thirty years, and the rest of his long life was lived within a few miles of it. He did not "drag at each remove a lengthening chain," for there were no removes. He was not translated from one state to another, from one plane of living to another, like Longfellow and Bryant. He would never travel; he refused repeatedly to go to England, though the warmest of welcomes awaited him there. He was content to take always deeper root in the soil from which he sprang. There are plenty of farmers in the neighborhood to-day who are equally immovable, equally stubborn in their parochialism. They are a silent race, but they have had their voice.

From "John Greenleaf Whittier," by Bliss Perry
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Critics often appear to take for granted that every poet is the better off for being able to sign himself a Something-or-other of Arts. As a matter of fact "it might have been" is sometimes a word even sillier than sad. What man really thinks himself fit to blue-pencil Providence? Who knows that a little more learning might not have tied Whittier's tongue, or given it a conscious stammer? For any evidence we have to the contrary, the conditions of his birth and rearing, yes, and health, may have been the happiest possible for the development of his rare powers. By his powers I do not mean his practical effectiveness, or his eloquence. The notion is not uncommon that he is chiefly memorable as the prophet of anti-slavery and the painter of New England country life. Reformer and *genre* poet he was; but he has a clearer title to fame in the fact that he is a true singer—the only remarkable singer America has certainly produced. Due tribute has been paid to his ardent and generous services of a public nature and to the beautiful serenity and purity of his private life. We may remember him here for a moment as a singing voice.

There were books in the Quaker farmhouse, but they were a sober lot—Baxter and Bunyan rather the bright spots in a library beginning (in the boy Whittier's rhymed catalogue of it) with

> How Captain Riley and his crew
> Were on Sahara's desert threw.
> How Rollins to obtain the cash
> Wrote a dull history of trash;

and ending, but for some jog-trot biographies, with

> A book concerning John's baptism,
> Elias Smith's "Universalism."

The most amazing thing that ever happened to Whittier, the nearest approach to a "conversion," a sudden illumination of life, was the gift which at the age of nineteen he received from an unaccountably liberal-minded uncle.

> New Light on home-seen Nature beamed,
> New glory over Woman;
> And daily life and duty seemed
> No longer poor and common.

Was it then, after all, unnecessary to look backward or afar to find the materials of poetry?—

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
  Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
  Were wandering there already?

. . . . . .

I saw the same blithe day return,
  The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn
  And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
  The sweet-brier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon my native rills,
  Their wood-hymns chanting over.

It was a revelation Whittier never forgot; indeed, he was far truer to it than his master. He had not a trace of Burns's uneasy sense of social inferiority, he had no wish to "rise in the world": he was not a peasant. Nor was his main ambition to be a poet, if we are to take him at his word. He had barely reached his majority when we find him declaring, "I would rather leave the memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, and a Clarkson than the undying fame of a Byron." "Than a Burns" he could perhaps not quite have brought himself to say. He was about to accept, at the instance of Garrison, the editorship of the *Philanthropist*, a rather obscure "temperance" sheet, and there is an unmistakable note of boyish exultation in the remark. This much is certainly true, that he was never content with the pursuit of poetry as an end. His poems were never the effect of study; sometimes they sprang from pure impulse, and sometimes, less happily, from some purely didactic intent. I confess that except as documents the majority of his anti-slavery and political poems do not interest me. They contain some noble lines, and a deal of platform eloquence, which is to say poetical fustian:

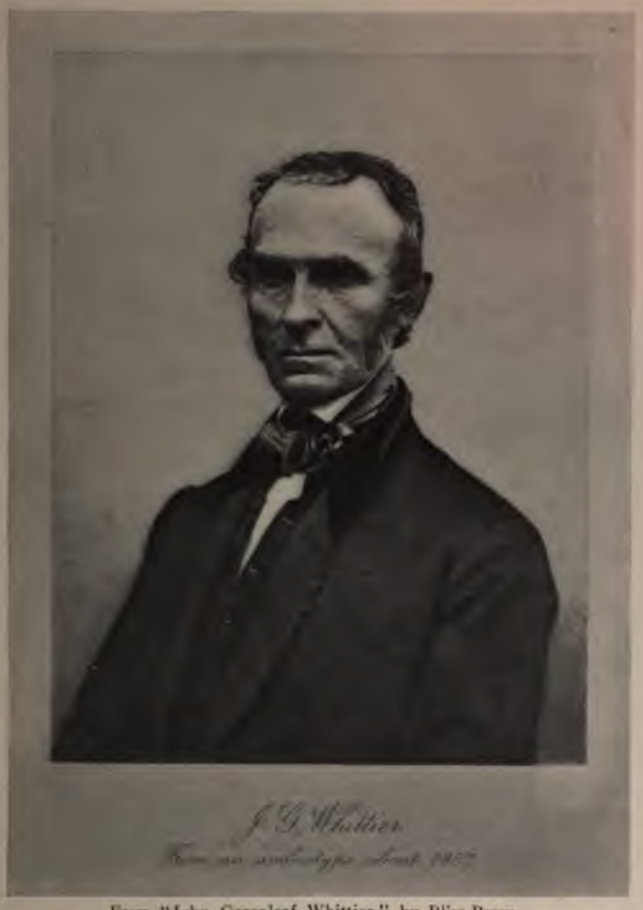
Shall every flap of England's flag
  Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
  That beetles o'er the Western sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
  When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
  The damning shade of slavery's curse?

Such verse was very useful in its time: a kind of rude trumpet-call sounding the charge at a critical moment in the national conflict. It is hardly poetry. One quaint characteristic of Whittier's verse is suggested by the passage just quoted. You note that "curse" rhymes shamelessly with "us." He habitually mates "been" and "men," "dawning," and "morning," "forth" and "path," "God" and "sword"; and so on—the true Yankee tang sounding quite clearly, as much a part of Whittier as the Ayrshire dialect was a part of Burns. It was not only that an affected accent would have been impossible for Whittier, but he had little or no interest in poetic form. He could not sing in a cage. Now and then you find him apparently beginning a sonnet, only to shift, after a quatrain or two, to a freer measure:

The firmament breaks up. In black eclipse
Light after light goes out. One evil star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of war,
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,
Drags others down. . . .

Do you not think yourself fairly launched upon the snug pinnace of the sonnet? Behold, there follow some two dozen irregularly rhymed verses. The poet's eagerness of speech makes him impatient of restraint. He improvises, declaims, and, in a sense, is lost. There is no "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints" to be found among his rhetorical rhapsodies and eager diatribes. There is, to be sure, a "Massachusetts to Virginia," most spirited and eloquent of challenges; but who now considers it a poem of a high order?—

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne
In answer to our faith and trust your insult and your scorn.
You 've spurned our kindest counsels,—you 've hunted for our lives,
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves.



From "John Greenleaf Whittier," by Bliss Perry
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A wonderful bit of pamphleteering —what else? Whittier himself was under no delusion as to the kind of value attaching to this kind of verse. In the "Proem" to the collected edition of his poems (1857), he says:

Not mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

This he could truly say, and more he might have said; for he produced poems of a rare kind. There is something too much of modesty in the disclaimer:

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace
Or softer shades of Nature's face;
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Whose pictures of New England, then, possess more of dreamy grace, display more unmistakably the anointed eye?—

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he sped;

Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill,
And beneath it pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

Contrast this with Longfellow's

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods.

Or with Lowell's

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air,
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair.

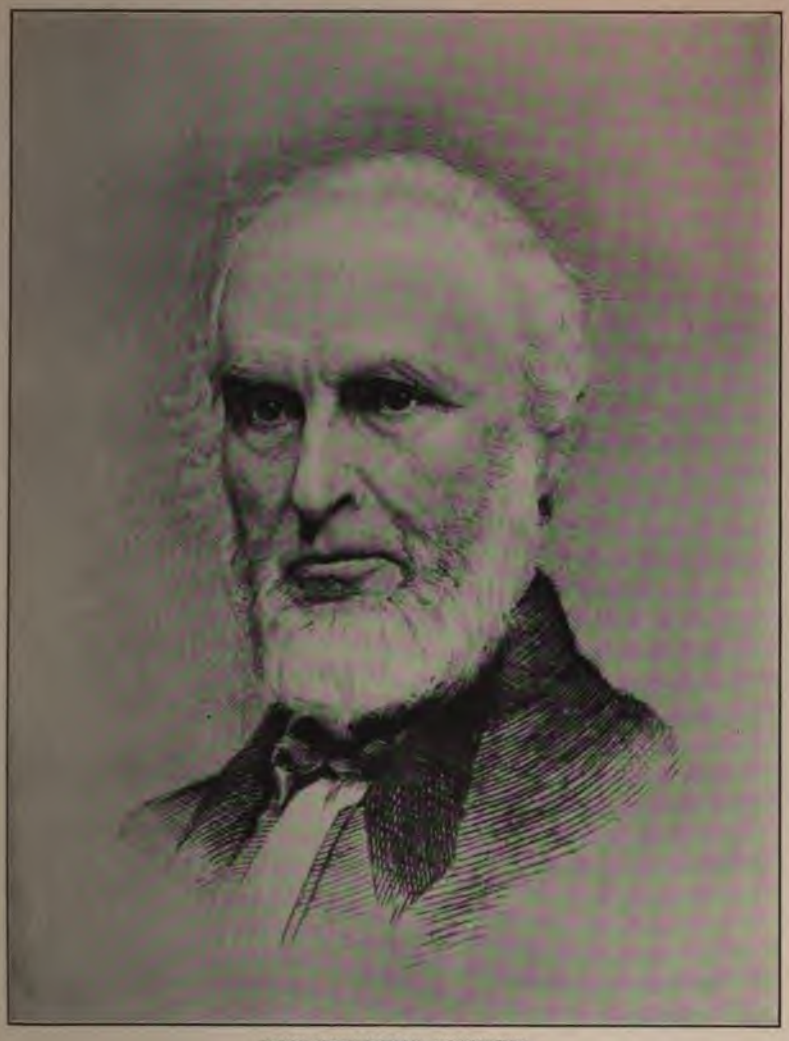
How tame sounds the one, how studied and bookish the other beside the free swing of Whittier's song. The truth is, no other American poet has had so intimate a knowledge of the subtle lines and softer shades of Nature's face. As for his view of common forms we need not refer to the famous descriptions in "Snow-bound"; had Burns, had Wordsworth a more loving and comprehending eye than that which looked upon this homely scene? —

The brown old farmhouse like a bird's nest hung,
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

In the end, however, as I think of Whittier's poetry, I find myself dwelling upon the songs rather than upon the descriptive poems. As a bachelor and a man of perfectly regular life he might be supposed to have lacked something of the experience from which lyrical poetry of a high order commonly springs. His devotion to the cause of liberty was his only passion; and, as we have seen, it did not produce remarkably good poetry. But of the sentiment of love the poet was by no means ignorant. He had, like Burns, his Mary; but there was only one, and she was never more to him than a fond dream. She became the wife of a Kentucky judge, and Whittier's relation to her was apparently limited to a life-long correspondence. Nevertheless she evidently embodied to him all the romance of womanhood, as his sister represented all that was devoted and companionable. After all, it is clear that "Mary" meant more to him as a cherished vision than as an affectionate letter-writing reality. Years after their separation he keeps his tender memories of her undimmed:

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah, memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

The sweetness of girlhood is a theme to which he is always recurring, especially in his songs. Sweet looks, gentle fingers, "eyes glad with smiles and brow of pearl," these are common phrases with Whittier. There is, to say truth, a touch of the oriental in his preoccupation with the flower-like and virginal aspects of womanhood. Not seldom, as in "Maud Muller," he



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
17 December 1807—1892 September 7

sinks to a vein of sheer popular sentimentality. The fair Maud is, after all, a stage haymaker, and the Judge, quaint New England substitute for the Fairy Prince of tradition, had much better not have turned her head. The "something better than she had known" for which the maiden artlessly longed was rather too obviously the "silks so fine" and other perquisites of a judge's consort; and the awful catastrophe was that she should marry a man unlearned and poor and be fated to have many children play round her door. Then follows the astonishing corollary that a man who is unlearned and poor and the father of many children naturally does nothing but sit by the chimney-lug, dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug. It all rings absolutely false to Whittier's experience and creed. The dignity and beauty of labor inspired him to far more spontaneous flights of song than the beauty of human liberty. And how pure and true his sentiment may ring one finds in the most beautiful of his "Home Ballads," "Telling the Bees"; or in that lovely close of "Cobbler

Keezar's Vision," a strain of haunting sweetness:

And still, in the summer twilights,
When the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory,
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers
Beside the charmèd stream,
And the sky and the golden water
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,
The rosy signals fly;
Her homestead beckons from the clouds.
And love goes sailing by!

Of prophets and strong-doers, preachers, reformers, and mere authors, the world has had enough and to spare: but how few voices like this! We do well to remember the singer, and even to preserve with reverence the homely New England nest from which his song arose.

TWO FAMOUS MUSICIANS JOACHIM AND GRIEG

By RICHARD ALDRICH

I.—JOSEPH JOACHIM

THERE is hardly needed a further historical perspective than his long life and labors have given us, to be sure that Joseph Joachim is properly to be ranged among the greatest of all musical interpreters. Nobly and unselfishly devoted to the highest in his art, he was one of those whose influence has counted most in the last half-century for purity of taste, and for devotion to the higher and spiritual message of music; for what a distinguished French critic has called a "religious fervor" for music. He was one of those of whom Browning wrote:

My cup was filled with rapture to the brim
When night by night—ah, memory, how it haunts!—
Music was poured forth by perfect ministrants:
By Hallé, Schumann, Patti, Joachim.

And of these the greatest was Joachim. He was signally the exemplar of the "grand style." He inherited and cherished and passed along the great traditions of the art of the violin. He was truly a "classical" master; yet not what many falsely conceive to be connoted by the word classical, as implying coldness or aloofness from the human heart. His fine quality was that of a man, virile, warm, deeply felt; and in everything he did he was the great interpreter of great music—the interpreter who truly re-creates the work of great masters, and says through it all that they conceived and intended to say. For George Eliot, who spoke truly for two generations of music-lovers, it was

Joachim,
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate.

It was the greatness of his power as an interpreter that differentiated him from all the tribe of virtuosos of his time—and his time was extraordinary in the history of music for its development of instrumental virtuosos. Great executant though he was in his prime, and from his boyhood years—for Joachim, like most who have reached greatness in music, was precocious in the art,—in purely technical powers he was doubtless, even in his best days, surpassed by others.

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He was not, like Paganini, and Liszt, a pioneer, discovering and exploiting new and bewildering effects upon his instrument. He did not contribute much, if anything, to the advancement of the technique of the violin. But he did more than any other one man, probably, to make the great violin works of Bach and Beethoven and Brahms understood and loved of the people. And as quartet player he showed forth, as few others had the power to do, the cryptic beauty, the lofty but recondite eloquence of Beethoven's later quartets; and he established a standard for the performance of the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, and in later times of Brahms and others of the moderns, toward which every good quartet player must needs strive.

Joachim's activity covered a long span. He appeared as a boy of eight in Pesth in 1839; and at the age of twelve he went from Leipzig, with the warmest recommendations Mendelssohn could give him, to London, where he was destined to spend much time in his subsequent career and to exert a potent influence. He established his string quartet in Berlin in 1869: an organization in which there were not a few changes in the remaining thirty-eight years of his life, but whose spirit and unity and distinctive style were singularly preserved by the leader's dominating power.

It is to be regretted that Joachim, always sure of an eager welcome, prolonged his public career into his old age. Before he was seized by his last illness he had no intention of retiring. Those who did not hear him more than fifteen years ago know not the real greatness of the man: for his physical powers had sadly waned since then. His old man's fingers, bent with age, no longer truly obeyed the artist's brain. His playing in his later years was uncertain in intonation and failing in power. And though, in his earlier years, he was ambitious as a composer, what he produced has commanded little more than the decent respect due to the master incomparable in his own field.

With Joachim's death is broken one of the few remaining links that bind the present with the golden days of the early nineteenth century. He was the pupil and friend of Mendelssohn, the intimate of Robert Schumann, the comfort and support of Clara Schumann in the days of her heavy trials and thereafter; the comrade of Brahms, as they started out together, young men, to conquer the world. To the ideals of Wagner and Liszt and those who have succeeded them in the modern movement of music, he could not give his adhesion. His appointed task was a different one, but in it he achieved the highest.

II.—EDVARD GRIEG

EDVARD GRIEG'S death brings to many musical households, to many who cultvated the "enjoyment of God at home," a sense of personal loss. More people, doubtless, had intimate relations with his music than with any other that has been produced since Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." One who has given that kind and degree of pleasure gains the affection of his public as few can do who speak with a more sustained power of weightier or more recondite matters. For this very reason he has had ardent champions who insist that he was one of the greatest of the moderns. He was without doubt one of the most interesting of the composers who have deliberately submitted themselves to the "national" influences in music; who have given expression in artistic forms to the spirit of their native folk-songs, not by embodying such songs corporeally into their music, but by catching their flavor and cadence, their melodic contour, their rhythmic peculiarities, in their own artistic expression. He started out deliberately to do this after he had received the conservative training of Leipzig. There he had become imbued with the romanticism of Schumann; but, done with it in 1862, at the age of nineteen, he came under

the influence of his compatriots Ole Bull and Rikard Nordraak, a young Norwegian musician taken by death before his time, and turned toward the exploitation of the Norwegian spirit. Gade had already found inspiration in it, but Grieg devoted himself to it heart and soul. "In style and form I have remained a German romanticist of Schumann's school," he wrote much later, after his name was made; "but at the same time I have dipped deep into the rich treasury of the folk-song of my native land; and from this hitherto unexplored utterance of the Norwegian people's spirit have attempted to create a national art." That there is much more than a Norwegian spirit in Grieg's work is evident; he could never have attained his widespread popularity outside of his native land, and held it, without his own strong and potent individuality. In his later years, when this personal inspiration seems sometimes to have flagged, there remain always these Norse formulas, so to speak, as a mannerism in his music; but in the best of it there is a haunting charm, an insinuating grace, a rugged boisterousness, sometimes reaching uncouthness; an intense passive melancholy almost oppressive; and the formula and the musical thought seem as one, inseparable. The "Halling" and the "Springtanz" set the pace for many of his sonata finales; his slow movements breathe the mournful croonings of peasant songs; and through much of his work runs now the strange, harsh coloring of the Scandinavian music, again a subtle refinement of chromatic harmony that is peculiarly his own.

Grieg was essentially a lyric poet in music; and in this vein he achieved his greatest success. His songs, his smaller piano pieces, especially those composed before the later years of his life, are his most characteristic utterance, and have attained most popularity. He was cautious in attempting longer flights, and was less successful in them. His violin sonatas, his string quartet, his piano concerto are all favorite pieces, yet they all show more originality and skill in the treatment of detail than a power of sustained eloquence. He published no symphony; his most popular orchestral piece is the first "Peer Gynt" suite, made up of incidental music that he wrote for Ibsen's drama. He wrote a few strong choral works.

This is the record of one who busied himself chiefly and most successfully with the minor forms of his art. Does it entitle him to be put among the greatest of modern musicians? Perhaps not; but it leaves him among the most individual and charming workers in the genre of miniature; a strong and pungently original talent, one whose influence will not soon be dissipated.

WITH GRIEG IN NORWAY

Impressions of a Summer Sojourn in the Composer's Neighborhood

By Dr. GERRIT SMITH

FROM the northeast coast of England (Hull), to the west coast of Norway is a matter of some twenty-four hours of discomfort. Let us therefore rather take the journey there together in spirit, and drop anchor at evening in the quiet harbor of Stavanger—a haven impregnate with the fresh, indescribable smells of a fishing village, —the still waters of its fjord aglow with every tint of sunset sky, to be answered at midnight by the rising moon and caught and reflected by the sea and mountain-tops. At such an hour it seems the entrance to an enchanted land.

Early morning finds us lying in the dark blue-green waters of the fjord at Bergen, whence Nansen set sail for the North Pole—a quaint old city, the birthplace of many Norsemen whose names have more than national repute. In no other northern town is preserved so much of the atmosphere of the olden time. All who know Bergen think of its seven mountains as shrouded in mist the greater part of the year; but where else can one find such brilliant, sunny summer days, such pure, sweet air, fragrant with the breath of the fields? Or who can forget the harbor as seen from the deck of a vessel slowly gliding in of a summer evening amid the gray and solitary peaks which stretch their feet down to the dark green waters of the sea?

I had written to Grieg from London, a month before, enclosing letters which I thought would ensure an answer; but no answer had come. In the meantime, through the music publishers in Bergen, I had been wired that he was in the mountains, a day and a half distant. I had set out from England, therefore, fully expecting to have to search for him among the wilds of Norway—and even were it only to meet him but for an hour, it seemed as though my trouble would be repaid. Shortly after my arrival, however, and after I had engaged passage for another long journey to his place of sojourn, I learned that he would return from his long summer holiday the next day.

Now Grieg was a very difficult man to meet: he did not care to make acquaintances, and actually guarded against intrusion. I had heard this in London; and my banker, one of the representative men of Bergen, assured me that he himself scarcely knew Dr. Grieg, who was acquainted with only two or three people in Bergen.

Without further encouragement, I proceeded to cultivate the music publishers, who happened to be not only intimate friends of Grieg, but also to be women. Cordial relations were established by means of the German language, the expenditure of some forty or fifty krone on music, and an amiable word or two. Through their kindness, then, a meeting was arranged, to take place within a few days at their shop.

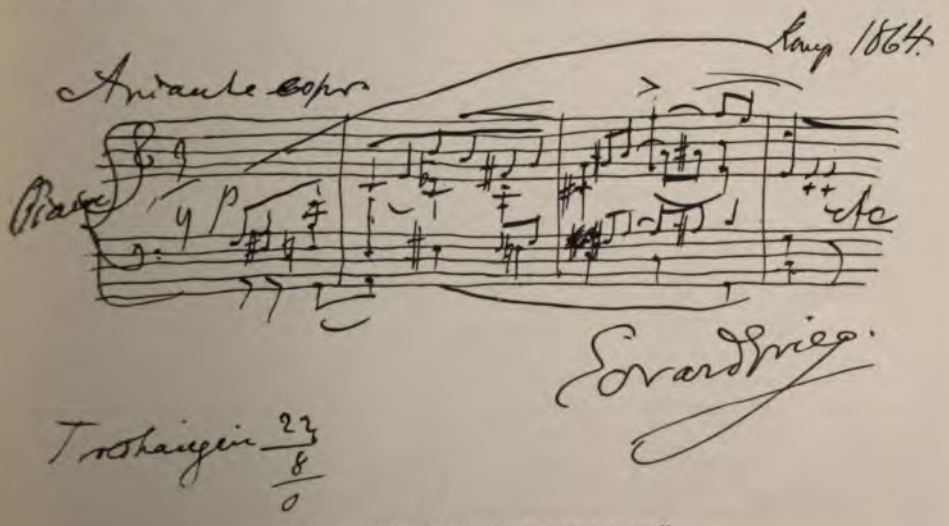
Grieg lived about six miles from Bergen—a mile away from the railway line, and just outside the little village of Hop, his villa being very near the fjord. As I wished to be as close to him as possible, and to appear to be already settled and to have come to stay, I made inquiries about an abiding-place. By great good fortune, a charming room was found in an isolated little inn about a mile away from the fjord. To reach this one had to walk up a mile and a half over the steep hills from the little town of Fjösanger. The first building which I mistook for the inn proved to be the German Consulate: the Kaiser, whose yacht was lying at Bergen, had just left there a few minutes before. The Consul was good enough to walk a little distance with me, and set me on my way again through a lonely country.

Growing a little troubled after another half-mile, with dusty, purple mountains looming above me, I ventured to knock at the door of a solitary dwelling which resembled an inn. The charming pink face of a young Swedish girl was thrust out of the upper window—and spoke French. Upon which, words failed me—that is, in French. I tried German and English; the young lady could not comprehend, but she would come down—and she did. Better still, she accompanied me the remaining half-mile to my destination, and when I had made arrangements, brought me back again. I mention this incident, because my guide proved to be a niece of the American Consul (a Norwegian) who was the largest landowner thereabouts and whose first wife is now the wife of the composer Sinding in Christiania.

Promptly at the appointed hour, I waited for Dr. Grieg at the music store. Soon he entered—a few minutes late, and with profuse apologies.

A little, kindly man, with rather long, prematurely grayish hair, and warmly tinted delicate complexion—though afterward I saw him paler, when he was tired; deep-set, alert, true, cordial, bluish eyes, that spoke at once of sincerity and interest, of observation and simplicity; a sensitive mouth veiled by a slight moustache; and a head that appeared almost massive in comparison with the delicate frame. A man of keen wit, at once a poet, a dreamer, a thinker and a musician—one to be regarded with deep affection and almost with veneration.

We were invited across the hall into the piano wareroom, and seating ourselves on two stools, face to face, to talk a minute, we stayed for over an hour.



A FEW BARS FROM "ICH LIEBE DICH"

"A countryman," he said, "a farmer like myself, who comes into town on Saturdays to do 'errands,' is a regular pack-mule, and so I was late, which I trust you will excuse."

We spoke of London, and friends there—Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, Mackenzie and others, from all of whom I bore regards to him. I told him that Mr. Lindler wanted him there, at Bechstein Hall, for concerts —at his own price; but the thought of crossing salt water did not appeal to him.

Then we talked of music in this country. He had one or two friends here—Dr. William Mason, Henry T. Finck the critic, Van der Stücken, William H. Sherwood and Victor Herbert, I believe. He had heard of MacDowell, and thought he had heard of one or two others. Of me he knew, —perhaps because, some ten years before, an evening of his works was given by the Composers' Club of this City, of which I happened to be the Director, at Mendelssohn Hall, and for this occasion he had sent his photograph and an autograph letter. The condition of music in this country interested him extremely—but what seemed to interest him above all else was the dangerous condition of the Brooklyn Bridge! He took it rather hardly that I evinced so little interest: he was himself so intensely patriotic.

The question of his coming to America was broached, but met with no approval, owing to his own and his wife's dread of the sea, his dislike of extreme weather variations, the incessant hurry-scurry of American life and the dangers to be apprehended from tall buildings.

He observed that on the faces of those who return from America, wrinkles and marks of nervous care have grown apace; and I had to admit that it was not precisely the place of *dolce far niente* of which the poet and the composer dream. He feared, moreover, that he would find no singers to interpret his songs, for he believes they should be sung in the original dialect.

"But, Herr Doctor," I said, "you certainly speak English, do you not?"

(This after half an hour. My German, by this time, was getting a little worn.)

"Oh, yes, a little," he replied.

And this seemed to open up a new vista of thought for both of us. We spoke of Sinding, Ole Olesen, Swendsen and other Scandinavian writers, and ended by agreeing that music was the only universal language. We parted in the street—I with an apology for having detained him so long,—he with the declaration that Norwegians never knew what time was. He asked me to come and see him. "At what time?" "Any time," he replied. And so, ere long, I ventured.

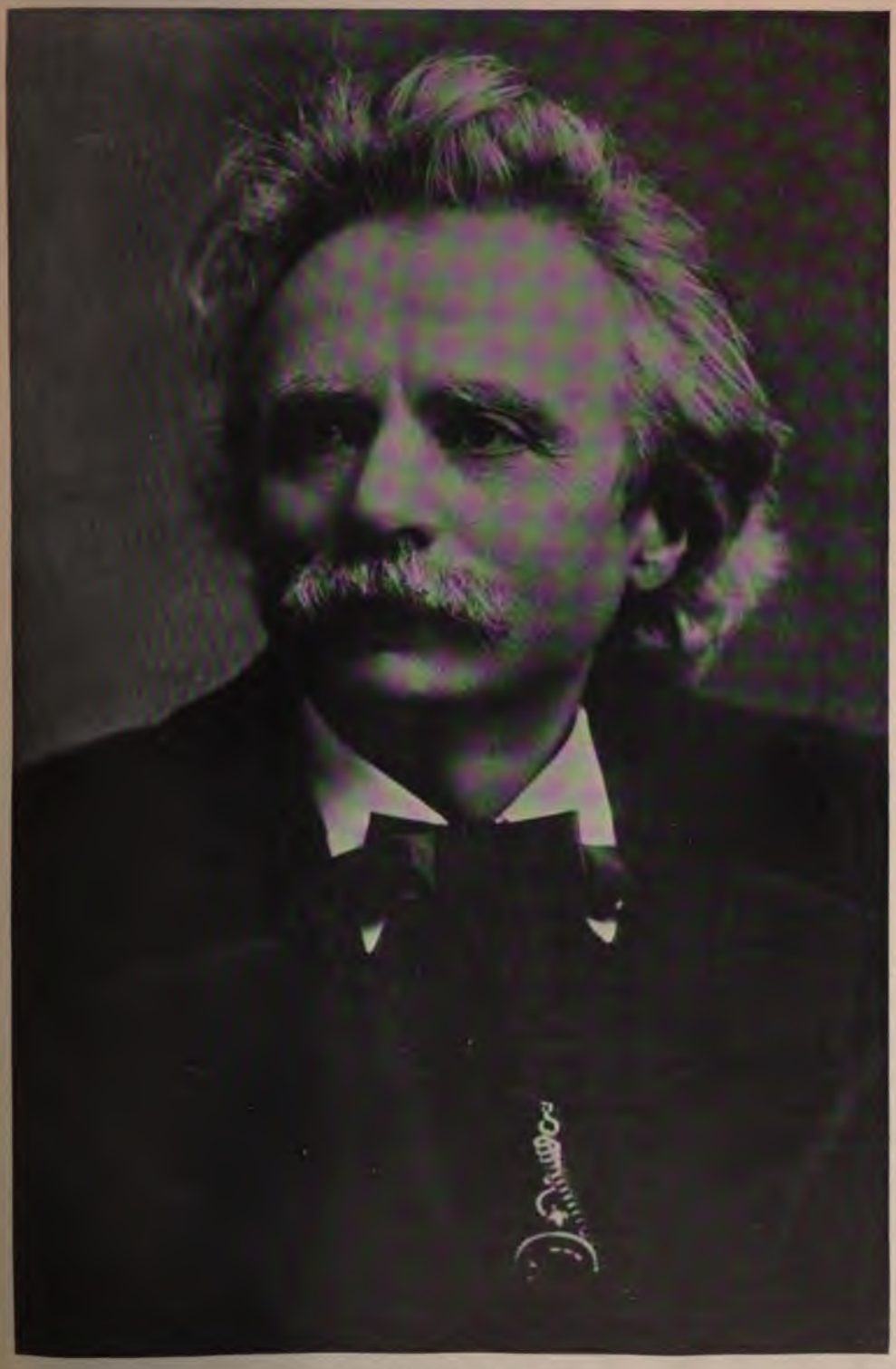
A lovely walk of a mile or more down from my height, toward the rocky shores of the fjord. No one at home—no one to speak English; and so I waited in the garden in front of the house. Soon he came out from the porch—a little figure wrapped in a military cloak, and wearing a soft hat.

"Das ist aber sehr freundlich! Wollen sie mal herein kommen?" etc.

But he had just promised an important hour of conversation with some one about the musical history of Norway. "Could I—would I—return in an hour and a half for supper, quite informally?" I could, I would, and I did. There was no place to go but home, so I spent the next hour walking. On my return, Mme. Grieg and a relative were waiting to welcome me—the former a bright, piquant, rosy-faced, gray-haired child of Norway, with a wealth of friendliness and hospitality. Then came supper—a simple meal,—followed by an evening of quiet, friendly talk, and a long walk home through the darkness.

This was only a beginning. After that I went often—took some of my own music—played for an hour or so the next time,—the dear old man standing by and telling me to k[illegible] with his encouragement of [illegible] hübsch!"

One afternoon I got off the tra[illegible] Hop, and stopped at a little farm to



EDVARD GRIEG

get some roses for Mme. Grieg. At the turning of the road I found Dr. Grieg awaiting me; he had walked down a short half-mile to meet me at the train. He was not feeling well and did not look strong. We sauntered along, pausing every half-minute, I think (at least twenty times), in the path through the woods to his house. A true German style of conversation, impossible to be maintained while walking; no commas allowed, only periods or full stops: right about and face your interlocutor, until the important point has been decided.

We spoke of the geniality of the Norwegian, I maintaining that the American was somewhat similar, but that the Englishman was "unresponsive." This was an unfortunate word, as Grieg took it to mean *unverantwortlich* (irresponsible), and it required several protracted full stops to straighten matters out. The rain, which was always with us here, began to threaten. I complained of the last few weeks of wetness, but he said it was nothing, by comparison with the drenching rains of September, October and November. For these months he went to Christiania or Copenhagen.

Just inside the gate of his place are ravines—one leading to the small house where he worked. A middle path leads to the front of the house itself, which faces on the fjord. In many places this is thick and wild with trees and shrubs, through which, in the clearings, the reflected sunlight slants up bright and clear from the waters. All about are flowers—especially wild flowers, and the beautiful hyacinthine Norwegian heather, which purples all the hills wherever the gray rocks do not forbid.

After a while he said, "Would you like to see my workshop?" And so we walked down there. To me, it perfectly symbolized the name of the place—"Troldhaugen" (the Glen of the Trolls). The little house is planted on a rock by the water and almost hidden by trees. The sun streams in all the morning, but it is damp there, as he said, and so he put on over his boots his large comical shoes of plaited straw—to keep out the rheumatism. "It is nothing but a workshop," as he said. A piano, a writing table with manuscripts, a valuable mass of scores on shelves, a few pictures of the mountains, a Norwegian violin with a double set of strings, one under the other, vibrating and making a mysterious sound; and a picture of the best Norwegian player on this instrument, whom Ole Bull brought out in public.

We spoke of the use of the piano in composition. He feared he used it too much: thought the inspiration should come from the *geist* (tapping his head). He has a soft attachment to the piano, which pleases him chiefly, because, in the summer, the young men and maidens rowed over the fjord and paused just below his open window, to listen, and he could not compose well before listeners. People were very intrusive. Some Americans he spoke of, who came in uninvited. One man even found his way down to the sanctum, and asked if he were Mr. Grieg, to which he replied "No"; whereupon the intruder handed him a card and requested him to give it to Mr. Grieg. "Which I did, later," said the composer.

At the house were Mrs. Grieg's mother and sister. We discussed musical subjects for an hour, and Grieg looked over some of my work, about which he was complimentary and wished me to continue, but to write in larger form and to study all the great masters. We were speaking of the study of composition and how few were capable of giving instruction therein. He said that at Leipzig, where he spent three years, he was with Reinecke (from whom he learned nothing). At his first lesson he showed his master some songs he had written, and Reinecke remarked, "Ah, yes, I have written to those words myself." "Not particularly helpful," said Grieg. Then Reinecke told him to write a string quartette, just as he might have told him to design a cathedral. Grieg had never played a

stringed instrument and knew nothing about string quartettes; but he went to his books to learn how to write one. It was from books and music that he got most of his education—not from teachers; which seems to me to tally pretty well with the experiences of other composers. The work of the musical composer, he thought, makes heavier draughts upon one's physical and mental strength than that of any other creator in art. Certainly it took much out of him, and it is easy, in this instance, to observe how distant and subjective one may become through such work.

After supper Mme. Grieg sang several of her husband's songs for me, in fascinating style. She pretended to sing no more, but she will never lose the charm of interpretation. A personal friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann once declared that Mme. Grieg's singing reminded her of Jenny Lind's in its captivating abandon, dramatic vivacity, soulful treatment of the poem, and unaffected manner. The songs (which I recall his playing for her in perfect style, revealing the poetic details of the piano part—clean, vigorous, appealing) were "Jeg reiste en Deilig Sommerwald," "Eit hab" (Hope), "Borte" (Departure) "Eit Seyn" (A Vision) and "Ich Liebe Dich" (by request). His best songs were written for her; they embody his strongest feelings, and he confessed that he could no more have stopped expressing them in song than he could have stopped breathing.

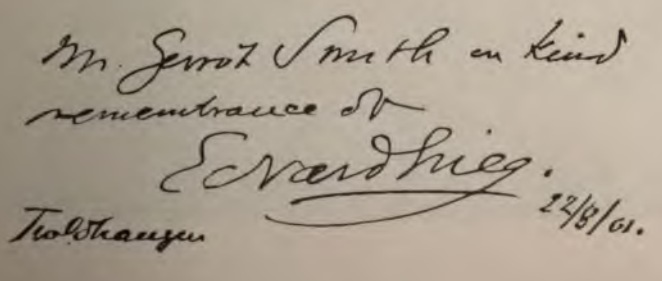
It is an interesting case, showing how conjugal affection may be an inspirer of the arts, quite as well as the romantic love which precedes marriage. If one wishes to behold the freshness and the poetry of the sentiment which still lingers in this direction, let one hear or play the "Hochzeit's Tag auf Troldhaugen," Op. 65, written for the anniversary of their wedding, in 1897.

The Steinway grand—a recent present from his admirers in Bergen—was excellent. (Grieg regarded the Steinway piano as the finest one made and the Bechstein as next in merit.)

He drank to my success, gave me his photograph and autograph, and wrote the opening bars of "Ich Lebe Dich," for me on a separate sheet saying that he hoped to see me again next year. Such unaffected interest in another's work is not frequently met with. The Norwegian people said it was unusual for him to show such cordiality to any one. But I felt there was a sympathy between us from the beginning, and he must have observed and understood my admiration for him, without feeling that it was thrust upon him.

This last evening the rain had been pouring down, as he says, "fortissimo." The long walk home through the inky darkness was fraught with difficulties. The roaring streams came rushing down from the mountain side, making a tremendous din; and one might well be troubled for fear of being lost; but in some way the beauty of it all filled my soul, and I went onward, groping my way, as if in a dream—and humming quietly to myself the lonely, lovely melody of his expressive piano piece, "Der Einsamer Wanderer."

Thus I said good-bye to one of the sweetest spirits and the kindliest personalities that it ever has been my good fortune to meet.



"THE OLD HOUSE"

THE OLD HOUSE

I

HOME of my forebears, home of my dreaming childhood,
House that I love with a love instinctive, changeless,
Ancestral, mystical, passionate, tender, sorrowful;
Old house where I was born and my mother before me,—
Strangely the old house speaks to its child returning,
Speaks with a tone affectionate, intimate, sweet;
Made, mysterious, out of the voices of many—
Out of the accents of them, the loving, the loyal,
That still in memory soothe and murmur and call;
Voices that greeted my life and guided the journey,
Human voices, long hushed, and the subtler speech
That steals from the dumb, dead walls, and whispers and thrills
From the shadowy chimney-places, and haunted nooks;
These centuried walls, this roof, and the buoyant branches
Of large-leaved, mottled buttonwoods, towering mightily,
And pines that my father planted, now loftily dying,—
These are the vibrant notes of the one deep chord
That sings in my heart, here by the ancient hearthstone.

II

Five are the generations this place have humaned,
Leaving their impress, I think, on the breathëd air,—
For full is the house of relics of lives departed:
Carvings strange that some wanderer here enharbored,
Bringing the Orient's touch to the wondering child;
And Arctic gatherings; hints of the torrid zone;
And quaint embroideries worked by hands ancestral,
Deft for the spinning of flax on these silent wheels;
Books of a day when each was a treasure, a star,—
And chief of them all, to the trembling heart of a boy,
The verse of him, the singer of song sonorous,
Whose voice was the voice of trumpets and many waters,
Whose soul went forth with angels and archangels,
Nor stood dismayed before the Eternal presence.

Pictures of faces whose features I see in my own,—
That I see re-imaged, by laws unfathomed, fateful,
In my own children's pleading, innocent faces;
Volumes of lore outgrown, or a living art;
Bibles and books of devotion, where names are enrolled
In letters that fade, like the image of souls long dead.
Not without tears may I ponder the yellowing leaves
Where record was made of secretest dreams and prayers,—
Records of love accomplished, or unfulfilled.
Were the aged faces I knew the timorous maidens
Who, wistful, their innocent passions here hinted, or hid?
This wife new-married, so young, so sweet, so appealing,
Was this the angelical mother, she of great sorrows,
Loving and dreaming in age, as in palpitant girlhood?
This lock, among many a tress so lovingly treasured,—
Ah! this is my own, by hands that I knew so well
Cut from a golden head that long has been silvered.

III

The old house speaks, and low in the glimmering twilight,
It murmurs of days that are gone, and spirts lamented,—
A girlish face with a smile all radiant, loving,—
Sweet cousin mine! where, in the land of shadows,
Doth that smile illume, that voice bring joy as of old?
This quaint and closeted chamber, ah, here was unfolded
The love of a child for a child,—through years and through sc
Remembered and cherished by each—the love of the old
For the old, now,—the love of the old for lost youth
And comrades long gone, and loved and remembered togetl
And she with the heart of a queen, and the soul of a mar
In young days serene and blithe, and undaunted in age,—
Who loved the old house, even as I—her birthplace, her refı
She in a vision comes near; and quick I remember
One night of all nights, when a messenger stood in the dooı
Silent he stood, and we knew the message unspoken!
O night of nights, when a wife turned sudden a widow,
And a child, 'neath the solacing stars, passed swift into manh

IV

But of childhood the old house whispers and murmurs to-night,
Of the twilight hour in the arms of her the beloved
And loving sister of her who gave me my being,—
Who like a second mother encompassed my childhood
With song and with story, with gleams of fairy and hero,
Chanting in twilight gray the ancient ballads,
Or crooning, as if to herself, the love-songs of girlhood;
Or, again, she fashioned the tales of her own young days:
Of the country balls, in the time when winter was winter,
And the snows were piled—high as the head of a man,
And the ringing sleighs sped over the fields and the fences
To the revels and routs in the taverns of long ago,—
When the dancing would last till dawn, and the dancers flew
From village to village, and tavern to tavern, all night;
Turning the snow-lit dark to rollicking day.
O days and nights of a far and happy world!

V

Of childhood the old house whispers, of wintry sports
With sled and skate on the ponds long filled and forgotten;
Wild joys of meadow and woods and waters; of branches
Laden with black-heart cherries, where boys and birds
Alternate shared the wealth of the aëry feast.
Of boyhood the old house whispers, of moonlit voyages
On the wooded stream, that wound in silent reaches,
Far through the mystic land of awakening life.

VI

And now, in the twilight hour, dear, living voices
The voices of children I hear, they come to my call;
And I tell of the days that are gone, and they hark with delight,—
As I, in my youth, heard the tales of the ancient days;
Then good-night, and to bed! But the teller of ancient tales
Stays by the dying fire and listens, again,
To the thronging voices that murmur to him alone.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RABELAIS CLUB

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN the most amusing and the least brutal of Smollett's novels, "Humphrey Clinker," there is a discussion of the virtue of hospitality, more especially as it is displayed in the British Isles, and one of the characters asserts boldly that his countrymen "are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue." Then he goes on to assert that "I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with persons of distinction, who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy or Germany who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest in London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head, the Boar's Head or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning."

It is now a century and a half since this was written; and yet the same charge is still echoed now and again by wandering Americans who have failed to be received in London with the cordiality they thought they had a right to expect. Perhaps there is a foundation for the accusation to be sought in some peculiarity of the British character; and perhaps the Englishman feels more keenly than the men of other races that his house is his castle and that he needs to be very careful as to those whom he is willing to admit within his gates. On the other hand it might be possible to deny sharply that the British are any less hospitable than the French or than the Italians; and the experience of those who have travelled most widely and who have the broadest acquaintance with foreign countries would probably bear out the assertion that the Englishman is rather more likely to invite a foreigner to his house than the Frenchman is or the Italian. Certainly this would be the testimony of many an American, who has met with a warm welcome in London and who has spent a delightful autumn, passing along from house-party to house-party and finding a new host in every new friend.

But when the character in Smollett's story tells us that an Englishman is wont to take a foreigner to the Saracen's Head or the Turk's Head, we are allowed to see how national characteristics survive after a hundred and fifty years, modified a little it may be, and yet clearly recognizable to-day. The famous "ordinary" of old, at the Boar's Head or the Bear, has now developed into the more commodious club; and to-day it is to the club and not to the tavern that the Londoner accompanies his guests. A little later, after he has had a chance to get better acquainted with them, he may bid them to his house also. But at all events there is the club, and he is prompt to put them up there, at least, in a first effort to make them feel themselves at home.

In the summer, when Americans flock across the water, there is scarcely a club in London in which we

d an infusion of our country-
the Savile, for example,
pleasantest of semi-literary
rule is most liberal, allow-
embers to put up a stranger
iod that may extend to
iths. Even at the austere
ed Athenæum the commit-
ved to extend an invitation
ith to a dozen or fourteen
of distinction. And eligi-
icans who go to England
and who linger long in
re likely to be elected into
of their choice as regular
Probably there is not a
in London, however ex-
which has not American
its roll of members. There
dining-clubs like the Pil-
special object of which is
together the two branches
who speak the English
The Kinsmen, again, is
lub, founded in New York,
a score of years ago, and
shing in London.
obably of all the English
bs, that most hospitable
ns was the Rabelais, which
ed more than a quarter of
ago, which flourished for
n years and which has been
r now nearly fifteen years.
ong its organizers the late
ghton, that staunch friend
ion through all the uncer-
of the civil war, and Sir
sant, always untiring in his
ssure the solidarity of the
eaking peoples. Among
al members when the Ra-
e its first dinner in 1879
les Godfrey Leland, Bret
Mr. Henry James, all then
England. Longfellow, Low-
olmes were elected to the
lo. Afterward other Amer-
added to the roll—E. A.
wrence Barrett, John Hay,
wells, Clarence King and
t writer. Of all these, the
ook the most active part in
t days of the club's exist-
Leland, the author of
eitmann."

Indeed, it was the perusal of the pleasant papers in which Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell has recently recorded her recollections of her versatile uncle that revived my own memories of the Rabelais and recalled to mind the half-dozen of its delightful dinners which I had the good fortune to attend a score of years ago. It was in 1881, I think, that I was first invited to be a guest at one of the Rabelaisian gatherings; and I was made a member a year or two later. Mrs. Pennell's extracts from Leland's letters prove plainly that his was the original suggestion that there should be a Rabelais Club, and that the first steps to establish it were taken in the early months of 1878. His most cordial ally was Walter Besant; and together they interested Lord Houghton, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, the late Sir Frederick Pollock (the editor of "Macready's Memoirs") and his son the present Sir Frederick, who had just been revealing his hereditary brilliancy by that extraordinarily clever series of legal parodies, which he had called "Leading Cases done into English."

For the future of this offspring of his invention Leland had the loftiest ambitions, which he sought to awaken also in Besant. He wanted wisely to begin by making the Rabelais distinguished and exclusive; and to be able to accomplish this he wished so far as possible to reserve to Besant and to himself the control of the club, and more especially the choice of its earlier members. Mrs. Pennell has printed for us one of Leland's letters to Besant in which he sets down plainly his proposed method of procedure.

"Now this Rabelais is, and must be, *in your hands and mine.* We ought to manage it, without doubt. It is a grand idea. We invented it. Carry it out as it should be carried out, and we shall make a great power of it. Let us go step by step, and only admit strong men of European or world fame. Just now we are (beyond ourselves) Lord Houghton,

Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Bret Harte, Pollock, Palmer, James, Collier. . . .

"Just now we need *Names*. Of course names with genius. It is all very pleasant for us to have jolly and clever boys, but we must not yield to personal friendship. I want these smaller men to apply to us. . . . My dear friend, if to these names we should add Lowell and the great French and German guns, we shall make at once a world-name."

From other passages of the correspondence which Mrs. Pennell has made public, it is easy to see how much Leland desired that the Rabelais Club should be "not only a friendly association, of writers and artists, but a tremendous force, a wide influence." He expected to make a power of it, declaring that "we, its founders, must be earnest and true." He thought it possible even that "we may make it the very first in London if we are wise and careful." He held this dream of future supremacy to be the more likely because the new society had rallied around the name of Rabelais, one of the great masters of all who seek to understand the world as it is. As he wrote at the time—and here again I am quoting from the fragments of his correspondence which his niece chose to publish in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1905,—as he asserted when he was working strenuously to establish the new club, "to understand and feel Rabelais is *per se* a proof of belonging to a higher order—the very aristocracy of intellect. As etching is 'an art for artists' only, and a love of etching reveals the true art sense, so Rabelais is a writer for writers only."

When Leland returned to America for a visit in 1880, he won the adhesion of Doctor Holmes, which was some consolation to him for the failure to capture Browning:—"Great names draw great names and make us a great club,—small or mediocre names detract from every advantage. We don't want Anybody who is other than ourselves. . . . . Now the Rabelais has enough men to be jolly at its dinner—but not enough *great* men. When it is so strong that nobody can afford to decline, when it is distinctly a proof of the very highest literary social position *per se* to be in it—when we shall be all known men, then I shall be satisfied to admit the mute Miltons. I have never got over Browning's declining. I want him to regret it. He will regret it if we progress as we are doing."

In another letter he expresses his desire for the success of the club even more vigorously: "I want the Rabelais to corruscate—whiz, blaze and sparkle, fulminate and bang. It must be great and wise and good, bland, dynamitic, gentle, awful, tender and tremulous. *That* is the kind of Tongs we must be. Tongs, I say, and not hairpins like the Philistines—nor clothespins like the vulgar. Handsome drawing-room tongs fit for ladies to handle. The American public only recognizes hairpins and clothespins. I add tongs. Strive, my son, to be *tongs* in this life and not a mere hairpin."

Unfortunately for Leland's hopes, the Rabelais Club never succeeded in attaining the lofty heights where he aspired to behold it. For a few years it added to the pleasure of those who belonged to it, but it never became a power in the land. Perhaps Leland's characteristic optimism was responsible for his belief that what was, after all, only a dining-club, could ever become a power in the land. But even if the Rabelais did not draw enough great names to become a great club, it did succeed in winning enough men and just the right men "to be jolly at dinner." Indeed, for the jollity of the dinners themselves, it was well perhaps that the rest of the members did not take the club quite so seriously as Leland did. In time, even an intimate knowledge of "Gargantua" was not required from those who were admitted to the more modest repasts of the club. I can recall the genial smile with which Besant told me that any candidate for membership must qualify in one of two conditions; he

eclare on oath either that he
id all the wise words of the
or else that he had not read
and so long as he could make
t in either of these forms, he
gible for election.

is the article of Mrs. Pennell
these extracts from her uncle's
and enthusiastic letters that
to look up again the several
s of the "Recreations of the
s Club," which Besant edited
members only, with the aid
Walter Herries Pollock, then
tor of the *Saturday Review*.
r the suggestion was due to Le-
to Besant or to Pollock, I do
w, but there was early estab-
practice of printing a leaflet
amphlet of some sort which
liner would find at his plate
e took his seat at a Rabelais
t. These leaflets or pamphlets,
case might be, were always
in type and page; and
ever enough of them had
lated, they were bound to-
n a broad-margined book, with
ocent cover of white cloth.
were three of these volumes
her; one covering the years of
881, another extending from
1885, while the last, thinner
he second as the second had
anter than the first, contained
ils of the dinners in the final
of the club's existence from
1888.

e beginning these casual and
nal papers had more or less to
Rabelais himself; they were
us imitations of his manner
irical applications of his meth-
nodern topics. But after a
uibs were let off at the dinner-
hich had little or no relation
Master in whose honor the
d been named. In the first
I find that about half of the
f papers have a connection
e sort with the author of
ntua"; and the rest are upon
s of themes. In my copy of
ume Besant kindly initialled
eral contributions, whereby
er that Besant himself and
the present Sir Frederick Pollock were
the most frequent contributors; and
Leland came forward only once—with
a striking and suggestive comparison
of Rabelais's storm with that in
Shakespeare's "Tempest," seeking to
show how the great English humorist
had made his profit out of the labor
of the great French humorist. I
perceive that Mr. Edmund Gosse was
responsible for a Rabelaisian "Ballade
of Panurge concerning his Marriage,"
and that another *ballade*—for the
ballade was just making its way
in English a quarter of a century
ago,—the "Piteous Ballade of Poets
who have nothing to say," is to be
credited to the frolicsome pen of
Besant himself.

In this same volume are half a
dozen "Arabesques from the Ba-
zars," briskly versified anecdotes in
which oriental topics are handled
with occidental humor. They were
contributed by that most extraor-
dinary man, Professor E. H. Palmer,
an intimate friend of both Leland and
Besant, who went out to Egypt at
the request of the British government,
at the time of the Arabi Pasha revolt,
going in disguise inside the rebel
lines, where he, a civilian, ultimately
met his death, in the discharge of his
patriotic duty. Besant wrote his
biography; and in the second volume
of these "Recreations" are the mem-
orial verses in various languages in
which his fellow-Rabelaisians set
forth their sorrow at his loss. These
tributes are in Latin and in Greek, as
well as in English, in French, and in
Italian. The Rabelais was a club for
scholars at play; and its polyglot
members delighted in turning a copy
of verses into another tongue. In
the first volume there is a brief stanza
written in German by the present
Sir Frederick Pollock in laudation of
the whole series of Beethoven's Sym-
phonies then recently performed at
the Richter concerts in London.
This Mr. Samuel Lee turned into Latin,
which Besant put into English that
Professor Saintsbury might render it
again into Greek and Professor Pal-
mer into Arabic. In the third volume

the same game is played once more with ten lines of Dr. Holmes's, which were translated into Latin by one member; and from Latin they were transferred into Greek by another, and then from the Greek they were brought back into English by Mr. Andrew Lang, to be turned thereupon into French by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock; and finally they were made out of the French into Italian.

George Du Maurier was an early member of the Rabelais; and he contributed to the second volume of its "Recreations" a poem in French, "Aux Poètes de la France (épitre d'un dynamitard)." The author of "Trilby" was bilingual by birth and by education; and he wrote French as well as he did English, just as he proved himself quite as adroit with the pen as with the pencil. Another linguistic feat was a *ballade* in British slang in imitation of Villon, written by the late W. E. Henley. And a third was one of Leland's in the familiar Hans Breitmann dialect; and as this seemingly was never included in any of the successive editions of Leland's Anglo-Teutonic verses, it may be well to transcribe it here:

THE GYPSY LOVER

Id vas a schwartz Zigeuner,
  Dot on a viddle blayed,
Und onderneat a vinder
  He mak't a serenade.

Dot vas a lofely Gountess
  Who heard de gipsy blayin',
Said she, "Who mak't de musik,
  Vot sound so wunder scheen?"

Dot was de schwartz Zigeuner
  Who vas fery quick to twig,
Und he singt a lofe-ballade,
  How his hearts vas proken—pig!

Dot vas de lofely Gountess,
  Who ask him, "Who you are?"
He saidt, "Mein name ist Yanosh,
  De Lord of Temesvar!"

Dot vas de lofely Gountess
  Saidt, "Come more near to me,
I vants to dalk on pusiness,
  Und I'll trow you down de key!"

Dot vas de moon kept lighte
  De Gountess in her room,
Boot someding moost hafe v
  De minsdrel did not coom.

Dot vas a tredful oudgry,
  Ven early in de morn
Dey foundt de hens vas miss
  Und all de Wasch' vas gon

Dot vas a schwartz Zigeuner
  Vot sat oopon de dirt,
A-eadin' roasted schickens—
  All in a new glean shirt.

Another little lyric, to be c apparently to the pen of the Sir Frederick Pollock, deserv to be rescued for its spontanei grace. This is entitled

TO A CHILD

(With a copy of Grimm's "Märc

New-made tales are daily told,
  New-made songs are daily sung:
These I give you, they were old
  When Old England's name was
Dull are wits that fain would mock
  At the wisdom these can teach,
Growth of sturdy German stock,
  Heart of homely German speech.

From their root in ancient soil
  Springs the blossom ever bright,
And men ponder it with toil
  Till they know the tale aright;
And their oldest words are new
  And their far-off story near,
And wise men must prove it true,
  But a child may read it clear.

The brother of this last lyri Walter Herries Pollock, onc the Rabelais Club a pair of po which he sought to recall t pression made by Sir Henry as Mephistopheles and by Mis Terry as Gretchen in the la Wills's stage version of "I Perhaps the former is the striking of the two:

IRVING'S MEPHISTOPHEI

When the gray shapes of dread,
  fall
Before the Red One towering o'er t

The one whose voice and gesture, face and form,
Proclaim the Prince of the unhallowed storm:
Who stands unmoved amid the fiery tide
And rain of flame that sweep the mountain-side,
Then, as the ribald pageant fades from view
We think the Fiend himself commands the crew.
But when the mask is down, and when a smile
Wreaths the dark face, and flattering words beguile,
When, whimsical, half careless of deceiving,
He plays upon the student's fond believing,
When, from beneath the Cavalier's disguise,
The Snake unveils the menace of his eyes,
When, with a far-off ring of his despair,
His terrifying laughter fills the air,—
Then, more than in the Brocken's maddening revel,
We seem to see and hear the living Devil.

Sometimes the contributions were in prose and sometimes they were in verse. Sometimes they were lyrics of considerable length and sometimes they were tiny epigrams of but a few lines, a quatrain only, or even a couplet as the case might be. There are two of these little epigrams, each of them signed with a single initial, H, and therefore to be ascribed in all probability to the late Lord Houghton. They have the concision and the polish to be found in his other poems, even if they lack the playful sentiment which lends charm to certain of his longer lyrics. One of them, a couplet only, has not even a title:

God gave Free Will to People and to Prince;
And has been sorry for it ever since.

The other is a quatrain which he called

A CLUSTER OF CRIMES

On the Twelfth of September, one Sabbath morn,
I shot a hen-pheasant in standing corn,
Without a license. Combine who can
Such a cluster of crimes against God and man.

A third epigram was written by Sir Walter Besant after Mr. Andrew Lang had published "He" as a playful parody on the "She" of his friend and future collaborator, Mr. Rider Haggard:

OF HE AND SHE

In lonely slumber lay the earliest He,
While from his rib was framed a lesser She.
Lo! now the miracle reversed we see:
From She unconscious springs a lesser He.
Of He and She doubts fall on me and thee.
How if the old tale with the new agree?
How if 't was She that slumbered, and that He
Was from the first a parody of She?

From the very beginning Leland and the other founders of the Rabelais Club had been especially desirous of enrolling Dr. Holmes. On his return to America in 1880, Leland was able to enlist Holmes's interest; and in the second volume of the "Recreations" there is printed the letter which the Autocrat wrote to his "personally unknown brothers, intimates, and very dear friends" acknowledging the receipt of the first volume of the "Recreations." He explained further that "I am little of a doctor, not having killed a patient for the last thirty years, but I have a partiality for my professional confrères, Messires Rabelais, Smollett, Goldsmith, and for another of them with whose name most of you are familiar, good, wise, quaint, shrewd, chatty old Ambroise Paré." And this letter is followed by a metrical epistle to the Autocrat on his seventy-fifth birthday, written in America by a member of the Rabelais Club who was paying a visit to the United States, and whose verse has not a little of the felicitous ease of Holmes's own lighter lyrics:

Take, wise and genial friend of man,
Your reader's homage;—ask not whether
Of British or American,
But English, one and all together.

When it became known in London that Dr. Holmes was about to visit Europe again, fifty years after he had first crossed the ocean to study his

profession, the Rabelais Club made haste to write over to America and to secure his presence at a special banquet. To this dinner, arranged long in advance, there came not a few of the notabilities of literary London, glad to do honor to one who so well described himself in the words with which he had praised Ambroise Paré—"good, wise, quaint, shrewd, chatty." In the chapters of cheerful gossip and of witty comment in which Dr. Holmes recorded the episodes of his second journey across the Atlantic, and which he called "One Hundred Days in Europe," he noted this dinner and expressed his preliminary fear that the gentlemen who met

To laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.

might be "more hilarious and demonstrative in their mirth" than was fit for "a sober New Englander." But at the banquet itself he found "no uproarious jollity; on the contrary, it was a pleasant gathering of literary people and artists who took their pleasure not sadly but serenely, and I do not remember a single explosive guffaw."

The tone of Dr. Holmes's recollections is so modest that one is in doubt whether he really apprehended the flattering fact that he was the "Lion of the London Season"—just as Buffalo Bill was the lion of a later year. Apparently he took this banquet as one of the ordinary dinners of the Rabelais. Apparently he did not see that it was an extraordinary dinner in the number of men of letters who had gathered as a tribute of affectionate regard for him and of cordial respect. Lord Houghton was there, of course, and Dr. Holmes sat by his side. Mr. George Meredith was there also, with his leonine head towering above the guest of honor. There also was the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, master of familiar verse, who had declared a score of years earlier that Holmes was the chief of all living writers of *vers de société*.

This dinner of the Rabelais Club to Dr. Holmes in 1886, arranged long before he left his beloved Boston, whose bard he was and whose titles to glory he was ever glad to proclaim—this dinner was the largest ever given by the club, and it was perhaps its last effort to establish itself solidly.

Other dinners there were from time to time within the next two or three years; and then there were no more, and the Rabelais Club ceased to be. It had run its course, and it came to an untimely end at last, for some reason not easy to ascertain. Like the famous party of Hans Breitmann, its founder, it faded

Avay in de e igkeit.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO SAMUEL WARD

WITH COMMENTARY BY HENRY MARION HALL

III

THE Longfellow letters thus far considered in this series cover a period of years extending from 1836 to 1842, and during this time, the poet apparently wrote oftener to Samuel Ward than he afterwards wrote to him or to any one else. The last letter from Longfellow to Ward hitherto printed is in Samuel Longfellow's Life and Letters of his brother. It bears the date December 20, 1842.

The correspondence continued active, however, for some time longer, and I am glad to be able to edit the missing letters of 1842 and 1843. There remain unpublished, besides those mentioned, one letter of 1857, five of 1874 and two of 1875. Unlike the early correspondence they are short, hasty notes, dealing with Ward's poems, Longfellow's criticisms of them and his efforts (not invariably successful) to have them published. Space forbids my making citations from them here, but it is worthy of notice that in Longfellow's earliest correspondence, one reads frequent reference to Ward's kindness in finding publishers for Longfellow's poems, while in the last correspondence, written just thirty-nine years later, this state of affairs is directly reversed.

As Longfellow was not in good health in 1842, that year did not prove so successful for him as the previous one had proved, but much of the correspondence then written is full of interest. The first letter that I shall give shows the poet's placid way of accepting criticism of his poems, and tells also how near Longfellow came to destroying his long-cherished "Student of Alcalà" ("The Spanish Student").

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 14th, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

Two days ago, on receiving yours of the 10th and 11th, I sat down and wrote you a long letter in reply, which alas! I forgot to put into the post office, and consequently shall now put into the fire, as being old. You shall have a new one. And it shall begin, by saying that I told you as plainly as pen could write the words, the first time I spoke of Judge Story,—that he would stop at the Astor House if he stopped at all. And there let it end.

The Review has at length reached me, but I have not yet had time to read Mersch's Article. Thank Cogswell for his notice of me. He handles me almost too daintily; and I half envy W. Lester, who comes next, the vivid satisfaction of being fired into with broken bottles.

Who emitted that asinine bray against Harvard College on page 221? I mean in the notice of *The Method of Nature*. Cogswell should be above petty ill-humor and unfairness. Which *Method of Nature* do you prefer, Van Zandt's or Emerson's? —Out of revenge I had an Episcopal clergyman to dine with me on Wednesday. I did not ask him to say grace. Just as we were finishing dinner, Knoop came in with your letter, and accompanied by Hening. I gave them a cordial reception; and made their hearts merry with Johannisberg, coffee and cigars. They sat an hour and were *quite* jolly! ("*Hast du vor'm rother Womms nicht mehr Respect?*") He—that is Knoop, not Morpeth (nor Mephisto) gives a concert soon, and I am all impatience to hear your "connecting link with another world"—(Do you mean the *Old* World or the *Next* World?)—

I intended to send you the large-paper edition of the ballads by John Astor; but he slipped through my fingers. I shall not encourage Harden; his charges being

too enormous, but will send you the books some *beau matin*, together with the new edition of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" which is just out, in two volumes.

Have you read Sumner's article on the Right of Search, in the Boston Daily Advertiser? It is a very able, diplomatic paper. I will send you a copy by this mail, for fear you may not have seen it.

As to the *Student of Alcalá*, I have no longer any courage to look at it. Neither you, nor Sumner, nor Ticknor, nor Felton likes it; and I am so weary, that I cannot nerve my mind to the task of connecting it. I shall probably throw it into the fire.

Farewell. Ever thine,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. I shall not tell you how I like the notice of my poems, until you tell me who wrote it.

The next letter begins with a characteristic remark on a criticism of his poems. It was written shortly after Charles Dickens had come to this country to gather materials for his "American Notes"; and when one remembers how bitter toward us the novelist showed himself in that book one is glad that Longfellow should have taken him to see Bunker Hill Monument. As has already been remarked, Longfellow disliked parodies on his work, and it is evident that the one he mentions on "Excelsior" nettled him considerably. The newspaper clipping containing it remains in the letter, and the parody is as follows:

AIR—"EXCELSIOR."

The hour for evening drill had pass'd,
The blinds were closed, the door was fast,
When from the Eastern guard-room came
A daring youth well known to fame,
Bearing aloft a banner fair,
With this inscription blazon'd there,
Brownbread!

His form was short, his eye was bright,
Which archly flash'd with mirthful light,
As on he march'd with measur'd tread,
His banner waving o'er his head;
As upward oft he cast his eye,
He'd utter loud this mystic cry,
Brownbread!

There followed in his path a band,
Known as the Lime Rock through the land,
Playing, with most consummate skill,
The lofty airs of Acte's Hill!
Yet oft in accents loud and clear,
Would break upon the list'ning ear,
Brownbread!

A traveller, startled by the sound,
In wonder cast his eyes around,
Then, slowly wander'd up the lane,
Lured onward by the pleasing strain!
And while his soul with joy was stirr'd,
This strange discordant sound he heard,
Brownbread!

The music ceas'd, and all was still,
The traveller saunter'd down the hill,
And as he musing stroll'd along,
He thought he heard the voice of song—
He paus'd, and on his listening ear
Broke forth in accents loud and clear,
Brownbread!

Soon all was hush'd, and one and all
For home went from the armed hall;
Above, the stars in beauty shone,
As homeward went this youth alone,
And when he gained the distant height,
He thus his comrades bade good-night—
Brownbread!

Direct for bed he took his way,
And soon thereon in slumber lay—
When in the fiction of a dream,
He saw aloft his banner gleam—
And rousing up at fancy's call,
He, sleeping, wrote upon the wall—
Brownbread!

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 30, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I am much obliged to Mr. King for showing Armstrong his *béjaune* in regard to that stanza; and in return for Halleck's criticism on the "falling star," ask him what he means by

"One of the few, the *immortal* names,
That were not born to die."

Things *immortal* are not generally born to die, are they? Put that in your pipe.

To-day I have walked ten miles; namely, *to* town, *through* town, and *out of* town to Charlestown, (Bunker Hill) and back again. I went to hear Father Taylor preach, with Dickens and Sumner, and then we made a pilgrimage through North End, over Copp's Hill to Bunker's. Dickens is a glorious fellow. You will be delighted with him; and I have promised him a letter to you, and want you to see him first, on his arrival in New York,—before anyone has laid hands upon him. He will reach New York on Saturday week—that is, Feb. 12. I beg you have him and his wife to dine that day, with Irving, Halleck and Dr. Francis. And in order to secure to yourself the great pleasure of introducing to each other two such men as Irving and Dickens, write an invitation to Dickens, and inclose it to me, and I and Sumner will arrange the whole matter beforehand, if you like the plan.

When shall you be here? Dickens breakfasts with me on Friday. Will you come? Let me know beforehand, for

every place at table is precious;—but I shall count upon you.

How do you like the parody on Excelsior? The *idea* is good,—but the execution execrable. The builder of that rhyme is no artist.

Well—in May I go into exile on the Rhine. I presented my request to the Corporation yesterday, and it was allowed forthwith, and I cross the great sea again. I hope I shall return with a sound body and mind.

Julia is enjoying herself much in Boston, and making many friends and admirers. Felton is in love with her; and in speaking of her uses the superlative degree only. Park Street was never more brilliant than now.

Good night; my great lamp is going out and darkness falling on the sheet. Nevertheless, "while the lamp holds out to burn," and long afterwards,

Yours very truly,
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. I shall take this to the office tomorrow morning before breakfast. It must be in your hands on Tuesday.

In the next No.—the March No. of *Graham's Magazine*, you will find a short Article by me on Heine, which I want you to glance at. Graham pays me $50 per paper, without regard to length.

About a month after the preceding was written, we find Longfellow making preparations to sail for Europe. The Mersch whom he mentions was a scientific man of some note, for whom Mr. Ward was anxious to secure a professorship at Harvard University. The invitation sent to Longfellow by Dickens was afterwards accepted, but the poet did not, as he had hoped, procure an introduction to George Sand from the French critic Janin. How different travel was in the year this letter was written from what it is to-day may be guessed from Longfellow's utter distrust of ocean-going steamships.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 27, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I trust you duly received my letter, written some three days ago, with a few words for Mersch. I now send the other documents, and most sincerely hope they may prove effectual in securing the Professorial Chair you have in view. As to the Bussey bequest, it does not operate upon the College until it has killed three old women, and how long that will be, is not known. I hope Mersch may finally be placed in those fair domains. Keep an eye upon that.

Felton has returned from New York radiant and rejoicing. Yesterday Willis, Sumner, Hillard and he dined with me, together with a younger brother of Willis. Felton entertained us with his New York experiences—his "*roistering and oystering*" as Hillard calls it. He must have had a merry time. You have given him new youth and beauty. He brought me a note from Dickens, containing a very cordial invitation to stay with him in London—"have no home but his house, and make him my host and cicerone." Inclosed is the answer: which I beg you to hand to him, if he has not left N. York; and if he has, give it to David C. Colden, who is his agent—or what not.

I am making my arrangements for a start on the first of May. What ship sails for Havre on that day? and how long in advance should I secure my berth? I am decidedly of your opinion, that a Packet ship is better than a steamer. The steamer of the 4th is not yet in. Great fears are entertained for her safety.

I begin my Lectures tomorrow. Two months will soon be over; and I shall pass a few brief days with you—and away. O that you were going with me!

I have not yet read the *Compagnon;* but will give my first leisure to it. I hope I shall see Geo. Sand. How can I bring it about? Can you put me in the way of making her acquaintance through *Janin?*

Thank you for Schmeide's Novellen. Are they good? Who is Schmeide?

I saw the Ticknors a day or two ago. They are well; and Anna rejoices exceedingly in the Symphonies you sent her. She is *at play* upon them; and finds them delightful.

This is my birth-day. I am thirty-five. Do you not wish you were as old, my dear? We have snow today; a quiet fall of snow. Sumner is passing the Sunday with me; we wish you were here. He is at this present moment down at Felton's. They both desire their kindest remembrances to you.

Ever most truly yours,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The next two letters tell about Longfellow's departure.

CAMBRIDGE, March 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have three letters from you, making all together five pages. I have to thank you for comparing me to Prince Egmont with his *santé désespérante;* and to say that I will attend to Amary's Wine at the earliest moment.

I see by the papers that the *Ville de Lyon* sails for Havre on the 24th of April —and is a very large ship. I think I must go in her. I shall gain a week, and *Ich habe mein Herz darauf gestellt.* This will be better than the Utica, will it not? I have an idea that the *Ville de Lyon* is what one may call a splendid ship. How

long beforehand ought I to secure my passage in order to get a good berth?

You speak of Colman's note soon due, as being the last. How can that be? He has not yet paid $300. All I have received from him is $72.50. Then there was the $250 due to you, of which I paid $50. In reality he has paid only $272 out of $500; and 15 copies of the book. I am anxious to see what price he will put upon those. I do not want you to give yourself any trouble about this; but when you see the Broker, who has the notes in his hands, please ask him about it. I should like, if possible, to make a final settlement with Colman before sailing.

Dr. Tellkampf, a German Professor—one of the unlucky Göttingen Exiles, was here a few days ago on his way to New York. He is to leave some letters of introduction with you for me. So, if a package comes to hand addressed to me, keep it till I come.

Evening. Felton and myself have been dining with Cleveland. On my way down I took from the office another page from you.

March 6. A stormy Sunday. I have been to Church, and heard a dull sermon which edified me about as much as St. Anthony's did the fishes, as described by Abraham a Santa Clara, in his uncouth Rhyme. Now, having no special vocation nor urgent need for writing, I will dip into *Ritterwesen*.

Very affectionately,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. I look forward with the greatest pleasure to my short visit with you. You must so manage it, that I can be under your roof. I can sleep on a sofa in the library—"*wisely*, if not *too well*." By hook or by crook we can arrange it. Then it will be a visit to you; otherwise I shall not come to New York till the day the ship sails.

CAMBRIDGE, April 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I received your last on Saturday evening. I had just come from town where I had seen Ticknor who told me of Cogswell's destiny* as a great secret. On leaving the house, I took a stroll down Beacon Street with Prescott. He told me the same story. "But it is a great secret, Ticknor says," quoth I. "Yes, a very great secret" said Ferdinand, "it is in all the New York papers." On reaching home I found your letter confirming the news. I am both glad and sorry. I hoped to have Cogswell as a fellow-passenger in the *Ville de Lyon*, and I think he would have enjoyed a short residence at the Court of Spain.

My plans are now pretty clearly defined. I shall sail for Havre in the *Ville de Lyon*: —and I shall want you to go to the ship and select me a stateroom: put my name on the lower berth, and that of Richard S. Willis on the upper. This is a younger brother of Nat. P. Willis. We go together. If the agent wants the money he may draw upon me and Willis separately at sight: tho' I don't think it worth while unless he is very hungry for money. Upon the whole this seems the best arrangement we can make: for I fear the vessels direct to Antwerp will not be very good: and I like a little comfort at sea. The *Ville de Lyon* is advertised for April 24th which is Sunday. Will she sail on that day or Saturday? or Monday?

Willis is going to pass three or four years in Germany to study music. He already composes with a good deal of skill; and has several pieces full of feeling and fancy which I should like to have you hear. One of them is "Spring," with the gushing of waters, waving of boughs, singing of birds, etc. Another is "Undine," the flowing of a stream in shadow and sunshine—very beautiful. His music is like his brother's poetry.

I hope your mind is at length serene. What has the matter been? You have made known to me nothing. I hope there has been no serious trouble:—nothing worse than navigating the ship of commerce through breakers and icebergs.

For my own part, I begin to tug and pull, like a vessel whose sails are spread, but whose anchor is not yet up.

Felton is much better, "sitting clothed and in his right mind." Cleveland is now living in Cambridge: and the place is pleasanter than ever. His pleasant house is a great resource to me.

Yours ever truly,

H. W. L.

The summer of 1842 Longfellow spent at the Marienberg Water Cure, and his experiences there he gave in three letters, the first to Mr. Ward and the second two to Mr. Charles Sumner. These he entitled "Letters from under a Pump."

MARIENBERG BEI BOPPART,
June 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have just received yours of the 13th May. Many, many thanks. This is your second, since I left you. The first reached me in a most amusing way. We were landing at Havre in a little boat, not being able to come quite up to the quai in our own ship; when abreast of us, running along the wharf, and waving a paper in his hand appeared an individual, who as soon as he was near enough to be heard, shouted my name with sundry fantastic gestures. At first I thought it must be a sheriff with a writ; but upon landing I found it to be a messenger from Hollings with your letter.

* Cogswell was appointed librarian of the Astor Library.

I leave you to imagine how glad I was to meet the grasp of your hand, on reaching Havre; and I should have answered your most welcome salutation with an immediate reply, had I not been too much in haste to set forward on my journey hitherward.

There was no steamer for Antwerp; and the boat for Rotterdam sailed the day before we reached Havre; and went but once a week. I at once concluded, therefore, to go to Paris; and so on by land; and took the first Diligence for Paris.

Our passage was twenty-two days; not an unpleasant one, on the contrary, very pleasant, till we were becalmed four days in the Channel. I liked the Captain much. He is a very good fellow. A brother of Kasowski, the musician, was on board. He suffered exceedingly; so much that he was obliged to stop in Havre to recruit. Of the other passengers I shall say nothing.

In Paris I stopped at the Hôtel de Paris, which I think was your hotel. Of course, I saw Jules Janin. He is living in the Rue Vaugirard, opposite one of the gates of the Luxembourg gardens. His apartment is *au quatrième*. I was shown through his library, up a narrow winding staircase, through a bathing room, into a drawing room, where sat the redoubtable Jules under the barber's hands. He was sitting in an arm chair, his shirt-sleeves rolled up; his feet thrust into a pair of high shoes, and his *ventresaillant*, as the Charivari calls it, arrayed in a pair of brown linen trowsers without straps and not reaching to the tops of his stockings. He read your letter, said I was welcome to his house; and asked a great many questions about you; all of which I answered to the best of my ability. He is a curious character. He has quarrelled with Geo. Sand, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas;—in fine with all the literary characters. He says he does not like them and does not visit any of them. He then washed his face with a huge sponge; shook his ambrosial locks, and invited me to dinner for that evening (Sunday). I accepted the invitation and went. Saw his wife, a very pretty woman, rather a spoiled child; and her mother, who wears green spectacles. There was also at table a rough, silent lawyer, a friend of the family, to whom I was introduced, and did not wish to be. We had a nice little dinner; and after dinner played whist. I left them at ten; upon the whole not very much delighted with Janin. He is not a well-bred man; and is altogether too selfish. He seems to be very happy in his marriage; is desperately in love with his wife; and she with him;—even to caressing and kissing each other at the card-table! He has lately picked a house and garden at Passy, where he means to pass the rest of his days—so he says. As a critic, he still maintains his sway; and there is an amusing caricature of him sitting in a car, drawn by dramatic authorlings.

I was four days in Paris; and then started for Bruxelles; took a run upon the rail-road to Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges; then back to Bruxelles, and on through Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne, up the Rhine to this ancient cloister, which embosomed in high hills overlooks the town of Boppard, or Boppart, as it is sometimes written. I reached here Friday evening, June 3rd, on Saturday had a consultation with the doctor; and tomorrow make my first plunge. Today is a holiday, and no bathing except in extreme cases. In the view of Marienberg I have blackened my windows, so that you may see where I am. They look down into the garden, and a wooded valley, with glimpses of the Rhine. It is all exceedingly pleasant thus far, though I am impatient to commence my baths. At present there are only about thirty patients here. My next neighbor at table is an Englishman by the name of Garney, an elderly man, with a moustache. I think he has been an officer in the army. He has gone down the Rhine today to purchase the island and loister of Nounenvirth near Bonn, it being for sale; and the prettiest place on the Rhine. Of the other guests hereafter.

As to writing a book upon Germany; I answer I have no such intention. You mistake altogether my position. I am here for my health; and am in retirement among the hills of the Rhine. I shall have little time for study and little opportunity for observation. Besides the elasticity of my mind is gone; and until I get well I shall do nothing but meditate. Thus far the objects that have most delighted me are the Cathedral at Antwerp and the Paintings of Rubens there. These are glorious indeed.

I forgot to tell you that I met De Gay one day on the Boulevard des Italiens. I went home with him to dine;—and where do you think he lives? At Mme. Michu's, No. 7 Rue de Tournain! Your memory was as fresh and green there as the peas we had for dinner. I almost expected to see you come in at the door and *manger votre soupe* with us. So strong is the illusion, when we visit a place once inhabited by a friend. Mme. Michu was particular in her inquiries after you, and you have left the odor of sanctity behind you in that habitation.

Do you know the poems of Freiligrath? —I bought a copy in Köln. Some of them are striking. He is decidedly the most popular of the young poets. He is expected here tomorrow, and I hope will come.

This is my first letter from Marienberg. When I next write you shall know more of the Wasserkur. Meanwhile remember me to all my friends in New York and Boston; and sweet dreams haunt your brain to-night and forever.

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. What will the Harpers give for the

Play, on condition of having it printed in Cambridge uniformly with the other poems?

MARIENBERG, June 24, 1842.

MY DEAR CHARLEY,

I am not in a very gay mood this morning; yet I must write you a few lines or I shall lose the chance of the Moselle. The water begins to work upon my nerves. I had a dream last night, in which I saw you. You mentioned a certain person's name, whereupon, like the patriarchs in the Old Testament, I fell on your neck and wept, exclaiming "I am very unhappy." The most amusing part of the dream was, that we were in bed together, and you were buried up to your neck in tan, which absorbed my tears. Then the scene suddenly changed I was walking in Cambridge with Felton and Cleveland, just at day-break, wrapped in a blanket. By way of showing his agility Cleveland jumped into a pond of water, and performed several difficult movements, at which Felton laughed and I awoke!

Awoke to be literally wrapped in a blanket and plunged afterwards into a cold bath, in which I executed as well as I could the difficult movements which Cleveland had executed in the dream. And so began another day; the twentieth since my arrival here.

Need I tell you how delighted I was to find your letters, yours and Hillard's,—waiting for me? I wish that I could answer them by letters as long and full, and as grateful to the receiver. But at present I cannot. We have no time for reading and writing here. Bathing and walking in the open air, climbing mountains, and the like. As to the poems you speak of, it is alas! quite impossible to write them, much as I desire to do so. My ideas leap horizontally like frogs. We are a drowsy, unintellectual set here. The Doctor says I am better: I say, I am not. I do not perceive the slightest change. *He* says I shall not get away before the end of September. *I* say, perhaps I shall.

This Marienberg is a lovely place. Unluckily there are six English people here; and still more unluckily I sit between two of them at table; so that I have my native language ringing in both ears all day long. If I could hear of a place, where there is no Englishman, I would pack up my trunk and go there. There were between twenty and thirty on board the steamer, which brought me up the Rhine. Another thing that is annoying here is the trivial tone of thought prevailing among the patients: the mean wants, and never-ending complaints, the querulous frame of mind—of which this letter, now that I think of it, is no bad specimen.

I am very sorry to hear of Owen's conduct. I expected better things from him. Please see the President and Judge Story.

MARIENBERG, August 8, 1842.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

Pray look upon this as a Psalm Penitential and pardon my sins. Yours of the 15th of July reached me in seventeen days and filled my soul with dismay. None of my letters received! But how could you for a moment imagine that I had not written? Learn then that I have written to you twice before this, twice to Felton, twice to Hillard, twice to Sam Ward, twice to Miss Lowell twice to Mrs. Norton, twice to my father, and once to Cleveland. The difficulty was I had forgotten Hillard's address in London, and was obliged to send by the way of Havre. I rue my negligence most bitterly, for I have fallen under the reproaches of my friends.

And now must I imagine these letters all lost? Must I begin again, and tell you how often I lay on the deck of our ship at night, and gazed up at Charles' Wain, and the rocking of "marble sails" overhead? Must I tell you again how I reached the Rhineland? How many baths I take a day? and in fine go through the details of my insignificant life once more? No, I will trust to my stars. Those letters have all reached you ere this and your wrath is appeased.

And now, my dear Charles, I wish I could pour out into your heart in one overwhelming douche all the thoughts that fill and agitate my own This I dare not do, for I know that other eyes than yours will read this letter, and though they are the eyes of my best friends, yet the letter is no longer tête-à-tête. I cannot speak to six together as I could to each. Rather let me seem dull and commonplace.

It is now afternoon of a hot day. A legion of flies from the garden into which my window looks, are buzzing about my head, and I have just hit a wasp a whack with a book which sent him reeling across the room. On such days cold baths are delicious, and I am looking forward with a certain inward satisfaction to the one that awaits me. But I have resolved to say nothing of baths in this letter, so I turn to something else. As you may imagine, I never lose an opportunity of making excursions in the neighborhood. I have been to Rolandseck, and the Drachenfels, to Bonn, Cologne, Coblentz and Ems. I have climbed every ruin within ten miles, and some more distant. I shall know the Rhine well before my return. When is that to be? Have you seen the President about the books? I am quite in doubt as to my future destiny. I should like to take a run to Italy, and Spain, and I should like to return home.—What annoys me is the slowness of the Wasserkur. It does not operate with one-half the speed and vigor I imagined it would. After two months I do not find the decided advantage I anticipated. But two months are a very short time. There is an Englishman here who has been at Graefenberg three years,

: yet well. This however does my confidence. I hope in one re to feel a very great change ter.

letter from Greene a few days omplains of us all for not writing ener, and seems to be hurt by eglect of his friends at home. I m in my answer as well as I could, a letter was on the way from you, Hillard mentioned in his last. es me very strongly to come to need no urging. By the way, t who is here fresh from Italy, llent accounts of Greene and g other things that he is much r all Americans, and that they ned a petition about his salary. ıdready told you of the Freili- t. Goar and my intimacy with ılmost imagine Felton trans- German with scraps of a mus- one of his front teeth knocked d you in this a translation of y him, and will soon send you m, the Blacksmith and Endy- iligrath is the best of the young ermany. He is not one of w school;—not one of young

ıy with pride and thankfulness e upon the glorious Rhine, I longing of Boston and its beau- ms; and the pleasant drives ookline. In my imagination landscape floats in sunshine, l—my friends—are the Saints e terrestrial Paradise. I envy beautiful home in Cambridge ted to enjoyment and to labor. turn even from Italy with a

ıt yet fully made up my mind l be in England; probably not rst of October—I mean in case s Autumn. As soon, however, get a copy of the "Spanish nd it to the care of Coates & ept by them until I come to

t had time since I am here to or a line. There is no inspira- sing and undressing. Hunger gure too largely here, to leave ıetical figures.

ecting daily Eliot & Perkins. rell yet; and I think it possible here awhile. I am confident him good.

rds to my friends in Boston dge. When you see Charley l him I have 68 Roman coins ıe-worn, rusty old Cæsars dug ıder the walls of Boppard. fear of losing the next steamer

Yours ever affectionately,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

t Norton, still Professor of Fine Arts

I have written to Sam Ward by this post.

The following letter was written on receipt of a rowdy parody on one of Longfellow's poems. The Julia mentioned is Miss Julia Ward, afterwards Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

CAMBRIDGE, March 2, 1843.

[O Absalom! my son! How could you send me such a profane song?. I had spent the morning in translating a holy Legend from the German of Julius Mosen; and when I paused, instead of an echo from without, I heard that sound of ribaldry, like a loud vulgar ballad from an ale-house!]

Thanks for your letter, my dear Sam; though none, absolutely, *utterly* none for the Song. What you say of the Spanish Student is true, in part, at least. The task of adding to it is not agreeable to me; and I am sorely tempted to let it alone. When you come you shall know my plan about it. It is hardly worth while to write about the matter. I will then give you my reasons for using *utterly* and *warm*. They are not changes—these words,—but the original expressions—the first, best words. Be sure they are not used without good and sufficient reason.

My Etna *is* burnt out; my Boundary Line is settled. Impassable Highlands divide the waters running North and South. "Let the dead Past bury its dead!" and excuse me for quoting myself.

I was very glad to see Julia. As soon as I heard of her arrival I went in with "Dear Feltonius" to see her. I stayed to dinner, and after dinner took a long walk with her, during which we had a very pleasant conversation, which took a more serious turn, than any I ever before held with Julia. The dinner, however, was *mad* enough; for under the eyes of the Banker* and his wife, Julia, Mary and I drank "eternal friendship" three times; in imitation of the damsels in Canning's Anti-Jacobin Play—"A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship."

Yes;—it was a pleasant week at the "X Professor's"; and I go in tomorrow to pass three or four days more in the same chamber; having accidentally left my slippers there. When will you be here? Let me know precisely: for I am going to Portland again, and wish to time my visit so as not to lose yours. Therefore fix your time; for I must have a long talk with you; and if you come when I am away, it will be a miserable piece of business.

You are slightly mistaken about the "Compagnon du Tour de France." I did begin it; and will finish it ere long, and will then take a glimpse into the Inferno

* Thomas Ward, agent for the Barings, and the father of the Mary here mentioned.

of Mathilde, if you will bring it with you.

"Crows to pick!" did you say? Yes; a whole rookery.

I trust you mean to stay with me when you come. If this is not your plan, I will stay with you—at Park Street Corner, or Tremont House, or wheresoever you choose. Write soon; send the ball bounding back.

Ever thine
HIERONIMUS.

Did the package for Highbee reach him? Julia says it is probably still lying in yr. portmanteau. How is this?

P.S. "In future, Gentlemen, let us have *prose* and *decency*"—Danton in the Assembly. *Therefore* I inclose you another parody, which came by the same mail as the one you sent.

The two letters with which I wish to close this article are the last of much interest in Longfellow's unpublished correspondence. As is well known, Samuel Ward and Mr. Longfellow remained firm friends during their lives, but after the year 1843 they corresponded less, and owing to the work and hurry of his very active life, Longfellow had no time for any but brief notes.

The first of these letters was written just after Mr. Samuel Ward's sister Julia had become engaged to Samuel Gridley Howe; the second was written in answer to a letter in which Ward submitted a poem for criticism.

CAMBRIDGE, March 6, 1843.

MY DEAR SAM,

I ought to have written to you long ago on the great event of our Chevalier's* conquering the Celestial City; but I have been away from home, and have, moreover, been hoping to see you here, and expecting to hear from you. The event did not surprise me: for the Chevalier is a mighty man of Love, and I noted that on the walls of the citadel (Julia's cheeks) first the white flag would be displayed, and anon the red, and then again the white. The citadel could not have submitted to a braver, better or more humane knight.

Seriously, my dear Sam, and most sincerely do I rejoice in this event. Julia could not have chosen *more* wisely—nor the Doctor *so* wisely; and I think you may safely look forward to a serene and happy life for your sister. And so God speed them upon Life's journey: "To the one be contenting enjoyments of his auspicious desires; to the other, a happy attendance of her chosen muses."

I write you a very short note this morning, because I am going to hear Sumnerius lecture in the Law School, on Ambassadors, Consuls, Peace and War, and other matters of International Law.

How is it, about the mysterious Highbee package? If you do not send it forthwith, I commission Louisa and Annie to lay their lily hands upon it, remove it from your sac de nuit, where it has been lying long enough, and deliver it to Mr. Highbee in the pulpit!

Write me soon—as soon as you can; and say that you are coming to Cambridge ere long. Life is short. We meet not often; and I am most sincerely,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

* Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

CAMBRIDGE, March 15, 1843.

DEAREST SAM,

I write you a very brief note this morning; merely to thank you for your last with the Poem of "monumental brass." It is very forcible—very striking—with some fine thoughts in it. But it breathes an ungenerous spirit—and if the author speaks from his heart, he is self-conceited and not magnanimous. Has he a right to say "Exegi"?

Of course you will not like my opinion; but since we have known each other, I have always spoken frankly to you. Take this new token of my candor. Thus you have, as you requested, my "opinion critical and candid."—

And now, "Old Gentleman" I rejoice in your serenity of soul—but where you speak of your life as being very tranquil and free from emotion—I fancy you do not mean exactly what you say. You, as well as I, can take a motto from the life and lips of Faust.

"Ich bin zu alt um mir zu spielen
Zu jung um ohne Wünsch zu sein."

But I have to go a line or two farther and add:

"Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!"

For the last week, I have been plagued with an Influenza, which does not seem disposed to leave me. I am working away, however, on sundry matters; and have not been into town for a fortnight.

Everybody seems delighted with Julia's engagement. She is wise as well as witty. Howe is a grand fellow; and deserves his good fortune. This everybody feels, and acknowledges.

When you come you of course stay with me; for I cannot now go into town to stay with you. But we are up to our knees in water now. A Dios, amigo.

Thine ever,
VICTORIAN.

P.S. Pray don't misconstrue my opinion of the poem. I do not mean to speak harshly—only very plainly. So don't be vexed.

Highbee!

CHRISTMAS DREAM OF MARY

SHINING skies of Bethlehem
Smile at stars that smile at them.
Waked from sleep to succor mild,
Mary, dreaming, lulls her Child.

Little Child (the Dream flows on),
Flower of all the ages gone,
Scarce an hour Thy form hast lain
'Gainst my heart, yet all in vain
Strive I for the time when Thou
Wast not mine as Thou art now;
Thy sweet lineaments but seem
Blossom of my long-held Dream.

Dream I scarcely knew for mine
Till its shape merged into Thine,
Lovely Dream that found its rest
Through long years within my breast,
That unconscious came to be
Yet was part and soul of me;
Dream that with my being grew,—
Heavenly Dream in Thee made true.

Woke the Day. With worship sweet,
Wise Men sought the Infant's feet.
Mary, pondering apart,
Locked the Dream within her heart;
Knew it slept a little space,
While she gazed upon His face;
Knew not that, with His strength dear,
So would grow that Vision clear.

Grow and blossom, oft and fair
For all time and everywhere,
Till no woman-eye but fills,
Never woman-heart but thrills,
As the Christmas-Time draws near,
To some Dream, so sweet, so dear,
That a wondrous joy is born,
O'er the world, each Christmas Morn.

Shining skies to smiling earth
Still recount the Christ-Child's birth;
And the world grows young anew
When the Christmas Dream comes true.

ETHEL COLSON.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer

X

"I Went and Ranged About to Many Churches."

MISS ANNA was certainly a godsend. It was due to her comprehension of the "human warious," and her experienced knowledge of London, that I was enabled to revisit places I had never seen before.

When she calmly asked me to spend a day sight-seeing in the "City" I gasped. But when she reminded me that I ought to look once more on some of the old landmarks of London, I was flattered into a gracious acceptance.

One soft purry August morning we started out. I was supposed to be absolutely under her direction, but when she remarked casually that we would take a 'bus, I rebelled.

"I have never been in or on the horrid things," I protested, "and I never intend to!"

But she only said, "We 'll stand on the corner of Oxford Street, and wait for a City Atlas," and somehow I immediately felt quite accustomed to City Atlases, and intuitively knew it would be a blue one,—but it was n't.

Imitating Miss Anna's air of habitual custom, I swung myself aboard of the moving monster, and laboriously climbed the curving companion-way at the back.

Once in our seats, it was not so bad; though very like riding the whirlwind, without being allowed to direct the storm.

Miss Anna drew my attention to points of interest as we passed them. In her tactful way she humored my idiosyncrasy. She never said, "On your right is the 'Salutation

vhere Coleridge and Southey b used to congregate of a ening.' She said, instead, you always thought 'Sal- nd Cat' the very dearest n in all London?"

ıen we came to the half- houses of Holborn did she e lived Lamb's godfather, known to and visited by

d: "Don't you like Haw- ay of putting these things? mber how he tells us that t visit to London he went Holborn, through an arched in a court opening inward, reat many Sunflowers in ."

s pleased me, as did also great book-shop, which , in this neighborhood.

r delightful pastime was the signs over the shop As the e adept aking of so are specially adjust- callings ames. be con- ivolous, mention o; but there be more riate dentists whose oards y an- Shipley and, a- street n, Mr. h'arm. ent on, in our kaleido- London, s Anna decreed that we to the ground again. s no elevator as in the Building, so we tumbled down the back stairs, and were thrown off.

The sequence of the places we visited I do not remember, but they seemed to be mostly churches and taverns.

St. Paul's was taken casually, as indeed it should be, being, like a corporation, without a soul.

Exteriorly, and from a goodly distance, St. Paul's is perfection. From the river, or from Parliament Hill, it is sympathetic and responsive. But inside, it is a mere vastness of mosaic and gilding, peopled with shiny marbles of heroic size. There is an impressive grandeur of art, but no message for the spirit. It is magnificent, but it is not church.

Miss Anna and I walked properly about the edifice, fortunately agreeing in our attitude toward it.

From here, I think, she led me across something, and through something and around something else, and then we were in St. Bartholomew's Church. Being the oldest church in London, St. Bartholomew's is historically important, but it is interesting and delightful as well. The very air inside has been shut in there ever since the twelfth century, yet one breathes it normally, and enjoys the sudden backward transition. Had I the time, I could easily find an inclination to walk every day round its ancient triforium.

WHEN SHE REMARKED CASUALLY THAT WE WOULD TAKE A 'BUS, I REBELLED

As we left the church, the Charter House put itself in our way. Though other British subjects were educated at this school, it remains sacred to

the memory of Thackeray. From here he wrote to his mother: "There are but three hundred and seventy boys in this school, and I wish there were only three hundred and sixty-nine." But visitors to the Charter House are glad that the three hundred and seventieth boy remained there, and stamped the whole place with his gentle memory. The atmosphere of the Charter House is wonderfully calm; it does not connote *boys*, but seems tranquilly imbued with the later wisdom of the great men who spent their youthful days within its walls.

The stranger in London has a decided advantage over the resident, in that he can choose his heroes.

A friend of mine who lives in Chelsea proudly assured me that he could throw a stone from his garden into Carlyle's! The point of his remark seemed to be, not his superior marksmanship, but the proximity to the garden of a great man. Now, were I of the stone-throwing sex, there is many a dead hero at whose garden I should aim before I turned toward Carlyle's. But of course thi was because my friend lived i Chelsea. Therefore the non-resident not being confined to a locality, ca throw imaginary stones into an one's garden.

OF COURSE WE OCCUPIED THE HISTORIC CORNER

A desultory discussion of t subject caused Miss Anna to p pose that our next stone be ai at the garden of Dr. Samuel John

So to the Cheshire Cheese we w

The imposing personality of Johnson, and the antiquity of famous tavern, led me to antici great things; and I was sorely appointed (as probably most visi are) at the plainly spread table, fearfully hard seats, and the tr umbrella-rack filled with saw-dus

Of course we occupied the hist corner, where, according to the b tablet, Dr. Johnson loved to linger two young American women, w tastes are not of the sanded and mulled ale variety, cannot, midday meal, whoop up much o atmosphere that probably surrou the smoke-wreathed midnight Johnsonian revelry.

t we did n't enjoy it, for f a mind to enjoy every-day; but the appreciation y objective. Methodically l the stairs and viewed ms of the old, old house, top floor were duly shown ide the old arm-chair in Johnson used to sit. A was tied across from arm hat pilgrims might not ar out the old cushion. s an enormous jest, asked to cut the string, that I in the historic chair, he did so, and I considered ll spent that allowed me or a moment on the very hions of Dr. Johnson's

ard learned that the string as a fraud, and that it d and cut again for each tor. I accept with equa- s clever ruse, but I 'm ring how they renew the

e were doing Early Res- s, Miss "We ke in ce." leased for I l how er, in d the s ever- repair- Crosby I de- know he at-

it in- but, louces- ll not often. re, it ificent Gothic, cular, t; the hangings and ap- are, probably, much as o be, but, after all, I do not care greatly for eating among Emotions.

Whereupon Miss Anna cheerfully proposed that we visit the Tower.

"No," said I, with decision; and then, my mind still on "Richard the Third," I quoted, "I do not like the Tower, of any place."

I 'm not sure I should have been able so bravely to disclaim an interest in the Tower had it not been that the night before I had heard a wise and prominent Londoner state the fact that he had never visited it.

"No Londoner has ever been to the Tower," he declared. "We used to say that we intended to go sometime or other, but now we don't even say that."

I was greatly relieved to learn this, for I 'm positive that the Tower is hideous and uninteresting. As an alternative, I asked that we might visit the railway stations.

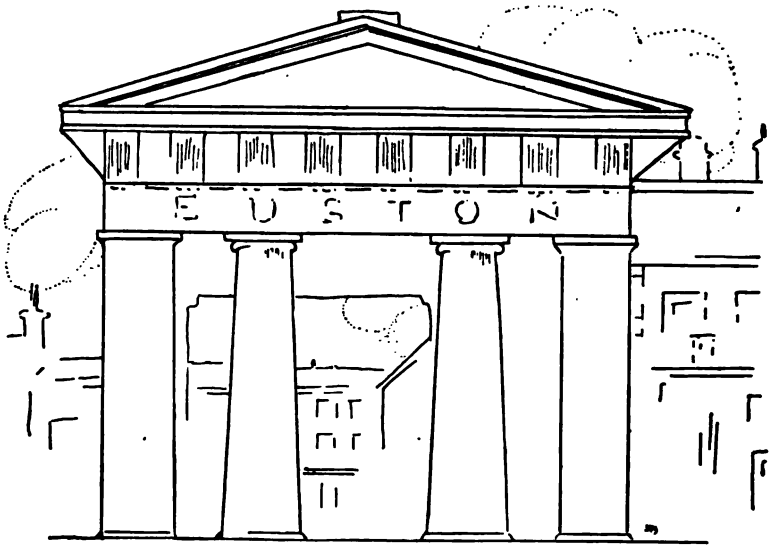
Aside from the romance that is indigenous to all railway stations, there are peculiar characteristics of the great London termini that are of absorbing interest. And so strong are the claims each puts forth for pre-eminence, it is indeed difficult to award a palm.

WHEN I ASKED THE GUIDE TO CUT THE STRING, HE CHEERFULLY DID SO

Euston has its columns, Charing Cross its Tribute to Queen Eleanor, St. Pancras a spacious roominess, and Victoria a wofully-crowded and limited space. Each station has its own sort of people, and, though indubitably they must mingle upon occasion, yet the type of crowd at each station is invariably the same.

And yet, after all, my heart goes

back with fondest memories to Euston. Not the crowd, not even the atmosphere, but a mysterious influence which emanates from those wonderful columns. Not only the sight of them as you approach from London, but the queer, almost uncanny way in which they permeate the whole place. They follow you through the station, and into the train, and not for many miles can you get out from under the presence of those perfect shapes.



A MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE EMANATES FROM THOSE WONDERFUL COLUMNS

Coming into London, Cannon Street is a good station to choose, if your route permit, but going out, Euston or Charing Cross should, if possible, be selected.

Before, after, or during our station visits we touched on a few more churches.

The Temple Church proved a delight because of the bronze knights peacefully resting there. Miss Anna told me they were called crusaders because they chose to lie with their legs crossed. This was probably true, for the position was maintained by all of them. Oliver Goldsmith is buried here, but I had no particular desire to throw a stone into his graveyard, and so we went on. Owing to a change of mood, we no longer rode on the 'buses, but took a hansom from one place to another. This was not so extravagant as it might seem; for, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, one cannot ride enough in London cabs to make the bill of any considerable amount, at least as compared to a New York cab bill. And Shakespeare averred that "nothing is small or great but by comparison."

As our cab bumpily threaded its way along the crammed Strand, the bright-colored mass of humanity and traffic seemed to me the pre-eminent London. I wanted no more sightseeing, I wanted no more historical association, I merely wanted to continue this opportunity for feasting on real City London. I voraciously bit off large chunks of the atmosphere, as we passed through it, which I am even yet digesting and assimilating.

As a complement to this view of London, we suddenly decided to call on a friend for a cup of tea. A personal, at-home tea would be a pleasant contrast to the publicity of our day.

Deciding upon the coziest and homeliest tea-dispenser, we drove to Mrs. Todd's in Kensington.

eat satisfaction to know
npromising portal of a
ise will positively lead
) a delightful back garden

welcomed by our charm-
in her pretty trailing
, and were immediately
from whimsical sight-
:iable tea-drinkers.
; was by no means a
:on, the garden was bright
; and people, and the
:s were served under the
narquee. It was Mrs.
ly day at home and the
all amiable and charm-
ıg woman with a phenom-
ıng to us from the back
ɔw, and thereby gave a
the conversation. All
d orthodox. Everybody listened politely to everybody else's chatter, and, apparently unhearing, answered at random, and quite often wrongly.

It seemed to me that even in this land of bright flowers the blossoming plants were of unusually brilliant hues. As I took my departure I commented on this, and my hostess responded with a superb indifference: "Really? yes, they are rather good ones. The nursery man fetched them early this afternoon, and after you are all gone he will come and carry them away"; and, if you please, those ridiculous plants were in pots, sunk into the earth, and giving all the effect of a beautiful growing garden!

This fable teaches that our English sisters are not above the small bluffs more usually ascribed to American femininity.

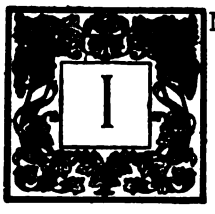
"REALLY? YES, THEY ARE RATHER GOOD ONES"

The End

MORTMAIN

By H. G. DWIGHT

III



N such ways did the young missionary learn that between the conception and the execution do many mountains lie. Being square of chin and spare of days he was not the man to sit down before them. Neither was he subject to those revulsions which are the bane of the more sensitively organized. But the experience was the more trying for him because he took it so seriously. Where another might have found beguilement in a world other than his own, he could only see a world to be turned from the error of its way. And this in the light of his adventures seemed to consist in bondage to a dark and unregenerate past. He therefore grew in hostility toward everything that was a concrete embodiment of that past. The dust of crumbled empires in which he worked, with its faint strange odor, seemed infected with a nameless poison. Somehow it always made him think of the buried statue upon which he had come. The very memory of its shameless whiteness—so strangely untroubled, yet so strangely troubling—diffused a corruption of the grave; and he thanked God with a homesick heart for the openness and airiness of his native land, and its good clean earth uncrusted by all these old unwholesome things. They could only heighten his stout native patriotism to the intensity of a passion. More than ever he felt that the world really began in 1492, and that all before that was of some mythic Saturnine age.

Nor was this mood in any wise lightened by the continued presence of the old Armenian. It brought home to the missionary again and again, with an intensity which often drove the good man to his knees, his physical repulsion to the people about him. Although he wondered, however, what argument had availed to soften the heart of the Croat at the gate, he made it a point to ignore the matter. His pride forbade him to yield so far to the promptings of the flesh. And his spiritual victory was the higher for a more impalpable reason. Little as he had been affected by the rubbish of which the two had made such a mystery, the imputation thrown after him by the younger left him in the other's presence an absurd and indefinable embarrassment. The man was outwardly the same as before. He saluted Mr. Bisbee as respectfully as ever. He made no trouble. He said nothing. He merely watched. And now that Bisbee knew why he watched he could feel a contemptuous amusement about it. But, at the same time, he could not help feeling a vague hostility in the man. He could not help feeling that he, too, was being watched.

And then, one afternoon, a workman's pick clanged on iron.

The sound affected Bisbee more curiously than any sound had ever affected him before. There was no reason why it should have made him start, should have filled him with a rush of unreasoning anger that positively left him trembling. The men were always hitting one thing and another as they worked down through the débris of centuries in search of bed-rock. Least of all was there any reason why he should look for the

ian. Yet so he did, and he the man's eyes upon him with ression he never forgot. But st disconcerting thing of all at the Armenian immediately and hurried from the grounds. ee was infinitely annoyed with . His vexations were evi- getting on his nerves: he hoped ere not affecting his brain as He started to go away, when truck him as being another weakness. It would be better ve his own idiocy by finding e trivial cause of it. The in- ice of the men showed what a e was. The only thing that ed his eye among them was the t shadow lying long and dark the excavation. He happened ce one of the diggers who was knees in the shadow, working ubble with his hands. Bisbee l idly in that direction. As he he saw the man disengage ing that looked like a big It clanged over dully against of metal plate to which it seemed astened. The recurrence of the brought back all of Bisbee's ir- n—which increased when the an suddenly bent over and the plate, crossing himself as he

What possible relation could e between that ancient bit of buried no one knew since when, is ignorant digger of ditches. felt again all the tangle of ss things against which he had tend, and the hateful guidance g things of hands long dead. pped down into the excavation dered the man, sharply, to go h his work. Then he saw what alled forth the superstitious stration. It was the outline ross, raised in relief upon the of the plate. And presently nd cross and a second ring into view, divided from the by a fine seam in the metal.

at last was laid bare a great door of two leaves, set horizon- nto heavy masonry. To each as attached a ring, and above ing was a Greek cross. And as Bisbee stood there among his outlandish tribesmen, his nostrils full of the faint strange odor of the excavation, with the minaret soaring above his eyes, and below them this long-buried gateway that bore the symbol of his own faith, an unaccountable fury possessed him. He knew that he was making a fool of himself, but he suddenly leaned over and pulled at one of the rings with all his strength. He might have wrenched his arm out of its socket for all the door would give! He let the ring drop. It struck out a clang hollower and louder than before.

"A cistern," remarked one of the men.

Of course! What else should it be, in a place to which emperors had cunningly brought water from afar? Then there were two doors, not one. Moreover—and Bisbee knelt to brush away the dust with his hand—they could not possibly be of iron. Iron would have rusted long ago, while this metal was merely soiled and scarred by the centuries that had lain upon it. It must be bronze. After all—! He rose, more at his ease. But as he did so his eyes met those of the two Armenians. The old man had returned with his son, whom Bisbee had not seen since the day of that ridiculous interview, and both were watching him with something like a smile. Bisbee could have killed them. And yet, for the life of him, he could not help feeling a vague embarrassment.

"We seem to have found a cistern," he remarked to the younger with a bow.

"I see," replied the youth politely.

"I think we might as well open it before we go on with the rest of the work," continued Bisbee awkwardly, deferring to the two in spite of himself. "What do you say?"

The youth shrugged his shoulders.

"That is for you to decide. It is not ours!"

Bisbee felt himself going red.

"We might as well—and see—"

That operation, however, proved

harder than it looked. The men wasted an hour trying to raise the upper leaf by its ring or to pry it open with their crowbars. They finally had to attack the surrounding masonry, in order to wrench the pivots out of the stone in which they were embedded. Even then it was sunset before they effected the beginning of an entrance. One of the men thrust a stone through the opening. Almost instantly there was a dull concussion within.

"There is no water," he said. "They have filled it up. It will save us the trouble!"

Bisbee turned to see how the Armenians would take it. A strange look passed between them. A moment later they gave him something of it, with something more of an inscrutable smile. This silent passage affected him like the clang of the doors. The sense that it was lost upon the rest deepened a feeling of mystery which he tried in vain to shake off. In some way or other it was as if some portentous issue hung upon the opening of those great bronze gates that were so slow to give up their secret. And as he stood there, waiting, face to face with the two, while the men struggled with the stubborn masonry, the effort of containing himself became almost intolerable. At last, however, the gates were jacked far enough to one side to reveal a black aperture below them. Out of it a sudden chill came up into the warm twilight, and a sharp gust —sharper than he had known before —of the odor Bisbee knew so well. Then he heard some one say:

"They have not filled it up, either. There are steps."

IV

The issue was lost—for Bisbee. The solid, the comfortable, earth opened under his feet into labyrinths as dark and strange and incredible as Avernus. The descent, however, was by no means easy, for it was his first penetration into a world other than his own. To descend, with two strangers of whom he knew nothing but their fantastic story, a stairway which must have already been buried thirty-nine years when Columbus discovered America, was to enter bodily that dim Saturnine age in whose existence he had never really believed. But if it was characteristic of his literal mind that a subterraneous structure so much more substantial than any cyclone cellar of which he had knowledge was to him the proof of what he had been unable or unwilling to acknowledge, it was equally characteristic of a man who had been led to far countries by the scriptural injunction to preach the Gospel to every creature, that his final surrender was complete. All his old hostilities and failures of comprehension were swallowed up in his first realization of the dead hands that, centuries ago, had piled these stones one upon the other. The mere amazement of it, the wondering sense of things beyond his ken, stunned him and prepared him for anything that might come.

The steps were considerably worn, and they were almost obliterated by a fine earth which had somehow sifted through to them. But with the aid of candles—of the kind that you buy like a ball of twine and unroll as you need—and of stout sticks, they afforded sufficient foothold. So after the men had gone away for the night, and the protesting Croat had been posted on guard at the mouth of the hole, the three slowly made their way down between the ancient stone walls. Bisbee let the Armenians go first. It was his acknowledgment of his earlier hastiness. The younger of them, who led the way, was accordingly the first to make a discovery.

"The steps stop," he said, after they had descended fifteen or twenty feet, "and the passage turns to the right."

At this the other halted and gave Bisbee a look. If the passage went to the right it also went toward the south! As it happened, however, the youth was mistaken. The steps did not stop. They merely paused at a small platform from which they

lropped at right angles to the first ight into a great space of darkness iat opened out below. It made self felt rather than seen. But a ttle reconnoitring with sticks con- rmed the fact that the left-hand wall irned away from the landing and isappeared. And this discovery ave the expedition a new element f mystery. Bisbee never forgot the npression of it—the impenetrable hasm of darkness with its mortal chill ind its strange odor and its hollow esonances, from which the three tapers reclaimed but the pallor of hands and faces and a few dim lines of masonry.

That the discovery was not particularly welcome to the Armenians was evident from the low words they exchanged and the hesitating way in which they felt about with their sticks. Bisbee therefore, after a last look to the mouth of the hole—where the red of a cigarette glowed and waned in the darkness and an ancient star looked in (for the first time in how long!)—took the lead in the second stage of the descent. It proved far more ticklish than the first. Not only were the steps open on one side to an unknown abyss, but the wall on the other grew slimy to the touch and the fine detritus underfoot turned to a thin slippery mud. Then the sepulchral reverberations to which their progress gave rise could not but try the nerves. And even the matter-of-fact Bisbee started when, it a touch from the Armenian behind im, he caught sight of a ghostly hantom hovering in the darkness t far away. It took him a full inute of staring, while unwonted sations played about the roots of hair, to make out that the thing it be a marble pillar. After that, ever, the descent became easier. it with pillars in it could not be mless.

at last the three crawled down econd level—if a floor so muddy neven deserved the name. The re dripping from the walls had d into pools that gave out ous splashes under the groping of the sticks. It took but little of their blind-man's exploring, however, to determine that this was much larger than the platform where they had halted before. Moreover it was enclosed by walls, and through it ran two rows of marble columns. Looming motionless and phantasmic out of the darkness in which their tops were lost, they had an indescribably eerie effect in the deadly cold and silence of that chamber buried so long from the eyes of men. The sense of mystery was to Bisbee so much keener than any other that he wondered a little at his companions. They wandered about, busy with stick and taper, making strange reflections and rousing strange echoes in the hollow place. And presently the younger bent over with an exclamation to examine some scattered objects at his feet. Then picking up one of them with a laugh he handed it to his father, who in turn showed it to Bisbee. The thing was a skull, dark and glistening from the moisture in which it had lain.

"He was less patient than we!" remarked the old man.

Bisbee suddenly reached out and took the skull into his own hands. Nothing had ever given him so extraordinary a sense of the actuality of the past. The eyes that once looked through those hollow sockets must have been the last, before to-night, to look upon this secret place. Whose could they have been? How did he come here? Did he hear the earth fall on the bronze gates that shut him in from the lighted air? Had there reached him any tremor of that greater fall, when, after the fury of siege and sack, the ruins of an empire obliterated his hiding place? With questions such as these, which rise so easily to the surface of imagination but which had never happened to enter the mind of the missionary, there also came a new impression of the ancient things which had possessed so curious a property of arousing his resentment. The memory of them gave him now a sense of the continuity of life such as could

scarcely have come to him in his own land—and of its immense age, and of its immense waste, and of its immense endurance. Never again, he felt, could this city in which he had chosen to live and die seem to him merely dirty and disagreeable. Nor could its people seem to him merely unsympathetic or preposterous. Were there not, after all, reasons why they should be as they were? There came to him then and there, with his first inkling of the reality of other existences, a strange vision of the dead hands that move in men's lives, ordering their ways in spite of them to hidden ends. . . .

When Bisbee at last put down the skull he discovered that he was alone. The other two tapers had disappeared, and there was nothing to break the unearthly stillness of the place. In the deeper darkness that had closed in upon him he could see nothing but the ghost of a pillar. If it was quite the sharpest appeal to the imagination he had ever known it also brought back to him, however, the nature of the errand upon which he had come. And far as he was from entertaining any such motives as the Armenians had attributed to him—the idea of going home to be a prince in Iowa made him smile when it did not make him furious,—he would have been callous indeed if his blood had not quickened at the wonder of his adventure and of what it was yet to bring forth. He groped his way to the nearest wall and felt along it with his stick. Truly God watched over his people, who with the ground for His house provided also the resources of which they stood in need so sore . . . The stick suddenly gave under Bisbee's hand. Lowering his candle to reconnoitre he discovered a narrow archway that rose not more than three feet above the ground. He crouched to look in. Far away, and twinkling like stars above his head, two faint lights pierced the darkness. A moment later he dropped into a brick tunnel, a little higher than his head, that inclined gently upwards. And with a sudden trembling of excitement, there came to him certain old words: *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal.*

When Bisbee came near enough to his companions to see more than their candles he experienced an indescribable clutch at the heart. They must have found those ancient things that their ancestor, nearly five hundred years ago, had helped to carry down out of the terror of the siege. One of the two was examining a large dim object in front of him, while the other, the younger, was working excitedly with his arm and his stick at one side of the tunnel. Bisbee stopped. It was not for him to show the eagerness they expected. Then the old man turned and saw him. A strange smile crossed his face. He beckoned, and pointed to the object in front of him. And as Bisbee went nearer he made out in the candle light a torso of marble. Little as he knew of sculpture he could see it had a wonderful human resemblance. It made him think of the statue he had let the men break up for lime.

"Do you know what this is?" asked the old man. Bisbee noticed how husky was his voice. "I will tell you. It is the wall of the mosque behind your printing house. Digging for a foundation they discovered this tunnel—quite by accident." He paused a minute, looking from Bisbee to his son, with that extraordinary smile of his. And what he said next was in some intangible way the continuance of his pause: "The statues they broke up to use in building. This is perhaps a Greek god who carries on his shoulders the house of Mahomet!"

But even then Bisbee hardly took it in. What on earth was the man talking about? Then it gradually came to him that he was face to face with an obstruction in the passage. It was a wall which started obliquely from one side of the tunnel, turned a right angle, and disappeared on the other side. After that he made out, in his bewilderment, that the wall

was distinctly lighter than the ancient brick of the tunnel, and ruggedly built of stone. Moreover there was no junction between the two, for the edges of the brickwork were gaping and ragged. The obstruction could therefore be neither the natural end of the passage nor an artificial barrier. It was simply what the old man said —an independent structure which had happened, under ground, to cut into the older one. And the torso built into the corner told the rest of the story.

It told so much, in the terrible silence, that Bisbee grew cold. He stood there staring at the mutilated marble, waiting he knew not for what. The only words he could think of were those in which he had once heard the young man describe what they were to find here, inextricably entangled with the ones that had come to him as he entered the tunnel. And for one of those moments which so fire the heart but which never quite reach the level of consciousness he had a sudden vision of ancient and mysterious and passionate things, woven strangely as in a web. Then it vanished at a crack of wood that made him start. The youth began beating the wall insensately with his stick.

"Devils! Dogs!" he panted through his teeth. "Jackals of the desert that defile the palaces of kings! There is no God! There is no mercy in the world! How should they have found it? Did they wait four hundred years? Ah—thieves! thieves! They have taken all—all— There is no more hope—no hope— There——"

He crumpled into a senseless heap on the ground.

THE END

OLD POETS AMENDED

GOLDSMITH. "Man wants but little here below."
But this was written long ago.
The saying now has little worth,
For in these days man wants the earth.

TENNYSON. "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good."
If this is true, how very few
Care to be noble if they could.

SHAKESPEARE. "Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."
Great pity 't is; if he could only see,
The world would hold far less of misery.

DRYDEN. "Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own."
But by the time he gets his title to it,
'T is out of date; next day he must renew it.

CONGREVE. "Thus Grief still treads upon the heels of Pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."
A better plan, and one that saves much sorrow:
Repent to-day; leave marriage till to-morrow.

A. W. MACY.

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

III

DINING-ROOMS

IN a country so distinguished for hospitality as our own it is hardly to be wondered at that our dining-rooms should have reached their present stage of magnificence. Fewer mistakes, too, are apparent in them; possibly because, as has just been hinted, the love of dinner-giving is strong among us and certain customs long established. Then, again, the question of furniture being more or less limited to a question of sideboards and chairs, the householder has suffered fewer temptations to obtrude, as in salons and libraries, individual idiosyncrasies of taste—those little and distracting notes which go to the making of such misery in rooms where a feeling for the best has not been cultivated and mental limitations obtrude themselves—the not knowing exactly how to conduct various unaccustomed social departures.

In dining-rooms, moreover, there is less chance to blunder over questions of color, that grievous stumbling block to rich and poor alike, and which is independent of the purchasing power, and as problematical in costly fabrics as in those which are purchased for a song. For the feeling for tones is a gift, its possession conveyed by fine, undeniable, and subtly conveyed evidences, about which there can be no dispute. It is the absence of this gift which mars many an interior, just as irrevocably as a painter's inappreciation of color values mars his canvas, though his drawing may be good. On the other hand, how beautiful are those rooms in which the right relations of tones have been observed. What repose one feels in them, what delight, and how few of those there are!

There is still another reason why our dining-rooms are for the most part good. In them the architect has been allowed freer scope, not being confronted at so many turns by the insistence upon a respect being paid certain family customs, brought over, maybe, from another environment, as when a salon is not permitted to retain its purely formal character, but must possess corners in which a child may lounge, or the daily practice of the piano go on. The architect, therefore, has in many instances given us rooms of great beauty, which even without furniture are a delight in themselves—often a greater delight, alas! since the introduction of accessories has sometimes spoiled everything. Thus I know a dining-room of noble proportions, finished in a delightfully grained mahogany, which has been altogether ruined by stuffy hangings, burdened with enormous cords and tassels like those found in old-fashioned clubs, the spaces about the windows filled with upholstered sofas and chairs—and in a country house, where no exigencies of space, as in conventional city houses, make necessary the use of the dining-room for the reading

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

DINING-ROOM OF MR. H. W. POOR'S HOUSE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

of the morning paper, or the indulgence of the after-dinner cigar. And apart from all questions of taste or knowledge there is a reason for our protests against certain of these desecrations, since the last thing one wants in a dining-room of any kind is a feeling of stuffiness—hangings which will hold for the space of so much as a moment the faintest suggestion of yesterday's feast. One wants cheer, the perennially fresh and unspoiled, the charm of the single occasion as it were, like that which one feels in the flowers that adorn the table. The frame for all this may vary, be dark or light, according as one wants to feel shut in at the dining hour or expansive, the eye being carried beyond as by a view from the window, or by the airy lightness of the surrounding walls. But, whether dark or light, this frame must first accentuate the feeling of the present and the evanescent hour.

The most important dining-rooms of to-day are hung with tapestries, or panelled in woods, the lines being broken up by the introduction of columns, sometimes of marble and sometimes of wood. The treatment of the wood varies: now it is painted and relieved by color, now stained, and now only polished. It is often carved, but when the beauty of the grain has been considered the surfaces are left plain. Oak, chestnut, walnut, mahogany and satinwood are among those oftenest seen.

When oak has been treated with a dull gray stain having in it the merest suggestion of green, like that which one finds on oak benches scattered through French forests, one has a wall surface of exquisite charm, into which almost any mood may melt. There in a dining-room in town, finished in this way, the oak being broken into panels of delightful proportions, running from the baseboard to the panelled ceiling, which is lifted by a cornice. The faint suggestion of the green seems almost to have demanded the presence of the growing things found in this particular room, in one swelled corner of which, and against the light of the window, there is a white marble Byzantine temple, ornamented by a line of green mosaic, its interior filled by masses of azalias and maidenhair, played upon by sprays of trickling water. When it is remembered how seldom the necessity for growing things is felt in most dining-rooms, it will easily be seen how surely the subtler relationships have been considered in this one.

And without this consideration, no room, no matter where it may be found, can be expected to convey a sense of entire satisfaction. For decoration must submit itself to the same laws as those governing the rest of the arts. Questions of relationships, must enter in—relationships in color, design, and appointment. There must also be considered another important question, relating to the treatment of subordinate parts, especially of those which are more or less concealed. Some decorators go so far as to declare, indeed, that the best things in a house ought always to be placed where one comes upon them unexpectedly—never, of course, where they are obtruded into being designedly or inappropriately conspicuous; as in extremely exaggerated cases of unfitness one sometimes finds a housekeeper of limited possessions displaying a highly ornamented lamp among the inflammable draperies of a window, for no other purpose than that the street may be regaled, and her good fortune paraded.

In the dining-room, then, of which we have been speaking, there is a doorway leading into the pantry—a doorway placed round a corner formed by an angle of the wall, and therefore not to be immediately perceived by those who enter the room. Of carved stone, and ornamented with sculptured figures, this doorway, however, is one before which those who discover it love to linger, so full of beauty is it, so delightful in its color and proportions, and so respectful of its uses! How often does

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"A DOORWAY PLACED ROUND A CORNER FORMED BY AN ANGLE OF THE WALL"

one find a pantry door like it? No screen, however superb in itself, could replace the quiet dignity of this entrance, nor could any doorway more or less conspicuous command for itself the homage which this one excites by its silent, self-respecting seclusion.

And while still discussing this room, it may be as well to draw attention to still another of its lovely elements. The plants introduced are *not* palms, those much-used and over-abused potted affairs, which are considered necessary wherever a floral decoration is required. We have suffered a kind of madness for the palm, indeed. Go into almost any house, open almost any book on decoration, and, as some clever man pointed out to me the other day, the potted palm will be discovered, placed somewhere, anywhere, without regard to its fitness for that place, and almost always without adding to it one element of grace or beauty. Yet a palm most people will have. It is so easily ordered, and saves so much expenditure of thought! The palm has little beauty. To feel its charm one should look down at it in masses, feel it in suggestion with other greens as one does in tropical gardens. In a house, when placed in solitary grandeur, such beauty as it possessed out of doors is lost, no matter how gorgeous the pot that holds it, or costly the marble urn. No real plant- or flower-lover uses it in indiscriminate fashion. He seeks for that which will lend itself to the quiet of the indoor life. But then, a volume might be written on this one subject alone. My object in touching at all upon the subject here is to prove how wide the field may be, and how necessary it is that a certain intelligence shall be exercised. For the evidence of a right appreciation of values is as essential where plants are used in decoration as where any other appointment of the house may be concerned. The individual taste, the æsthetic equipment, must as certainly be proved, although the necessity for proving it is seldom touched upon.

There are other dining-rooms in panelled oak, where none of this demand for growing things is felt; possibly because the darker tones of the woodwork suggest none, or possibly because the out-of-doors is felt through the windows. This is

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delicacy and grace. Two wooden columns,once part of some Sicilian chapel, form the framework of the entrance door, the over door being finished in an arch of the same material and design. A blue, now faded into charming tones, colors the wood, while over this blue there is wrought a design in gold, showing leaves and vines, carved in relief, among which charming Amours disport themselves. The sideboard, from some other part of the chapel, follows the same design and color. No silver is permanently displayed on it; some rare old drinking cups and chalices are set out instead and protected by glass fitted to the front. For among the blues and golds, it was instantly felt, silver, however rich in itself, would have struck a jarring note.

The wall-spaces of this room are covered with tapestry, in which again the blue is felt, now in a patch of sky, and now in the sweep of a royal robe. The ceiling is carved, the Amours of the columns being repeated here, while the panels are filled with lovely designs in color. The lights are hidden in the cornice, except for two huge gold candelabra, resting on ornamented columns, which are placed on either side of the room. The chairs are covered with a blue, deep enough in tone to be felt rather than seen, the backs being capped by small gilded ornaments. The curtains are of blue, showing the same charming subordination of tone. Thus the room has everywhere been made to preserve a certain *ensemble*, being tied together by color as it were, a color so reposeful and enveloping that at no time is one suddenly aroused to look at some special object. The influence of it all comes gradually, and never as a question of mere magnificence, but as that of a lovely atmosphere in which individual elements of beauty gradually unfold themselves. And this, it would seem, is the final requirement of all interiors. They are first enveloping. You may get their atmosphere at once, be played upon by their color and feel their charm, but the perception of even their unrivalled

details must come to you later. Occasions must open your eyes, moods, necessities. They are like the human character in that, and must develop reserve powers, else all you thought excellent at first is as a mere flash in the pan, quickly past and forgotten.

No one who goes into the more important houses of the day can fail to be impressed by the fact that two orders of mind have been at work. There is first the colorist, the man who wants richness, warmth, tone, magnificence, at any cost. Then there is the man whose allegiance to the beauty of a line is unswerving, and who will not permit so much as a tone to distract you from the grace of an arch. Imagination has therefore run riot in some of our dining-rooms. Palaces and churches have been robbed to add to their splendors. Superb stuffs and hangings have been introduced, crystal lustres and silver lamps, with those sometimes of brass—that richest and most beautiful of all reflecting surfaces. In what are called our state dining-rooms the models for which are either copies or adaptations of famous foreign rooms, the architect has allowed no limitations to his flights, but has gone on piling splendor on splendor, adding arch to arch, and pillar to pillar, splashing on gold with reckless profusion, and hanging crystals wherever their gleam could make for a greater resplendence.

In contrast to these, there are to be found dining-rooms which by very contrast seem austere, nothing being permitted, even in the way of color, which might possibly interfere with the repose of a given line. I have one such room in mind, the white wooden surfaces of which are broken into panels forming sunken arches of charming design. A soft pale gray hangs at the windows, the sideboard is filled with cut glass, no color being anywhere permitted. Yet, oddly enough, no sense of coldness is conveyed; rather a feeling of satisfaction and refreshment, a feeling impossible in any other white room where the touch has been less certain, and the proportions less carefully preserved. I have seen other rooms where the same attempt has been made, but they have been white rooms relieved by a color, and always demanding the extraneous, to give them a habitable quality. A repose, difficult to describe, steals over the visitor, in this one. The eye, never carried anywhere against its will, is yet made to rest comfortably wherever it strays. The table, too, with its flowers, gains a new quality, becoming as it were the centre for disseminating cheer, rather than the point toward which the interests converge.

The demand for a certain relief from the very size and requirements of some of these apartments has led to the creation of some lovely breakfast-rooms, places in which the intimate word is now and then possible over the morning coffee, or even a dinner may be had, when the stress of more exacting obligations has laid waste the powers. These rooms are never large and are almost always simple, in their freedom from excess of ornamentation, although the elements entering into their construction may be of the richest character. One such room stands pre-eminent. Its doors are of unusual beauty, each having a large egg-shaped panel of exquisitely grained and highly polished yellow satinwood, framed by a wood of darker tone. These woods appear everywhere about the room, and are particularly happy in the window framing. The walls are covered with a pale green striped silk, while the ceiling, in still paler green, is ornamented with white traceries in some lovely Adam design. The egg-shaped table, like the doors, is made of polished satinwood, bordered by marquetry in darker wood. Two unique commodes in marquetry complete the furnishings. The silver is old English.

Sometimes one of these breakfast-rooms is copied after an English model in oak or chintz, and sometimes after one of France with panelled walls and mirrors. Again it is made to express simply some happy combination of

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A SHIRT DIDIER-BIRCH. — BREEZE MEADOW. — MRS. KATE KAUFMAN'S FARM, METCALFE, MASS.

architectural features, as when mauve and violet, gold and white, or gold and blue, or pale creams and silver enter in. Something still more important is now and then attempted, and marble is employed. Opening out of a small conservatory in an uptown house there is such a room, its domed white ceiling supported by marble columns of great delicacy and grace. Rugs are scattered on the floor. The eastern sun playing over the plants, and catching the iridescent light of tiny water sprays, flings them about over column and cloth. An ideal place surely in which to attune one's self for the daily distractions of the street.

With settings so elaborate as some of those just described, it follows as a matter of course that the appointments of the table must have a proportionate splendor. And there is hardly any extreme of luxury and extravagance to which the modern requirement has not carried us. All Europe has been ransacked for these, and entire services of gold are not uncommon. Linens, too, are sometimes woven following some design specially reserved for a particular householder. Laces of great richness are applied both in tablecloth and napkins. Glass is blown to order, silver beaten, and porcelains baked. Yet here again, and once more, I must dwell upon the individual touch. None of this magnificence has real value without this touch. Nothing must look as if it had been left for mere money to buy, certainly nothing in the way of a flower, though this unhappily is the impression which many a diner carries away. The conventional floral arrangement set down in the midst of the surrounding magnificence cheapens everything, showing that no more attention has been paid to the feast for the eye than to that for the palate. And yet it would seem that flowers should do this very thing, carrying the eye away from the plate, as conversation carries the thought. One does not want to be made to remember how many dozen American Beauties were in the room, but only to carry away the impression of fragrance and color. Some presiding intelligence must be at work; some assurance felt that it has been exercised. I remember one dinner in which the splendors of surrounding tapestries and gold, all the elaboration of sauces and entrées, all the array of fruits both in and out of season, were forgotten in the beauty of a bowl of faint mauve and white lilacs, arranged so that the delicate green of the leaf, and the faint tracings of the dark stems, made a picture that lifted the dinner into a never-forgotten memory of the satisfied æsthetic sense.

For some reason or other the more important town dining-rooms of today indicate no tendency to return to Colonial models. For these one must look among the simpler houses, the houses done over, or those newly built on private country places. Yet Colonial dining-rooms were always dignified, and full of the hospitable spirit, living embodiments, many of them, of undeniable and delightful traditions. The polish of their mahogany, both on table and in wainscot, and the gleam of their crystal and silver, possessed a charm which was never to be denied. Brocades were at home in these old rooms, laces, powdered locks. Fine customs prevailed, and courtliness was not uncommon. For all that, no modern householder of enormous wealth thinks of reviving their memories. In one or two notable instances, however, a return has been made to the colder and more classic style of Adam, and we have some examples of interesting dining-rooms copied outright from those in famous London houses of his time. Gorgeousness is altogether forgotten in these; delicate colors and traceries prevail. The mantelpieces are not of carved stone and are made with grates, to hold coal, the generous log being an impossibility. The chairs are not carved, a delicate inlay being the only decoration added to their beauty of line, while rich and sumptuous hangings have given place to simpler draperies. The prevailing notes are refinement, and quiet charm.

A "PANIC DAY" IN WALL STREET

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

PICKING his way amid the hundreds of feet hurrying here and there, the man with the watering pot sees a bit of vacant floor. Giving the pot a swing, swish goes a spray—not always where it ought, for a few drops may hit the creased trousers or the spats that have chanced in the way. Perhaps the messenger who gets some of it scowls at the porter in his dirty gray trousers and faded coat—but he has n't time to swear: he is too busy to-day.

The watering pot may have cost a quarter once when it was new and green, but patches of paint have been knocked off and it looks as old and timeworn as this "Lone Fisherman" of the Stock Exchange who pushes along amid the throng looking only for a spot he can sprinkle, heeding nothing of the fortunes won or lost with every swing of his can.

To-day the floor of the Exchange is a bear pit. The myriad bits of ticker tape lying upon its surface make it look as if inlaid with marble. The dirt from a thousand or more shoes has discolored the floor itself so that you cannot discern its real hue. The sprinkling fails to keep the dust from rising; but little does the humanity literally swarming upon it care—as little as their thought of the people above them who, leaning over the rail, if not over each other's shoulders, are gazing at the "panic" as they would look at the climax of a drama or comedy from the theatre chair.

Panic? That's the expression you hear, and there come to mind stories of how men clinched and struck at each other in rage or despair over the thousands and tens of thousands lost by a wave of the hand or a single word from the lips; accounts of hatless, collarless figures leaving this maelstrom of finance with clothing torn and bodies battered and bruised from their struggle to keep from ruin.

Is that what happens?

In the older days of Wall Street it might. Sometimes in the "curb crowd" a man gets wedged in and has to elbow and hit his way out, but nowadays, if a hundred thousand is lost or won, it is done, as the Bible says, "decently and in order." Of course there is excitement; of course there is noise—but not a marker to what happens at a championship game on the diamond, or when the Army and Navy "root" for their football teams.

As the eye becomes accustomed to the mass of waving figures, it finally rests on some of the groups near the posts—those battle-grounds of 'Change. At each one is gathered a knot of men—not around it, but by the side of it. As the trading increases, the knot may split in two parts—one on either side. Most of them are young men—just a few with white hair; and it would be hard to find a face venerable with whiskers. The old ones want to look young. Their mustaches are closely cropped and their clothes have the jaunty cut of youth.

The knot presses closely about two or three in the centre. These bull brokers and bear brokers form the storm centre of that post. And the rest watch every motion they make and strain the ear for every word that falls from their lips. The men in the storm centre face each other with

"THE CURB," BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

ding on the left with fluted columns is the Stock Exchange. At the corner of Wall Street is seen e classic portico of the Sub-Treasury, on which site stood Federal Hall, where Washington was ugurated.

features tense and strained from the struggle to control their nerve. Between their fingers are grasped little strips of paper and each has a notebook.

Perhaps two or three minutes elapse while the group are apparently talking earnestly but quietly. Up comes a messenger, wriggles himself between or under the outsiders and hands an envelope to one of the central figures. Tearing off the end with a jerk he gives just a glance at the message, and wads it between his fingers. It's his battle order. "A thousand Reading at three fourths," he calls. "Thousand at a half, a thousand at a quarter!" The protectors of the stock crowd more closely about the man with the telegram and before the final word of any offer is spoken, up go their hands and the sale is made. "Five thousand at three quarters!" The stock has dropped a point in less than a minute. The voices grow louder; the little knot increases in size. A bull on the outskirts hurries to the telephone booth. When he returns it has dropped another half point. "Three quarters for a thousand," he calls. "Sold" comes from the bear. "Seven eighths for a thousand." "Sold" is again the answer. But the tide is turned only for a moment. Down it goes again, despite the efforts of its supporters. A dozen hands are in the air at one time shaking in the very faces of the bulls with offers to sell. It is a "bad half-hour" until there comes a lull of a few minutes, which is gladly welcomed by both sides.

Turn to the next post and you see another group battling for and against a "Granger" stock. By another post is a similar scene. Every man on the floor has some sort of memorandum book. As soon as he makes a bid or a sale, his pencil runs rapidly across a page. Perhaps the vastness of the business done on such a day as this can be better realized by reading a line or two at random from those note books. Here is one: "Bo't 2000 Central at 117. Sold 1000 St. Paul at 126." The two together do not take up a page of the book, but they mean the changing hands of securities worth $360,000 as the market stands. No wonder that what occurs in this room may bring prosperity or depression to an entire nation when there are possibly five hundred men doing what this man is doing. No wonder they call this the business nerve-centre of the country!

Yes, there is noise—at times.—what the novelist might call a din; but there is no "mighty roar." The noise comes from the many calls of buyer and seller and the other conversation which is going on around the floor. There is no actual yelling. No one is rushing around like a madman or making what might be called a scene. Brokers are hurrying back and forth between the telegraph and telephone booths and the posts. At times when the bidding is more spirited the crowd at a post sways with the effort which all who are in it make to get nearer the centre. Then some may be jostled and pushed about, but no more so than in the Subway or many other places where they go from day to day. The most excited are usually those who hold the centre; but never do they lose control of themselves so that they forget to book their trades even though they do wave their books under the noses of their opponents.

This is one of the great days in Wall Street. The old-timer tells you that it is one of the "biggest killings" in the history of 'Change. On the floor they have no time to talk about anything but business, but when the clock chime has struck three times, here are some of the comments that are heard in the throng which passes homeward: "They did n't leave the lambs even a wisp of wool." "If there was ever a bear feed, it was to-day." "This beats the record for sheep-shearing."

But in the arena itself are none of the scenes that one might expect when men see the fortunes of a score of years leave their grasp in perhaps an hour. It is a fine display of that nerve which the true American possesses.

If anything is needed to prove the adage that he is "a good loser," a "panic" day in Wall Street is proof enough.

Again look over the floor. Here is a man strolling up and down, hands in pockets, apparently as unconcerned as if pacing the lobby of the hotel with his after-dinner cigar. Over in a corner are two others talking together. They are not smiling, but they might be discussing a mere trifle, to judge by their calm attitude. The messenger-boys, who seem to be about as numerous as the brokers, go from place to place with the same mechanical precision as if it were a hundred-thousand share day in midsummer, and everybody gone to the ball-game or into the country. The men at the posts have no time to go out for luncheon, but munch an apple or a sandwich, selling or buying a thousand dollars at a bite.

It is a game with millions in the balance, but no men ever sat around a poker table and played for a 25 cent corner with less excitement than most of those to whom the toss of a hand in this place may mean the gain or loss of ten thousand for their patrons.

They call this a "panic day" because twelve stocks alone had sold, when the day was over, at ten points less than when it began, and because the two and a half million shares of stock that had changed ownership during the five hours were worth twenty-five million dollars less than when the market opened.

But the man with the watering pot sprinkles the floor just as on other days.

CURB BROKERS IN BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, GIVING ORDERS TO CLERKS AT THE WINDOWS OF THEIR OFFICES

TIRADE À LA CARTE

This is to objurgate that infesting modern microbe,
The picture postal,—
Whether in simple black and white, or in colors stirring the fire-alarm,—
Variously representing *danseuse*, Alpine scenery, smug-faced acquaintance,
Paintings from the old masters, or Brooklyn Bridge,—
Amusing, doubtless, to the postman,
And precious to the asinine collector,
Assembling them in fat and fancy albums,
To be pitilessly inflicted on the squirming casual caller,—
But to those who look for veritable communication, a mockery,
A flippant grin in place of real interchange of thought.

O gracile Spirit of the Cultured Pen,
Who didst inspire those historic epistles,
Long, leisurely and lovable, of Madame de Sévigné,—
The courtly effusions of the elegant Chesterfield,—
The frank and fascinating correspondence of Stevenson,—
How art thou, with thy dignity of phrase and airy charm of quaint conceit,
Completely snowed under!

Think you that the Brownings, Robert and Elizabeth,
Had they lived at the present day,
Would have written those letters, passionate, prolonged,
Laden with love, glittering with Greek,
Riotous with references culled from the classics,
Crowded with casuistry and laments for the languorous lost lap-dog?—
Nay,—but a picture-postal of Thames Embankment would say—very squeezed as to writing:—
"Dear E.—Finished 'Sordello'. Done up. Can't come until Monday. Aff'ly, Robert."
Her reply, in the lee of a hotel at Margate, scalloped with sea-foam,—
"That's tough, Bobby love, —but till death I'm y'rs,—Liza."

Hark! As I write, a sinister knock interrupts me,—
Seven of the highly-colored, hotly-hated horrors are left at my door,
From Warsaw, Oshkosh, Tokio, Hoboken, Mt. Blanc, Ceylon and Quogue, L. I.
Yet when last seen, their senders seemed sane and kind.
The scalding tear of outraged friendship spatters on their luridities.
Thank Heaven, I have an open fire!

KATHARINE PERRY

SISTERS

By GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

MET a lady down at Double Springs," said the younger Miss Meddis, "that earns her livin' a-writin' books. She ain't had my advantages, — an' ne more questions than a ur folks up here. She said knowed as much as I did ntains and the mountain d write a book on it. Of not goin' to write about ool truck as that. Ef I uther when I write—it 's about somethin' worth icked out a description for ro—while I was at Double 'he clerk at the hotel was plected gentleman—I ad- rk skin—for a man. A to be fair, so that you about 'the rose and lily —she glanced ruthlessly at brown face, in tint very than the hazel eyes; "but gives a more stronger ap- or a man to be dark. like to hear what I've

ıe? Would Alabama like ething in which this trying loved charge of hers inter- lf? She dropped down on p with a basket of snap h she was stringing for Read it, honey," she said 'Hit 's obliged to be fine te it." Like many rural sisters fell into the folk ıeir neighbors in conversa- h in writing both would orrect English.

s of a country school- se two lived alone on the farm which came from their mother. Money had been found to send the younger sister, Tennessee, for half a term to a Female Seminary; just as Alabama had saved enough to let her go for a few weeks to the little valley watering-place, from which she had returned, gratifyingly improved in health and spirits, and with the bold design of writing a book.

Long ago, when Garret Meddis was dying in his own dilatory fashion, and Alabama tended the crop and taught the school in his place, she used to try to get Tennie to read to the sick man. But the petted younger sister would gallop through a chapter in The Book and propose "The Forsaken Bride" or some kindred romance, and it usually ended by Alabama's finding her pitiful old invalid in tears, and Tennie in a temper.

A course of these tales showed their effect in the production which she now proceeded to read to her edified sister. But it was Alabama's first taste of fiction; and she found it both wonderful and delightful. Troubled a little to reconcile it with her conscience that the statements were not facts, she strove persistently but vainly to pin the glowing and rather loose periods down to her own experience.

"Did you ever see any gentleman that wore red velvet clothes?" she inquired timidly. "An' them there boots an' spurs you name—they don't wear that kind in the Turkey Tracks. How about the long red feather in his hat?—It appears to me that would look right curious—on a man person."

"You don't understand," fretted Tennie. "This ain't goin' to be a story about Turkey Track folks; it 's goin' to be about—about Eyetalians,

more 'n a hundred an' fifty years ago."

"Oh," murmured Alabama, impressed but not convinced. "That 'd be mighty fine, ef you knowed anything about them times an' people; but, honey child, ef I was you I 'd start on something easier—more near at hand, as a body may say."

"Well, ef I don't know about them times, I reckon they hain't nobody can correct me," reasoned Tennessee, with considerable force. "The folks that lived then is all dead now, ain't they?"

Alabama agreed with a silent nod of that well-formed head of hers, upon which the crisply curling nut-brown hair was her sole positive beauty. "I reckon you 're right," she said finally; "but 'pears like hit 'd be better for some o' them young Eyetalians to write out the tales that their grandpappies told 'em. Don't you mind what fine tales Grandpap Vineyard used to tell us? Could n't you write out one of them?"

"I could ef I 'd a mind to," snapped the younger sister. "You just set yo'se'f agin me in everything, till I wisht I was dead. That lady at Double Springs says she 's goin' to send down one o' her literary friends to spend the summer here next year. I thought ef I had my book done by that time—but there, what do you care? All you want is to fatten your shoats, an' put up pork an' raise corn. Sometimes it don't seem like to me that we are made of the same flesh an' blood."

The beans were all strung, snapped into dainty little green lengths and ready for the pot. Alabama rose abruptly, pan in hand. The injustice of the attack hurt for a moment; then she looked at the weak blue eyes full of tears, and her own dark orbs softened very beautifully. "Nemmine, honey," she said, speaking as though to a sulky child, "you tell sister what all you want for the writin' out o' your book, and sister 'll go down to the sto' an' trade for it to-morrow. Sister 's proud to he'p yo' fine work."

A spare, brown, bright-eyed woman was Alabama, with a humorous, thin mouth, and a disposition to silence. The younger sister was still pretty in a faded fashion, and, as her chances for love and marriage seemed to be slipping by, the elder tried more and more to make up to her for a fate which was lamentable mainly because Tennie thought so. Alabama made a trip to Hepzibah; indeed, she soon made many trips upon behalf of the tragedy of "Ugo of the Black Hand," which now absorbed all of Tennie's feeble forces. The elder sister learned to be a good judge of lead pencils. More, she conquered the art of bringing them to an exquisite point. She got down dusty schoolbooks from the shelf and analyzed, parsed and disciplined sentences of hazy meaning, unostentatiously whipping them within grammatical lines.

Then ensued doings which furnished a much-needed staple of conversation to the mountainside.

"Writin' a book!" snorted Grandmother Vineyard, whose mountain eyrie commanded the home of the sisters, as it the valley. "Alabama has done agreed to the foolishness, an' what 's the fruits of it? They tell me Tennie never puts her back to the bed till after ten o'clock; git up in the mornin' she will not; an' she feels herself better than ary human in the two Turkey Tracks. She looks down on Ally like they was n't born of the same father an' mother. Well, Alabama and both parents sot in to make a fool o' her from the start. The Lord havin' been ahead of 'em on the job, never turned 'em back. They allus muched her an' praised her fer doin' things 'bout half-way as good as Ally done 'em. Her ma used to bresh that sorter yaller hair o' hern—sorrel, I call hit—'round pieces o' cornstalk an' wrap 'em with rags o' mornings, tell I vow I could n't look at the young 'un an' keep a straight face. But in the evenin' she 'd have a head o' curls; an' Ally would go without her dinner but what there was blue ribbons to tie in 'em, an' shoes fer her big flat feet—look like she run more to hands

ı ary child I ever did see."
ıie, now, were the new-
ved. For Tennie was the
ıff the brindled cow; and
elder sister devoted many
:o seeking that very neces-
t of their table, she never
since Tennie must work
of a night and should not
d by the cow-bell in the

s not for Tennie that the
hollyhocks and dahlias
ated in the grassy front
ving things were a passion
na; she loved them, and
her again with a riot of
lor and color, that graced
's door-stone. As for the
he cow-bell—and similar
ıe very present sense of
h that dry half-smile on
face bespoke, saved the
ır her. It should have
ıeart to hear Tennie, after
fices that had been made
ɔof, peevishly assert that
ld write a book in such
s, with such a companion.
ıve broken her heart; but
ıecause of this saving salt
Without formulating it
ealized the absurdity of
ontent and her sister's
ı.
ife having been unevent-
y ran, by the law of contra-
ɔwded canvas of intrigue,
ıck and alarm. Through
nter, when the great fire
ıts filled the living-room
as well as warmth, the
t forward. New-laid eggs
ı get now, but the frame of
t be nourished, and Ala-
into this and similar en-
passion of interest which
ıt maintain in "Ugo of the
l." An active farmer as
ewife, always up with the
Alabama furnished an all
audience for the midnight
ɔm the new book which
d were Tennie's delight.
he word delight should be
ıen one speaks of Tennie
Meddis and her book. She brought forth the tale with even more of the usual travailing than the muse is apt to demand. "'Pears like to me, ef I was in yo' place, honey child," the elder used to remonstrate, "I 'd take up with something mo' cheerfuller." But Tennessee wept and wrote, and wrote and wept, undeterred by such commonplace advice.

Alabama sometimes closed her tired eyes—"I'm not asleep, honey; jest you go on readin'," she would murmur—and curious visions which took the form now of rhyme, and now of impossibly beautiful prose, thronged upon her brain. The stilted vaporings of "Ugo of the Black Hand" swam far away, and glamor of red firelight on smoke-stained rafter and brown side-wall painted a tapestry, homely yet gorgeous for the heart that could interpret it.

Taxed with her somnolence, peevishly chidden, the elder sister would sit primly erect for ten minutes, gazing unwinkingly into the glowing coals. Again would come that transmutation, the lachrymose windings of the heroine's despair in poor Tennie's Italian novel failed to hold the mind stored with all a poet's lore from field and stream. The coals arranged themselves into scenes long forgotten; the babble of Tennie's ineffectual voice measured itself to metre, and songs of the long ago went jingling through the graceful brown head.

"Alabama! You 're not listening any more than a statute," the authoress would complain. "I hain't got a soul to sympathize with me. But I 'm bound to write a book to sell, even if you lay down smack in the middle of the floor an' go to sleep every time I open my mouth."

And Alabama would explain, with carefully smothered yawns, that much work in the open air had left her too sleepy to appreciate the best pieces in the reader—"ef *any*body was to set in an' read 'em to me, when I feel this-a-way."

Yet as spring drew on—and spring in the mountains is a goddess and not a fairy,—as Alabama was in the open

more and more, under the sky that she loved so well that she would not put sun-bonnet or hat between her head and it, as "Ugo of the Black Hand" swam frigidly to its close, like a great slippery iceberg bumping down the Gulf Stream, the formless aspirations in the soul of the elder sister grew too strong to be resisted. Feeble Tennie was doing all the dreadful things to her wicked people which absolutely flabby souls dream of because they dare not strike even the smallest blow for the right. Alabama, cheerful creature that she was, yearned now and then to take the villains of the tale and clap their heads together. She was restrained from expressing any such desire by the fact that she would have had almost as much satisfaction in thus disposing of the hero and heroine. Upon one of her trips to the store for material, she bought two small composition books, such as children use in school, carried them to her own room, where now a little table stood with pen, ink and paper for the copying of the great novel.

Sitting down and surveying these small books with a child's delight in so much good, unspoilt writing paper which she might cover with any words she chose, she labelled one—she could afford to be reckless since nobody was ever to see it—"Joke-Book." In this she meant to set down everything which struck her fancy as funny. It was to be read over for relief when Tennie was running her work upon the shoals of tragedy. The other book she reserved for a diary, and marked it accordingly. Yet, as the wide, fairly ruled pages filled slowly, the second was more like a naturalist's year-book than anything else. And the joke-book developed a thread of continuity, while its terse, unforced utterance had a flavor of the Elizabethan writers: indeed, she drew her inspiration solely from sources which these writers knew.

Alabama had always been a close and fond observer of the small animal and vegetable life of wood and field. She loved to live in the blue pavilions which nature spreads for those who join her household; and now, "Ugo of the Black Hand" drove her afield more than ever. Behind the barn a big meadow, which she was letting lie fallow for a year or two before putting in corn, dipped to a delightful hollow where a wet-weather spring bubbled up after every rain, and where some rare bog plants might be found.

These secret little books were a reproduction of Alabama's life—her own unhampered, unembarrassed, spontaneous statement of her world; and her delighted pencil, here set at liberty,—that pencil so used to "laying out" quilt and embroidery patterns,—flung lightly over the margins, and sifted here and there through the text itself, little sketches—a vagrant shower of leaf, bud and blossom, a big fat bumble-bee, a brisk lizard, a swarm of tiny butterflies,—all slightly conventionalized as primitive workers usually make them, but quaintly attractive.

As for the joke-book, it throve most when there was most need of it. When Tennie's lily heroine was at last brought face to face with her brave lover, when she gave utterance to a few enigmatic remarks, then perversely placed herself under the protection of the villain, and the pair set off on a new round of perfectly senseless misunderstandings, Alabama fled to her joke-book as to sanctuary.

"Looks like the stuff I put down in here is mighty foolish," she would murmur, with that dry half-smile which was not grudging but only modest. "It appears as if I would hardly have the face to set and write such things with the same pen I use to copy Tennie's book. But folks is various in this world, and when they ain't nothing left to laugh at—well, I want to die."

When the literary friend of the New York lady who had been at Double Springs appeared in the Turkey Tracks, it was a gentleman, and not—as the Meddis sisters had somehow expected—a lady. He drove up from the Springs in a vehicle which

ner called a hack, and he found
ay to the Meddis farm without
rouble, for the fact that Tennie
is was writing a book had been
ighly canvassed upon the moun-
le. Not that anybody was
ssed by it—your true moun-
r is hard to impress; but it was
hing out of the common to talk
, and, as such, welcome to
who seem never to have any
which interfere with their op-
ities for conversation.
ckon you hearn in New York
Tennie Meddis's book," haz-
the lank driver of the

gentleman assented, without
that he got his information
lady who had summered at
Springs and who confided
's project to him as a delightful

e Hathaway was, indeed, a
for an Eastern publisher; but
on behalf of his own literary
that he meant to study these
and this life. His arrival
"Ugo of the Black Hand" at its
seventh chapter—and still in-
te. Most of the original char-
had been killed off, and a new
d taken their places. Tennie
was thrown into a tremendous
by the advent of the newcomer.
na had him seated in the porch
ready served with a gourd of
l spring water before the poor
younger sister came trembling
She held the card of the lady
New York in her hand—Mr.
way had given it to Alabama
t of introduction.
," she panted, "Mrs. Moulton
u to see my book, did n't she?
in a big hurry, seems like to
uerulously. "I told her in my
ter it was n't done."
word "it" came out with the
t breath of an aspirate; and
Hathaway noted it, alertly.
did n't say 'hit,'" he made
record; "but she showed that
been in the habit of doing so.
e need only go back to Chaucer
it in the highest circles. She
may have written something worth
while."

She had given him a clammy hand
and seated herself, quivering in every
muscle, in the chair opposite. "I
don't know why the public won't let
an author have time to finish a book,"
she complained rather unnecessarily.
"I think it puts out the fire of genius
to be hurried up. I 'm sure I 've
worked awful hard all winter on my
book, and yet I feel as if I needed
a month more."

"Mr. Hathaway ain't goin' to try
to take your book away from you
before you 're done with it," com-
mented Alabama, with one of her
shrewd, humorous glances, for which
the man from New York could have
thanked her. "I reckon they 's a
plenty o'books bein' written by folks
in the North, an' that the people
will jest hold on to their patience
till you make up another set o' char-
acters an' kill 'em off again, in 'Ugo
of the Black Hand,'"

"Is that the name?" asked the
city man, rather brusquely.

"The entitlement of my book is
'The Tragedy of Ugo of the Black
Hand,'" replied Tennie impressively.

"Yes," nodded Hathaway. "Yes
—oh, yes"; adding, in a tone of
relief, "but it 's not done."

"I 've done finished eighty-seb'm
chapters, and they 's eighty-fo' copied.
I 'm only goin' to let you take the
pieces that 's done copied. I 'm
mighty apt to put mo' in the others
befo' I 'm done with 'em. I often
have ideas for my book right in the
middle of the night, and I get up and
put 'em down." She glanced side-
wise to see if her visitor seemed im-
pressed. He looked even more than
that.

"Oh, yes—take them with me—to
be sure. But would n't it be better
for me to just look the 'stuff' over
here first? I can do so while I 'm
waiting for the dinner Miss Meddis
was kind enough to say she would
give me."

"Stuff"—"the stuff"! Tennie was
restrained from sweeping haughtily
through the door and leaving the

literary man from New York crushed, only by the fact that her knees had suddenly given way, and she was afraid to rise, much less attempt to walk. Besides, she doubted very much that he would be crushed. She sat where she was and saw, as in a dream, Alabama slip into the house and come back with a trim pile of neatly written sheets.

The size of the stack was formidable; Hathaway was evidently taken aback; yet when he had lifted the blank upper sheet he turned to the younger sister gently with the comment, "You write a nice, plain hand, Miss Meddis—quite equal to typing."

Tennie's dry lips moved to say that Alabama had copied the sheets, but no sound came; and since Ally herself did not make the statement, it remained unspoken.

Soft airs dropped low in Alabama's garden, frolicked through the smoke-white wreaths of traveller's joy, made friends with the ragged robins, bachelor's buttons and homely marigolds; stole spicy odors from southernwood, thyme and old man, and stirred the quilled, cushiony heads of scentless, flame-tinted dahlias. They shook and nudged the tall weeping Marys by the fence, till they leaned toward the hollyhocks for support. In the blue above—there seems to be more sky in the mountains than elsewhere—great, white cloud-ships were sailing past. In the middle of the porch sat Bruce Hathaway, plain, quiet, elderly, but urban to his finger-tips. On either side of him a country-woman, past youth, regarded his practised fingers as they shuffled the sheets, and his thoughtful, pale face as he read a sentence here and there.

Alabama's vicarious anxiety was as much greater than that of the younger woman as her nature was stronger, more intense. Tennie grasped the arms of her chair with pale, heavy, knuckled hands, and gazed eagerly, wondering how much money this man was likely to give her for her book, and whether she might not demand a small sum in advance.

Suddenly Hathaway raised his head, and looked kindly but rather keenly at the authoress. His clear, practical voice, low-pitched, yet with the wire edge which city competition puts upon men's tones, cut sharply across the listeners' nerves.

"You 've read a good many novels similar to this?"

Tennessee scarcely knew whether to say yes or no. She compromised by nodding silently.

"What put it into your head to write it?" came the next blunt query.

"I—I have a need for the money. And Mrs. Moulton—a lady at Double Springs—she said to me that she earned her living by writing books."

"Exactly," agreed Hathaway. "She does. But she writes of what she knows. This work certainly shows industry—application." (Oh, but whose industry—whose application? How many new-laid eggs, coaxed from reluctant hens by Alabama, how many nights of self-sacrificing labor upon her part, had gone to make the monstrosity!) The elder sister's fine face relaxed a bit. Her toil-hardened little brown hands unclasped in her lap. Hathaway's commendation appealed to her. She nodded. He was going on:

"But this sort of thing, my dear lady, is not what you want to do. I venture to guess that you have never been to Italy—not even abroad; and here you are writing of Rome in the seventeenth century! Take something you are familiar with; begin with just a short story of your own mountains; use upon it this same industry—you 've got lots of practice. That would be a chance to make some legitimate success."

The scalding flood of rage and scorn which these well-meant words dashed upon poor Tennie's swollen and sensitive vanity nerved her to reply.

"Yo 're a stranger, suh, an' as sech I reckon yo' to be excused for hintin' that one o' the Meddises would even herself to be familiar with—much less write about—the poor common trash that lives around us here in the mountains. If anybody can find

g interesting in such as that—
them write it. I don't see
o of the Black Hand' is better
ts of stories that I 've read
. I should certainly wait and
e advice of some gentleman
s bringing out books of that
fore I made up my mind to

on the heels of this speech
ıchieved the haughty exit she
sted after earlier in the inter-
labama followed, to comfort
th a murmured apology to
ay, and the explanation that
t go and see about the dinner.
she came back to announce
: meal was ready she found
ıce city man humped in his
ıis shoulders shaking. He
ıp, at her step, flushed, his
hair genially tousled where he
ently run his fingers through
ıoisture of merriment still in
, clear eyes.
', this is capital—it 's rich!"
l out, before she could address
Why did n't you show me
first? They 're worthy candi-
ıopeful stuff. Any publisher
ant them."
Alabama saw that he was
her two little blank-books
his near-sighted eyes, the
ıpermost.
ıe are genuine—they 're full
," he said, patting the lean
lumes tenderly. "They only
little making ready for the
and——"
ma made a silent snatch at
cs, which she realized she had
ently brought out on the
of the pile of manuscript.
ay, amazed, evaded her clutch,
the books up to him.
ınt to take them with me," he
d. "They need a little look-
—but I 'm sure the house will
o make you an offer——"
h! Tennie must n't hear. No
on't take them books! Hers
rst."
—ch, these are your work?"
ulated in surprise. Then
ıarply, "My dear Miss Meddis,
this is n't a game, with 'first goes.'
It 's business. I should say there
was money and reputation for the
author of these. Your sister's book
is unmitigated——"

"Hush!" repeated the woman,
fiercely. "Tennie an' me is sisters.
I 've been like a mother to her all my
life. She 's all I 've got. But that
ain't it—I 'm all *she 's* got. She
never had no beau—the Lord knows
why, pretty as she is, an' sech pretty
ways an' all. Ef this book ain't print-
ed it 'll nigh-about kill her. I ain't
willin' to succeed whar she fails."

"But this is—this is nonsense!"
said Hathaway, exasperated. "I 'll
not call the book trash again if it
hurts your feelings—but you know
what it is. And you—why, my dear
woman, you have genius. Your stuff
has the flavor of a classic. You must
not sacrifice——"

Alabama advanced resolutely, and
laid forcible hands on the little vol-
umes. "Ef God has been so good to
me as to make me—what you said—I
must be the more keen to do His
will. Don't you speak another word
—not a word! Tennie 's comin'. I 'll
burn these books of mine ef you tell
her what you just told me about
hern. An' I 'll sell the farm to git
money for to pay you to print her
book."

"My dear madam, I can't—we
don't—that is, you know—" began
Hathaway, when Tennie burst out
onto the porch, both hands clutched
full of loose manuscript sheets, her
cheeks red and her eyes unwontedly
bright.

"Sell the farm to git this hyer old
book printed!" she cried shrilly.
"Well, ye won't sell my part or po'-
tion, Alabama Meddis. Pay to git
my book printed! *Pay!*"

Her scorn would have done credit
to an arrived author. Alabama went
to her and attempted to push her
into a chair.

"Nemmine, honey," she coaxed.
"Mr. Hathaway an' me was jest a-
havin' a little business talk. Sister's
willin' for to spend whatever 's
needed."

"Well, then, spend hit on my weddin' clothes," exploded Tennie. "I never would 'a' tried to write the old book 'ceppin' that I—the clerk at the hotel—the dark complected gentleman—I—I tried to name it to you, but you 're sech a cur'ous somebody, an' hit run on—him a writin' to me—tell we 's promised an' I wanted money for my settin' out."

Alabama looked at her helplessly, and regardless of the stranger's presence, Tennie began to cry.

"Thar," she said, "I ain't so awful old! I could n't he'p it that you never thought about it's bein' love troubles, an' jest would n't suppose nothin' but that 't was the werrisome old book kept me awake nights. I could n't bear for to ast a sheer out o' what 's here. Hit won't sca'cely keep you when I 'm gone—let alone me takin' anything from you."

Then did Mr. Bruce Hathaway, of the firm of Ross, Armitage & Hathaway, rise to the occasion.

"Miss Meddis," he said suavely, "I am sure my House would be glad to make you a small advance on those manuscripts you have there, unless" —with twinkling eyes—"you prefer to burn them."

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

VI

SPECIALISM

IT is a very curious thing to reflect how often an old platitude or axiom retains its vitality, long after the conditions which gave it birth have altered, and it no longer represents a truth. It would not matter if such platitudes only lived on dustily in vapid and ill-furnished minds, like the vases of milky-green opaque glass, decorated with golden stars, that were the joy of Early Victorian chimney-pieces, and now hold spills in the second-best spare bedroom. But, like the psalmist's enemies, platitudes live and are mighty. They remain, and, alas! they have the force of arguments in the minds of sturdy, unreflective men who describe themselves as plain, straightforward people, and whose opinions carry weight in a community whose feelings are swayed by the statements of successful men rather than by the conclusions of reasonable men.

One of these pernicious platitudes is the statement that everyone ought to know something about everything and everything about something. It has a speciously epigrammatic air about it, dazzling enough to persuade the common-sense person that it is an intellectual judgment.

As a matter of fact, under present conditions, it represents an impossible and even undesirable ideal. A man who tried to know something about everything would end in knowing very little about anything; and the most exhaustive programme that could be laid down for the most erudite of *savants* nowadays would be that he should know anything about anything, while the most resolute of specialists must be content with knowing something about something.

A well-informed friend told me, the other day, the name and date of a man who, he said, could be described

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person who knew practi-
hing at his date that was
wing. I have forgotten
me and the date and the
told me, but I believe
earned man in question
nal in the sixteenth cen-
the present time, the
f the accumulation of
and the multiplication of
very serious one indeed.
ver, morbid to allow it
e mind. Like all insolu-
s, it will solve itself in a
ious that the people who
wonder that anyone could
oubted what the solution
ist as the problem of the
the world's stock of coal
ot be solved in some per-
e fashion.

m in question is generally
an educational formula
of giving everyone what
sound general education.
robably one of the con-
auses which account for
chaos of curricula. All
held to be so important,
ubject is thought by its
be so peculiarly adapted
nal stimulus, that a reso-
n of subjects, which is the
y, is not attempted; and
the victim of educational
n the predicament of the
ed by Dr. Johnson who
nake up his mind which
reeches he would put his
st. Meanwhile, said the
h a directness of speech
ires to be palliated, the
vestiture is suspended.

practical result of the di-
e rise of specialism. The
d and the specialist rules.
sting to try to trace the
is revolution upon our
ure.

ave no desire whatever
the cudgels against the
they are a harmless and
ce, so long as they are
eir limitations. But the
an oligarchy is the worst
nny, because it means the
triumph of an average over individuals, whereas the worst that can be said of a despotism is that it is the triumph of an individual over an average. The tyranny of the specialistic oligarchy is making itself felt to-day, and I should like to fortify the revolutionary spirit of liberty, whose boast it is to detest tyranny in all its forms, whether it is the tyranny of an enlightened despot, or the tyranny of a virtuous oligarchy, or the tyranny of an intelligent democracy.

The first evil which results from the rule of the specialist is the destruction of the *amateur*. So real a fact is the tyranny of the specialist that the very word "amateur," which means a leisurely lover of fine things, is beginning to be distorted into meaning an inefficient performer. As an instance of its correct and idiomatic use, I often think of the delightful landlord whom Stevenson encountered somewhere, and upon whom he pressed some Burgundy which he had with him. The generous host courteously refused a second glass, saying, "You see I am an amateur of these things, and I am capable of leaving you not sufficient." Now, I shall concern myself here principally with literature, because, in England at all events, literature plays the largest part in general culture. It may be said that we owe some of the best literature we have to amateurs. To contrast a few names, taken at random, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson, de Quincey, Tennyson, and Carlyle were professionals, it is true; but, on the other hand, Milton, Gray, Boswell, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Shelley, Browning, and Ruskin were amateurs. It is not a question of how much a man writes or publishes; it is a question of the spirit in which a man writes. Walter Scott became a professional in the last years of his life, and for the noblest of reasons; but he also became a bad writer. A good pair to contrast are Southey and Coleridge. They began as amateurs. Southey became a professional writer, and his sun set

in the mists of valuable information. Coleridge, as an amateur, enriched the language with a few priceless poems, and then got involved in the morass of dialectical metaphysics. The point is whether a man writes simply because he cannot help it, or whether he writes to make an income. The latter motive does not by any means prevent his doing first-rate artistic work—indeed, there are certain persons who seem to have required the stimulus of necessity to make them break through an initial indolence of nature. When Johnson found fault with Gray for having times of the year when he wrote more easily, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, he added that a man could write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it. True, no doubt! But to write doggedly is not to court favourable conditions for artistic work. It may be a finer sight for a moralist to see a man performing an appointed task heavily and faithfully, with grim tenacity, than it is to see an artist in a frenzy of delight dashing down an overpowering impression of beauty; but what has always hampered the British appreciation of literature is that we cannot disentangle the moral element from it; we are interested in morals, not in art, and we require a dash of optimistic piety in all writing that we propose to enjoy.

The real question is whether, if a man sets himself doggedly to work, the appetite comes with eating, and whether the caged bird begins to flutter its wings, and to send out the song that it learnt in the green heart of the wood. When Byron said that easy writing made d—d hard reading, he meant that careless conception and hasty workmanship tend to blurr the pattern and the colour of work. The fault of the amateur is that he can make the coat, but cannot be bothered to make it fit. But it is not by any means true that hard writing makes easy reading. The spirit of the amateur is the spirit of the lover, who trembles at the thought that the delicate creature he loves may learn to love him in return, if he can but praise her worthily. The professional spirit is the spirit in which a man carefully and courteously wooes an elderly spinster for the sake of her comfortable fortune. The amateur has an irresponsible joy in his work; he is like the golfer who dreams of mighty drives, and practises "putting" on his back-lawn: the professional writer gives his solid hours to his work in a conscientious spirit, and is glad in hours of freedom to put the tiresome business away. Yet neither the amateur nor the professional can hope to capture the spirit of art by joy or faithfulness. It is a kind of divine felicity, when all is said and done, the kindly gift of God.

Now into this free wild world of art and literature and music comes the specialist and pegs out his claim, fencing out the amateur, who is essentially a rambler, from a hundred eligible situations. In literature this is particularly the case: the amateur is told by the historian that he must not intrude upon history; that history is a science, and not a province of literature; that the time has not come to draw any conclusions or to summarise any tendencies; that picturesque narrative is an offence against the spirit of Truth; that no one is as black or as white as he is painted; and that to trifle with history is to commit a sin compounded of the sin of Ananias and Simon Magus. The amateur runs off, his hands over his ears, and henceforth hardly dares even to read history, to say nothing of writing it. Perhaps I draw too harsh a picture, but the truth is that I did, as a very young man, with no training except that provided by a sketchy knowledge of the classics, once attempt to write an historical biography. I shudder to think of my method and equipment; I skipped the dull parts, I left all tiresome documents unread. It was a sad farrago of enthusiasm and levity and heady writing. But Jove's thunder rolled and the bolt fell. A just man, whom I have never quite forgiven, to tell

the truth, told me with unnecessary rigour and acrimony that I had made a pitiable exhibition of myself. But I have thanked God ever since, for I turned to literature pure and simple.

Then, too, it is the same with art-criticism; here the amateur again, who, poor fool, is on the look-out for what is beautiful, is told that he must not meddle with art unless he does it seriously, which means that he must devote himself mainly to the study of inferior masterpieces, and schools, and tendencies. In literature it is the same; he must not devote himself to reading and loving great books, he must disentangle influences; he must discern the historical importance of writers, worthless in themselves, who form important links. In theology and in philosophy it is much the same; he must not read the Bible and say what he feels about it; he must unravel Rabbinical and Talmudic tendencies; he must acquaint himself with the heretical leanings of a certain era, and the shadow cast upon the page by apocryphal tradition. In philosophy he is still worse off, because he must plumb the depths of metaphysical jargon and master the criticism of methods.

Now, this is in a degree both right and necessary, because the blind must not attempt to lead the blind; but it is treating the whole thing in too strictly scientific a spirit, for all that. The misery of it is that the work of the specialist in all these regions tends to set a hedge about the law; it tends to accumulate and perpetuate a vast amount of inferior work. The result of it is in literature, for instance, that an immense amount of second-rate and third-rate books go on being reprinted; and instead of the principle of selection being applied to great authors, and their inferior writings being allowed to lapse into oblivion, they go on being reissued, not because they have any direct value for the human spirit, but because they have a scientific importance from the point of view of development. Yet for the ordinary human being it is far more important that he should read great masterpieces in a spirit of lively and enthusiastic sympathy, than that he should wade into them through a mass of archæological and philological detail. As a boy I used to have to prepare, on occasions, a play of Shakespeare for a holiday task. I have regarded certain plays with a kind of horror ever since, because one ended by learning up the introduction, which concerned itself with the origin of the play, and the notes which illustrated the meaning of such words as "kerns and gallow-glasses," and left the action and the poetry and the emotion of the play to take care of themselves. This was due partly to the blighting influence of examination-papers set by men of sterile, conscientious brains, but partly to the terrible value set by British minds upon correct information. The truth really is that if one begins by caring for a work of art, one also cares to understand the medium through which it is conveyed; but if one begins by studying the medium first, one is apt to end by loathing the masterpiece, because of the dusty apparatus that it seems liable to collect about itself.

The result of the influence of the specialist upon literature is that the amateur, hustled from any region where the historical and scientific method can be applied, turns his attention to the field of pure imagination, where he cannot be interfered with. And this, I believe, is one of the reasons why *belles lettres* in the more precise sense tend to be deserted in favour of fiction. Sympathetic and imaginative criticism is so apt to be stamped upon by the erudite, who cry out so lamentably over errors and minute slips, that the novel seems to be the only safe vantage-ground in which the *littérateur* may disport himself.

But if the specialist is to the amateur what the hawk is to the dove, let us go further, and in a spirit of love, like Mr. Chadband, inquire what is the effect of specialism on the mind of the specialist. I have had the opportunity of meeting many special-

ists, and I say unhesitatingly that the effect largely depends upon the natural temperament of the individual. As a general rule, the great specialist is a wise, kindly, humble, delightful man. He perceives that, though he has spent his whole life upon a subject or a fraction of a subject, he knows hardly anything about it compared to what there is to know. The track of knowledge glimmers far ahead of him, rising and falling like a road over solitary downs. He knows that it will not be given to him to advance very far upon the path, and he half envies those who shall come after, to whom many things that are dark mysteries to himself will be clear and plain. But he sees, too, how the dim avenues of knowledge reach out in every direction, interlacing and combining, and when he contrasts the tiny powers of the most subtle brain with all the wide range of law—for the knowledge which is to be, not invented, but simply discovered, is all assuredly there, secret and complex as it seems,—there is but little room for complacency or pride. Indeed, I think that a great *savant*, as a rule, feels that instead of being separated by this store of knowledge as by a wide space that he has crossed from smaller minds, he is brought closer to the ignorant by the presence of the vast unknown. Instead of feeling that he has soared like a rocket away from the ground, he thinks of himself rather as a flower might think whose head was an inch or two higher than a great company of similar flowers; he has perhaps a wider view; he sees the bounding hedgerow, the distant line of hills, whereas the humbler flower sees little but a forest of stems and blooms, with the light falling dimly between.

And a great *savant*, too, is far more ready to credit other people with a wider knowledge than they possess. It is the lesser kind of *savant*, the man of one book, of one province, of one period, who is inclined to think that he is differentiated from the crowd. The great man is far too much preoccupied with real progress to waste time and energy in showing up the mistakes of others. It is the lesser kind of *savant*, jealous of his own reputation, anxious to show his superiority, who loves to censure and deride the feebler brother. If one ever sees a relentless and pitiless review of a book—an exposure, as it is called, by one specialist of another's work—one may be fairly certain that the critic is a minute kind of person.

Again, the great specialist is never anxious to obtrude his subject; he is rather anxious to hear what is going on in other regions of mental activity, regions which he would like to explore but cannot. It is the lesser light that desires to dazzle and bewilder his company, to tyrannise, to show off. It is the most difficult thing to get a great *savant* to talk about his subject, though, if he is kind and patient, will answer unintelligent questions, and help a feeble mind along, it is one of the most delightful things in the world. I seized the opportunity some little while ago, on finding myself sitting next to a great physicist, of asking him a series of fumbling questions on the subject of modern theories of matter. For an hour I stumbled like a child, supported by a strong hand, in a dim and unfamiliar world, among the mysterious essences of things. I should like to try to reproduce it here, but I have no doubt I should reproduce it all wrong. Still, it was deeply inspiring to look out into chaos, to hear the rush and motion of atoms, moving in vast vortices, to learn that inside the hardest and most inpenetrable of substances there was probably a feverish intensity of inner motion. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep draughts of wonder and awe. The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was infinitely gentle, and left me, I will say, far more conscious of the beauty and the holiness of knowledge. I said something to him about the sense of power that such knowledge must give. "Ah!" he said, "much of what

d you is not proved, it is cted. We are very much k about these things yet. f a physicist of a hundred e could overhear me, he amazed to think that a an could make such puerile . Power—no, it is not rather makes one realise eness in being so uncertain ngs that are absolutely d precise in themselves, l but see the truth. It is e like the apostle who said elieve; help Thou my unhe thing one wonders at age of the men who dare ey *know*."

gion I own that I dread and tyranny of the specialist, s the region of metaphysigious speculation. People e themselves in this form tion are apt to be told gians and metaphysicians ought to acquaint themh the trend of theologiietaphysical criticism. It ne like telling people that not ascend mountains unre accompanied by guides studied the history of preits. "Yes," the professional is just what I mean; it is ardiness to attempt these aces unless you know exyou are about."

I reply that no one is o up hills, but that everyeflects at all is confronted s and philosophical proball have to live, and we re or less experts in life. considers the infinite imo every human spirit of ems, and when one further ow very little theologians ophers have ever effected ection of enlightening us bject of life, the problem d evil, the preservation of ter death, the question of and free-will—surely, to silence people on these cause they have not had a aining is nothing more than an attempt wilfully to suppress evidence on these points. The only way in which it may be possible to arrive at the solution of these things is to know how they appeal to and affect normal minds. I would rather hear the experience of a life-long sufferer on the problem of pain, or of a faithful lover on the mystery of love, or of a poet on the influence of natural beauty, or of an unselfish and humble saint on the question of faith in the unseen, than the evidence of the most subtle theologian or metaphysician in the world. Many of us, if we are specialists in nothing else, are specialists in life; we have arrived at a point of view; some particular aspect of things has come home to us with a special force; and what really enriches the hope and faith of the world is the experience of candid and sincere persons. The specialist has often had no time or opportunity to observe life; all he has observed is the thought of other secluded persons, persons whose view has been both narrow and conventional, because they have not had the opportunity of correcting their traditional pre-conceptions by life itself.

I call, with all the earnestness that I can muster, upon all intelligent, observant, speculative people, who have felt the problems of life weigh heavily upon them, not to be dismayed by the disapproval of technical students, but to come forward and tell us what conclusions they have formed. The work of the trained specialist is essentially, in religion and philosophy, a negative work. He can show us how erroneous beliefs which coloured the minds of men at certain ages and eras grew up. He can show us what can be disregarded, as being only the conventional belief of the time; he can indicate, for instance, how a false conception of supernatural interference with natural law grew up in an age when, for want of trained knowledge, facts seemed fortuitous occurrences which were really conditioned by natural laws. The poet and the idealist make and cast abroad the great vital ideas, which the

specialist picks up and analyses. But we must not stop at analysis; we want positive progress as well. We want people to tell us, candidly and simply, how their own soul grew, how it cast off conventional beliefs, how it justified itself in being hopeful or the reverse. There never was a time when more freedom of thought and expression was conceded to the individual. A man is no longer socially banned for being heretical, schismatic, or liberal-minded. I want people to say frankly what real part spiritual agencies or religious ideas have played in their lives, whether such agencies and ideas have modified their conduct, or have been modified by their inclinations and habits. I long to know a thousand things about my fellow-men—how they bear pain, how they confront the prospect of death, the hopes by which they live, the fears that overshadow them, the stuff of their lives, the influence of their emotions. It has long been thought, and it is still thought by many narrow precisians, indelicate and egotistical to do this. And the result is that we can find in books all the things that do not matter, while the thoughts that are of deep and vital interest are withheld.

Such books as Montaigne's "Essays," Rousseau's "Autobiography," Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters," Mrs. Oliphant's "Memoirs," the "Autobiography" of B. R. Haydon, to name but a few books that come into my mind, are the sort of books that I crave for, because they are books in which one sees right into the heart and soul of another. Men can confess to a book what they cannot confess to a friend. Why should it be necessary to veil this essence of humanity in the dreary melodrama, the trite incident of a novel or a play? Things in life do not happen as they happen in novels or plays. Oliver Twist, in real life, does not get accidentally adopted by his grandfather's oldest friend, and commit his sole burglary in the house of his aunt. We do not want life to be transplanted into trim garden-plots: we want to see it at home, as it grows in all its native wildness, on the one hand, and to know the idea, the theory, the principle that underlie it, on the other. How few of us there are who *make* our lives into anything! We accept our limitations, we drift with them, while we indignantly assert the freedom of the will. The best sermon in the world is to hear of one who has struggled with life, bent or trained it to his will, plucked or rejected its fruit, but all upon some principle. It matters little what we do; it matters enormously how we do it. Considering how much has been said, and sung, and written, and recorded, and prated, and imagined, it is strange to think how little is ever told us directly about life; we see it in glimpses and flashes, through half-open doors, or as one sees it from a train gliding into a great town, and looks into back-windows and yards sheltered from the street. We philosophise, most of us, about anything but life; and one of the reasons why published sermons have such vast sales is because, however clumsily and conventionally, it is with life that they try to deal.

This kind of specialising is not recognised as a technical form of it at all, and yet how far nearer and closer and more urgent it is for us than any other kind. I have a hope that we are at the beginning of an era of plain-speaking in these matters. Too often, with the literary standard of decorum which prevails, such self-revelations are brushed aside as morbid, introspective, egotistical. They are no more so than any other kind of investigation, for all investigation is conditioned by the personality of the investigator. All that is needed is that an observer of life should be perfectly candid and sincere, that he should not speak in a spirit of vanity or self-glorification, that he should try to disentangle what are the real motives that make him act or refrain from acting.

As an instance of what I mean by confession of the frankest order, dealing in this case not only with

ure but also with morality, let ke the sorrowful words which n wrote in his "Præterita," as ried and saddened man, when was no longer any need for him tend anything, or to involve f his own thoughts or beliefs in ort of disguise. He took up speare at Macugnaga, in 1840, e asks why the loveliest of speare's plays should be "all and encumbered with languid ommon work—to one's best spurious certainly, so far as l, idle and disgraceful—and inextricably and mysteriously he writer himself is not only wable, but inconceivable; and isdom so useless that at this f being and speaking, among and purposeful Englishmen, I not one who shows a trace of aving felt a passion of Shakes-s, or learnt a lesson from him." t is of course the sad cry of one s interested in life primarily, n art only so far as it can er to life. It may be strained aggerated, but how far more a saying than to expand in e and vapid enthusiasm over ight and nobleness of Shake-, if one has not really felt one's dified by that mysterious mind. ourse such self-revelation as I f will necessarily fall into the of unquiet, dissatisfied, melan-people. If life is a common-nd pleasant sort of business, is nothing particular to say think about it. But for all -and they are many—who feel e misses, by some blind, inevi-novement, being the gracious autiful thing it seems framed ow can such as these hold their And how, except by facing and looking patiently and at it, can we find a remedy ore sicknesses? That method n used, and used with success y other kind of investigation, and we must investigate life too, even if it turns out to be all a kind of Mendelism, moved and swayed by absolutely fixed laws, which take no account of what we sorrowfully desire.

Let us, then, gather up our threads a little. Let us first confront the fact that, under present conditions, in the face of the mass of records and books and accumulated traditions, arts and sciences must make progress little by little, line by line, in skilled technical hands. Fine achievement in every region becomes more difficult every day, because there is so much that is finished and perfected behind us; and if the conditions of our lives call us to some strictly limited path, let us advance wisely and humbly, step by step, without pride or vanity. But let us not forget, in the face of the frigidities of knowledge, that if they are the mechanism of life, emotion and hope and love and admiration are the steam. Knowledge is only valuable in so far as it makes the force of life effective and vigorous. And thus if we have breasted the strange current of life, or even if we have been ourselves overpowered and swept away by it, let us try, in whatever region we have the power, to let that experience have some value for ourselves and others. If we can say it or write it, so much the better. There are thousands of people moving through the world who are wearied and bewildered, and who are looking out for any message of hope and joy that may give them courage to struggle on; but if we cannot do that, we can at least live life temperately and cheerfully and sincerely: if we have bungled, if we have slipped, we can do something to help others not to go light-heartedly down the miry path; we can raise them up if they have fallen, we can cleanse the stains, or we can at least give them the comfort of feeling that they are not sadly and insupportably alone.

The subject of Mr. Benson's January essay will be "Kelmscott and William Morris"

MY INTERPRETATION OF "HAMLET"

By TOMMASO SALVINI

Translated from the Italian by DIRCÉ ST. CYR

THE enigmatical tragedy of "Hamlet" is a work commenting on the destiny and the events of our world. This play has always been much discussed and many entirely different meanings have been given to the hero's character. Perhaps I may be permitted, at the end of my career, humbly to express my views upon the interpretation of this beautiful tragedy. The story of "Hamlet" is very simple and can be briefly resuméd, yet its plot is thrilling and cleverly developed; it may be called a notable acting-play.

Hamlet's father died suddenly and his mother, only two months after her widowhood, married the brother of her former husband. Shakespeare portrays scientifically and accurately the Prince of Denmark's character and psychology; therefore the artist, from the very first, should impress the public with his beautiful, pure, moral nature, so full of sentiment, so loving and affectionate. We are aware that he has spent his first youth meditating and commenting on all the philosophy of his time; as a consequence of this studious bent, he necessarily developed into an investigator. No wonder, then, that he ponders deeply upon the causes of his father's death and grieves over the hasty second marriage of his mother. The actor who interprets Hamlet should assume at the very beginning a dignified but sorrowful melancholy, inclining rather towards gentleness; but he should be extremely careful to adopt an entirely different air after the scene with the ghost. From the very first scene in which Hamlet appears, we understand that he is beginning to suspect his uncle's treachery, and is convinced that his mother has not acted like a loving wife, but has too soon cruelly forgotten her sorrow. The actor should convey very delicately Hamlet's intuitive and later his impulsive feeling of hatred toward the king; the feeling that we at once perceive in these words:

(THE KING.) "But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son."

(HAMLET—*aside*.) "A little more than kin and less than kind."

(THE KING.) "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?"

(HAMLET.) "Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun."

The king and the queen appear to Hamlet, partners in evil; one a fratricide, the other an adulteress. The first has made him suspicious, revengeful, contemptuous towards all men; the other has made him lose all respect for women. This bitterness of feeling is clearly expressed.

(HAMLET.) That it should come to this!

But two months dead; nay, not so much, not two.

The Prince of Denmark has undoubtedly a lymphatic, nervous tem-

consequently, after the
the actor should not for-
Iamlet's nerves are sensi-
ted, because his soul is in
ı continual fear, searching
: truth!
:areful analysis of the part,
gly convinced that Shake-
hed to portray in Ham-
:ter that constant thought
ıbt; in other words, the
:hought over action. Evi-
is more a conception than
r. I shall probably shock
's of Shakespeare by saying
ı't believe there has ever
ever will exist a man of
emperament. In the long
ıy travels I have met many
osed *à la* Hamlet, but none
hological state was that of
of Denmark. Maybe this
son for the innumerable
terpretations of Hamlet on
By some actors he has
sented as actually mad, by
only pretending insanity;
a cold-blooded, calculating
ıthers as a passionate in-
of occultism; by some as
others as merciful and
towards his mother; by
rreligious and by others
vout.
my stage career, the two
ɔreters of this perplexing
were Charles Fechter and
ıth. With the latter I am
l to have played, at some
formances in America, the
ıe ghost to his Hamlet.
eat intelligence, together
tender sensibility, made
ıle and ideal Prince.
ɔpening of the scene with
Hamlet should be vio-
ited; at the appearance
ıer's spirit he should be
h a terrible shuddering.
mysterious form beckons
should follow it as though
ɔy a supernatural force.
: revelation of his uncle's
mlet should listen atten-
h veneration, as if almost
move. The actor should
make his audience realize the seriousness and gravity of such a scene. To my mind useless gestures, or walking up and down the stage for picturesque effect, would spoil the intensity of this beautiful scene. But as soon as the ghost disappears and when the three friends return to the stage, Hamlet should feel the reaction and in his great exaltation should call up all his strength, to avenge, for his father's sake, his uncle's infamous crime. The climax should be reached by a crescendo in which there is the possibility of a tremendous piece of acting.

From henceforth, the public must realize that a new Hamlet will develop; one who will forget his past dreams, his studies, his pleasures, his affection, in order to devote himself to vengeance.

I am convinced that if Shakespeare had written this play in modern times, he would have omitted the appearance of the ghost on the stage, leaving all to the imagination of the public. Of course, at the time that the tragedy was written, the audience was not always educated and intelligent and it was necessary to be plain. But from actual experience, I state positively that the scene grows far more impressive by excluding the ghost from the stage. It rests then with the actor to give the illusion that Hamlet sees the spirit. This he does by listening to its words and repeating them as if under supernatural compulsion. To my mind, it is better than the modern idea of seeing, by means of an electric flashlight effect, a human being.

Going back to Hamlet, we must not forget that he is a scholar full of imagination and sentiment and that an analytical brain like his would be incapabl of acting quickly. In fact, he carefully reviews all the circumstances leading to the infamous deed, and instead of punishing at once the traitor who deprived him of his beloved father, defers his revenge.

After the scene with the Ghost, Hamlet's gentle melancholy becomes hard and bitter—a moral change that

the actor should emphatically portray, showing the combat of Hamlet's soul, his growing distrust in the world, and in his friend Horatio, in his beloved Ophelia, in his mother, in the ghost and in himself.

With this real change of temper there is no doubt, for Shakespeare is entirely explicit about it, that Hamlet intends to feign insanity. The mania that he assumes is a mixture of truth and illusion, well characterized by Polonius in his comment:

> How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.

In adopting this kind of insanity he has the advantage of being able to scrutinize the souls of all those who surround and spy upon him; but that his insanity is a mere pretence there is much to convince us. For instance, in Act II, scene ii, he says:

> Now I am alone.
> O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I.

After this sentence, how can we still doubt and go on discussing whether his insanity is real or feigned? In order to relax his thoughts, as the continual pretence to madness might affect even a sound mind, he amuses himself by telling frankly his views regarding his so-called friends, or by inviting the comedians to perform a dramatic composition. If he were really mentally deranged he would not find comfort in relaxing his madness.

Neither can he be accused of not being a real thinker since he is always anxious to know the truth. Moreover, it is very hard for him to control his impulsive nature, which longs always to avenge his father. And, after all, there is the monologue, "To be or not to be," which explains exactly the state of his soul.

There is no doubt that Hamlet is deeply in love with Ophelia. In reality he has only three strong affections: for his poor father, for Ophelia and for his friend Horatio, to whom he goes whenever he feels the need of expanding his heart.

According to my point of view, I should strongly bring out, either by facial expression, or by action, his deep love for Ophelia. Hamlet's love for Ophelia is a pure one, though rather sentimental. The scene in which he says to her, "Get thee to a nunnery!" confirms the idea that he is trying to keep down his passion. In that moment he feels bitter towards the world; his very hardness toward the girl shows that he cares for her. We find further and more definite proof of his feeling when at her death he exclaims:

> I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.

The actor should convey that after her death he has no longer any attachment to life and that the memory of Ophelia's love will be everlasting. As for his treatment of his mother, it cannot be said that he is too severe, since he has had every provocation. The king he loathes and hates, and cannot approach without the revolt of his whole soul; but towards his mother he feels only pity, and forces himself to believe that after all she may be innocent. The actor should be extremely careful to bring out these diverse feelings toward the king and the queen

It is true that Hamlet addresses his mother with a passionate vehemence, for a moment, driven to exasperation by the thought of the difference between the character of his father and his uncle. But later, in the closet, after seeing the ghost, what a change there should be in him! He should be sorry for his outburst and gently appeal to her, begging her to repent. All this is sufficient to make us understand that Hamlet does not wish to be his mother's judge. We know that he still loves her, when he utters from the bottom of his soul, "I must be cruel, only to be kind."

Towards the end of the tragedy, after he has discovered the crime, in the scene in the churchyard, the Prince of Denmark is again the

sentimental, melancholic youth; in that moment it is a mistake to make him bitter. He is now waiting for events. I repeat that the discovery of Ophelia's death will precipitate these events; he longs for death; he knows that his end is near.

I think it is wrong to say that Hamlet has no faith, for he strongly believes, as he strongly hopes, in the influence of Ophelia's prayers to win God's pardon for all his sins. He is a fatalist and he is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, but we cannot say he dies the victim of mere circumstance and accident.

One thing that I do not understand, is why Hamlet is still a student and intends to go back to Wittenberg. I realize that in the northern climates the development of the mind does not equal that of the body. According to the grave-digger's words regarding Yorick, that he had been dead for the last twenty-three years, we must conclude that, at the time the tragedy takes place, the Prince of Denmark was about thirty. Perhaps in Denmark there are students who are as old as Hamlet; nevertheless, it would be more plausible to make him a scholar, travelling in order to acquire more knowledge, but called back to the court by the sudden death of his father. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare meant him to be a man about thirty, so that his mind might be quite matured and constant. In fact, he thinks and reflects in the manner of a vigorous, mature mind.

The rôle of Hamlet is a very difficult one and frequently I have been quite misunderstood in my interpretation. The most trying thing for an actor is to be told that his interpretation "is not as Shakespeare conceived the part;" for many of the people who make the criticism have no idea how the part should be played; and they do not take into consideration that the poor artist who has put his effort into studying such a part, should at least be also permitted to express his views.

In conclusion, I repeat that to me the character of Hamlet stands for the "power of thought over action."

SALVINI'S "HAMLET" AT ST. PETERSBURG AND LONDON

The last time that Tommaso Salvini played Hamlet was in St. Petersburg, in 1899, by special request of the Grand Duke Constantine, a cousin of the Tsar. The translator is so fortunate as to possess a very interesting letter received from the tragedian during his sojourn in Russia.

"After the first evening of 'Hamlet,' the public seemed to have gone mad. The calls before the curtain were innumerable. At last the whole Imperial company came upon the stage, and the oldest of the actors, M. Davidoff, made a speech in my honor of which I did not understand a word. This was followed up with the gift of a beautiful crown of gold and silver. I had to make a speech in reply, and this time it was they who did not understand.

"The Emperor and Empress were present, although they were obliged to attend a ball which it was impossible for them to miss. At the end of the third act they summoned me to their box and were exceedingly gracious to me, making me tell the whole history of my career and expressing their keen regret that they were obliged to leave the theatre. The Grand Duke Constantine, however, was the last to leave the box, applauding more than the others. . . . At 29 degrees below zero, the public waited for me outside of the theatre, and at 2 o'clock in the morning they escorted me back to the palace, I in my carriage and they on foot, through several inches of snow, and howling like so many mad dogs. When I left the city there were at the station as many as 299 persons begging for my autograph. . . . I should never have

believed that I should end my career with so much glory. And to think that these journeys, so long and so wearisome, instead of injuring my health, seem to have stimulated and improved it! Unless, of course, some unforeseen stroke should all of a sudden shatter this rugged oak which still puts forth leaves and branches. . . . It is better not to say anything about me; henceforth I am out of the course, and it is better to clear a way for my son, who deserves to have it strewn with roses."

Signor Salvini often tells the following anecdote, which is also narrated in his Autobiography regarding Hamlet:

"I was booked to play in London, and my manager had insisted in my contract upon my giving Hamlet. When I arrived in London I found Henry Irving, whom I admired greatly, performing in the same play. Knowing how popular he was in England, I went to the manager and asked him to cancel Hamlet from my repertoire, but he would not do so. One evening, two days before I was to appear, I bought a ticket for the gallery so as not to be recognized and went to see Irving. I said to myself, 'I will not play Hamlet!' After the second scene I said the same thing; but when the act came with Ophelia and the closet scene with the Queen, I said to myself, 'I *will* play Hamlet.' "

After that the tragedian was obliged to give 150 performances of Hamlet alone.

ART CRITICS AND ART INTERPRETERS

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

AN accomplished Greek scholar recently advised a friend as to the best way to enter upon special study of a subject—the Greek dramatists, for example. "Read first," he said, "a good popular account of Greek drama to get a general view—details may be added or corrected later, and your mind will not absorb more than the popular historian will give you."

This point of view is one that seems not often to be held by the specialist in any subject, who is usually inclined to look with suspicion upon all but the most technical of the literature surrounding it. Nothing could be more foolish in this day and country than to underestimate the need of technical inquiry and discussion, and it is a temptation to reply in the affirmative when so enlightened and enlightening a leader in the "science" of art criticism as Dr. Bode asks despondently if the numerous books on art written by the "*dilettanti* of both sexes, who wish to demonstrate their love of art," were not better left unwritten. A catholicity in exclusion is always safer and more dignified than a catholicity in inclusion. It is agreeable, nevertheless, to have the case for the popular writer recognized by those who have passed quite beyond the need of his services. It takes, perhaps, a greater wisdom than most wise men possess to be able to speak to the less instructed in the spirit of this one of Montaigne's mottoes: "Enjoy pleasantly present things; others are beyond thee." Indeed, the greater number of those interesting mottoes and quotations inscribed by the French philosopher upon the beams of his library, presumably to keep himself reminded of his own ideals of wisdom, are directed rather

against the vice of arrogance in knowledge than against that of content with ignorance or a general and moderate attainment. "The only certainty is that nothing is certain and nothing more wretched or more proud than man," he takes from Pliny; and from Epictetus, "That which worries men is not things, but that which they think about them"; and from "Romans," "Be not wiser than may be needful, but be wise in moderation."

We may, then, feel ourselves in tolerably good company if we frankly acknowledge that much harmless and often much helpful enjoyment is given by the humble popularizer of art; and if we insist sufficiently upon the adjective humble we may go so far as to say that he or she provides the best means of stimulating the intelligent but unlearned public to having thoughts and opinions of their own in matters of art. If an opinion or a set of opinions is expressed concerning a work of art to which we have access even through the uncertain door of reproductive processes, and if we are interested and have leisure to think at all, we are apt to ask ourselves how far we can follow with our own mind and taste the convictions of our critic. Once we have done this, art will always have for us a more definite meaning than before, and we will find ourselves well started on the road toward enjoyment of those specific and exhaustive studies of individual artists and their accomplishment that have added lustre to modern art criticism.

If more of the popular art books appearing in constantly increasing profusion were as dignified in their appeal to public taste as Miss Estelle M. Hurll's little volume on "Portraits and Portrait Painting"* the class to which they belong would sooner gain the approval of the unsympathetic expert. Nothing could be more admirable than the direct and spirited manner in which the author discusses characteristic portraits of different centuries and schools from mediæval to modern times. She has the valuable gift of awakening promptly the desire to examine at first hand the subject of her description; and uninstructed visitors to the European, or, for that matter, to the American, galleries may count with assurance upon winning a greater profit from their observation of the portraits exhibited if they first read her concise accounts of the masterpieces of portraiture. It will be no disappointment to her readers to find an ample proportion of her text devoted to the history of more or less famous sitters or to miss references to technical methods. Little knowledge of an artist's processes is needed to see in a painting all that she indicates, yet the result has that indescribable suggestion of a background that can be produced only by a mind filled with related ideas and competent to express in one the influence of the others.

"Painters and Sculptors," by Kenyon Cox,* is addressed to a quite different audience—to those, that is, who already have struggled to justify their "love of art" in what, no doubt, deserves to be called a dilletante fashion; who have made out, as well as they could, what has interested them in the work of artists; who have seen a great many pictures, and have become secure in their dislikings if not so certain in their likings, yet who desire above all things to know what the painter himself meant by his painting, and are well aware that no instinct of their own for the beauty of the result can tell them. The case is difficult enough for such, since, as Mr. Cox truly says, it is rare that a man who has spent a lifetime mastering the trade of a painter has also mastered the trade of a writer; and to translate art into the terms of literature demands a special mastery of words. It is of almost incalculable importance that at least two of our own artists should have had not only an adequate knowledge of the technique of literature for the clear expression of their thoughts about art, but far more than the professional writer's usual delicacy and certainty of style,

* L. C. Page & Co.

* Duffield & Co.

together with a catholicity of taste and judgment hardly to be paralleled among lay critics. Mr. Cox's analyses of the psychological aspects of art are less frequent than Mr. La Farge's, and his interest in the relations of art to life is less obviously deep, but his interest in painting and sculpture on the side of their technical expressiveness is passionate. The great good fortune of his readers lies in the fact that he has the power to communicate this interest. From among the many dry details of craftsmanship, all of them of importance to the practical worker, he selects what will go farthest toward interpreting for the uninitiated the secrets of a masterpiece of painting or modelling. He bothers us with none of the slang of the studio—slang precious and vital enough, too, in its way, for those who understand it; he uses no fine phrases for which he cannot give chapter and verse in the characteristics of the work under discussion; he has in his writing the beautiful discriminating veracity which he sees and makes the dullest of us see in Holbein; he shows also something of the poetic imagination which made Rembrandt indisputably great and which we can accept as the chief distinction of that master with the more absolute conviction for having his technical limitations and achievements so clearly pointed out to us that, though we had never handled brush or charcoal, we must somewhat understand.

Rembrandt and Holbein together occupy more than a third of Mr. Cox's pages, and for their antipodal qualities he has the profound respect of a fellow-artist to whom their problems and their methods of solving them are matters of personal concern. No one, certainly, but a painter could thus explain the particular charm held by Rembrandt's etchings in common with his paintings:

> It is light and shade that makes etching as interesting to him as painting. . . . It is the suggestion of light and shade that makes his merest scrawl significant. It is by light and shade he draws, by light and shade he paints, by light and shade he composes. He thinks in light and shade even when he seems to be using pure line. It is seldom that there is not a scratch or two of shadow or a blot for the hollow of an eye socket or the like; but even when these are absent it is not the contour which he is drawing—his line follows the mass, suggests the direction of folds or the bagging of muscles, makes sudden deviations, breaks and continues again, bounds a mass of light or loses itself where the swimming shadow would hide it. The very line is potential light and shade.

This is the point of view of one who has discovered for himself the uses of abstract line in the expression of things seen and it is chiefly for these craftsmanlike points of view that the book is valuable. Yet, following the somewhat zig-zag course of the author from the Pollaiuoli to Lord Leighton, we get a clear impression of literary propriety and harmony, of a fine philosophy coming to light in the reference of all contemporary judgments to enduring ideals, of a delicate play of sentiment over the artistic material that fixes it in the mind as definitely and persuasively as though he had represented it with color and line. Who, for example, could read unmoved this description of the hands of Erasmus as Holbein drew them:

> A single slow, even trembling pen-line, tracing the contour with entire impartiality, dwelling on no one thing with more insistence than on another, and there are the hands before you—those wonderful hands, soft, firm, trained by years of beautiful penmanship, a little aged now, and not so free or so steady as they have been—hands that no one who has studied the Louvre portrait can ever forget—as completely rendered in this slight sketch as in the painting itself.

Professor Ostwald is also a practical if not a professional artist, and his collection of "Letters to a Painter"* is published in book-form with the aim of helping artists to a clearer conception of their duty as craftsmen and a firmer grounding in the use of their tools. Mr. Cox asserts, in his

* Translated by W. H. Morse. Ginn & Co.

chapter on the education of an artist, that neither the modern pupil nor the modern master knows anything about the proper management of oil-colors, the use of vehicles, or the composition and permanence of pigments. There are very few good books on the subject of a painter's technical education, and Professor Ostwald's scientific explanations of the behavior of colors, grounds, and mediums under various conditions may at least stir up a more vital interest among professional artists and lead them toward independent investigations useful to themselves and others. With the author's assumption that the creative power of the artist becomes continually freer as he becomes more and more master of his tools, no one with any knowledge of the thorough craftsmanship of the great masters can fail to be in sympathy. So much modern work is mere groping and experimentation on the side of technique that any attempt to restore the old-time thoroughness, the firm possession by the painter of his "métier," his pride in knowing the A B C of painting,—the careful preparation, that is, of colors and canvas, ignorance of which was once a matter for derision—any attempt to bring painters back to this elementary education cannot be too warmly welcomed; but the enthusiastic reader should also continually remember, of course, that it is an education that cannot be carried on by means of book recipes alone.

In Mr. Charles H. Caffin's "Story of American Painting"* the author records general tendencies, illustrating them by prominent and special examples. The one hundred and forty-odd illustrations in themselves tell the story as clearly as possible, and, divested of color as they are, nevertheless manage to convey an impression of their origin in the minds and temperaments of the artists even stronger than anything that is said about them in the text. The text, one should note, however, shows much detailed observation, an impartial temper, and an orderly method of procedure that gives it value as a book of reference.

Mr. Caffin goes back to the earliest painters working in this country and traces the various influences that have played upon American art up to the present time. In accordance with his plan of showing the connection between our art and our national life and history, he concentrates his attention upon those artists who best illustrate the effect of these influences, and necessarily omits mention of a number of painters whose names perhaps will be precious to future historians intent upon finding local and finely tempered talents in the tide—the somewhat slow and languid tide—of American art development. But the chosen names and chosen schools make an extremely good showing, and the easy optimist will be apt to indulge in his favorite vice of self-congratulation. While there is ample excuse for a certain amount of such comfortable indulgence, it is no doubt wiser to recognize that, so far as art is concerned, our past is not as exciting as our future bids fair to be, with our increasing care for technical proficiency.

Mr. Caffin is fully alive to the hopelessness of expecting a family likeness among American pictures, such as exists among Dutch pictures, for example; and he summarizes with admirable lucidity the reasons for the cosmopolitanism of feeling noticeable in our painters. But he somewhat misses, I think, the "note" of our American character in finding our painting "materialistic rather than spiritual." We Americans, as Mr. James has told us, are "almost incredibly romantic," and, while romance thus far certainly has not been the characteristic of our art, our painters have given many more signs of our interest in the spiritual and unseen than in the material and obvious. Most of us in America are only just beginning to be keenly interested in the material world; in the outward aspect of things about us. The love of form and external beauty

*F. A. Stokes Co.

has come to us but slowly, and this, too, is partly a result of our religious past. Our imagination has been perhaps overworked, rather than underworked, and it seems to certain of our foreign critics that the keynote even of our business life is poetry or pursuance of an ideal. If this be true, the leaven needed to raise our painting from general mediocrity to general excellence is the simple love of beautiful craftsmanship united to love of beautiful appearances—interest, that is, in the material of the picture rather than any "common and collective recognition of the claims of the spirit" compelling its realization in art. It might plausibly be argued that through this perception of æsthetic beauty the individuality of the painter finds ample means of escape, and if he is enough interested in what he sees in nature, and patient and skilful enough to turn the language of nature into the language of art, there is at least a fair chance that his accomplishment will tell what he feels and imagines; and there is more than a fair chance that, being an American, he will feel and imagine at least vividly if not profoundly.

The pessimist, especially the foreign pessimist, would doubtless tell us that the craving of the American spirit now finds its expression in "business" and would not conceal his conviction that nothing æsthetically valuable could come from a business-loving community. Mr. William Herbert, in his "Houses for Town or Country,"* takes the opposite view. American architecture has this advantage over American painting: it is brought face to face with absolutely new problems that must be solved and solved promptly for good or evil. Mr. Herbert takes cheerful account of the fact that these problems are often evaded or ignored rather than resolutely faced, but he is quite certain that our architects are "succeeding in giving their buildings an ever-increasing propriety and consistency of appearance," with persistent attention to keeping the mass, the proportion, and the detail each in its proper value —in a word, that "form" is more and more enlisting their interest. He is also courageous enough to affirm that the demand of the rich American that his house and its surroundings be made interesting to him is not only perfectly legitimate, but in the end will be a good thing for American domestic architecture by popularizing and establishing a lively and positive standard of æsthetic effect. "No matter what the penalty," he says, "we do not want in this country a prevailing convention of house embellishment whose greatest merit consists in a sort of unobtrusive refinement. Since we are young, it is better to be a little barbarous than prematurely sober. Assuming that the better Americans will be capable of assimilating a sound sense of the æsthetic proprieties, the barbarism may become informed without any loss of vitality."

This seems to be, if not a more inspiring, at least a more hopeful standpoint than Mr. Caffin's assumption that we need to have our belief in humanity "impregnated with a correspondingly practical belief in the facts of spirit" before a "great art in modern times" can arise; or than Mr. Cram's affirmation that he cannot conceive of an adequate training in art which "does not involve the element of worship, made visible through the great fine-art of religious ceremonial." Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's essays on architectural themes, gathered under the protecting wing of a charming title, "The Gothic Quest,"* are nevertheless quite rich with plums of wisdom and are filled with a contagious enthusiasm for the expressiveness of mediæval art. In considering the question of how much art depends upon spiritual conditions we are after all inevitably forced back upon the fact that only in a closely restricted moral sense are we captains of our soul. Mr. Caffin himself has admirably expressed this more or less obvious truth in his historical notes on Timothy Cole's superb

* Duffield & Co.

* Baker & Taylor.

engravings from the "Old Spanish Masters."* Speaking of the extraordinary legends that have grown up about the religious art of Spain he says: "No plant will take root and flourish except in congenial soil, and the soil in which these legends flourished was the religious conscience inherent in the Spanish people. It was an actually existing fact of race, bred of a mingling of Gothic intensity with the passionate ardor of the South, to which, at most, the Church could but point the moral, while the artists adorned the tale. Indeed we shall only reach the heart of the matter if we regard the union of religion and art in Spain as a natural and inevitable expression of race, realized alike by the priesthood, the artists and the people." Whatever our own racial and individual tendencies may be, our art unquestionably will express them or promptly die; if we are not a religious people we cannot expect to have a religious art; if we are shy in our recognition of facts of the spirit we cannot expect our art to be bold. Yet an American should be able to produce art at once shy and positive, ideal and practical, reserved and expressive—in a word, the embodiment of the American character. Such art one American, Whistler, has produced.

At the end of this considerable list of the season's art-books we may place "Pictures and Their Painters," by Lorinda Munson Bryant* and "Famous Painters of America," by J. Walker McSpadden.† The former is a compact series of notes on the art of the world, with the stamp of personal familiarity with the pictures discussed and with an unusually keen sympathy with early schools, as may be inferred from the characterization of Meister Wilhelm's "Madonna of the Bean Flower" as one of the most beautiful pictures of the world; Mr. McSpadden's book is a frank conglomeration of anecdotes about eleven painters claimed by America, the author holding the opinion that it is the men themselves who interest us.

The American reader of such books as we have noted is a continual surprise to the foreigner, who is apt to find an element of the pathetic in this avidity for knowledge of pictures in a public living for the most part at a great distance from the famous originals. The native critic sees in it rather that magnificent courage that makes all things possible to the American mind. Our multitudinous art literature is perhaps most significant as a symptom of our intensity of preparation for the æsthetic sensations which—so eagerly invited—finally must visit us.

* The Century Co.

* John Lane.

† T. Y. Crowell & Co.

A GLANCE AT RECENT POETRY

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

THE lively interest which certain new poets have lately excited belies the charge of apathy toward poetry in the popular mind. Indeed, the keen discussions which matters of form have evoked, the instant protest which followed the luckless inquiry of Mr. Bryce regarding American poets, the jealous care for the purity of the art,—all are symptomatic of an awakening which augurs better things for the future of poetry. Art in any form must look to the elect for its justification, but it is a hopeful phase of modern life that the elect embrace an ever widening number.

In response to these hints and foreshadowings, an unusually large amount of poetry has been issued, and the year that gives us new volumes by Joaquin Miller, Richard Watson Gilder* and James Whitcomb Riley; complete editions of the verse of W. B. Yeats and Charles G. D. Roberts; the posthumous publication of work by Richard Hovey; an American edition of Alfred Noyes, and introduces to us Arthur Stringer, Arthur Colton and other new poets, is certainly a year to reckon with in our literature.

Joaquin Miller, whose picturesque life has so compelling a fascination, has never yet been appraised for his work alone, for so great is the charm of an innovating spirit, a nature which shapes its circumstance uniquely, that the creative in life must take precedence of the creative in art until time shall have made the readjustment. Mr. Miller remains, therefore, in artistic achievement, the victim of his own personality, and the real significance of his work is but partially recognized. That it has a significance which can scarcely be over-emphasized must be apparent to any one who reflects that Mr. Miller is the historian of a phase of our life not otherwise recorded in art. His resonant strophes ring with the audacity, the verve, the nonchalance of those men who "parted wood curtains" and won for us the wilderness. The elemental, the incomplete, where change and growth and danger keep hardy and buoyant the spirit of man—these animate his song with a note as resistless as the music of a mountain cataract.

The dramatic background of frontier life recorded in "The Songs of the Sierras" and other early work by Mr. Miller, has not found elsewhere so picturesque a portrayal, and, what is more worthy of note, the evolution of the West, the transition from brawn to soul, may be followed more closely in the transforming themes and spirit of Joaquin Miller's work than in any other record. A lifetime of changed ideals, of quickened spiritual sense, lies between "Songs of the Sierras" and "Songs of the Soul," and so much is Mr. Miller a part of his own west, that his development is allied to its development, and is indicative of the degree to which it has progressed.

Mr. Miller's art has two dominant phases—he is a story-teller and a painter; and valuable as his narrative skill has been in the delineation of western life, it is, after all, in the great scenic background of his stories, in his unrivalled picturing of moun-

* For obvious reasons, Mr Gilder's work is not reviewed in this magazine.—THE EDITORS.

and sea, that his genius
s itself. He is the poet of
ıtamed will, her splendid
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ting, as it does, the white
ɔf the Alaskan winter and
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ıy mood is filled with the

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melody of the common soul, whose note we do not catch in the public clamor, and the poet who has made us so much his debtor may be pardoned if now and then his work shows an hiatus.

Art may, as in the work of the foregoing poets, individualize itself by reflecting a definite environment, or, as in the verse of the modern Irish school, by the broader individuality of racial temperament. In his Celtic Literature, Arnold cites Henri Martin as declaring that the chief racial trait of the Celt is the effort to escape from the despotism of fact —an observation no doubt pertinent in its day, but now antiquated, for the nimble Celt has escaped from this despotism by the characteristic way of proving that fact is not despotic. Indeed, if Yeats and his fellows stand for anything it is for this, for the irradiation of the homeliest fact, for investing the meanest circumstance with significance and beauty. E. A. has it all in his exquisite line,

For sure the enchanted waters run
through every wind that blows.

In the work of these two, of Yeats and E. A., the saner vision, the serener mood of the Celtic movement finds expression. However mystical or visionary, there is nothing of that morbid, negative note which renders the neurotic verse of Fiona McLeod, with all its verbal witchery, so pernicious. In the work of Yeats one feels at times that the truth eludes the symbol, but poetry is at best an evanishing beauty and the mystical Celt but follows the light on its wings.

Particularly is this apparent in the lyrical volume of the new edition of Yeats.* Here the intangible, the illusive and elusive, weave their shadowy world, and one knows not when he returns from it what shapes he has met; but he knows that he has been in an enchanted place and that his spirit was stirred. So rarely, indeed, does Yeats's lyrical work emerge from an effect to an impression, that few of his lyrics have at once the objectivity and

* Vol. I. Lyrical Poems; Vol. II. Dramatical Poems. Macmillan.

the art to take a concrete hold upon the mind. Though one is surely the richer for the first of these two volumes, Mr. Yeats displayed an admirable self-knowledge when he turned to the drama; for just this concentration, just this necessity for definite expression, recalls his wandering idealism and gives it direction. He is not dramatic after the accepted canons, not theatrical, but he is dramatic after the fashion of life, whose unheralded crises are often the most vital. Maeterlinck is his spiritual kinsman, and the affinity between the two in artistic method is quite as marked, though Yeats comes nearer to the groundwork of things, casts off more completely all specious accessories. It is not only soundly conditioned art that sets a drama in the peasant's kitchen, but art keen for beauty as well; for where shall one match the glamour of the turf fire? And with all the magic of that fairy song,

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,

the homely speech of Father Hart probes more deeply:

My colleen, I have seen some other girls
Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
And they grew like their neighbors and were glad
In minding children, working at the churn,
And gossiping of weddings and of wakes;
For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into the common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again.

It is not so much the supernatural as the natural in "The Land of Heart's Desire" that makes it so perfect a bit of art. It is a classic of Irish folk-life and the fact that its supernatural element is joyous makes it also a work apart.

In a sense the whole modern Celtic movement is exotic, for one may search Celtic poetry vainly for that wistful beauty, that sadness as of immemorial things, that is at once the charm and the danger of the later poets. In the "Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics," * recently edited by Charles Welsh, one has an excellent opportunity of tracing the Celt's artistic life from the primitive bards to the present, and one finds him patriotic, humorous, convivial, romantic, sentimental—everything but mystical, until the modern touched the harp and it gave forth an elusive note unheard before. Now and again a tone of Arthur O'Shaughnessy may be discerned in it but never the suave numbers of Moore. Mr. Welsh's anthology is more complete than any former collection of Irish poetry and necessarily admits some work that does not commend itself to all, but this may be pardoned more readily than the omission of Moira O'Neill, whose verse, almost more than that of its fellows, is fashioned of the iridescent web of smiles and tears we have learned to call the Celtic temperament.

In his latest American volume, "The Flower of Old Japan," * Mr. Alfred Noyes shows an affinity to the Celt by symbolizing, through a fairy tale, metaphysical truths. Here, however, the relationship ends, for the fairy tale is modern and ostensibly for children, though Mr. Noyes in an abstruse preface reads into it a meaning older than its form. For an adult, the attempt to invest the poem with subjective significance is abortive; not that it lacks such significance, but that Mr. Noyes's fatally facile verse is so hypnotic as to deprive one of the power to make analogies. For the child it is equally abortive, lacking the succinct expression, the clear and definite visualization, necessary to fix the interest. It is a delicate and charming fantasy, but so wrought of fluff and gossamer that the tissue goes to pieces at a breath.

This is, indeed, the great limitation of all of Mr. Noyes's work, with the exception of his epic upon Drake. It lacks the substantive quality. Mr. Noyes has the instrument, the lute in tune, but has not met the revealing hour which shall give him a message for its strings. He plays as yet but a wandering prelude, through which at times one catches hints of a vaster

* 2 vols. Dodge Publishing Co.

* Macmillan.

In his delicate, fastidious however, and his command n, he shows the poet's techipment, and life may be o give to his art the fundaotive which it now lacks.

urn to our own poets: An le service has been rendered mory of Richard Hovey by cation of "The Holy Graal, r Fragments"* of the uni Arthurian dramas; not so virtue of the new material y contain, for this is slight, illumination thrown upon e scheme of the projected the introduction and notes ovey. Here one learns, with ned sense of regret at his how broad a base Hovey ling and how much vaster ption of the cycle than was even from the four admis which had been published. quence was to contain three ch subdivided into three which the first was a lyric oreshadowing the events to e second a tragedy, and the romantic or idyllic drama the partial solution, com- the final play, "Avalon." ficance of the several parts, dependence, and the clearly motive of the whole, are ucidation in so brief a space, his own notes, schemes and elaborated by Mrs. Hovey intimate knowledge of the be, one sees that Richard as thinking, and thinking y, of social conditions, and used the Guenevere legend ts world-old problem of the he individual over the social still the pivotal point of life. The legend was roplastic, beautiful, suscep- fresh development and Hovey with a vehicle for dual philosophy without the f modern realism.

this luminous exposition of ct of Hovey, together with ents now published, renders

t Co.

one doubly conscious that great gifts passed with him, he may well live in dramatic literature by the fateful charm of "The Marriage of Guenevere" or the rapt transport of "Taliesin"; for in the last, in which he symbolizes Art and embodies the æsthetic ideal of the cycle, he has wrought such wizard spells that it is difficult to see how he could have surpassed them. A complete edition of the work of Hovey is in preparation, and the unity of the cycle will be much more apparent when the dramas, fragments and notes have been brought together in one volume.

Complete editions of any poet's work are great revealers, and one is glad to see the several volumes of the verse of Charles G. D. Roberts so incorporated.* Rarely does one find a poet whose talent has so transformed itself, so clothed itself with a new habit, as that of Mr. Roberts. Whereas in the poems written before 1880, though not without their foretokenings, he is diffuse, academic, given to elaborate imagery, in his later work he is nervous, magnetic, crisp of word and strict of form, with the tang of his own Canadian air infusing every line done in the open; and it is a question whether the work done in the open does not smack of Mr. Roberts's own temperament and personality more intimately than any other. His nature work is a matter of mood rather than transcription: witness his lyric, "Afoot," in which one feels the very urge and insistence of spring, or the "Recessional" with its retarded movement keeping pace with the withdrawing year. It is doubtful if Mr. Roberts has done anything in nature verse more delicate and artistic than this lyric, with its beautiful opening image,

> Now along the solemn heights
> Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
> Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
> Glide the days and nights.

Mr. Roberts has a vein of metaphysical speculation, and concerns himself with the working of the "enig-

* L. C. Page & Co.

matic Will." Next to nature, however, love has been his most pervasive note, and forms the theme of "New York Nocturnes" and "The Book of the Rose." In both of these volumes he shows a technical versatility and a command of rare nuances; but the Nocturnes are truer in feeling, having none of that artificiality inseparable from the theme of the other. Despite the more sophisticated art of these lyrics, one fancies that time's precious care will be given to another, to those exquisitely simple and tender lines, "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea," wherein a universal mood finds expression.

Canada has given us another poet in the person of Mr. Arthur Stringer,* of a temperament wholly different from that of Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman or other poets of Canadian allegiance. Nature is no part of Mr. Stringer's concern, though he tosses off a stirrup-cup to her ere pushing on to the tourney of life. No dreamer of dreams born out of his due time is Mr. Stringer, not for a moment would he grant that any dream could be inopportune nor any theme unsuited to the offices of art. The stark, grim realism of the title poem, "The Woman in the Rain," confronts and convicts our smug civilization. Mr. Stringer is, however, the type of realist who turns upon a festering spot the burning glass of an ardent idealism. One would say, indeed, that he were wholly the idealist, who read "The Passing of Aphrodite," or "The Daughter of Demeter," wherein the most elusive moods of love are studied with a psychology to the last degree subtle and penetrating. In both of these poems Mr. Stringer shows a remarkable sensitiveness and refinement of phrase, but in the soliloquy of Cain over the body of Abel, in his poem, "The Man Who Killed," he has added to these qualities a dramatic power of a high order. The poem is not without its lurid passages, especially at the outset, but in the main it is a wonderful piece of psychology, beyond the reach of any but a poet of authentic gifts.

* Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Stringer is a humanist, absorbed in the study of his kind, a poet with a vivid perception of spiritual motive, who sees far and sees truly. One may note the peccable points in his verse, occasional lack of compression, occasional tendency to the ultra-poetic, but it is more to the purpose to note his distinctions, for both in style and in subtlety of insight Mr. Stringer is a poet of a strongly individual talent.

Mr. Arthur Colton, writer of delightful prose, now enters the gate of song with a little volume curiously entitled, "Harps Hung up in Babylon."* He did well, however, to associate his collection with the name and the charm of its opening lyric, for here is as lovely a bit of melody as one will find in recent poetry. The refrain of the harps whose

> Loosened strings rang on, sang on,
> And cast their murmurs forth upon
> The roll and roar of Babylon,

recurs throughout the poem and invests it with an extraordinary charm both of tone and phrasing.

Mr. Colton's gift is entirely lyrical, and while his metrical range is not wide, his sense of cadence is unfailing. Neither is he beguiled by the mere seduction of rhythm but keeps back the one word more. Brief, happily-fashioned records of a mood, such as "Let Me no More a Mendicant" or "To-morrow," show his characteristic touch, but the "Canticle of the Road" is perhaps more delightful, with its marching measure and breath of ozone. Mr. Colton's work does not interpret a wide range of experience nor formulate a philosophy, though the Eastern Morality poems are thoughtful and true in ethics, but it has a touch of its own and a charm of personality.

Imaginative recasts of Sappho are not an exigent need of to-day, and we can scarcely think Mr. O'Hara fortunate in essaying the task.† The

* Henry Holt & Co.

† The Poems of Sappho. Translated by John Myers O'Hara. Privately printed.

have found too many inter-
hose touch endowed them
ıble immortality, for a poet
rtain hand to hazard the
. Mr. Carman's rendition
as a beautiful poetic cre-
med with the Greek spirit,
he metres were handled
in a diction at times too
Mr. O'Hara adheres closely
pphic forms and now and
nates them with a spark of
ire, but in the main the
oves in the well-lubricated
f classic translation and
n one a sense of suave con-
ty. In the "Ode to Aphro-
O'Hara transcends himself;
hall one say of his rendering
quisite and mournful lines,
thee, Atthis, in the long
would seem that artistic
ıy deserted Mr. O'Hara just
oment when it was most
aking him unconscious that
Sappho in an amorous school-girl ditty is dangerously near the ludicrous.

From Lesbos to Cambridge is a far cry, and farther still the conventionality of a Sapphic translation from the liberties which Mr. Witter Bynner has taken with word and form in his "Ode to Harvard." * Clever and sprightly reminiscence is this, yet not altogether born of a gay insouciance, for the inscrutable light peers out of the jester's eyes. It penetrates, indeed, to the quick of things, and in such a passage as "Young Death is ever in the band," or "So answers Dante to the heart of youth," or still more, perhaps, in the lines upon Mount Auburn, Mr. Bynner proves his vision. His lyrics show the same duality, the light note pierced through with the poignant. "Greenstone River" is an artistic conception and "The Marionettes" a poem of incisive touch, cut as keen as an intaglio.

* Small, Maynard & Co.

SEA-DRIFT

welvemonth given,
ght of the year,
ı their graves as vapor
lows the face of fear,
ough the green of surges,
to the headland's base,
e mist blown to landward,
ıe to this lofty place—

heart of sorrow,
dream might be—
f shipwrecked sailors,
ı that are drowned at sea.
l silent procession
: lonely steep
wild wind faints before them,
ıed is the roar of the deep.

Between the stroke of midnight
And the first gray hint of day,
They gather and form and falter,
And noiselessly sink away—
Back to the listening ocean
That has held its breath to hark
What the ghosts of its countless victims
Might mutter and moan in the dark.

But up on the grassy headland
Never a moan is heard.
As they pass and pale in the soundless night
They utter no plaint nor word,
But as a mist dissolving
In the dawn star's pallid ray,
They vanish. And over the eastern hills
Stealeth the light of day.

LISCHEN M. MILLER.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

Egyptian Impressions and Activities

For utterly poetical and mystical (and, indeed, atmospherical and meteorological) impressions of Egypt and the desert sands, we must, we suppose, continue to go to Mr. Robert Hichens; though Sir Gilbert Parker, unquestionably, is qualified to treat of Egypt in a manner bound to be satisfactory to many. One reason explanatory of the powerful and even overwhelming impression of the desert that Mr. Hichens is accustomed to convey, lies doubtless in what we may characterize (without intending flattery) as his perfected habit of iteration. He insists upon his desert. He builds it, and then he builds it again. He does not tire of building it; and whether the reader tires or not, it must at least be the case that he gets his desert impression thoroughly. It is known that sometimes for days together the wind blows the sands of Africa across into Italy. We believe that the Italian people do not like it; but certainly by the time the wind changes they find themselves furnished with an abiding impression of what African sand is like. Several days' pelting with the fine and mordant structural material that the winds waft from the well-baked environment of "the Garden of Allah," qualifies them to remember.

And what the wind does for the Italians, Mr. Hichens with his Egyptian tales does for the rest of us. He fills us with his desert. As an infant is plied with the bottle, so, copiously, does he minister to us. His desert, reasonably, is not a desert merely; that would hardly be nourishing. Always with him the chief quality of the impression is spiritual. The soul has always interested him profoundly; he has investigated it with pertinacity and has made discoveries regarding it. He has even reduced it to something of a material state. In "Flames," as we remember, he has described for us the sound and look of an escaping soul—the whimpering, low cry, the gaseous and shiny appearance; and he has taught us that when a soul migrates, changes its abode, proceeding from one bosom to another (which he assumes it may do), the dog alone among apprehending creatures has the power to be aware of the fact immediately.

That the desert with Mr. Hichens is a persistently spiritual place, any reader of "The Garden of Allah" will be bound to understand. On the other hand, Sir Gilbert Parker, taking up Egypt, is hardly so much psychological as ethnological. He is psychological enough; he has distinct powers in that direction, which he exercises; but chiefly he is ethnological—that is, in the matter of background, of recurring impressions calculated by their repetition to compel the memory to its whole duty. It will be remarked by the reader of his new book, "The Weavers" (Harper), how he dwells upon the persistency of the Egyptians in remaining unchanged through forty centuries. Look at the Egyptian fellaheen to-day, he says to us in effect. These are precisely the fellows who piled the pyramids. Their faces are the faces of Thothmes and Seti. They are Cheops and Rameses and Amenhotep and Chefron. Dress them up a little and we have the Shepherd Kings. That is very likely true: it is altogether reasonable. It is possible, indeed, that their calves are larger, their heads less flagrantly pivotal, their feet less humorously designed and disposed than the case is with the Egyptians we find graven on the ancient monuments; but we should not deny imagination to art, and we

l believe that the fellaheen
y steadfast in type. Why
ıey not be? Other peoples
re in New York to-day we
ave no difficulty in finding
and Remus in what was
Bend. Julius Cæsar is in
he gets a rent in his toga
w and then in the course of
because he has two wives.
, because we have had busi-
ı him, that Alcibiades sells
ıemums at a little more than
nt price in Columbus Ave-
it would be a blind painter
l to discover in Hester Street
ctory model for the patri-
ıham.

: Reader is not supposed, of
ɔ do anything so little idle
sider any book thoroughly.
suspend as he pleases and
he likes He may leap vast
of course figuratively and in
: compatible with idleness.
reminded after reading some
ages of "The Weavers" that
ırker is essentially a novelist

At page 73, to be exact, it
ad: "He was suddenly star-
smothered cry, then a call of
It was the voice of a wo-
We are aware that it is rather
unnecessary to point out
ovious, but there is the dra-
ch that arouses us. It was
aridge, the young English
hortly to become Egyptian
nister, who was startled by
f a woman in distress. He
led not slowly, not linger-
suddenly; all the dramatic
ssible, it will be seen, enters
nanner of his being startled.
the action proceeds breath-
multuously, as it should.
ion this because we should
to lead any reader to think
ıe Weavers" is concerned
th the appearance of Egypt.
from the great popularity
Right of Way" that people
rama, and we are willing to
: they can find it. An
l not be too lazy to be

The American Girl in British Society

A great deal has been said of recent years concerning the admiration excited by the beauty and brilliancy of American girls who are good enough to go visiting in the naturally rather uninspiring circles of British society. We do not know that these circles are uninspiring, but we have read that they are, and we do not quarrel with what we read if we can help it. American ladies have always received a good deal of praise. It used to be the case that this praise was elicited particularly, and we think almost exclusively, by their small feet. Now they have taken to athletics and to walking like their brothers (quite as ponderously and noisily), and their feet are as large as anybody's—or, at least, they are normal. It is their intellects and their superior spiritual habit (in association, of course, with their inevitable good looks) that count nowadays. We hope and we suppose that we are duly proud of the American girl. We have heard her say "It 's twenty-three for yours" with a music of intonation and a charm of playful manner that positively sublimated the inelegant and dangerous phrase. At the same time we must say that we should never think of limiting our approval and cordial esteem of girls by any boundaries of nationality. Politics may and do proceed as they please in this country, but never can there be such a thing as Knownothingism concerning girls—at least among voters.

It gratifies us to remark a broad and reasonable view in this matter in Gertrude Atherton's admirable and distinctly entertaining story of "Ancestors" (Harper). Isabel Otis, here, a girl from California, shines at a British dinner table—shines very splendidly, indeed; but English Flora Thangue (we like and wonder at her name) is just as well an exceedingly fine and interesting girl. As for Mrs. Kaye, the English widow, her conversation had to be shaded at times for the reasonable purposes of the story, and notwithstanding that she had lived in Chicago; though she was

brilliant enough in talking to John Elton Cecil Gwynne when she learned that that Marquis, who expected to marry her, wanted to quit being a lord and go to live in America. One of Mrs. Kaye's epigrams (she was famous for them) was related to Isabel by her neighbor at the dinner. It ran: "A Liberal peer is as useful as a fifth wheel to a coach, and as ornamental as whitewash." Isabel's interlocutor seemed to like it. "Clever, ain't it?" he inquired. Said Isabel, to our delight, "I think people are touchingly easy to satisfy!" The reader will like the account of the dinner, and a good deal besides that is in the book. We were a little surprised at a thought, involving an opinion, attributed to Isabel when she was resting after dancing at the Duke of Arcot's ball. "She knew," we read, "that she had a coronet very close to her footstool, and that this brilliant night might be but the prologue to a lifetime of the only society in the world worth while." The hero used to whistle in the house at a time when the English people were thinking of having him for Prime Minister, and his conversation included frequently such observations as "That was said as if you jolly well meant it." But Isabel was momentarily dazzled. She was very well satisfied, later, with a life devoted to chicken culture in California.

The Comtesse de Boigne

The close of the eighteenth century witnessed the decline of the salon as an institution of great national moment; but the spirit of it did not altogether die out for another half-century. One of the most distinguished conservators of this spirit was the Comtesse de Boigne. Born at Versailles in 1781, she was a pet of the court till the Revolution scattered it. The family escaped to England; and after the exile the Comtesse maintained a veritable salon till her death in 1866. Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine and Guizot were among the distinguished men who frequented her little court; she seems to have possessed the exact balance of intelligence, sympathy and personal charm requisite for her part. The present "Memoirs" (Scribner), written half a century ago for her nephews, and not hitherto published, for family reasons, are delightful reading of their kind. The chronicler is very modest about what she has done. She does not know how to write and is too old to learn; she cannot pretend to accuracy but only to sincerity; the whole affair is a "somewhat patchwork production." Of course she writes admirably; and she speaks as eyewitness and participant in some very momentous historical episodes. She remains pure aristocrat; and the wonder with which as a child she beholds the first outbreak of popular fury is hardly tempered by the lapse of years: "The people, as a handful of wretches were styled," is a comment as favorable as any that she has to make upon the proletariat. The burden of her discourse is social rather than historical; she wished to preserve for her nephews certain traditions and chronicles of the *ancien régime*, to make them understand and in the main admire the France of her childhood. Naturally there is a good deal of gossip in her narrative, and, to say truth, not a little scandal; but if there be a happy and well-bred way of mentioning the unmentionable, it is that of Comtesse de Boigne.

"The Secret Agent"

Of the fiction that we have read in the course of the past month, Joseph Conrad's story of "The Secret Agent" (Harper) has interested us the most. This story-teller builds remarkable phrases. He has much music and as much power. His unfailing humor is very audaciously employed. He makes fun of his characters while he is leading them in the ways of tragedy. He gives us gooseflesh while he is amusing us. In an Idle Reader's opinion he is the best man at present telling stories.

The Lounger

. LAURENCE BINYON's blank-
"Attila," which was produced at
ajesty's Theatre, London, in Sep-
r, has been published in book
(Dutton) and is likely to com-
the attention of those who are
sted in the achievements of
mporary dramatists. The Lon-
aily Chronicle described the play
a sincere, dignified, intelligent,
esting,
, schol-
beauti-
and in
y re-
splen-
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t acted. I might change my
if I should see Mr. Oscar Asche
la in a garb of skins, with long
air flowing from under a horned
ress, and Miss Lily Brayton as
Ildico, "in marvellous robes of deep blue, scarlet and gold." Mr. Binyon is a poet of rare quality. Of his prose, one may judge from his contribution to the July number of PUTNAM'S. He is an Oxford man—a Newdigate prize-winner,—and for the past twelve years has been associated with Mr. Sidney Colvin in the British Museum.

From a woodcut by Robert Bryden from William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," Lane

The title of G. K. Chesterton's new novel, "The Man Who Was Thursday," is considered a strange and original one. But did we not have from De Foe many years ago the story of the Man who was Friday? Mr. Chesterton need ask no better fortune than that his man Thursday shall become as famous as the man Friday.

Mrs. Glyn has come to America prepossessed in favor of Americans, particularly of American men. She is going to write a novel about them. It is to be in the "Visits of Elizabeth" rather than in the "Three Weeks" manner; for which

American men can thank their stars! When asked by an interviewer what she thought of American books, Mrs. Glyn replied:

I have read very few, but some of those I know I like immensely. Jack London is my adored author. I consider "The Call of the Wild" and "White Fang" two of the most beautiful books of the twentieth century. London is a tremendous philosopher. He would understand "Three Weeks" [she sighed]; he knows what love is. Then I adore "The Virginian," too. And I like "The Fighting Chance" immensely, and "The Social Secretary." Chambers wrote "The Fighting Chance," did n't he? I can never remember who the authors of books are. One of the first American books that I read, and enjoyed, was "Mr. Barnes of New York." It seems to me so typically American."

Jack London, Owen Wister and the rest might feel flattered if it were not for the last sentence. Mrs. Glyn says, in passing, that "Three Weeks" has "not had a single adverse criticism from France." Does this surprise you?

Courtesy of the John Lane Co.

LEON GAMBETTA
The most picturesque French statesman since Mirabeau

The American edition of "Three Weeks" contains a preface in which the author replies to her English critics:

For me, "The Lady" was a deep study, the analysis of a strange Slav nature, who from circumstance and education and her general view of life was beyond the ordinary laws of morality. If I were making the study of a tiger, I would not give it the attributes of a spaniel, because the public, and I myself, might prefer a spaniel! I would still seek to portray accurately every minute instinct of that tiger, to make a living picture. Thus, as you read, I want you to think of her as such a study—a great, splendid nature, full of the passionate realization of primitive instincts, immensely cultivated, polished, *blasée*. . . . The minds of some human beings are as moles, grubbing in the earth for worms. They have no eyes to see God's sky with the stars in it. To such my story will be but a sensual record of passion. But those who do look up beyond the material will understand the deep, pure love, and the Soul in it all.

There is no "God's sky" in this story. It is merely skilful scene painting, such as Mr. Belasco delights in. The sky is paint, and the stars are tinsel.

For the French point of view, commend me to "The Heart of Gambetta," by Francis Laur. M. Laur was a close friend of "the great tribune" and seems to have talked freely with him of Mme. Léonie Léon. This lady was loved by Gambetta from his thirty-fifth year to the day of his death. She was the inspiration of his life, and he freely admitted that her advice and counsel had everything to do with the shaping of his career. The story of his love for Mme. Leon, as told in this book, could be true of no man but a Frenchman.

of the John Lane Co.

MME. LEONIE LÉON

The beautiful woman who was the inspiration of Gambetta's life

M. ÉLIE METCHNIKOFF

Who devotes his life to scientific research and the popularization of science

M. Élie Metchnikoff has the exceeding good fortune to be an entertaining writer as well as a man of science, and his books, instead of frightening off the unscientific reader, attract his attention and hold it. M. Metchnikoff has been described as "an Omar Khayyàm who has divorced the Daughter of the Vine, and espoused hard work and plain living." The new volume by this popular scientist is called "The Prolongation of Human Life : Optimistic Essays." Here we have a most comprehensive and far-reaching title, and one that gives an author much scope. What M. Metchnikoff has to say about prolonging life is most sane and reasonable. He thinks, as do many other scientists, that life can be not only prolonged but made much better worth living, while at the same time death may be contemplated with serenity, if not with positively agreeable sensations. If M. Metchnikoff can make converts to his pleasant theories, he will have done much to convert pessimists into optimists.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been giving her opinion of the heroines of early-nineteenth-century fiction, and they are not flattering:

Analyze the nineteenth-century heroine thoroughly in the light of this twentieth century, and you will be amazed at the cattishness of, we will say, Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," the hopeless stupidity, or worse, of that little bore, Amelia, in "Vanity Fair." And yet, our dear old Thackeray admired these women of his own creation. To him and to his generation, they were the ideal types of feminine

loveliness. The heroines of those days knew nothing of literature, except of the lightest kind, hence they were not "bookish." They were ignorant of science or philosophy, hence they were not "blue-stockings." They were adorably weak, delightfully ignorant, hence they were altogether charming heroines.

Those "good old days"! A marvellous change, truly, has taken place since they have passed away, and I think it is only some dear vicaress, some "Early Victorian," who would deplore it. Men, certainly, would not care for a return of the Amelias and Lady Castlewood in this age of awakened feminine intelligence. What pleasure is there in talking to a ninny? Why should a man care to be tied to a creature whose ethical standards are lower than his own? And the strange part of it is that the change has, apparently, all happened in the last twenty-five years.

From a photograph taken last summer at Sands Point, L. I.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Mrs. Burnett is the creator of a number of stalwart heroines. Where could you find a sturdier one than Joan, that Lass o' Lowrie's, in her first novel? or one of greater nerve or firmer muscle than the Lady of Quality, who killed her man with the butt end of her riding-whip and kicked his dead body out of sight under the sofa? There is nothing "adorably weak" about such a heroine as this, for she could swear with the most hardened old sinners who gathered at her sporting father's fireside. I quite agree with Mrs. Burnett as to the "hopeless stupidity" of Amelia, but I cannot call Lady Castlewood "cattish," though I find her very insipid. There was nothing stalwart about Thackeray's heroines, and while I would not give that quality to the heroines of Dickens they are as a rule less insipid than his great contemporary's. Perhaps Thackeray's illustrations have helped to give us a certain contempt for his heroines, for he endows them with the sloping shoulders of the champagne bottle and the unexpressive faces of rag dolls. Even the wicked but fascinating Becky Sharp does not live up to her character in his illustrations.

Mrs. Burnett gives Du Maurier and Charles Dana Gibson credit for the "phenomenal physical improvement" in the women of to-day:

> Before the "Gibson girl" appeared in this country, or the Greek types of Du Maurier appeared in England, the physical development of women was distinctly lower in both countries than it is to-day. But the work of these two artists seemed to act like a spur to the sex which they idealized so successfully. Like a miracle, almost, the pale, thin, stooping, low-statured creatures of the old poets' dreams and the three-volumed novelists' raptures grew suddenly into tall, erect, robust women, with eyes alert and intelligent, hair brushed back in waves above the forehead—the woman, in fact, that one meets on almost every block of a city street, and who impresses one at a glance with

her beauty, her intelligence, her self-reliance and strength of character.

While neither Mr. Du Maurier nor Mr. Gibson can be said to have created a type of female beauty, they did much to encourage it. In other words, they made the "tall, erect, robust woman" fashionable. Every American girl's ambition was to be a "Gibson girl" until within the last few months. Now they are all trying to make "Fluffy Ruffles" of themselves, which perhaps is hardly so noble an ambition!

I have been reading some extracts from a book called "Queer Things About Persia." This is one of the "queer things":

> The same man who drops rose petals under your feet in order to make them avoid the hardness of the road, will not hesitate to make you suffer the most cruel tortures. He delights in the murmur of the rivulet in the moonshine, but the sound of blood flowing from an open wound has also for him its fascination. The singing of the nightingale fills him with rapture in the night, but he quivers with pleasure at the cry of pain from a victim.

Equally queer, perhaps, is the alleged attitude of the Persian toward truth:

> The Persian does not consider a lie a sin. He thinks that we have a bad opinion of lying because we do not know how to lie, and if he shows an unbounded confidence in everything the Europeans say, it is chiefly because he thinks we are totally devoid of the gift.

In other words, the Persians are a childlike and primitive people. Not all primitive peoples, however, delight equally in poetry and bloodshed. In that particular the Persians are more picturesque than the Tartars, for instance. Individual examples may be found, even in civilized countries, of men who sing while they slay. We call such men abnormal, but in Persia they seem to be the common or garden variety. As for lying, has not that accomplishment been named with the arts?

When the late Edward Lear published his "Book of Nonsense," which was made up mainly of limericks, he little foresaw the amount of time that would be given to the making of these verses in later years, or the amount of money that would be paid for them —over twelve hundred dollars, in one case, for what the *New York Times* truthfully describes as "one silly line." The craze for limericks breaks out in England about once in every decade, always in connection with prizes offered by the penny weeklies. Sir Thomas Lipton has turned the craze to account in advertising his teas, but he exacts no entrance fee. The way the weeklies do it is to print all of a limerick but the last line, letting the contestant, after paying sixpence for the privilege, fill it out as he pleases. You can readily see that this is a very canny offer on the part of the publisher, for the contestants, by the six-penny contribution, furnish their own prize money. It is estimated that eight penny weeklies recently paid out $61,985 in limerick prize money in one week! Some one has worked this sum out on the basis of sixpence (twelve cents) per person, and proved thereby that about 500,000 persons must have competed in this intellectual contest. Not to be "out of it," *Punch* prints "Our Elysian Limericks," awarding the first prize to Sir Walter Scott for this:

> O! young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
> Through all the wide border his steed is the best;
> He rode all alone,
> And to judge by his tone,
> "Bridal" paths were the paths for which he was in quest.

Robert Browning, also, is one of the lucky winners:

> I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
> I galloped, Drick galloped, we galloped all three,
> "Good speed!" cried they all,
> "Quick!" echoed the wall,
> For it was n't a very good echo, you see!

Alas, poor Scott! poor Browning! poor Lear!

From a photograph by Schemboche, Florence

"OUIDA"

The well-known novelist Mme. de la Rame, who denies that she is in want

Ouida, the well-known author, who made so great a reputation by her novels, her clever essays, and by her campaign in behalf of the Boers (which the English have never forgiven), Ouida, the clever novelist, for many years the most popular author, who received in her salon artists and literati of every country, now dwells in the most squalid misery and seclusion. The editors no longer remember her, the great American reviews no longer request her articles and novels.

Ouida is now sixty-eight years of age, weak, humble, despondent, and dejected. Her former friends are no longer alive, that sumptuous residence at Florence and the most brilliant intellectual salon of Paris are now no more than a memory. Almost blind, full of misery, she is the guest of a poor family of peasants, who divide with her their bowl of soup

MR. DAVID BELASCO IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

and crust of bread. Her companions in misfortune are two dogs, as old and miserable as herself. Dogs were always a mania with this curious writer. At Florence and in the villa of Sant' Allessio, she had at one time three score of every breed and age. One day she gave a great feast, inviting all the dogs of the neighborhood. The papers spoke of the event as the whim of a mad woman, and said that Ouida was becoming eccentric, neurotic and impulsive.

In the last few years Ouida has acquired still another mania—a fondness for lawsuits. She brought suit against the sons of the owner of the villa where she lived, for trespassing on private property. It resulted in her winning her case, but it cost many pennies and she surely had none too many, because, in the brilliant period of her life, Ouida spent with great prodigality and with deplorable recklessness. The sufferings of these last years have rendered her unrecognizable and she totters as she walks. But she refuses all aid, saying that she wishes to die far from the gossiping world, alone with her pride and with her two faithful dogs.

Assistance is pouring in from all sides and the Italian Minister of Public Instruction has ordered that Ouida be supported by a pension. "Shall we not unite in helping her in time?" writes a correspondent of mine. "I hope so, because pitiful indeed is the change in fortune of this writer, who had her quarter of an hour of fame, and who now endures the greatest misery on that same coast of Viareggio where lived many of the characters of her novels."

Is Mr. Belasco always in a contemplative mood? or only when he poses before a camera? I have never seen a picture of him that did not represent him with eyes, downcast, apparently contemplating his sleeve-links. If it is the contemplation of his sleeve-links that has taught him to understand so well what the average American theatre-goer wants, he has not studied them in vain, and I would advise some less knowing managers to borrow the same sleeve-links and spend some time in contemplating them. From the days when Mr. Belasco managed the stage of the Madison Square Theatre for thirty-five dollars a week, and adapted plays for the Mallorys at five dollars a night, he has risen steadily in his business. Some of his stars may show the effect of too much training—their methods may not reveal sufficient individuality, —but they seldom fail to please the public and that, after all, is what they are in business for.

At last New York has a comparatively cheap cab service, and it looks as if it had come to stay. Some years ago an enterprising author and ex-publisher "promoted" a cheap cab service in New York, and there are many who will recall the yellow-bodied coupés that lined the cab stands. Twenty-five cents a mile was the fare, if I recollect rightly.

These cabs were well patronized, but there were not enough of them; and then the drivers of all the old "growlers" in the city had their cabs painted yellow, and this led not only to confusion but to war. Seeing a yellow cab, a "fare" would jump in, tell the driver to drive to such and such a street, and when he got there hand out a quarter. Not being a genuine yellow cabby, the driver would demand a dollar. Then came trouble. The twenty-five cent cabs were not long-lived. The company said they did n't pay. So an army of painters took them in hand, and the "canaries" disappeared from our streets.

MRS. ANNE WARNER FRENCH, THE CREATOR OF "SUSAN CLEGG"

Not only has "Susan Clegg" added much to the gayety of nations but now "Aunt Mary"—she who was rejuvenated—is helping the country forget its troubles. Mrs. French is doing a missionary work, for she is making people laugh when they are worried and "blue." Miss May Robson has made a great success in the stage version of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and arrangments are already under way for putting "Mrs. Clegg" behind the footlights. She will be welcome, for as a laugh-provoker she is irresistible. If you want to forget your troubles, read "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop" or "The Man in the House."

A young opera-singer who claims Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen" as her great-grandmother is soon to be heard in London. There are some of us who might not be proud of this relationship, but the lady in question considers it something to boast of. Here is the story as her press agent tells it:

Our singer's name is Mme. Mintz Nadushka, and she is the wife of a French journalist. Carmen, it appears, was Mérimée's name for a gypsy called Ar Mintz, who lived in the south of Spain, near Gibraltar. She was never a cigar-maker at Seville, indeed, she never lived in a city, for she loved the freedom of the country. When quite a child she married one of the gypsies in her tribe, a man called Yaleo, who died soon afterwards. She was arrested for smuggling at Tarifa and was put into prison. From her close quarters she was released by an officer of high birth, Don José Navarro, a good fellow at heart but of a jealous disposition. To enjoy Carmen's society he deserted from the army and followed her into the hills. For a year he was with her, but this period was not one of bliss for either party, owing to their respective tempers. Eventually the officer found that Carmen's affection for him was declining, and believing that somebody else was winning her love, he killed her. Carmen had one child, a daughter,

who married a troubadour named Djarko. They had a large family, including a daughter Thecla, who became the wife of a British artilleryman at Gibraltar, named Harry Gresham. He died in India, and left his wife with a little girl, who has since become known as Mintz Nadushka.

This is interesting if true, but if we are to believe Mr. Channing Pollock's "Confessions," there is more poetry than truth in press agents' tales. The "Carmen" story is straight enough, and if Mme. Mintz Nadushka wants to claim this adventurous lady as a great-grandmother, who shall say her nay?

We all know that there are schoolgirls who will peep into their books at an examination, or listen to the voice of a prompting schoolmate, but the story of a school-teacher that has just reached us from Paris is something entirely new. For years past it has been noticed that the pupils of a certain school in the Latin Quarter have passed the state examinations with flying colors, and have thereby gained the prizes in the Civil Service at which they aimed. Now it is discovered that the lady principal herself, or one of her teachers, assumed a name in alphabetical order with that of the pupil, and appeared before the examining board. In this way she got a seat next the pupil to whom she whispered the correct answers to questions. The discovery of this fraud has made something of a sensation, and the prompted pupils have been promptly ejected from their appointments.

The death of George Allen, Ruskin's publisher, recalls a pleasant adventure I had in England a few years ago. I was in search of country presses, and Ruskin's works bore the imprint of George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. Here, of course, was a country press, and a well-known one. I would make a pilgrimage to the spot without delay. A pilgrimage is more interesting when made with a companion than when made alone, so two of us took the train from London to Orpington. It was not a long journey, as miles go, but it took much time, and we arrived at Orpington at the luncheon hour, though we had left London by a fairly early train. Near the station was an inn—not such as we read about or see pictured in books of polite travel, or as we unearth in motoring. It was just a plain, everyday railway inn, where we got a cold-meat luncheon washed down by the none-too-cold beer of the country. We asked the young woman who waited upon us if she could direct us to the Sunnyside Press. She looked hard at us and hard out of the window, and shook her head. She had never heard of such a thing. We suggested that she consult the landlord: men were much more likely to know of such places. The landlord returned to the coffee-room with her. Had he heard aright?—a Sunnyside Press at Orpington? No, it was quite impossible. There was a place called Sunnyside not far up the road, where Mr. Allen lived: that was the only Sunnyside he knew. That was a good enough Sunnyside for us, and up the road we went.

There were no indications of a printing establishment about this modern villa, yet we ventured to ring and ask if we could see Mr. Allen. Not unless we went up to London could we see him. There we should find him at Ruskin House, Charing Cross Road. So this was the Allen of whom we were in quest; but where was the press? There was none, and never had been. The beautiful editions of Ruskin that had made author and publisher rich had been printed somewhere else, but in the early days they had been published from Orpington, and all the Allen family had taken part in the enterprise. We had a pleasant chat with the ladies, and some interesting Ruskin manuscripts and other memorials of the

"BREEZY MEADOW,"
Miss Kate Sanborn's Farm at Metcalfe, Mass.

famous writer were shown to us. A few days later I met Mr. Allen at Ruskin House and told him of my adventure, which seemed to amuse him very much.

It is well known that Ruskin would never authorize an American edition of his works. He did n't like the way certain pirated copies were printed. A firm of New York booksellers and publishers wrote him for authorization, and offered to pay him regular royalties (this was in the days before international copyright); but he refused—in a curt letter which they framed and hung up in their office. I may add that this did not prevent their publishing a complete edition of Ruskin, many sets of which were smuggled into England, and sold at a much lower price than the handsomer Allen editions. Years later, when Ruskin's mind became enfeebled and all his publishing affairs were put into Mr. Allen's hands, arrangements were made for an authorized American edition, for which Ruskin's old friend, Charles Eliot Norton, furnished introductions. This was called the Brantwood Edition, and being printed at the Sunnyside Press, it was as beautiful as the other editions of Ruskin's works.

MISS KATE SANBORN,
Who made abandoned farms popular, at her own fireside

I should think that it would be a very remunerative as well as a very pleasant business to be the publisher of one author only, providing that that author was a popular one, as in the case of Ruskin. I should ask no greater riches than would be mine were I to have the exclusive publication of either Scott's, Dickens's or Thackeray's novels, or, among our own countrymen, of Hawthorne or Cooper or Irving, to name but a few. If one only knew which of the younger authors was to be a Scott or a Cooper, one might agree to publish for him alone; but it would be too great a risk to make arrangements in advance, there are so many one-book authors nowadays.

A number of years ago, when I was young in the business, there was a Broadway publisher who may be said to have been a one-author publisher. This was the late W. J. Widdleton, who published the works of Edgar Allan Poe to the exclusion of all but two or three books of other writers, which he put on his list because he liked them, rather than because they were among the best "sellers." There have been instances where authors have published their own works to the exclusion of others. In some cases—notably that of the late A. C. Gunther, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York"—this has been successfully done; in others, as in that of Walt Whitman, "the contrary was the reverse," as Artemus Ward once said.

To a recent number of the *New England Magazine* Miss Kate Sanborn

contributes an interesting paper on "Farming as I See It." It is well known by those who keep informed in such matters that Miss Sanborn was a pioneer among Abandoned Farmers. She wrote a book on the subject that did much toward turning the city man's attention farmward, although she did not write altogether optimistically. Nor is her present article an optimistic one. I should say, after carefully reading it, that while Miss Sanborn had lived a pleasant life and greatly enjoyed it, having a keen sense of humor, she had not made farming "pay." I should like to live near "Breezy Meadow," for a neighbor might get rich buying chickens, vegetables, eggs and milk from her. Two cents and a half a quart for the purest Jersey milk! I pay nine cents, here in New York. Eight cents a dozen for green corn, and so on down the list. In a letter accompanying some photographs, Miss Sanborn says:

> I want you to see that I am a real farmer hay, rye and vegetables. I built on to the original old house all after the kitchen, and have made a very cosy den of a henhouse at the end. I have set out over eight hundred trees and shrubs, and made fine walks all over the hills and through the woods. My "skeeter cheaters" are a great comfort. We breakfast often in one, in front of the house.

The "skeeter cheaters" are interesting, but where I have my farm of two acres, we don't need them. We have no mosquitoes to cheat. I have seen but a simple one in the four summers I have spent on the place, and I am not sure that even that one was a mosquito. It did n't look like a real one, and a native to whom I showed it said positively, "That ain't no skeeter."

By the time this paragraph appears in print, if all goes well Mme. Nordica will have broken ground at Ardsley on the Hudson for the Lillian Nordica Festival House. The designs for the house were made by Herr von Possart of the Munich Court Theatre, who is coming to this country to direct the building of the temple of music which Mme. Nordica hopes to have ready for dedication in 1909. The founder's plan, so far as it has been disclosed, is to found a school for the training of American voices, as well as an auditorium for the giving of opera. She contends—and no one will contradict her—that much harm comes of sending young girls abroad to study music. In the course of an interview published in the New York *Times*, Mme. Nordica says:

> I am planning a great opera school, too. It is the curse of this country that so many young girls are sent abroad to learn to sing in opera without any preparation here. A girl should not go abroad to study unless she is able to take care of herself by using her voice before she goes. I was able to support myself by singing before I ever went to Europe.
>
> The trouble is that girls do not realize what is required of them when they enter an operatic career. They must learn languages, and they must learn acting. Some girls imagine they can go into the chorus. Even then in some opera-houses a répertoire of eighty operas in different languages is the requirement.
>
> Europe is full of young girls who have no business there. They think they are learning to sing, but they are wasting their money. I am to sing at a benefit concert in Paris, which is given solely to raise money to send girls home who have failed. The situation is frightful. There should be a competent committee in America first to tell a girl truthfully if her voice is great enough to pay her to study, and second, to tell her what and how she is to study, and I think it is safe to say that any girl who is unable to earn money with her voice before she leaves this country had better stay here.

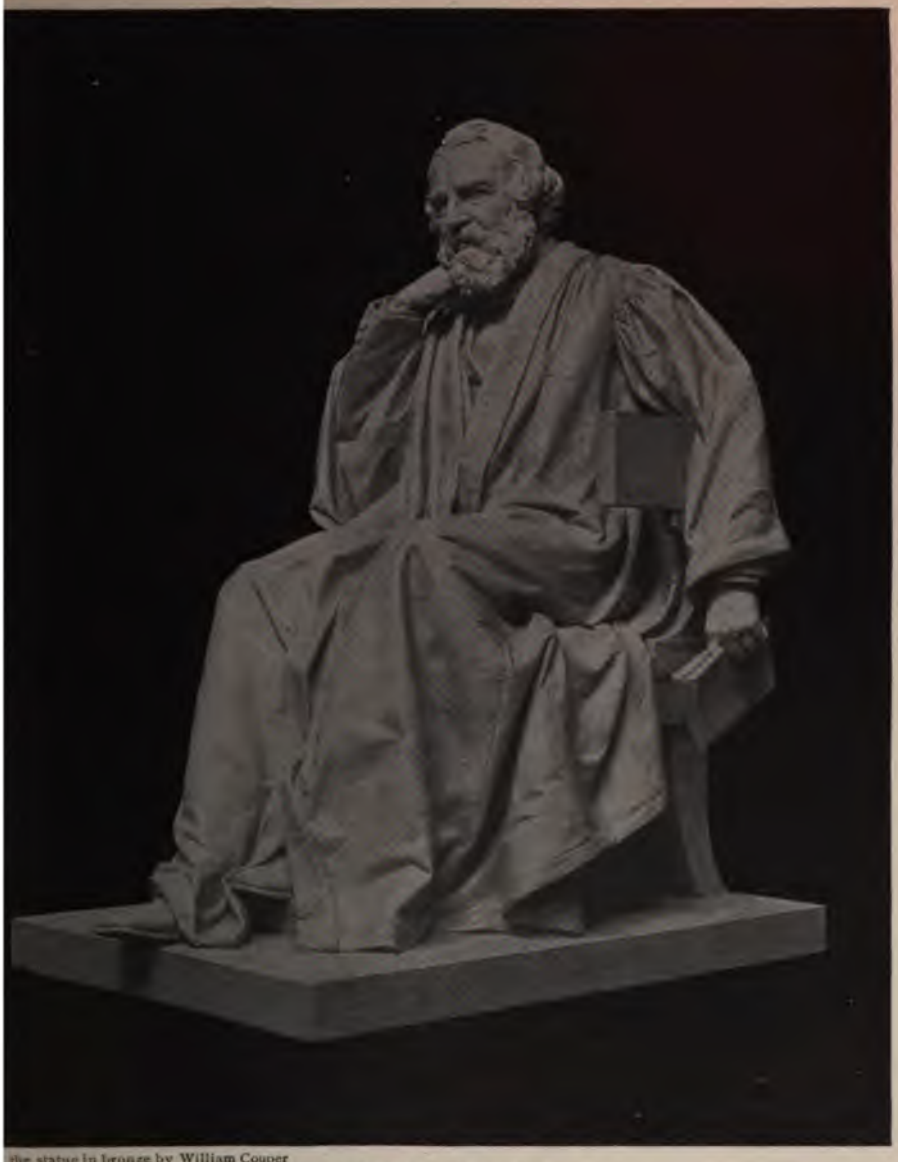
Every word of this is gospel truth, and there is much more that might be said on the moral side of the question, which is an important one. Occasionally some one comes forward and tells the pitiful tale, or part of it, for the half has not been told; but this does not prevent girls from every State in the Union flocking across the ocean

Copyright, 1900, by E. W. Hoard, photo.

MME. NORDICA AS BRUNHILDE

to get what cannot be given them—a voice for singing. There is nothing about which people are more unscrupulous than encouraging the voiceless to believe that they can sing. Of course this cannot be stopped, but if Mme. Nordica can stem the tide of would-be songbirds from crossing the ocean, and induce them to find out their limitations on this side of the water, she will be doing a great missionary work. My sincere thanks to her in advance.

A few months ago, Mrs. Grace McGowan Cooke and Miss Alice McGowan sold a story to the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "The Children of the Barren." Before the story was published, *Harper's Magazine* printed a story with the same title by Grace Ellery Channing, and the title of the *Post* story was changed to "An Apostle to the Children." Last April PUTNAM'S MONTHLY purchased of Mrs. Cooke a story with the title "Two Daughters of One Race." But in the October *Atlantic*, the same writer who had anticipated her before, has a story with this identical title; so the name of the PUTNAM story has been changed to "Sisters." Mrs. Cooke writes: "I have only one objection to Mrs. Stetson's getting the same titles that we do and that is her luck in using them first."



the statue in bronze by William Couper

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

ome time next spring Mr. William per's bronze statue of Longfellow be unveiled at Washington, re it will stand at the corner of de Island and Connecticut av- es. Congress gave the site and 00, and $21,000 was raised by ular subscription, encouraged by Longfellow National Memorial ociation, of which Chief Justice ler is President, and ex-President Cleveland and President Roosevelt are honorary members of the Board of Regents. Mr. Couper has avoided the unpicturesque clothes of convention by dressing the poet in college robes. I don't suppose that Mr. Longfellow was very often seen in these robes, but that makes no difference; they are much better for artistic purposes than a frock coat and trousers.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Beer, George L. British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765. *Macmillan.*

Crane Walter. An Artist's Reminiscences. *Macmillan.*

Curtin, Jeremiah. The Mongols. *Little, Brown.*

Ellis, Edwin J. The Real Blake. *McClure.*

Hill, Frederick Trevor. Decisive Battles of the Law. *Harper.*

Lemaître, Jules. Jean Jacques Rousseau. *McClure.*

Mistral, Frederic. Memoirs of my Early Life. *Baker and Taylor.*

Oberholtzer, Ellis P. Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War. *Jacobs.*

Perry, Bliss. John Greenleaf Whittier. *Houghton.*

Tilley, Arthur. François Rabelais. *Lippincott.*

Trevelyan, Sir George Otto. The American Revolution. Part III. *Longmans.*

Victoria Queen. Letters. Ed. by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. *Longmans.*

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Binyon, Laurence. Attila: A Verse Drama. *Dutton.*

Björkman, Edwin. Ibsen as He Should Be Read. *Moffat, Yard.*

Crowninshield, Frederic. Under the Laurel. *Dodd, Mead.*

Furness, Horace Howard. Antony and Cleopatra. Variorum Edition. *Lippincott.*

Irving, Henry B. Occasional Papers. *Small, Maynard.*

Payne, William Morton. Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century. *Holt.*

Phillips, Stephen. Poems. *Lane.*

Whitney, Helen Hay. Gipsy Verses. *Duffield.*

Woodberry, George E. The Appreciation of Literature. *Baker & Taylor.*

Fiction

Benson, E. F. Sheaves. *Doubleday.*

McLaws, L. The Welding. *Little, Brown.*

Mason, Edith H. The Real Agatha. *McClure.*

Mason, A. E. W. The Broken Road. *Scribner.*

Phelps, Elizabeth S. Walled In. *Harper.*

Rhodes, H. The Flight to Eden. *Holt.*

Robins, Elizabeth. Under the Southern Cross. *Stokes.*

Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. A Fountain Sealed. *Century.*

Streckfuss, Adolf. The Lonely House. Trans. by Mrs. A. L. Wister. *Lippincott.*

Tarkington, Booth. His Own People. *Doubleday.*

Thanet, Octave. The Lion's Share. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Milly and Olly. *Doubleday.*

Travel and Description

Bates, Katharine Lee. From Gretna Green to Land's End. *Crowell.*

Davis, Richard Harding. The Congo and the Coasts of Africa. *Scribner.*

Landor, A. Henry Savage. Across Wildest Africa. *Scribner.*

Marshall, Herbert M. and Hester. Cathedral Cities of France. *Dodd, Mead.*

Van Norman, Louis E. Poland, the Knight Among Nations. *Revell.*

Whiting, Lilian. Italy, the Magic Land. *Little, Brown.*

Miscellaneous

Day, James R. The Raid on Prosperity. *Appleton.*

MacLaren Ian. God's Message to the Human Soul. *Revell.*

Mallock, W. H. A Critical Examination of Socialism. *Harper.*

Shaw, Albert. The Outlook for the Average Man. *Macmillan.*

Wallington, N. U. Historic Churches of America. Intro. by E. E. Hale. *Duffield.*

ELLEN KEY: SWEDEN'S FOREMOST WOMAN

See page 432.

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AN IMPRESSION OF THE FIFTIES

By MARY MOSS

With Portraits from "The Knickerbocker Gallery"

IN any library a generation old, there may be found—tucked away upon top shelves, relegated to dark corners—certain isolated volumes which, no matter in what they differ, all show one common trait. Their covers vary from sentimental rosy silk, faint with age, to a gorgeousness of black and gold. Like that famous Spring Annual in which one Arthur Pendennis made his first bow to the public, the contents may bear the stamp of high fashion. Did not Lady Blessington herself stoop to the graceful task of editing one? Their illustrations, pseudo-classical engravings and fanciful vignettes, possess no small charm and delicacy (the plate for Mr. Pendennis's verses cost Bacon sixty pounds). But, judging by their invariable state of preservation—Annuals, Souvenirs, Mementos, Galleries, whatever their titles—no human being seems ever to have read them. If Sterne had never seen a dead donkey, certainly no living mortal can produce a dog-eared Book of Beauty.

To this rule there is no exception, and the substantial volume which has drifted to my table, with its discreet binding, fine gilt edges and admirable typography, is as innocent of human desecration as Robinson Crusoe's island.

"The Knickerbocker Gallery," New York, 1855.

At that date the *Knickerbocker Magazine* had lived a quarter of a century and was the oldest monthly of its class in America. Nevertheless, the editor, Louis Gaylord Clark, received an inadequate salary, so the preface to the Gallery informs us. Consequently fifty-five of his leading contributors each gave "a piece," and this miscellany was edited by John W. Francis, one of our earliest literary doctors, George P. Morris, Rufus Griswold, Richard B. Kimball and Frederick Shelton, into a tome (no lesser word answers) of some five

hundred pages. The proceeds of this were destined to buy for Mr. Clark a cottage on the Hudson—an appropriate locality, since the Hudson River School predominates in the Gallery, as in the pages of the magazine itself. Did these gentlemen succeed, did the cottage pass from a dream to reality? Nothing easier than to ask, but, fearing disappointment, I would rather happily believe that the cottage had a double coach-house and that Mr. Clark there ended his days in peace and plenty. He merits our good-will from his humane habit of letting his magazine writers sign their articles (an unusual indulgence both in England and America), and in the pleasant wit shown by the only surviving anecdote of him.

This story, by the way, may be found in a remarkable publication of the year '55, the too little known autobiography of P. T. Barnum, as fine a specimen of picaresque literature (unless Benjamin Franklin' be so classed) as America has produced. Barnum tells how came one day in great haste began, "Friend Barnum, I have to ask if you have got in the Mu the club that Captain Cook was with?"

Barnum naturally had the thing, and bidding Clark wai proceeded to overhaul a lot of "selecting a heavy one that lo as if it might have killed Ca Cook or anybody else with head it came in contact. Ha affixed a small label on it re 'The Captain Cook Club,' I to down to Mr. Clark, assuring him this was the instrument of which he inquired for." Tog the two examined it with intel sympathy, Barnum growing sad at picturing the brutal sce which that club had played a Finally Clark prepared to take

shaking Barnum's hand and assuring him, "I had an irrepressible desire to see the club that killed Captain Cook. . . . I have been in half a dozen smaller museums, and as *they*

all had it, I was sure a large establishment like yours could not be without it."

Needless to say, Jenny Lind's impressario evened the score in a later chapter; but having wandered so far from the Gallery to prove Mr. Clark's claim to his cottage, I must go back to the fifty-five authors who sharpened their pens to procure it.

The list opens, as it should, with Washington Irving, who, having passed his three score years and ten, and needing rest from the recent effort of "Wolfert's Roost," is content to send jottings from an early commonplace book. This "Conversation with Talma" gives some fairly interesting notes upon the French stage, with a prophecy of the romantic movement, and of the growing taste for Shakespeare.

Then comes the delightful, quizzical visage of Dr. Holmes, looking as if he were at that moment relishing the humor of "Concerning Homeopathy and Kindred Delusions," but facing an interminable copy of verses, "A Vision of the Hoosatonic," in Wordsworth's best Peter Bell manner.

After this, the real instruction begins: instruction on the mutability of Fame, on the uncommonly small proportion of celebrities of one generation whose names even survive a short half century. Samuel Osgood! Who remembers him? Yet, he was an original Brook Farmer, and not only an important divine in his day, but an author of excellent repute. After reading his present contribution, "A Reminiscence of Kentucky," one wonders just why his literary

claims were regarded, unless for his skill in dodging a certain question then forcing itself upon public notice. Kansas and Missouri, however, take no part in this laudatory sketch of slave-holding Kentucky, but Osgood's work bears one unmistakable mark of its era. Whether little Eva or Little Nell be responsible for the fashion, the fact remains that in the fifties no female child ever appeared upon one page without sadly and sweetly dying, usually at the turn of the leaf. Such a company of Herods as the mild mid-Victorian writers! The mortality among little girls throws an ordinarily kind-hearted person into a panic at the first indication of a blue eye and a golden curl. (Is it because boys are tougher that Paul Dombey's influence can show no more than a semi-occasional death-bed?)

Of course Donald Mitchell sent a "tale" to the Gallery. His "Bride of the Ice King" must simply be forgiven, on the score of the ambrosial portrait accompanying it and because of his miraculous youth. Judging by this tragedy of a lovely but mournful Swiss Maiden, Ik Marvel at twenty-three possessed a fund of immaturity entitling him to gentle treatment at the hands of adults.

George Lunt! O twentieth-century reader! Is it possible that you have forgotten George Lunt? Yet he wrote novels, lyrics and historical sketches and was noticed in the *North American Review!*

Then Boker, handsome and worldly, in a coat the perfection of which rather suggests the diplomat than the poet, sends a fragment of his "Francesca da Rimini," then unpublished and unplayed. There is a ring of talent in his verse, with odd falterings, as of a gift not quite sustained enough to lift his feet permanently from the ground.

Then an Indian Legend, by that Frederick Shelton whose "Letters from Up the River" so pleased his contemporaries. "Such ripe, juicy, diction as flows from his pen," the reviewer declares "could alone do justice to his rich and jocund fancies." To us it merely seems that, like too many amiable gentlemen of that date, this excellent divine placed undue confidence in the personal note. Their idea of personal was something highly intimate, a microscopic view of daily life, in style reminiscent of Irving, of Sterne (sterilized), of the *Tattler*, of Charles Lamb. Hence a multitude of rambling confidences, such as "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Prue and I." Truly, the despised Willis's "Letters from Idlewild" come nearer bearing the test of time than many more pretentious pictures of contemporary life. The difficulty with literature of this type is that not every one has the gift to be Charles Lamb! To venture so engagingly into personalities, one must needs be quite sure of having an engaging personality to reveal. Consequently when Mr. Shelton lingers so confidently over the Atridean banquets of his Shanghai rooster, and over what he himself had (or went without) for dinner in his humble cot, we rather yawn than admire—not half so wearily, however, as if a taste for curios had led us to dip into his novel, "Chrystalline," a mid-Victorian "Zenda," of portentous dulness.

Bayard Taylor gives a "Day at Saint Helena." This bears a faint thrill. It seems a link with a past then sufficiently recent for something of it to hover about that desecrated tomb, Napoleon's emptied grave. Taylor talked with the caretaker who, though never getting an answer, actually had said "Good morning, sir," to Napoleon!

The assemblage in the Gallery now grows as ghostly as that company in the moon which Eaton Barrett made up of heroes and heroines whose tenure of spirit-life was measured by their popularity on earth. Worthy citizens, many of these, largely associated with some useful work, but dim in our minds after fifty years. Epes Sargent, with schoolbooks to his credit, biographies and translations, here branches into an Indian tale, wooden as a cigar Pompey. Bethune brings another infant death-bed. William Pitt Palmer, for-

gotten! Tuckerman, whom nobody reads.

Thomas Ward (Flaccus), wickedly kept alive by a quotation from his *chef d'œuvre* preserved in the *Literati*. Like all young gentlemen in the fifties, Ward discovered Europe, but, unique among them, he wrote a serious poem upon sea-sickness: the most "disgusting" picture in literature Poe calls it, and makes good his assertion by producing these lines:

But most of all good eating cheers the brain,
Where other joys are rarely met—at sea—
Unless indeed we lose as soon as gain.
Ay, there 's the rub, so baffling oft to me.
Boiled, roast and baked—what precious choice of dishes
My generous throat has shared among the fishes!

And he ends by sentimentally remarking

My briny messmates! Ye will mourne my loss!

More than enough, as Poe declares, to damn any book—and this at a period which for refinement would put to the blush all the *précieuses* from

Scudéry to Madelon! Perhaps Byron may be held accountable for this astounding ease of manner; but, while many of these "poets" doubtless saw a likeness between themselves and "Don Juan," as a rule there is a scrupulous avoidance of any such suggestions in their eminently virtuous writings. To the Gallery, Ward contributes a long poem, "The Bards of Parnassus." This opens with the amazing statement (taken from Griswold) that there were then in America "Two hundred genuine and immortal bards." Ward, however treats some of these immortals with a fairly lively and satirical characterization. William Henry Cuyler Hosmer claims mention here, if only to show how a poet was permitted to wear his beard, in the fifties—also a bit of his verse is artless enough to be preserved:

Dryden was ruined when he tuned his string
To gain the guerdon of a heartless king,
Amuse a gay licentious Court with lays
Mocking at virtue, and indecent plays.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Bow at the footstool of anointed sin
Less sure of royal favour than Nell Gwynne.

Then among the forgotten comes Donald McLeod, looking terribly like a country town dentist and not in the least as if he had written a sensational romance of secret societies in Germany, or had steeped himself in Fouquet, Tieck, Richter and "Wilhelm Meister." He also discovered Europe and described it in "Pynnshurst," a series of mediocre letters with some good observation and an occasional infant grave. (I count only white graves, brown and red babies begin at a discount in the fifties.) McLeod stood well in his day, but the present sketch, "Anteros," ends with: "The fires faded from his eyes, and his lips froze upon mine. I care not what doctors tell me, Mark is dead, and I am dying also; but slowly, too slowly." Minor authors of the twentieth century! Who can be sure that in fifty years we may not sound as rococo as McLeod?

Of course, Saxe contributed a poem, a brisk little lament upon growing old (he was nearly forty at the time), with the queer blend of Tom Hood and piety which taste permitted in the fifties.

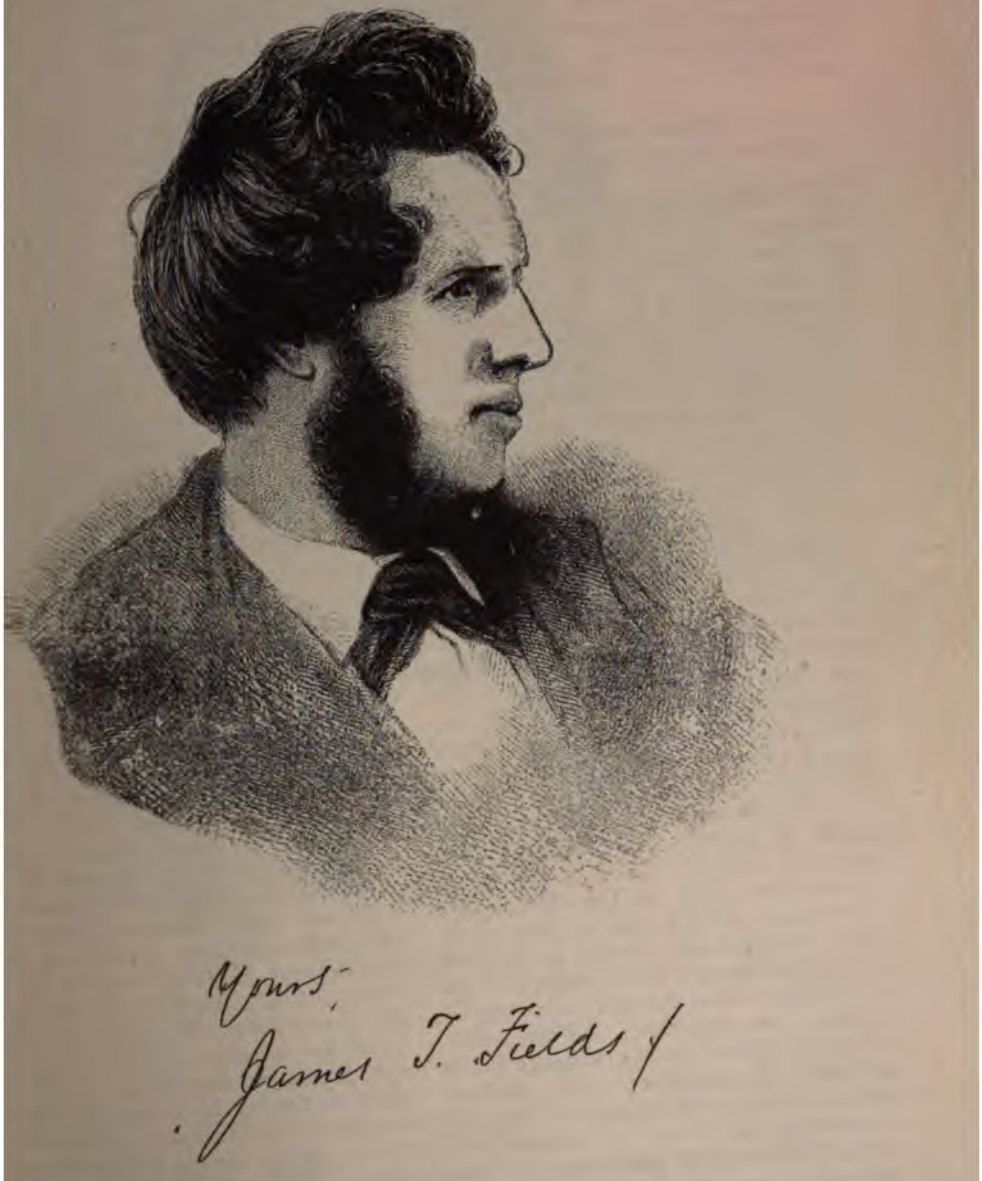
Charles Astor Bristed's neat countenance (looking as if he had never heard of Mürger, much less translated him) accompanies some dapper satirical lines upon current magazine literature. Cozzens sends a long humorous sketch. Has any one born later than the sixties ever tried his famous "Sparrowgrass Papers?" A whole nation once responded to their mild-drawn pleasantries—the beginning of the suburban joke!

James T. Fields then shows a young face charming with its air of kindness and wisdom. No wonder budding writers enjoyed visits to their Boston publisher, when they were received by this encouraging and sympathetic presence.

Old Dr. Francis is here too, looking as if he might lately have taken wine with Diedrich Knickerbocker. His unpruned sketch of a curious sort of city tramp, one Christopher Colles, is full of valuable, undigested facts, of random references to Francis's store of New York legend and history.

The next author of importance is George P. Morris. All adults who have been blessed with grandmothers will at once automatically exclaim, "Woodman, spare that tree!"

But how many guess the extent of his fame? Even Poe (not a particularly lavish man with praise) calls him our best writer of songs, and goes on to affirm that by two poems, "Woodman" and "By the Lake where Droops the Willow," if by nothing else, Morris is immortal! Alas! If to Lowell's taste Willis seemed inspiration and water, to us Morris sounds very like Tom Moore and whey. Nevertheless Morris's biographer compares him to Moore and Byron, considerably to their disadvantage, and describes him as performing "gigantic labors as a literary pioneer." Perhaps he did! He certainly edited the *New York Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*, wrote a play which ran fort-


Yours
James T. Fields

nights, endless poems, and books of humor, and was quoted in the House of Commons when Sir Robert Peel was about to bury his axe in the tree of the British Constitution. Balfe wrote music to some of his songs. The biographer does not quote Ward's disrespectful lines on a brother poet, setting forth how "General Morris"

. . . stood the fire on Independence Day,
And braved the muddy perils of Broadway.

The Gallery contains a quantity of sketches, to be frank, of the unpublished manuscript kind—Knickerbocker tales after Irving, mystery tales savoring of Poe, owing much to Wilkie Collins, wavering attempts to use the wonderful French material lying fallow in the Missouri Basin, more Indian sketches, stories of patroons, a genuine effort after American subjects by men like T. B. Thorpe, whose "Bee Hunter on the Mississippi" is even now readable by any one who has a real curiosity about early days in the Southwest. There are notes of travel, more or less overshadowed by Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot." All are excellent in intention, but all are hampered by the stereotyped phrase, and by an unfrank, insincere point of view. They seem separated from us by illimitable distance. Could it have needed the Civil War to shake people up, to hurry them, to destroy that sense of unbounded leisure? Look at the mere number of words in Theodore Fay's "Norman Leslie," one of the early New York society novels (published in '69, but written years before) which introduced the foreign adventurer seeking an American heiress, Fay talks of "sable" crows, a really prize instance of tautology, and makes a fashionable club man describe his horse in these words: "No more will he paw the valley and rejoice in his strength. His noble fleetness, his graceful beauty, his docile love—where are they now?"

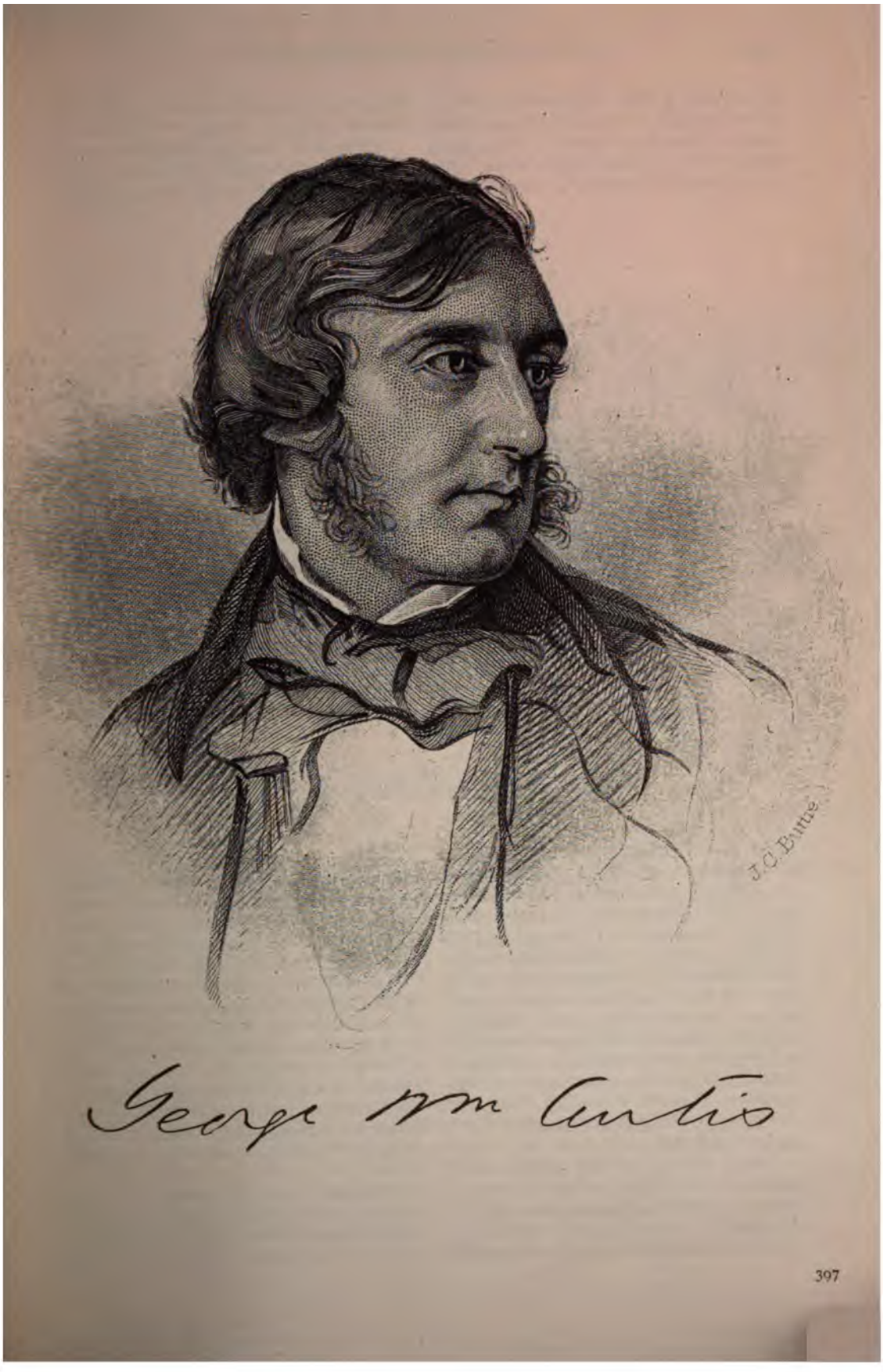
No wonder *Blackwood* remarks, in '55, that "The American language has gained a certain right, by its own peculiar elegancies, to be distinguished from the mother tongue."

George William Curtis was a *Knickerbocker* contributor. The engraving accompanying his feebly Hawthornesque story of Italy (the Italy of Udolpho and Otranto) neither looks like the "young Greek god" who visited the Ripleys at Brook Farm, nor the beautiful and distinguished orator whose noble memory is still fresh among us. This whiskery portrait with eyelashes and a dimpled chin is probably the very one he mentions in a letter as having been sent by mistake to Hueston.

Longfellow and Lowell are of course represented. Charles G. Leland gives a northern saga, rather in the spirit of Hans Breitman. Dear old Henry Schoolcraft, leaving his Indians alone, writes a Biblical history of the United States, not so condensed but that he finds room for a panegyric, *more* Martin Chuzzlewit.

Sunset Cox forgets all about his Congressional labors and the New York Post-Office, to contribute an essay on the Satanic in literature, which unfortunately contains no such good things as abound in his study of American humor. That forgotten volume, "Why We Laugh" is a perfect quarry for the origin of jokes current to-day. His definition of patent medicines (which he credits to General Nye), "half poison and half profit," only lately appeared in a reputable weekly as newly minted.

I could wish for time to linger over George D. Prentice, that transplanted Connecticut Yankee who took such firm root in the soil of Kentucky. His biographer, Turnbull, remarks, "The life of this distinguished poet and journalist has been a crown of glory to the world." In the Gallery, Prentice contributes a most uncharacteristic set of verses "To a Beautiful Girl." This, however, is accompanied by a picture the expression of which entirely confirms Turnbull's statement that "Some of Prentice's controversies led to personal encounters," as when "George Trotter of the *Louisville Gazette* fired at him on Market Street,


J.C. Buttre
George Wm Curtis

Mr. Prentice, knife in hand, threw him to the ground." Prentice was a storm centre and a hard hitter. Newspaper amenities in those days were fully as personal, to speak moderately, as at present. Prentice describes a journalistic opponent as having "the malignity of an assassin and the nerves of an old woman." He waged lifelong war with Shadrach Penn of the Louisville *Advertiser*. Hearing that there was a member of the Arkansas Legislature named Buzzard, Prentice delicately prints in his paper, the *Journal*, "Let him subscribe to the *Louisville Advertiser:* it will be a *feast* for him."

"Villainy is afoot" another rival paper proclaims.

"Has the editor lost his horse?" asks Prentice, with that wit which gives his Prenticeana a place as forerunner of the genuine American humor of elision, which twenty years later was to take classic form in the hands of Mark Twain.

Charles F. Briggs (Harry Franco) writes of his trials with a lady contributor. He himself was a voluminous writer, edited *Putnam's Monthly*, was one of the three editors simultaneously to accept Poe's "Raven," and is said to have been the inspirer of "The Potiphar Papers."

Henry R Schoolcraft

John Treat Irving (a brother of Washington Irving), whose seat in [illegible] New York club became vacant onl[illegible] a few years since, wrote for th[illegible] Gallery "Zadoc Town"—not a V[illegible] tairean revival, as the title sugge[illegible] (the fifties in America let Volta[illegible] prudently alone), but a ghost st[illegible] of a pot-valiant rustic bearing t[illegible] name.

Whittier put in his word for Cla[illegible] cottage, and Bryant, and Hall[illegible] Willis writes a charming letter [illegible] plaining why he cannot write,

Seward sends a long article upon the physical development of the United States—expansion we now should call it. Till the last paragraph, this sounds remarkably like a boastful physical geography, then casually, lightly, he slips in his word. In all this volume, he is the only one who ventures to speak (and he speaks merely incidentally) of slavery.

Richard Henry Stoddard, with characteristic lack of economy, gives of his best—a little "Serenade" with almost the charm of some of his gifted wife's neglected lyrics—a serenade so ripe for singing that it deserves a better fate than oblivion.

It is impossible even to name all the Gallery-makers—J. M. Legaré, "better known" (so the encyclopedias say) "as a relative of Hugh Legaré," a slim enough hold on immortality, Hamilton Myers, Henry Brent, George Wood—forgotten, all of them one fears, and with reason!

Minor literature of this whole era leaves a queer impression of having been old-fashioned (though immature) even in its heyday. Only remember! Turgenieff was already writing. France had produced "Madame Bovary." Balzac and Stendahl were accomplished facts.

Geo D Prentice.

Trollope had published "The Warden"; Disraeli was at his strange pranks in English fiction; Charles Kingsley was established and Charles Reade was beginning. And with all this happening, literature in America neither grasped life in the raw, like the Russians, and reflected it, nor did it follow the freshest European interpreters. Influence crossed the water so slowly that, while Tennyson, Browning and the Pre-Raphaelites were coming to the fore in England, America still lay under the dominion of pseudo-Byronism (trimmed down for family use), Moore, Hood, the Germans who inspired Coleridge,

Pope and the eighteenth-century humorists.

Art seems ruled by the Rogers Group and the Greek Slave; "so undressed," as Henry James says, "so refined, so pensive in sugar-white alabaster, exposed under little domed glass covers in such American homes as could bring themselves to think such things right."

"Literature," the same master truly points out, "was small. . . and cool." Hawthorne, like Poe, stands in the strange position of being an exotic, of springing perfect into the world, without forerunner among his compatriots. The dark, irregular genius of Herman Melville gave out occasional flame. Judd's wild tale of "Margaret" struggled for life, smothered in the torrent of his polysyllables. Sheer inspiration charged Mrs. Stowe, like a prophetess, to deliver her message with a passion which conquered all weakness of style and expression. Theodore Winthrop, underrated and forgotten, belonged in his mental processes to our world rather than his own. Provincialism was the note appallingly struck, even by those worldlings who strove hardest to prove the actual, not the comparative finish of American manners. Open Bristed's "The Upper Ten Thousand," avowedly written to convince England that America was not all swamps and—spittoons. Claiming to show a thoroughly cosmopolitan society, he permits his fashionable hero to use this formula, in asking a friend to dine: "Four sharp. The grand-governor is ill, I have the cellar key and the butcher's book. There is a bottle of Cordon Blue on ice; our cook makes a good oyster soup; smelts are prime now; and I laid in a tall Philadelphia capon this morning." To speak, in fact, much more like Hobson Newcome of the City than Lord Kew or the Marquis of Steyne. As a picture of manners this may be correct. As a brief for American elegance it leaves an unpleasing sense of artlessness posing as *savoir vivre*.

In looking back upon it, of all periods this is the most puzzling. Poised on the brink of chaos, the majority of these people looked upon literature as a nursery for small beer and mild virtues. Judged in mass, they are perfectly expressed by Longfellow's "I hate everything violent." Henry James points out: "If they were pleased with themselves and each other, they were pleased for the most part with every one else, from Goethe to Lydia Maria Child." "We were easily captured," a recent autobiographer confesses. "It was a sentimental time in American history. We all sang about the little girl and the flowers that grew on her grave." And all this with such mischief brewing that only Gettysburg could mend it!

It seems as if one great passion of the period exercised a strange elimination upon general literature, deleting it of all fire except such as could flame out upon one special subject. You have constantly to remind yourself that some of these gently spoken poets, these minor authors of ladylike sketches, went out to defy the laws of their country, braving personal danger and loss. There was no lack of manhood. It may even have been easier to shoulder a knapsack and march, in '61, than to join a mob attack on the Boston court-house in '54, but the fibre of general literature showed nothing of this. The standard of propriety was set so high that Thackeray gave serious offense in his "English Humorists" lectures. Did he not stand up before a cultured, refined, family audience, and show distinct tolerance for a low character like Dick Steele, an acknowledged tippler? George William Curtis himself had a scandal to live down. His own father actually felt distress over certain passages in "A Howadji on the Nile." It is worth opening that pleasant volume to find an exact gauge of the sensitiveness of the '50s. True, he speaks of dancing girls, but so discreetly that our only criticism would be a fear that, under his guidance, Paterfamilias from Boston might hasten to take Mother and the Girls to witness this edifying diversion. It

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s effort of every kind
objective matters.

This formative period was one of intense struggle, of immediate danger. Consequently conflicts of the soul, the eternal question of man and woman, lapsed out of literature. The effect has been so abiding that in America to-day even the new religions are largely occupied with the practical side of things. Christian Science, Christian Healing, and so on—all these treat the soul indirectly, largely for the sake of its influence upon the body.

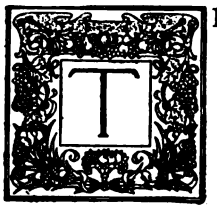
Therefore, in any search for a clew to the enigmas of American literature to-day, such forgotten relics as this Gallery throw sudden gleams into twilight corners. What the great men did, we all know—Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow—but from the small and unconsidered much is to be learned: not from their best work, but from their average product, from what was only good enough to — give away. Here we may still catch a hint of tendencies, see the cause of such marked traits as the sexlessness of American fiction, the unemotionalism of an art which, in its infancy, was fed on so great an emotion that mere personal convulsions of the spirit have never since found expression in it.

From the essential nature of criticism, all such diagnoses must be in a measure empirical. But for those who care to study the history of their kind in old photograph albums, to whom the pages of an obsolete magazine never cease to be a respected record, for the patient, the observing and the curious, there will always be matter for thought and a light upon the present, even in such shadowy relics as "The Knickerbocker Gallery."

SOME JAPANESE STATESMEN OF TO-DAY

Notes on the Powers behind the Mikado's Throne

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD



THE little group of Japanese statesmen to whom the world owes another "Great Power" is fast passing away. They are those who stood by when the nation awoke from her centuries of sleep; who saw her needs and opened her eyes to the supreme question of either accepting modern conditions or being swept away by their inexorable tide; far-seeing pioneers in short, who risked all—the displeasure of the Emperor, the fury of the mob; reputation, fortune and even life itself—to compass the rise of Japan as we know it to-day.

Most foreigners have forgotten altogether the elder school of these men: Okubo, Mori, Kido, Itagaki and the rest. Of these reformers the first two lost their lives in the conflict; but Ito, Inouye, Yamagata and Okuma are looked upon to-day as the leaders of New Japan.

Senior in years is the scholarly and gentle Marquis Inouye, loved and respected all over the Island Empire to-day from Yezo to Kiu Shiu. As a fighter he began his career supporting his lord the Prince of Choshiu against the Shogun forces in 1863. When the Choshiu clan was beaten, Inouye made the forbidden journey to England with his friend Ito, and thenceforward for some time the history of both pioneers is identical.

Inouye, in particular, was marked out for the ferocity of his fellow-clansmen. Having advocated foreign intercourse, this patriot was set upon and almost murdered. By a miracle he recovered from his wounds, however; filled many important government posts, and retired from public life ten years ago. Inouye, like Ito, was a pupil of the late Reverend William Morrison, who taught both of them English in London, and translated for them the greater part of the Code Napoléon, which forms the basis of the Japanese legal system. Baron Suyematsu, too, learned his English from Mr. Morrison.

That Count Inouye was considered a commanding figure was seen from the fact that at the outbreak of the late war he was ordered by the Emperor to attend all important Councils, especially to give advice on finance.

Only two years younger than Inouye is Count Itagaki. He, too, earned brilliant laurels in the Japanese war of Restoration, when he proved himself a subtle strategist as well as a great fighting man. In the subsequent adjustment of affairs he served in the Ministry, but retired over the Korean split in 1873. The Koreans had wantonly fired on a Japanese warship that called at Kokwa Island for water. Itagaki declared they should be punished by force, but he was outvoted, and retired to preach the gospel of militarism and liberty to his own clan in the Toso province.

ten years of this missionary agaki returned to public life, the question of representa- ernment, and he succeeded ng a promise that after the

COUNT INOUYE

The oldest of the Japanese statesmen of to-day. With the Marquis Ito he learned English—and other things—in London in the early '60's.

another decade he should see ge. Like many another Jap- ormer he did not escape the knife. One day he was l and stabbed in the street, ore he became unconscious ed, "Itagaki may die, but never"—a phrase that rang Japan like a trumpet call. he, too, recovered from his and has lived to see his coun- her place among the greatest.

Of late years, however, Itagaki has abandoned statecraft and now devotes himself to the noble work of bettering the condition of the poor.

Yamagata is a soldier rather than a statesman; so I will pass to the Marquis Ito—that wise, silent relentless old worker whose motto, like that of a certain famous British statesman, seems to be, "Get it done and let them howl." Hirobumi Ito is a Choshiu man, now sixty-six. Like the rest of his clan, and their neighbors of Satsuma, he is big-boned and robust, warlike and dominating. He long wanted to see the Home Provinces—Tokio and its nearest neigh-

Photograph by R. Maruki. Tokio

MARQUIS ITO HIROBUMI

Japan's greatest statesman—the Father of the Constitution, and the Emperor's chief adviser on all matters relating to diplomatic affairs. In 1900 he organized the Constitutionalists, to demonstrate that government by party was possible in Japan. The success of the experiment is shown by the fact that the party is now in power for the second time. Marquis Ito is now Resident General in Korea.

bors—imbued with the true military spirit; for they have been proverbially timid for ages.

At an early date young Ito showed a love of travel, adventure and knowledge altogether amazing in a high-born Japanese boy of that era. A very romantic story is it, how he fell in with Kaoru Inouye, three or four years older than himself, and how the two young men left Japan secretly as stowaways, reaching England in 1864.

To leave without permission was a bold act, but to return and face the consequences was bolder still. Yet

Photograph by S. Yeghi, Tokio

COUNT ITAGAKI

The Father of Liberalism, to whom representative government in Japan is largely due. In 1880 he organized the Liberals as the first great political party ever formed in Japan. In 1898, with Count Okuma, he formed the first party Cabinet.

young men hurried home on ring that the Allied Powers were ut to bombard Shimonoseki, the dquarters of the Choshiu clan, ause the Prince had fired upon American steamer.

"Foreigners" and "No foreigners" re the party cries in those days; d Ito and Inouye, with all their owledge of the outer world upon them, found themselves in direct opposition to their feudal lord and most of their fellow-countrymen. Both were rated traitors, and Inouye, as I have shown, nearly paid for his views with his life. The great question was soon fought out, however, and decided in favor of foreign intercourse.

Thereupon Ito, on the downfall of the Shogunate and the restoration of

power to the Mikado, was made Governor of Kobe at the age of twenty-six. Naturally the chief power lay then in the hands of clans who had upheld the Imperial power against that of the Shogun. Of these clans the four leading ones were the Choshiu, Satsuma, Hizen and Toso.

The best-known statesman at that time was Count Okuma, a Hizen man. He was made Minister of Finance at the Restoration, and was supreme in the Council Chamber during the first ten years of the Mikado's reign. And it was he who invited Ito to enter the Cabinet. Okuma, too, first noticed the marvellous military talents of Yamagata, and installed him as Vice-Minister of War.

Inouye, Ito's fellow-pioneer, became Count Okuma's immediate subordinate and Vice-Minister of Finance. But while securing the services of the ablest men, Okuma was preparing his own downfall. His Cabinet was full of Choshiu adherents, and to this day clan is stronger than party in Japan. Ito, Yamagata and Inouye were Choshiu men, and the weaker elements of Hizen and Toso were overpowered.

Having held office for ten years, Okuma was obliged to retire, and Ito rose to the supremacy enjoyed by his former patron. His talents had had full play both at home and abroad. He had been sent to Europe and America to assist Prince Iwakura in his efforts to obtain a revision of the old treaties. And you may be sure he studied Western institutions while abroad.

The first-fruits of his observations took shape in Japanese banking regulations, copied from America and drawn up in 1872. In 1881 he was sent with a large staff to study the representative systems of Europe and America, and he gave the results to the world in 1891, when the present Constitution was proclaimed. It was Ito who insisted that a complete reconstruction of Japan's internal systems was necessary; that the Cabinet and all departments of state must be remodelled on American and European lines; and it is due to his patience, foresight and skill that the new régime brought about so few shocks and disturbances.

The title of Count was soon conferred upon Ito, and in 1885 he was sent to China in the matter of the Korean Treaty. In the same year Prince Sanjo, the Mikado s lifelong friend, resigned the Premiership, and recommended Ito for the position, which he has since filled four or five times. In 1895 he was created Marquis, and in the same year, after the war with China and its disappointing results, his convictions underwent a notable change.

To-day, at the age of sixty-six, he has more enemies and more friends than any other public man in Japan. And Ito remains the Nestor of the Japanese Council Chamber—the man most necessary to the Emperor when momentous decisions are to be taken. For his career has reflected every phase through which his wonderful country has passed during the last forty years.

The educational advantages he has done so much to bestow on the poorest Japanese child of to-day were never his. He taught himself, and then became the apostle of political education to all Japan. And Ito's worst enemies must confess he is an honest man, comparatively poor after the labors of a lifetime. They call him an opportunist, and certainly he has extraordinary acuteness which warns him just when to discard the responsibility for an unpopular measure.

The Marquis Ito's favorite home at Oiso, a lovely spot between Fujisan and the sea. He explains that he was ready to go to Portsmouth to conclude the now historic Treaty, but the Emperor wished him to be at hand when certain final decisions were made.

I think he will never forget his experiences in 1895 in the matter of the Treaty of Kyoto. "All my conditions had been agreed to," he remarked. "I was satisfied and successful, and came to lay the Treaty at the Emperor's feet. How do you think I felt when France and Ge

ıny stepped in and tore my Treaty pieces, reversing its conditions d taking from Japan that which had honestly won?"

The health of Ito's wife is so poor she has been obliged to give ife in Tokio altogether, and the ly home is now established at There are two houses here, Japanese, the other European; are filled with priceless books old Japanese and Chinese paint- The gem of the house is the g-room in the Japanese building, acious apartment with delicately ted floors, shimmering under the of sunshine and shadow among trees in the garden beyond.

The daughter of the Marchioness, Baroness Suyematsu, spends much time at Oiso, which as a politico-social centre is second to none in the Empire. An interesting figure one meets here is the Marquis Saionji, one of Ito's lieutenants, and quite one of the men of the future in the Empire. His daughter is one of the greatest heiresses and belles in all Japan—an exquisite creature, just seventeen, of the purest type of Japanese beauty. Pale, pure and radiant does she look in her trailing mauve kimono and pansy sash, just like a figure out of some rare old print.

MARQUIS SAIONJI

Who studied in France and has served his country as President of the Privy Council and Acting Prime Minister.

The Marquis Saionji traces his descent not from the fighting samurai,

but from those old Kyoto courtiers that have always formed the personal following of the Emperor. At twenty-one Saionji went to study in Paris, and when he returned he actually startled Japan with a very democratic newspaper, which he called *Oriental Liberty*. Great pressure was put upon him, however, and he suppressed the journal.

In 1885 Kin Mochi Saionji was sent as Minister to Vienna, and later to Berlin, where he won the reputation of being a brilliant wit and diplomatist. His high rank and brilliant gifts caused him to be recalled, on the death of Count Kuroda, to fill the post of President of the Privy Council, an office that carries with it that of Acting Prime Minister when the latter official resigns. And the Marquis Saionji has now stepped in four times in this capacity.

I have no space in which to explain the intrigues of Ito's "Sei yu Kai" or "Model Party," founded by him to convert the House of Representatives to more liberal ideas of party government as opposed to the old clan dominion. In July, 1903, it was that he began this movement, when the present Katsura Cabinet was in power, and his party still holds over half the seats in the Lower House.

Later on the leadership of the Sei yu Kai party passed to the Marquis Saionji, descendant of a hundred generations of subtle courtiers, who has done much to reconcile his most powerful adherents to the Peace of Portsmouth, and all that it entails. He has indeed his best work before him, while his master Ito seems to be gradually effacing himself from the more active politics of the day.

As to Count Okuma, it seems a pity that peaceful rivalry and clan feeling should have forced so great a man into the position of critic and opposer of the Government of which he was for so long an ornament. Unquestionably he seems to have lacked the political tact and sense of self-preservation so strongly marked in Ito.

Okuma's first fall from power was occasioned by pressing the cause of representative government at an inopportune moment. The mistake was a heroic one, and something like bad luck has overshadowed his public life ever since. In 1888 Count Okuma entered the Government as Foreign Minister, to undertake the disagreeable task of revising the then existing treaties with foreign Powers.

Meanwhile Japan had grown up, and could no longer be treated as half civilized. The new treaties placed her on the same footing as European nations, and they were firmly combated by reactionaries of the Island Empire. The task of revising them in the face of bitter opposition had been tried again and again, and given up as hopeless. For in 1889 Japan was in the throes of reactionary fever, fomented by the wild fanaticism of the "Soshi" bands of young men, mainly sons of the dispossessed samurai.

And so it required no small courage to carry on negotiations for Treaty revision at a time when both Japanese and foreign plenipotentiaries were objects of popular suspicion. A murderous attack was made upon Count Okuma, as he was returning from a Treaty Conference. This attack failed, however, owing to the presence of mind of the coachman, who noticed the assailant's movement and drove past him at such high speed that the bomb exploded against the carriage door and cost the statesman a limb instead of his life. Okuma's perfect calmness and stoicism at the moment of the catastrophe, by the way, showed his courage to be of the kind that is common among the high-born Japanese.

Not again until 1896 did he hold office, and then only for two years. Since then he has done much for education and finance, but it is a pity he has never been abroad. Okuma undoubtedly commands the respect of all his countrymen, but it is safe to say he will never be a leader again. His remarks on the Peace of Portsmouth were in marked contrast to the wise and practical tone of the Marquis Saionji, the actual leader of

Photograph by N. Kojima, Tokio

COUNT OKUMA

The veteran leader of the Progressive party, which has been the centre of the Opposition since he organized it in 1881. The Count is a stalwart in his foreign policy. He has founded one of the largest private universities in Japan, as well as a large middle school for boys in Tokio and a college for women in Osaka. He is a lover of flowers, and his chrysanthemums and orchids rival those of the Imperial gardens.

the Opposition, whose criticisms of the Government were subordinated to the allaying of popular agitation and the directing of the country's energies to commercial development.

"Our diplomacy," Count Okuma said, "was bound to fail when once we accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to the Peace Conference. Our plenipotentiaries were in reality prisoners of war, in custody of the President; that they could achieve no good was a foregone conclusion."

Now it would be idle to deny that several such influential voices are raised to-day to foment Japanese discontent and inflame animosity, especially against this country. The press, too, is being made use of by statesmen hostile to America, especially Count Kato, Viscount Hayashi's predecessor in the Foreign Office. Kato owns that immensely influential journal, the *Nichi Nichi* of Tokio, which he uses as a mouthpiece to proclaim a doctrine of imperious dictation to this country. He is a tried diplomat of more than ordinary calibre, and one of the trusted lieutenants of the aged Marquis Ito himself. For this reason the views on diplomatic questions that find expression in the *Nichi Nichi* afford an important gauge of Japanese public opinion.

The main point is that the old and prudent school of Japanese statesmen is of necessity passing away, and there are signs that the new advisers of the Emperor and his Government are of a less constructive and conservative type than their predecessors.

BLAKE'S WORK AS A PAINTER

By LAURENCE BINYON

THERE have been several exhibitions of Blake's art during the last few decades, some of the most interesting of which have been those held in Boston and New York. A number of Blake's finest works, especially in the form of books, are now in American collections. But probably the finest and completest exhibition of his art ever held is that which was given by the directors of the Carfax Gallery in London, in the summer of 1906. Only the collection brought together at the Burlington Club could claim to rival it; and that is now an event of many years ago.

Most people know Blake's name; few know his works. The antagonism and irritation that his art arouses in certain minds is no less a tribute to his power than the extravagant laudation with which others idolize him. There is in his art and his utterances something quite essential, burning, and extreme, which is of itself provocative; it challenges an emphatic Yes or No for answer.

The singer of the "Songs of Innocence" preserved through life the heart and something of the outlook of a child. The faculty of wonder was strong in him. This child likeness is part of the charm which every one feels in reading his biography. But this mental innocence showed itself also in ways that remind us of the child in Andersen's story of "The King's New Suit of Clothes"; it became exclamatory and startling when brought face to face with the accepted conventions and decorums; the *enfant*, we remember, can be often *terrible* to his elders. As Blake grew older, his consciousness of the profound chasm between his own spontaneous beliefs and the mental habits of his contemporaries gave the violence of protest and revolt to the ex-

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—impatience. We seldom feel before a work of his that sense of ripeness, as of something that has slowly flowered from a full imagination, which gives serenity, wholeness, and grandeur to the realized conceptions of absolute masters like Michelangelo.

Blake must always rank, as an artist, on a quite lower plane. There is much that is even ugly and ridiculous in his paintings, critically viewed, but in almost everything he produced there is a strange power to stimulate, which is a precious leaven. For, after all, we value art by what it does for us, not for its abstract perfections. If an artist makes us think, makes us feel more intensely, see more deeply into life, we rightly prize his work, even though it lacks the completeness and amenity of less troubled and less exalted art.

As a typical example of Blake's religious painting, take, for instance, "The Raising of Lazarus." It is quite different in its aim from such representations as they are found in modern art. Blake paints the idea, rather than the circumstance; and thus gets far closer to the spiritual and essential reality of the event. Any one can criticise the drawing; it is easy to find absurdities in detail; but it must be conceded that the exercise of supernatural power is realized with extraordinary force and vividness; this was the essential thing to do, and to achieve this great sacrifices must be made. The hieratic symmetry of the design—a characteristic of which I shall speak later—was necessary for Blake's purpose. I wish to emphasize my contention that Blake's shortcomings were wilful, not failures of ability. In the case of the Lazarus, as with all the finest of his works, I have found that the painting has a power to create in the mind an impression which transcends the actual work, so that when we return to the drawing we find a certain loss; the spirit it incarnates is greater than itself.

In this brief article I propose to examine some of the paintings exhibited in London and approach them

as one might those of any other artist. For there has got abroad a notion that Blake was a kind of inspired amateur; that he had wonderful ideas—his powers of imagination are universally conceded,—but that he was incapable, from inadequate equipment, of expressing them. Yet the conclusion pressed on one by the recent exhibition is, on the contrary, that Blake was not only intensely interested in his materials but used them with a variety, a resource, a success in innovation, that provide inspiration even for painters of to-day. It has been often said that he could not draw. No one could maintain this unless corrupted by the vulgar heresy —neither believed in nor acted on by any true artist—that the ideal of draughtsmanship is "correctness." The great masters of drawing all emphasize, exaggerate, suppress. In imaginative subjects their instinct is to use an arbitrary proportion for the figure. Blake used all these means to heighten his imaginative effects. The question is not, "Is this figure or that of impossible proportion?—is this limb or that impossibly disposed?"—but, "Are we persuaded that the figures live?—is the invention beautiful?"

Blake in his youth became saturated with the mediæval art which produced the Gothic monuments of Westminster Abbey and other London churches. He spent some years in drawing from them for his master Basire. His mind became haunted with these slender, elongated forms. In certain subjects, however, where rushing motion and violent action of nude figures were demanded, he adapted from the late works of Michelangelo and from Michelangelo's followers. Under these influences (which can, however, be exaggerated) he developed a human type which is impressive but has a tendency, when inspiration flags, to become grotesque or monstrous. Small, tapering heads set on elongated bodies, or heads of old men that, without neck, are bowed from between the shoulders of massive frames, are constant mannerisms. Let it be at once admitted that among Blake's works, always interesting as they are, there are (as I have said) many complete failures. None the less, there are a number that are not only of astonishing power but of strange beauty. And in these is triumphantly shown his gift of drawing.

Drawing, with great artists, always shows purpose. And purpose concentrates itself. Blake in the drawing of a figure concentrates on the effort to express, not a feeling for the beauty of the human form, nor the apt and natural gestures of the figure, but some definite and pronounced emotion which the figure is to symbolize. In this aim he often achieves remarkable success; one can point to many figures in his work which are the very embodiments of grief, of fear, of rapture. But his mastery is most over the expression of movement in floating forms—attitudes and motions to which no model could help him. Look for instance at the figures which float on either side of that beautiful drawing "The River of Life." They seem as natural to us as birds poising in their flight; we feel the air in their garments, making them tremulous. And then, in the centre of the same design, note the figures of the mother holding a child in each hand; how irresistibly is their onward rushing flight conveyed! To say that the hand which could so vividly express, through line, what many great masters have less successfully conveyed, was inadequate to the utmost that "correct drawing" can achieve, is to say what is absurd. Blake's violations of correctness are all wilful.

But now to consider the material used by Blake. It is doubtful if he ever painted in oils; it is almost certain that he did not. But his use of watercolor shows astonishing resource. It is infinitely more various than that of any predecessor or contemporary. The watercolor just mentioned, "The River of Life," is a fine example of one type. In this the character of drawing is frankly kept. The outlines are sketched in with a pen. The co

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THE HUMILITY OF CHRIST

oring is light. India-ink is used to harmonize and enhance the pure tints, but not, as with the early English water-color painters, as a foundation over the whole (in others of Blake's drawings it is so used). The method is much the same as that employed by Rowlandson, often to how delicious effect! Here, the fresh spontaneous pen-strokes, the liquid clearness of tinted wash, are in perfect accord with the bright unearthliness of the subject.

But this simple method is found inadequate when certain other effects are aimed at. In the Carfax exhibition were two companion drawings, the "Death of the Virgin" and the "Death of Joseph." In each of these the background of the figures is a rainbow; not a rainbow in the sky, but a rainbow of the spirit, so to speak, hovering over the supine figure of the dead and filling the atmosphere with vibrating radiance. How was this pulsation of many-colored light to be rendered? Blake, by numberless separate strokes of the brush on the white paper, instead of a wash of tint, produces a quivering splendor that seems alive with light.

The limits of pure watercolor are easily reached. It was admirably suited as a medium to express the "innocence" of Blake's genius; when he sought for images to embody the labors and terrors of "experience," he felt it fail him. Oils he professed to dislike; and the qualities natural to oil pigment were not congenial to his aims in art. A similar instinct led Rossetti to prefer watercolors, or to

use oils, as Burne-Jones also did, in a manner contrary to the genius of that medium. But images of passion, power, and grandeur demand for their due impressiveness force and depth of tone. Blake devised a means for effecting this force and depth which was not only less laborious but far richer and more felicitous than the heavy repeated washes of strong color which one sees, for instance, in the elaborate watercolors of his contemporary Richard Westall. But before explaining this device let us look at a painting which is wonderfully rich and lustrous without its use, the "Job," belonging to Sir Charles Dilke and lent to the Carfax exhibition. Here the Fiend, towering with outstretched wings, pours out the vial of destruction over Job, who lies gasping in agony, his wife crouching muffled at his feet. Over a stretch of black yet glittering sea the sun sets in portent. The lurid rays shape themselves into evil forms like bats' wings, a significant instance of the way in which Blake's intense imagination dyes every detail of a subject in its dominant mood. The wings of the exulting Satan are of a pale dull red. Bordering the sea is a slope of strange jade-colored meadow which sets off the sculptured pallor of the figure of Job's wife. Stippling is freely used in this painting, but with none of that smallness and labor of effect which usually go with its use. Perhaps a little yolk of egg may have been used with the colors; in any case, the result is extremely beautiful; there is a sort of soft lustre in the surface, as if the painting were on ivory. There are few finer pieces of color in all Blake's work.

The "Job" is on a small scale. Some of the paintings exhibited are much larger; and in these Blake has used the device spoken of above. Roughly sketching the outlines of his design on millboard, he filled in the masses with thick pigment of the required tints. Then he pressed another board or a sheet of paper on the wet original, and pulling it away left the pigment in a granulated condition, giving quality and richness by the broken play of light upon its surface. He thus procured two versions of his design, and could produce more at will, working each up with transparent color and enforcing the outlines with brush or pen. In the Carfax exhibition was a large painting of "Milton's Lazar House." In the British Museum is a similar design, produced in the same way, though less heavily worked up. As the one is not in reverse from the other, both must have been printed from a common original. It has always been said that these "color-prints" were in the first stage blocked out in oils. But there is no yellowing of the paper, no trace of anything to suggest that oil was used. On the contrary, all points to the employment of yolk of egg, distemper, as a medium. By this process Blake achieved remarkable and fortunate effects. Among a number of splendid and impressive designs I would single out the "Pity" as one of the most beautiful. It was inspired by a passage in Macbeth, that strange vision of

> Pity like a naked new-born child
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air—

the messengers that are to blow abroad the tidings of Duncan's murder. Blake combines the two images. The sightless horses rush across the dark sky; and, as they pass, one of the heavenly riders stoops down with backward streaming hair to snatch up the naked baby from the newly delivered mother lying in her pain upon the earth with face upturned. Few indeed would have dared to grapple with a theme struck from the white heat of Shakespeare's imagination at its intensest pitch; fewer still could have realized it triumphantly as Blake has. The design is impassioned with life, the on rush of the blind horses magnificent in tempestuous motion. There are several studies for this subject in the British Museum, but this, the complete painting, far transcends the first thoughts towards it.

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SATAN TORMENTING JOB

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NEBUCHADNEZZAR

Nothing could better vindicate Blake's mastery as an artist.

My third illustration is from a picture of yet another kind—a tempera painting on copper. Most of the pictures of this class have cracked and are in bad condition, but this "Temptation of Eve" is excellently preserved. The treatment of the subject speaks for itself, but no reproduction can convey the beauty of the color—a harmony of night-sky blue and mysterious gold.

Among other important works gathered together at this exhibition may be mentioned "Nelson Guiding Leviathan" (the companion to "Pitt Guiding Behemoth" in the National Gallery), "The Bard," "Elohim Creating Adam," "Nebuchadnezzar," "Newton," "Elijah," and the famous but somewhat disappointing "Canterbury Pilgrims." Of special interest to Americans were the set of designs to "Paradise Lost," earlier, smaller, and less elaborate than the set in the Boston Museum. Among these the "Creation of Eve" is of singular beauty.

I will conclude with one word on the peculiarity of Blake's *design*, because I believe the strangeness and extravagance of his drawing of the figure are more due to the controlling exigencies of design than to any other cause. Pictorial design starts always, I suppose, with the idea of symmetry. As art develops, this idea becomes less pronounced; it is felt to lead towards tameness and monotony; more and more skill and subtlety are used to disguise it, or the principle is abandoned altogether. Blake, however, always primitive in his instincts, delights to use this principle in its most naked and emphatic form, and sometimes with astonishing force. Witness the "Stoning of Achan," where the symmetrically arranged figures on either side of the crouching Achan, and the stones raised in their hands, have a cumulative and overpowering effect. So with many another design. I would instance again the "Sacrifice of Jephthah's Daughter," which has an almost mathematical pattern. On the square altar, in the centre, the naked figure of the girl kneels with hands lifted in prayer, while she looks down as if to draw inspiration from her father's heroic spirit. His kneeling figure is seen from the back, also in the very centre of the design, with his arms outstretched to the corners of the altar, where at each side two maidens stand in prayer, bowing their heads. The incense-burner at the right alone breaks the absolute symmetry. And yet, by the very boldness of emphasis, Blake makes the principle positive and forcible instead of negative or tame. I have said that Blake's design controls his drawing, as indeed is the case with the great masters of the Renaissance. And with Blake the impossible contortion of some of his symbolic figures, such for instance as that in "The Flames of Furious Desire," may be traced to this craving for the emphatic rhythm of answering lines.

The memorable exhibition which has supplied a text for these notes has done much toward the true understanding and appreciation of a strange but powerful figure in English art; it should lead to his being judged, not by his obvious failures, but by the choice cluster of his masterpieces in color and design.

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

A FRIEND of mine who is an accomplished teacher of Greek and Latin in a well-known school remarked the other day that he doubted whether the business would last his time. Greek has nearly disappeared from his school and Latin is dwindling. Only boys or girls preparing for college would think of studying either, and where a substitute is possible even the candidates for college prefer it. Of course the schools foster the preference on economic grounds. The industry of teaching the classics in schools is rapidly atrophying, and will soon be found, in this country, only under artificial conditions and on a small scale, as is the case with the manufacture of stained-glass and pillow laces.

Of course this state of things in the schools is a reflex of the attitude of the colleges, and both are the result of a general state of mind. The fact that, as fast as the colleges lessen their requirements in Greek and Latin, the study of those tongues decays, is held, with reason, to prove that they were sustained in the past by main strength and not by a legitimate public demand. In admitting this inference two other considerations must, however, be borne in mind. In the first place, if the letter-files of headmasters and college deans could be overhauled they would be found full of protests from parents and students against every required subject in every curriculum, whether it be mathematics or modern languages or natural science, always on the same ground—its uselessness, namely, from the point of view of the protestants. Any subject, that is to say, that ceased to be arbitrarily required would immediately make a sorry showing. The schools, the parents and students are all gratified when the colleges lower their requirements in any respect, and the science of mapping out a course of school and college education which shall be formally respectable, while inflicting the minimum of information on the object of it, has reached a perfection in which the omission of the classics is but one element. In fact, water flowing down hill has a weak instinct for the path of least resistance compared with that of a boy picking his way through an education.

The other consideration is that, even if the classics can be shown (as probably they can) to be less in demand than other studies, we are not all agreed that this settles the matter. The colleges are not bound to deal only in the "best sellers." That is just where the colleges and the churches and the hospitals differ from a commercial enterprise. A pickle-factory is doubtless bound in honesty to its stockholders to follow the public taste, rather than to try to form it. But our great endowed institutions, entrusted with the public health, morals and education, are not at liberty to give the sick man the diagnosis he happens to want, or the congregation the ethics it happens to want, or the freshman the courses he happens to want. Of course, even the hospitals are sometimes, equally with their patients, victims of a general obsession, and the churches find means of accommodating their message to the ethical development of the flock, but neither hospital nor church would admit

that this is the case. The college is the only organized body of experts that deliberately asks to be guided in its action by the judgment of the layman. When we are told that a freshman class somewhere has by its elections overwhelmingly disapproved of Greek and Latin, we should be neither more nor less impressed than when we read on the morning after a municipal election that the lower East Side in New York city has voted overwhelmingly in favor of a higher death-rate, In each case it seems to me that giving them what they want is too heavy a punishment for the crime, which merely consists in being incompetent to choose. The universities and colleges exist for the purpose of determining, on scientific and not on commercial grounds, the best way to train our youth, and then to impose their views on the community. The very reason they are endowed by the public is to enable them to act disinterestedly. Upborne by the consciousness of the great interests of which they are trustees, of the tremendous part they are doomed to play in democracy, they might without arrogance use towards a young man at least as dictatorial a tone as he expects to hear from his tailor.

But, after full weight has been given to these limiting considerations, we must admit that in the minds of a great many even competent people, professional educators and the like, there is an objection, edged with animosity, to considering Greek and Latin as any longer necessary parts of the best education for everybody, or even desirable parts of the best education for most people. The most obvious obstacle to the popularity of the classics is of course their excellence. Hardly any one to-day reads literature of that grade in any language. If there were a large body of foolish or improper fiction in the ancient tongues, they would have no occasion to complain of neglect. This lack cannot now be supplied. Another obstacle lies in the general attitude of Americans towards foreign languages, which consists in exaggerating the difficulty of learning them. It is a great misfortune to us from this point of view that we have a continent to ourselves. Our young people grow up, in fact, with a slightly contemptuous feeling for other tongues than English, since they associate them chiefly with our humble immigrant populations, whose helpless pantomimic intercourse with the native-born makes the possession of English speech a mark of caste. Our boys and girls have therefore no pressing need and no inclination to learn foreign tongues. The easy polyglossia of the educated German or Italian or Hollander or Russian is something we gape at, as at the employment of a sixth sense. The limitation of even the better educated among us to one or two or three languages leads to the conception that the literature of each nation is a thing complete in itself: that the great poets, for instance, are interchangeable, so that if you can read Goethe you are compensated for not being able to read Dante, and if you can read both Goethe and Dante you certainly have no need of Lucretius or Sophocles. Considering that for us no foreign tongue is part of everyday life, it is extraordinary that we should still discriminate against those we call "dead." If a man happens to live on a sheep ranch in Wyoming, all tongues will be "dead" to him save English and perchance Chinese. The oddest criterion in the world for a people imprisoned in a vast unilingual community to apply to language, is its ability to help one through a custom-house or a restaurant. Even our commercial travellers are independent of this consideration; why should it control the higher education?

But beyond and beneath these accidental disadvantages under which the classical tongues labor, the impatient and derisive criticism to which they are subject seems to be based on the simple contention that they have not made good their promises. They are admitted to be pleasant and logical forms of speech, enclosing two bodies

of highly respectable and, in some instances, permanently valuable literature. Viewed, however, in the light of their immense educational pretensions and opportunities, their performance has been absurdly small. In the days before Herbert Spencer they openly prided themselves on being of no practical value whatever, on being a luxury and carrying a strongly snobbish connotation. After Herbert Spencer sternly required every branch of learning to say what it could do for its possessor towards the ends of self-preservation and the continuation of the species, classical studies adopted the tactics of protective imitation and undertook to look as much like scientific studies as they could. Not only have the two new sciences, linguistics and archæology, divided the greater part of the terrain between them, but the actual treatment of classical authors in the classroom has taken on a pseudo-scientific character. This is perhaps almost equally true of the treatment of English authors; but in the case of the mother tongue it does not necessarily follow, as it does in the case of the learned tongues, that the meaning of a passage is altogether lost while the peculiarities of its vehicle monopolizes the teacher's attention. The result for the schoolboy of Herbert Spencer's revolution is not marked. Whereas of old he had to grind at his grammar because it was gentlemanly, he must now grind at it because it is scientific. The standard now as of old is of unattainable accuracy. It is believed that to get any good from Latin or Greek a boy must know them, on the side of syntax and morphology, far better than he knows English. The result, under the new ideas as under the old, is that an immense amount of time and labor is wasted in the pursuit of a futile end. Indeed, the new end is more futile than the old, for the ability to stand up and quote three lines of Horace in an after-dinner speech is a civilised accomplishment, and one worth the squandering of brains and treasure, in comparison with the ability to point out the dialectical peculiarities of a sentence that you cannot translate. As far as the methods of natural science have been helpful to professional scholars in perfecting the arrangement and interpretation of our whole store of information in regard to the civilizations of Greece and Rome, their influence has been an unmixed good. As far as they have operated to obscure the real and immediate value of the ancient literatures as a source of light and pleasure, they have been a nearly unmixed evil. The doom that has fallen upon classical studies is in a sense a just one. As we look upon the distasteful array of colorless facts that is spread before a boy during the first two years of his study of Latin, we can but admire the sturdy instinct for the æsthetic, for the practical and for fair play with which he persistently refuses to assimilate it.

In a word, I believe the serious indictment against classical studies comes to this: they are misdirected, they take too long and they fail to accomplish even the absurd end they have in view. Not only do they fail to put their victim in touch with the pleasant and beneficent literatures whose names they bear, but they disgust him with them. When the abolition of compulsory Greek was being discussed at the University of Cambridge, in 1904, Professor Maitland remarked that "bitterly did he regret that he knew no Greek. He could still learn in a sort of way some other languages, but not Greek. When he touched that the old disgust came back to him, for his was a classical education." If, however, Greek and Latin could be ideally taught, if those elect teachers who themselves feel the magic power of great literature and long to communicate it, could smash the present scheme of secondary education entire, if boys and girls could be put to the book almost at once and be made to acquire in two or three years the power to read easy Greek and Latin, there would still, I think, be an objection in many minds. The fact would remain that

this power would not insure their ability to earn a living or to produce and rear healthy offspring. The objection founded on this fact arises from a conception of education which it is worth while to glance at somewhat more closely.

For the sake of clearness I may perhaps be allowed to give a rather arbitrary meaning to the words "culture" and "education." By education I want to designate the training any organism may receive that will enable it to secure its own existence and reproduce the species on the terms most pleasurable and advantageous to itself. By culture I want to imply the knowledge and training which an individual pursues for their own sake, without any utilitarian motive whatever, just because he wants to perceive or to know or to reflect upon certain things. It will be seen that the content of these two sorts of training might be interchangeable. A line of study that might be education for one man would be culture for another, and conversely. I am not trying to distinguish between the values of different kinds of knowledge, but simply between the motives with which they are followed. If I may illustrate by a humble instance the distinction I wish to make I would say that the docile flea is capable of a great deal of education but probably not susceptible of culture. It is a matter of evidence that the flea can learn to fire cannon, to draw carriages and to perform other feats quite outside the field of its ordinary attainment, and if it be objected that these accomplishments must look very much like culture from the flea's point of view, I would point out that they are always presented to the flea on a professional basis. It is the emolument that induces him to acquire them, not the spirit of investigation. I fancy the animals in general are incapable of the disinterested intellectual work to which we are giving the name of culture, and men will be found to vary so greatly in the degree of their taste and capacity for it that while in some it is a leading passion, others are altogether incapable of it. All men, on the other hand, even the defective, are capable of some measure of education. Neither term is altogether satisfactory. Each has distasteful connotations—culture that of sentimental inaccuracy, and education (if I may say so) of charlatanism. I should be content to denominate the two notions I have outlined as x and y, or as liberal and servile education, if the one notation were not too short and the other too long. Let it be remembered that the terms I am driven to employ are used in neither a disparaging nor a eulogistic sense.

Now, the Greeks, as is well known, brought up their young people strictly on a diet of culture. They were preoccupied with the problem of developing the human faculties merely for the fun of the thing. They had a great deal of faculty to experiment with and their one idea was to cultivate it, expand it, see what it could do, differentiate man as far as possible from the brutes, learn all that could be known and make all the possible combinations. Of course this ideal rested on social and economic circumstances that have altogether changed. It rested in the first place on slavery, which meant that the work of the world was done by a class of people for whom education, not culture, was the proper training. It rested, also, on a conception of life which rated material luxury low and intellectual luxury high, and to which therefore moneymaking in our sense of the term was unnecessary. It rested also on the existence of a relatively small body of knowledge, so that all men could readily acquire the same data and no branch of learning was the prey of the monopolists. The theory held its own through the formalities of the trivium and the quadrivium all over Europe, and then it melted away everywhere under the influence of the growth of the learned professions. People began to be educated, the utilitarian motive prevailed, and the theory of culture was broken up. In the English uni-

versities it survived by accident, as it were, because there were no hospitals in Oxford and Cambridge to form nuclei for schools of medicine, and because the English common law discouraged the study of jurisprudence. The training, therefore, which elsewhere was special to candidates for holy orders became in England the lot of every gentleman's son, and acquired the aristocratic associations which became one of the causes of its ruin. Our own colleges reproduced the history of the English universities. They were founded on explicitly utilitarian grounds for the training of ministers of the gospel. In this training the study of the learned tongues naturally preponderated. As wealth increased, and young men of all sorts went to college, a theory grew up in Anglo-Saxon fashion to support a practice, and in the absence of any other education it was maintained that the classical was the only sort for a gentleman. A number of causes worked together in the latter half of the last century to overthrow this position and to set on foot a movement of which Herbert Spencer's tract may be taken as the symbol. This uncompromising statement of the utilitarian principle in education has had such a vogue as to leave classical studies considerably overshaddowed. Its fruits have been so valuable and interesting that we must ever be thankful for it. If it results, as it may, in the extinction of classical studies, the fault will be found to lie largely with those who have shaped the methods and determined the scope of those studies.

Admitting all this, two questions arise to be answered when the training of a boy or girl is to be mapped out: in the first place, is it possible or desirable to find room for culture in our schools and colleges? And, if this is answered affirmatively, shall we consider the study of the classics a desirable element of culture? The Greeks, whose method of training produced the most satisfactory results, gave culture to their freeborn and education to their slaves. We of course do our own work to-day, and the result of the altered economic situation operates in two ways to the disadvantage of culture. Our freeborn children need a very high and careful education and cannot be said to need culture at all in any utilitarian sense. Moreover, a year of training-time has an actual money value, so that to devote it to disinterested and useless study is a luxury, and many people hold that the acquisition of a general and detached intellectual interest is a positive hindrance to the attainment of the most perfect education. On the other hand, it may be urged that the whole civilization of our species rests on the fact that we have deferred, longer than any other animals, the time of usefulness for our young. The Greeks believed that any trade or profession, however useful or important or noble, if its practice left a mark on the body or mind of him who followed it, was thereby a cause of deterioration. The man was sacrificed to the needs of society. If his hands were made callous or his back bent or his ideas limited by what he did, the man was admitted to have fallen short, either in body or mind, of his full development. This position seems biologically sound, but we are unable, since we have no longer any large class of freemen, economically speaking, to follow it beyond the protection of infancy. The organic repulsion or remorse that we feel when we see a young man stunted in growth or unduly developed in one part and undeveloped in another as the result of premature bodily work, the Greeks would feel if they could see, as I once did, a young man who was a Senior Wrangler, but had only a hazy idea that there is a cathedral in Milan, or should wade knee-deep on railroad platforms in "literary supplements" thrown down by college graduates of the stock exchange in their haste to reach the financial news.

The same view of the best interest of the race that impels us to subscribe to efforts for the prevention of child-labor should lead us to resent the intrusion of professional courses into

the undergraduate curriculum. The money loss to poor families is heavy when the children are estopped from contributing to the family income; the charge upon professional men is heavy if their boys spend the last year in college in the study of pure mathematics or economics or literature, instead of architecture or medicine or law. But we are cheerfully recommending the tenement house father to pocket his loss and think of the future of the race. Let us have the courage, or inspire the colleges with the courage, to bid the professional father do the same. This plan cannot, of course, be recommended for all. There are plenty of boys and girls for whom education is the best thing, who have but a limited power of absorbing culture and on whom it would be thrown away. They can easily be picked out by the time their school-days are over. They may as well be plunged into education at once. The necessity of earning a living, or the satisfaction derived from learning something "useful" is probably the only motive that will drive them to acquire knowledge, and this should be appealed to remorselessly. Every sort of professional and technical education should be provided for them. But they should be marked off from the free-born who are not so soon to be put into harness, and for the free-born it would be well if we were to refuse to consider the expense, but to give them the most thorough, the most severe and the most delightful culture that we can provide.

Shall the classics be part of that culture? The æsthetic argument in favor of reading the ancient authors is unfortunately one that does not carry conviction to any save those already beyond the stage where it is necessary. If a man prefer the verse of John G. Saxe to that of Euripides, Saxe is in fact for him the better poet, since the end of poetry is delight. Mere taste, as a possession, has as yet very little vogue among us. It is not a little singular and touching that our millionaires, who think it unnecessary and even frivolous to acquire taste in their youth, should so often spend their age in acquiring first editions and Tanagra figures, greedy to possess the mere person of culture when they might have had her heart. There are plenty of impassioned statements by moderns of what the ancients can do for the soul and the sense of the beautiful. But, apart altogether from this set of considerations, the value of the study of the civilizations of Greece and Rome seems to have been constantly increasing through these lean years of their disuse, because of our fresh sense of the importance of origins. The apparent effect on the study of the classics of the evolutionary habit of thought which has transformed our way of looking at things, has been to belittle them. But the real effect has been to give them a new importance. The great contribution of science to culture has been its insistence that an intelligent notion of a thing is to be gained only by seeing it in its relations, by studying its physiology as well as its morphology, by noting not only what it is at a given moment of time, but what it has been and whither it is tending. Well, when the things we are considering happen to be the religion or the theology or the institutions or the philosophy or the art, or the mathematics or the literature, or the physical theories, or the language or the anthropology of peoples of Western European stock, the origin must be sought in the old Mediterranean civilizations. The literary remains of these civilizations are enshrined in languages not specially difficult to learn. With a rational school system we should have children reading Latin in three years and Greek in two. And the acquisition of the languages is the only sound way of getting at the civilizations. Nevertheless, it would be better for our unfree children to have the civilizasation without the language than the language without the civilization or neither; and for that class of students who are unable or unwilling to take the better way there should be organized a strong and drastic course in the

history of the Greeks and Romans, to be given by men who are themselves scholars, and to be supplemented by a great deal of reading of good translation and comment.

It is true that, although biology has taught us to study origins, it has also taught us to be contemptuous of them. Under the influence of one of the evolutionary fallacies we are inclined to assume off-hand that the farther we are from an origin the better off we are. It is perhaps unfortunate, in view of the course to which the cosmos seems committed, that this is not always true. We must, it appears, give up the notion of the spiritual fall of man, but the fact remains that Plato's prose style has never been excelled. While admitting that mankind was never innocent and happy, we must remember the Parthenon marbles. It is not our distance from these things that is most to our credit. We have doubtless come up from the slime, but on our way we passed through a stage in which men of by no means subtle minds discussed the world and man's place in it with a free and unprejudiced reasonableness to which we are just beginning to struggle back, as we may see if we compare, for instance, Mr. Gladstone's extra-professional writings with those of Cicero.

Historically all the ideas of the Greeks and Romans are valuable to us. Intrinsically, two sorts are invaluable. The first class are those concerning which they said the final word; the second class are those in connection with which they set problems which we are still trying to solve. One of the false notions that, by no fault of men of science, have become current among us as scientific, is the assumption that knowledge grows by the mere accumulation of details. In fact, knowledge grows more often by a series of guesses made by great men and verified by almost anybody. Even in mathematics, many of the theorems that anybody can prove now were enounced in the first place by men who could not prove them but who felt that they were true. To state a problem is a greater achievement than to solve it, and the man who states one may keep other men busy for centuries. The Greeks, for instance, after endeavouring to construct a square of area equal to that of a given circle, arrived at a perfectly sound notion of the obstacle in the path. Archimedes opened the way to prove the impossibility of the enterprise, but the actual demonstration was beyond the technique at his disposal. The decimal notation, the theory of irrationality, the theory of transcendentals, the Napierian logarithm, had all to be established before the simplified solution could be reached by Hilbert and Gordan in 1893, and the ghost finally laid, twenty-two hundred years after Archimedes knew it was a phantom. It would be wearisome to catalogue the departments of thought in which the Greeks are thus our taskmasters. Of the atomic theory of Democritus Professor Santayana says: "His system, long buried with other glories of the world, has been partly revived; and although it cannot be verified in haste —for it represents an ultimate ideal— every advance in science reconstitutes it in some particular." The Greeks knew the principle of evolution, though they could not prove it. The fine arts throve without a theory of æsthetics and the best literature was produced without a system. Our modern systems are constructed in large part by patient induction from their practice.

Viewing in this light the relation of modern Western society to its "origins," the spirit that dismisses these from the training of our young people is seen to be a relative of the spirit that allows our continent to be stripped of its forests. Both crimes are committed in the name of immediate usefulness, and both jeopardize the fertility of the future. Both will have painfully to be made good by posterity. In the meantime, when the gods of Greece are forced again to hide themselves, there will be denatured lands to receive them. Apollo will doubtless turn to the production of eighty-cent gas and Dionysus will do great things with denatured alcohol

THE SUPPOSED DESIGNS OF GERMANY ON HOLLAND

IN this weary old, unprofitable and stale world there are, nevertheless, some things of perennial freshness. One such matter is the topic of the annexation of the Netherlands by Germany.

It dates not from to-day nor yesterday, but from several lifetimes ago. The critical treatment of a world somewhat sceptically given has piteously disfigured it. It has been again and again pronounced dead and forever done with. But, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything, it has ever anew found its limping way to that Fountain of Youth of Topics—the Journalistic Inkpot. And from these black and bottomless depths re-emerged shining, the Aged One gazes upon us to-day with April eyes.

We Hollanders have grown accustomed to the appearance of the Annexation-Topic, periodical as that of the great Sea-Serpent. And though age has not withered, custom has, to us, staled its finite variety. We hardly heed it, as wild-goose-like in its innocent fright, it flies past. Yet, as it has, apparently, succeeded in retaining or in awakening interest among our American kinsfolk, and for English-speaking people generally, an explanation of our attitude towards it seems the demand of courtesy.

The present writer, who disclaims either the right or the wish to utter a view on political subjects, has endeavored to gather the judgment in this matter of some among the leaders of public opinion in Holland; and has been fortunate enough to secure a number of those which are best worth considering, and which represent accurately the views taken by the several political parties.

The present paper is a summary of these verdicts.

The question is sometimes put to us, and indeed "Pan-Germanistic" Belgian and French publicists have latterly, with intentions diametrically opposite, agreed in putting it:

What will Holland do if Germany attacks her with a view to the annexation of the Kingdom?

The question should be preceded by another upon which it depends:

Does Germany wish to annex Holland?

With one single exception the authorities consulted were unanimous in the answer:

It does not.

And this for the reason that the annexation of Holland would not be in the interest of Germany.

The ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the naval port of den Helder, and the East Indies, it is alleged, are necessary to the economical, military and political expansion of the Empire. The opinion of competent persons in Holland is, that, on the contrary, the possession of these apparent advantages would prove detrimental to the Empire.

As long as the mouth of the Rhine, at Rotterdam, is Dutch, it is safe from any and all of the perils incident to the international position of Germany; and so is the German trade

upon the river safe form those perils. This trade is considerable. It is of vital importance to Germany that it should not be in anywise hampered, either in peace or in war-time. Yet, suppose Rotterdam and Amsterdam (Amsterdam though not situated on the Rhine is practically a Rhine port as well as Rotterdam, because of its many means of communication with the river), suppose Rotterdam and Amsterdam in the possession of the Germans. Then in the event of a war between Germany and one or more than one of the Powers—England, *e.g.*, or England and its ally—both these ports would immediately be blockaded; and Germany would be cut off from all supply by the Rhine. The German fleet is certainly growing very rapidly; yet not so rapidly that within an appreciable time it would be able to cope with the British, much less with the British in league with that of any other Power. And it could not prevent the blockading of the Rhine ports. The consequences would fall upon the German trade on the river. So long, on the contrary, as Amsterdam and Rotterdam remain Dutch, they would be neutral in the event of a German war; and as such be respected by the belligerent parties.

From the point of view of the trader, and in times of peace, it is likewise preferable that the two ports should be Dutch. Holland is a free-trading country; and the conditions which it imposes on commerce are both easier in themselves and more liberally interpreted than the regulations enforced in protectionist Germany, where a spirit of rigor and formality altogether military prevails even in non-military matters. The numerous German firms in the two cities could not but lose, and lose considerably, by the exchange of Dutch against German port-authorities, laws and regulations.

International matters in connection with the trade on the Rhine are now superintended by a Dutch-German Committee. According to the statement of one of its most distinguished members on our side, it never encountered any difficulties which could have led to international complications.

Now for den Helder.

In the hands of the Germans it would be a gun pointed on England. Evidently, the first thing the English would do, in a war, would be to seize it, and turn it on Germany. Nor, would as has already been remarked, the German fleet have the power to hinder it from so doing and making den Helder a base of operations, naval and military. Instead of a point of vantage, den Helder would be a point of danger in the German military system, if in the possession of Germany.

The case is analogous with that of Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

For military and naval as well as for commercial purposes Holland acts as a buffer-state between Germany and England, or any other Power which should assail Germany by sea. No sane government could be suspected of a desire to remove the buffer and sustain the undiminished shock of a collision.

With our colonies it is a different case.

The days when they constituted a profitable possession to their (self-styled) mother-country are past; and the conditions altered and the conceptions revised which rendered the relation possible. Making a virtue of necessity we have given up the naive ideas of our ancestors about the natural supremacy of white nations over black and brown in general, and the rights of the Dutch over the Malays in particular. We no longer believe that our administration should act as a chemical retort to convert Malay persons and possessions into Dutch currency with which to fill the national treasury. Leaving aside considerations of a moral order, —which, happily, had a good deal to do with it,—the proceeding proved unpractical. Money no longer came out of the choked apparatus; on the contrary, there was money required, and not in inconsiderable quantities,

for the cleaning of it; and at the end, it succumbed to the experiment. That's the way our (Indian) money went: "Pop!" said the phial.

The shards of it have been hidden out of sight. The "net-profit-politic" has been abandoned. We are busy—perhaps not yet quite to the utmost of our ability, yet we are busy, —righting the wrongs which the cupidity of former generations has inflicted on the patient Malay. But Java, the richest and best cultivated of the East Indian islands, is suffering from economic depression. The population increases at a rate far exceeding that of food and other necessaries of life; and satisfactory means for distributing it to localities less densely peopled, though diligently sought for, have not been found as yet. Borneo, where riches apparently immeasurable still await exploitation, has a climate which renders it all but European-proof. In the north of Sumatra the war with the Atchenese, which a few years ago seemed on the point of extinction, has revived in new bitterness and violence.

These are heavy cares and responsibilities; which are not balanced by any material advantages to the state. But, though they profit the state nothing, the colonies are a source of immense profits to individual Hollanders. Owners of petroleum-springs, sugar-mills, plantations of tea, coffee, cocoa, quinine, pepper, tobacco, etc., exploiters of the many mines where gold, silver, tin and coal are found in great quantities and of the immense forests which yield valuable timber, shareholders of steamship lines between Holland and the colonies, and between their several parts, all these, and many more—the capitalist class, in a word—make large fortunes out of our Asiatic possessions. Not so many nor as large ones as were made some fifty years ago; but still, considerable fortunes.

It is very possible German capitalists may desire to make them; and not at all unthinkable they should some day endeavor to gain the support of an "expansionist" government towards the realization of this desire.

It is well known the German colonies in South Africa have hitherto proved fertile chiefly in disappointments. Lack of experience may partly account for this. We Hollanders have had three hundred years to acquire the knowledge as to how a colony should not be governed; and we meet with disappointments. It stands to reason that the Germans, mere beginners in the hard apprenticeship, should. To adapt the Bismarckian phrase: the Empire is not yet grown into the coat which was cut too wide for it. But how if the coat should, after all, prove a misfit? There are those who fear it may. They talk of "Wüst-West-Afrika." And even the miracle related by Herr Dernburg—the chestful of dried dates spilt by the roadside and grown up into tall trees—has failed to convince them. For sceptics of the kind it would be natural to take the step—not a wide one—from discontent to the desire for better things.

The more so as, individually, German business-men have already taken the step and attained the better thing. They are established in numbers in Batavia, Samarang and Soerabaya, to say nothing of the business-centres outside Java. And they thrive.

With a powerful government, imbued with the spirit which renders Herr Dernburg so dear to the colonially-minded capitalist of to-day, to protect their profits, and an ever-increasing multitude of German taxpayers to pay their expenses, thousands of German financiers would succeed where the tens of them succeed now. It seems only a question of convincing the nation that its interests are identical with those of its capitalistic members—a proposition regarded by many as self-evident; and the superior numbers of the German navy and army might be trusted to do the rest.

Only, there is a "but" in the matter.

There be those who, nothing desirous to possess the East Indies

themselves, would yet be loth to see anyone else seizing them. Such is the constitution of human nature, such its frailty, disingenuously imputed to the manger-loving dog. And these envious ones possess navies and armies equal, or even superior, to those of the Germans.

To speak plainly: in the not improbable event of an attempt on the colonies, as in the most improbable event of an attack upon the Kingdom itself, Germany would have to encounter the opposition of England, and probably that of France in league with England.

The French alarmists who, for reasons of their own, represent the peril of a German annexation of Holland or its colonies as imminent, seem to take for granted Holland would solicit the aid of one or both of these Powers, to ward off the attack.

Now in this they are mistaken.

We should do no such thing.

In the first place it would be useless; and in the second unnecessary.

Useless, because help for the sake of mere justice never yet was given by any nation to any other.

What help did France receive, when, in '71, she sought it in her sore need? Which of the Powers she solicited through the eloquent pleadings of Vdolphe Thiers was willing to intercede on her behalf with victorious Prussia that demanded Alsace-Lorraine? Even more than individuals, nations obey the law of self-preservation as the supreme one.

But the working of this same law relieves us from the necessity of an attempt foredoomed by it. It is the law of self-preservation which will urge both England and France, but England in the first place, to oppose Germany should she attack Holland for the sake of the colonies. Because the attack, if successful, would secure to Germany incalculable advantages in the battle which more or less openly is being waged between them at present for predominance in Europe.

In the international competition France has been disabled, temporarily at least, by her last war. She does not wish for a renewed trial of the uncertain chances as yet. Her statesmen have made it very plain that they desire peace, and, evidently, the nation is with them. For, surely, one need take no account of a few rabid nationalists, revanche-mongers, Germanophobes, "Trublions," to give them the name Anatole France presented their kind with, turbulent defiers of a world occupied otherwise than with them.

But England stands in armed expectancy; it has to keep what Germany would get.

It is apparently in the present interest of either nation to conceal the fact perfectly well known to both. The respective governments seize every occasion for protesting their pacific intentions, the sovereigns exchange courtesies and compliments, the financiers engage in joint operations. Rhodes scholarships were instituted to attract German students to the English universities, Oxford and Cambridge lecturers are invited to Berlin, English politicians come over to study the municipal institutions of Germany, German police authorities are welcomed in Scotland Yard, business-men from the hither and thither side meet to express publicly their sense of the necessity of good-will and co-operation, and the newspapers are admonished to lend them their support. Only a few months ago Prince Bülow, in the interview he accorded to Mr. Stead, most solemnly protested the Emperor's pacific intentions and his own. He repeated these assurances in his (somewhat extraordinary) harangue to the victorious voters of the next election. And the Emperor himself in his speech to the Reichstag declared, in language the most emphatic possible, that the policy of the Empire was one of peace.

Undoubtedly; for so long as peace may best suit. And, furthermore, "la parole a été donnée à l'homme pour cacher sa pensée." And yet, furthermore: there are bickerings at Constantinople, and the affair of

the Bagdad railway is not yet forgotten, and but yesterday we heard what Ferreira said to his English judges. And while it is possible to hang an offender, "pour encourager les autres," one cannot hang his words.

England and Germany are watching one another.

Germany's every gain is England's loss.

England will exert her powers to the utmost to prevent her rival from gaining so immense an advantage as the possession of the Dutch colonies would constitute.

And France, who would not begin a war with Germany for her own sake or unaided, would, in all probability, assist the befriended Power against one which, then, would be the common enemy.

. . . . . .

There are more ways of conquering than that of violence.

It has been suggested that a gradual assimilation and absorption of Holland into Germany would be rendered possible by the accession of a German prince to the throne of the Kingdom, as must ensue in the event of the Queen's dying without issue.

Those who know the Dutch national character, such as history has moulded it, will not readily admit this possibility.

We Hollanders are republicans,—born and bred. The circumstances of our having a monarch at the head of the State does not affect the fact. The rule of the House of Orange was not imposed on us by any monarchical principle. We chose it of our own free will when, in 1813, we organized the State on a new basis.

William the Silent and his sons Maurits and Frederik Hendrik were our captains in our War of Independence. William III made Holland the arbiter of Europe. It was gratitude and affection which bound the nation to the house. And for what the nation, in turn, had done for the house, the Orange family might well feel—as they did—gratitude and affection for Holland. There was no talk of divine right on the one side, of due submission on the other. But there was—as there still is—love on both.

Let it be remembered that it was in Holland that for the first time in modern history the principle was enounced that the prince exists for the sake of the people, and not the people for the sake of the prince; and that, therefore, the people have a right to depose the prince who in any way offends against his duty towards them. The English revolution of 1688, the American of 1776, the French of 1789 could but repeat, in however different a form, the declaration with which William the Silent vindicated the right of the Dutch revolution in 1580.

A nation which three centuries ago had already attained to the political maturity which made it possible that such a declaration should be pronounced from the midst of it; which by a struggle of eighty years against an autocracy the most powerful of its time has upheld the right human against the right divine; which, surrounded by monarchies and principalities, has kept inviolate and borne aloft triumphant the republican principle for two hundred years,—such a nation can never cease from being a nation of republicans, whatever style and title it may choose to give its chief.

Germany has attained to its present condition along lines of development very different; and the monarchical principle is engrained in the moral constitution of the nation. One may, perhaps, consider it as a variety of the sense of discipline, so remarkably prevalent in Germans, especially in Prussians. The feeling of the average German towards the Emperor is that of a soldier towards his general. In a degree proportionately less the feeling of any "Unterthan" to any "Landesfürst" is in essentials the same. The prince may call himself "Landesvater" (as, indeed, the Emperor is sometimes styled); but a German father is a veritable Commander-in-chief, a "Höchst-Kommandirender" of his household. This kind of "famili-

arity" does not breed contempt—of discipline. Now suppose a German prince, however autocratically minded, how deeply so ever convinced of his divine right, and his responsibility before heaven for the nation entrusted to him,—suppose a German prince of this German character became King of the Netherlands: does it seem likely he would be able to make Hollanders share those convictions?—To obliterate the political education of three centuries?—to persuade heirs, long since come of age, into accepting the state of minors?—to change Hollanders into what they must forget their history, their laws, their language and themselves to become—that is, into Germans?

To put the question is to answer it.

It may be added, that as the royal couple are still in the prime of youth, the hope that an heir may be born need not be given up; and furthermore, that, should circumstances compel us to face the question of the succession, it would always be in our power to alter the Constitution, so as to solve the difficulty in a way congenial to the spirit of the nation.

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A third danger has been indicated as threatening Holland: that of a violation of its neutrality in the event of international complications. This certainly is not, as the others are, imaginary. It has been seriously considered by successive governments.

A violation of our frontiers, however, does not threaten us from the east only. In an Anglo-German war it might be to the interest of England to blockade our ports, whilst it would be to the interest of Germany to keep them open; in which case our coast would be menaced by an English fleet. And in the case of hostilities between France and Germany, the southernmost part of our territory might be chosen for a passage for the army of either Power, as the Franco-German frontier has been, since the war, fortified in such a manner as to render the direct way from either country to the other impassable.

We must, therefore, be prepared to guard our frontiers both on the land and on the sea side, and we must be able effectively to maintain our neutrality between contending powers.

In accordance with this general principle, it is necessary that in times of peace our foreign policy should be strictly neutral.

To quote verbatim one of the authorities consulted by the writer of this article:

"It is necessary that Holland should, in times of peace, avoid even the appearance of adjusting its policy to a situation which, in time of war, would constitute an advantage to either the one or the other of the belligerent parties."

Successive governments have followed this line of foreign policy.

It is equally necessary that our military system, the army, the navy and the system of fortification and inundations which guards the heart of the country and the principal towns, should be kept at its point of highest efficiency for defensive purposes. Notwithstanding the heavy cost which this imposes on the nation, unremitting efforts have been and are being made to attain this end.

The country back of the "water line," that is to say the quadrilateral in which Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague, Haarlem and Amsterdam are situated, is protected by a system of inundation-works which, within a few days, could change fields and roads into an open sea.

The fortifications around Amsterdam, which, owing to the all but insuperable difficulties opposed by the marshy soil, have been years a-building, will soon be completed.

There is a divergence of competent opinions concerning the organization of the army, which, quite recently, has led to a Cabinet crisis, the First Chamber having rejected the reforms proposed by General Staal, the War-Minister, after the Second Chamber had adopted them. Arguments other than military have, however, had to do with the decision of the First

Chamber. This complicates the situation, a way out of which has not yet, at this date,* been found.

Whatever the difference of opinions concerning ways and means, there is, however, unanimity concerning the object to be attained—the highest possible efficiency of the army.

All this notwithstanding, the possibility must be granted that, in an international war, our means of defence would prove inadequate to maintain our neutrality.

In that case it is believed we may count upon the assistance of that Power whose interest it would be to defend that neutrality.

Circumstances must decide as to which that would be. It is manifestly impossible to hazard conjectures with the least chance of their being confirmed by the development of events not yet plainly to be foreseen.

There are, among French military writers, some who advocate a Dutch-Belgian union, as a means of strengthening the position of Holland; General Langlois, author of "La Belgique et la Hollande devant le Pan-Germanisme," is one of them.

Though Belgium is a neutral state, and Holland is not (as M. Yves Guyot mistakenly asserts in his article in the *North American Review* of Jan. 15th, where he speaks, on the authority, apparently, of "Die Grenzboten," of the *guaranteed neutrality* of Holland), —though, then, Belgium is a neutral state and Holland is not, such an alliance would, it seems, be permitted by international law. And there is an influential party in Belgium, the spokesman of which is M. Eugène Baie, who desire it.

A Dutch-Belgian Committee has been recently constituted to examine the question.

It may, however, on the best authority, be declared already, that though, under certain conditions an economic union with Belgium may seem desirable for Holland, this would not be the case with a political and military union.*

Whereas we have the general and personal duty of service in the army, the Belgians still keep to the system of *remplaçants*, which—as it enables the well-to-do to shift their burden on to the shoulders of the poor, and tends, consequently, to replace the morally and physically better-educated by the worse-educated—lowers the average value of the army. To associate ours with it in a war would not, therefore, be to our advantage.

Belgium, the historical battleground of Europe, stands in greater risk than Holland, in case of a Franco-German war, as a passage between Germany and France.

For strategical reasons the route of an army crossing from Germany into France or vice versa would lead for an inconsiderable part of the way only over Dutch territory; it would go principally through Belgium. A Dutch-Belgian army, therefore, would have to defend, in such a case, almost exclusively Belgian interests.

The principal argument, however, against an alliance of this kind is, that it would offend against the neutrality which it is the object of our foreign policy to maintain. To quote again from the source referred to: "An alliance with Belgium which purposed (under the protection of either France or England and in their interest therefore) to maintain our neutrality (against Germany) would exhibit an anti-German character." It would expose Holland to reprisals from Germany, even if in a conflict it had succeeded in keeping neutral.

Holland is stronger alone than in league with Belgium.

. . . . . .

In international complications it will have for an ally that Power whose interest it is that Dutch territory should be respected, and for an

*February 27th, 1907.

* Formal declaration has been made that the Committee will exclude the question of a military *entente* from the subjects of discussion.

enemy the one that first offers to violate its frontiers.

. . . . . .

These then are the views, set forth according to the present writer's best ability, which the leaders of public opinion in Holland entertain concerning "the German Danger."

But we do not flatter ourselves that we have disposed of the topic of the German Annexation.

Not for one instant!

We look forward to its re-appearance—out of the jetty waves of the modern Fontain of Youth—as confidently as to the coming of this spring's primroses or next winter's snow. We would say we are as certain of it as of death, were it not that the idea of death is altogether too grim and definite to be associated with a thing so delightfully vivacious, fanciful and vague.

Infinite are the virtues of the Fountain of Youth, inexhaustible its waves, and numberless by its brink the helpful hands stretched out to assist the Rumor to a (sorely-needed) rejuvenating dip.

ELLEN KEY

Sweden's Foremost Woman, and Her Vogue in Germany*

By HELEN ZIMMERN

NOT only in Sweden, her native land, but throughout Teutonic and Sclavonic Europe, Ellen Key is a power, her name a name to conjure with. In her somewhat voluminous and at times verbose writings nothing stands out more clearly than the fact that she is pre-eminently a woman in the commonly accepted, perhaps even old-fashioned, sense of the term. The most casual contact with her genial, cheery, absolutely unaffected personality produces a sensation of large-souled motherhood that embraces each and all and is therefore, indeed, unlike that motherhood whose hall mark is a rigid exclusiveness, confined to its own offspring. Ellen Key's offspring fill the world—they are all those that labor, that bear burdens, that have cares that she divines and endeavors to solace. For love is the key-note of her life as of her writings, and because her work has this personal note, it is a natural instinct that makes us wonder what manner of woman she is. And Ellen Key the woman is in complete harmony with Ellen Key the writer.

This modern apostle of universal love was born amid the white birch and sombre pine forests of southern Sweden in December, 1849. Her paternal ancestors were worthy burghers of Scotch-Celtic origin; noble blood ran in her mother's veins, and so completely is she a fusion of her parents that, as she laughingly observes, she has even one longsighted and one shortsighted eye—a heritage from each. Childhood and early maidenhood were spent in a modest homestead not without its treasures of literature and art; for Emil Key had advanced tastes and perceptions in more than one direction. He was an enthusiastic believer in Rousseau, and applied the theories of "Émile" in the rearing of his children. Of these Ellen is the eldest—a child of love in the fairest acceptation of the term; and how much value she attaches to happy marriages is shown

* See Frontispiece

writings. While still a
l her maternal instincts
:mselves in her protective
r younger brethren. She
thing that came in her
loved poetry above all.
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s should creep into her
hat life should be harmo-
ılways her deepest desire,
ıim of all her books. The
ıe received was simple,
stoical. To complain was
ɜ. "Who plays the game
re its consequences," was
repeated in the home,
words, says Ellen Key,
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pronounced in childhood
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reight of a real baby, she
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That is why she combats
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ıses of existence she sees
t to reconcile them, but
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tly, passionately expounds
:r in "The Century of the
ɔted to religious education.
are rooted in evolution,
ıal laws of nature. Herein
ıides; on these foundations
ethics must be upraised.
nust learn awed respect
: immutable connection
ıuse and effect—a connec-
ıo "saving grace" can re-
peal. Only then shall we be truly, logically, consistently and nobly religious.

Obviously the girl Ellen Key had not yet formulated these theories, but she held them already in misty embryo. A cruel misfortune occurring among some acquaintances, the child's rarely acute sense of justice was wounded to the quick. She could not grasp that a beneficent Creator could tolerate such wrongs. She craved a visible sign from Heaven and resorted to what she deemed blasphemy, writing in the sand the words "God is dead," assured that if He lived He would annihilate her with His lightnings. When the sun shone on and the words remained uncancelled, till the gardener's rake removed them, her faith received an irreparable shock. The doubts and sufferings thus evoked cast a canopy of shadow over her childhood. To complete the breach, in her seventeenth year she saw two of her cousins drown, while she herself narrowly escaped the same fate. As these cousins' souls were not in the state conventionally deemed needful to salvation, the questions regarding eternal damnation were urgently forced upon her mind. Much suffering was caused, too, by her naïve credence—never yet overcome—that others were as disinterested as herself. She certainly was an individualist and an independent thinker from the time she could reason at all, and happily her parents put no check on the development of her ego. Thus, for example, they recognized her need for privacy, and hence gave her, at the age of twelve, a room to herself, which she inhabited, with interruptions, until her forty-first year. Her education, as might be expected from her father's views, did not follow the beaten track. As a mere girl there were put unto her hands such books as "The Comedy of Love," "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." Ibsen, in those days, was little read in Sweden, but the elder Keys were always in the intellectual vanguard. These poems aroused her enthusiasm and she felt

instinctively that the high idealism regarding love expressed in Ibsen's comedy was in accord with her own instincts. Indeed, from this time forward, as she quaintly phrases it, she was "in love with love."

When nineteen her father was elected to the Swedish Parliament and the family migrated for the winter to Stockholm. Here Ellen was brought into living contact with eminent persons and with the political and social questions of the day. She not only acted as her father's secretary, but shared his patriotic dreams and hopes. She wrote articles concerning the new aspirations as to popular education, and even conducted a Sunday-school on her own account. More than ever was she resolved to be true to a vow made, as a child, on a stone block hidden in the paternal woods, which she called her "altar," that she would live and work for the education and ethical uplifting of her compatriots. Herein she was in unison with Björnson, at whose instance she undertook a journey to Denmark to study the question of popular schools. It was Björnson who first recognized her unusual capabilities. He told her mother that she would prove her parents' greatest glory and that she ought above all to be a wife—adding, however, "Men do not as a rule understand women with such a pronounced inner life, and the love of a woman who at twenty-three has not yet loved will be terrible in its intensity when it comes." And yet this advocate of love-marriages is but another example of those natures that "sit alone by solitary fires."

When Ellen was thirty, financial reasons made it necessary to leave her forest home, to which she was attached by every fibre of her being. "To live in the country, to till the fields, never to leave them—that was the deepest factor of my emotional life, and the modern movement of 'back to the land' is one from which I have never for an instant swerved with my desires." Yet for years she was condemned to live in the noisy, close city, working as a teacher at a girls' school in order to keep herself and help her loved ones. Naturally, she soon found her way to the hearts of her pupils. Her warm, quick sympathy, her radiant kindliness, her comprehension of young natures, her original and vivid methods of instruction, a vividness that appears in her writings and gives an original color even to already accepted doctrines, combined to make her popular. Nor did she permit herself to regard these years of city confinement as years of drudgery. She threw herself heart and soul into her work, to her the most sacred of missions.

And, besides this paid work, she taught gratuitously in her free hours in the Workers' Institute, and kept this up for twenty years. She also arranged an informal sort of club, in which ladies and workwomen met on equal terms—another of her earnest attempts to bridge class distinctions. For Ellen Key is a democrat to the backbone. And her whole-hearted devotion is proved by the fact that often, in these years of propaganda, when she gave all her spare strength to others, she had not enough to eat, while new clothes were not even thought of; for it is one of her rigid rules to do without that which she cannot pay for on the nail. And at all times her dress is of the plainest.

Until near the end of the century, Ellen Key's influence, though confined within a small area, had been quietly pervasive. For her ardor for the cause she had at heart—the moral and mental uplifting of her countrymen and countrywomen (especially the latter)—helped her to overcome her native shyness, and for years she could be heard from platforms in Sweden, Norway and Denmark. But only thrice did she touch on politics, and only once on the woman question, and then only in regard to the legal position of married women. With these exceptions art and literature were her themes.

But after the death of her mother, and other sad personal experiences

that shook her being to its depths, even causing her to contemplate suicide, so useless did she think herself, Ellen Key was suddenly roused to combative activity and entered upon that pioneer path which has made her famous. The spark that struck the flame was an incident in Swedish politics due to the influence on the younger generation of the doctrines of Darwin. These theories had aroused a desire to throw overboard all established things and remodel the world anew. A long-forgotten law was exhumed to punish the radicals who were pronounced guilty of blasphemy. Now Ellen Key's motto—the theme repeated, with variations, in all her books and lectures—is that no check must be put on the free development of personality. She constituted herself the defender of the imprisoned youths, pointing out the injustice of punishing them for saying what others printed unmolested, merely because they had failed to cloak their meaning with scientific and philosophic phrases. To repress free thought and free speech was to provoke revolutions. With logic, learning and eloquence, she pleaded for justice, showing that written laws are often out of date long before their repeal. Instantly she became the storm-centre of the movement; but neither her courage nor her common sense failed her. Ellen Key does not belong to the shrieking sisterhood, who cry their message in season and out. Her methods are more dignified and hence more efficacious, for though she encounters opposition, she never rouses contempt. And it throws light upon her character that when she took up a militant attitude, she began to withdraw her sympathies from the cause of woman's rights, on the ground that its advocates had lost sight of the main object to be attained and wasted their efforts on side issues, many of which would prove pernicious to the cause itself.

At this time, too, she declared that she could no longer call herself a Christian, as the Christianity of to-day was a compromise, the Christian ideal being followed neither in church nor state nor home. Happiness, individual and racial, was what the world must seek, and this hedonism was no less noble than an impossible ideal of self-extinction, and if rightly understood did not violate but actually promoted altruism. In her latest book, containing her creed, to the young who ask "What shall I do to be useful?" she replies, "Be seekers of happiness, but seekers of happiness making the highest demands on happiness"—the search for happiness implying the cultivation of mental and bodily capacities and the avoidance of such sports, diversions, pleasures and gratifications as tend to weaken, poison or brutalize.

Here the disciple of Rousseau comes into view. She holds that man is good at the core, and if allowed free course will develop his personality and put it at the service of humanity. "The Faith of Life" proves this, and emphasizes how idealistic and optimistic is her individualism. She contends strongly that, in order to be a true altruist, one must be an individualist. As she tersely puts it, the true ideal combat that we are fighting is for that deepest of all conceptions —Spinoza's proposition—that joy is perfection.

In the summer of 1895 Ellen Key's brother and sister-in-law left her in charge of their children during an extended absence. She had ever contended that it is impossible to perform maternal duties, in full measure, and at the same time accomplish individual work, and the attempt to harmonize the two missions confirmed her judgment. The results of this experience were embodied in a book called "Misused Female Powers," which drew down upon the author a storm of indignation and derision as well as of misconception. Miss Key met the attacks with quiet courage, knowing well that she had not become untrue to her earlier ideals. She had but progressed and enlarged her horizon, as all true thinkers and workers must. From first to last she has contended—and it is this that makes

her a thorn in the flesh of her "emancipated" sisters—that in the life of woman the heart has ever the first place; and it is for this heart that she demands all possible liberty—not license, but freedom to develop each varying ego. She recognizes how impossible it is to make one rule that can fit all, and that this is where formulated legislation must always be at fault. And holding that the woman's movement in its present phase makes for a new form of oppression, rather than for individual freedom, she contends that it has approached the question from the wrong side.

The fundamental physiological differences between man and woman can never be eliminated. As she once wrote to me, "Life would be very tedious if women were to grow like men. The difference constitutes a rich and beautiful though difficult problem." Her ideal of emancipation is an enlargement and enrichment of woman's soul, based upon a larger and deeper understanding of her natural mission. For her, too, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, but she interprets the apothegm in the widest sense. A German philosopher once said that if woman had not appeared in creation, man, with his orderly reason, would long ago have solved the problem of existence with mathematical precision, but as things are, we must always reckon with an insoluble factor, and that factor is woman. Ellen Key points out that this apparent paradox hides a deep truth. Woman's power in all times has been active, like that of the natural forces of whose laws we are ignorant, but whose evidences we behold. Men have objected that however much they may reason, may strive to convince, there are moments when women will not admit that twice two is four. And this is right. Woman's quick instinct rebels against cut and dried statistics and formulas. Her mission is deeper; she possesses a species of *Urnatur*, a sixth sense, that makes her see at certain moments beyond and higher than systems and programs. This is her distinctive faculty, and it is this that should be recognized and utilized. Whenever a woman has dared to revolt, she has called new movements into being. Witness, for example, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler, Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is this inherent, instinctive force that has so long been cramped and cries for liberation. But, as Feuerbach has said, "It is the simple truths that mankind recognize the latest." No thinker now disputes woman's right to legal equality with man; but, says Ellen Key, the next step must be the right to freedom on the ground of her dissimilarity. To grant her equality is not necessarily to do her justice; nay, it may result in the cruellest injustice.

As a Socialist, as one who holds that all who eat should work, Ellen Key is obviously not opposed to the nation that women should labor. Where she deviates from the advocates of women's rights is in defining the nature of their work. She maintains that child-bearing and motherhood should also be counted as work and be publicly remunerated, if need be, since strong, healthy children are valuable national assets. And she understands motherhood, not in the present haphazard, dilettante fashion, but considered as a profession, the highest and holiest. Where the advanced woman has gone wrong has been in failure to choose as her life work the work for which nature especially adapted her. But Ellen Key is an ardent champion of woman's legal and social equality: on these lines even her enemies cannot call her retrograde.

Every human being, according to Miss Key, has a right to choose the materials that best suit him for the building up of his ego—to select the style of personal architecture that best conforms to his innate demands. He is entitled, also, to live his own life according to his own views, provided that such living uplifts his personality. Regarding the three most momentous decisions—our attitude

toward life, our work, our love,—she contends that every soul has a right to be arbitrary. Grant this and we all shall become individualists, freed from the clogs of antiquated authority and routine. And since this high conception of individualism raises the whole ethical standard, altruism and not egoism will result therefrom and the world will have made a long step towards betterment.

A prophetic note pervades Ellen Key's essays on these and kindred themes—a dithyrambic exaltation of personal courage, of personal ennoblement. Indeed, when speaking of her ideals, often with eyes closed, as though to shut out all outer vision, her low, impassioned utterances have struck me as those of a sibyl of old.

The books on which Ellen Key's European fame chiefly rests, "Love and Marriage" and "The Century of the Child," have been published since the century turned. They contain the sum total of her life's thought and experience. She once laughingly remarked that she had been writing "The Century of the Child" since she was four years old. Professor Forel, in his authoritative work "Die Sexuelle Frage," devotes several pages to an analysis of her "Love and Marriage." He praises highly its scientific basis, its sound views, its elevated aims; and he values it as a woman's contribution to the literature of the subject, for, as he truly remarks, the opinions and feelings of both sexes are requisite in reaching sound conclusions on the momentous and fundamental questions involved,

That great duel of sex, that ancient strife
Which is the very central fact of life.

Ellen Key faces the sexual problem squarely, neither formulating fantastic impossibilities nor treading upon ground where "mere man's" pitying contempt is provoked. It is refreshing to find a woman who can handle the sex question not only without morbidity but with common sense.

Miss Key has been a teacher all her life, first as an instructor of youth, later on as one seeking to guide the public to a life freer, saner and richer. Apprehending that the public, like a child of larger growth, requires to have sentences repeated often before it makes them its own, she harps constantly, with little variation, on certain strings. These are a few of her main teachings: Love is moral without legal marriage, but legal marriage is immoral, without love. For it is not marriage, as her detractors assert, but rather the viciousness of loveless unions, which is the constant object of her attacks. Further, marriage is immoral, not only if entered upon without mutual love, but also if continued without it. Also, the legal or illegal relations of a man or woman concern none but themselves, so long as these relations do not result in offspring. If they do, the state may and must step in. She has drawn up a new marriage code that contains excellent points and which, were it speedily adopted, would solve many so-called insoluble problems and conduce to enhanced domestic happiness. Another saying of hers is that "love, like friendship, is a question of forgiving and consists in gifts and countergifts in the shape of abandoned demands."

The motto of "The Century of the Child" is chosen from Nietzsche, with whose individualist doctrines Ellen Key has much affinity. It excellently resumes the scope of the book—"You shall make good to your children that you are your parents' children; you shall redeem the past. This new commandment give I unto you."

We know the old Hebrew commandment enjoined that we should honor our parents. Ellen Key would add a rider—yes, if they are worthy of this honor, but the mere physical accident of parenthood does not necessarily render them so. In too many cases parents should ask their children's forgiveness for their existence.

The table-of-contents summarizes the book. The various chapters deal with the child's right to choose its parents, woman's work, education, homelessness, how souls are murdered

in school, the school of the future, religious education, child work and child crime. Ellen Key's love for children speaks from every page; and love not only, but respect for the child's individuality—a point too long overlooked. Give to the little ones their right to live their full child-life in sight of father and mother, who are themselves living a full personal life. Such is her impassioned plea. Childhood is holy, yet we destroy the tender organism by our mechanical methods, our hypocritical ideas concerning propriety and social ethics, our century-old error of suppressing the child's native desires and supplanting them by our own.

Many of Ellen Key's views are familiar to Anglo-Saxons, among whom freedom and responsibility are inculcated from the first. The parents' union and the child-study societies have made many of her ideas known to people who think at all. But Ellen Key's manner of presenting even the most commonplace is fresh and original. "Let us let the children live," she says, "is a better resolution than Let us live for the children." While many volumes have been written on the subjects she treats, few perhaps are so sane, so just, so temperate. Books such as hers are never the work of one author only. They are the result of a tendency, the product of a generation, an epoch.

Among the most delightful pages she has written are those on courage. She contends we are none of us as bad, mean or petty as we think, but far more cowardly. Her favorite quotation is that of the Greek philosopher who said that happiness consists in freedom and freedom in courage. And beside this classic virtue she possesses the three Christian graces—faith, hope and love. She loves life and those who live it, and has faith in it and in them. She has followed Swinburne's advice, not to fear at all, but has disregarded the other half, not to hope much. This intense hopefulness may have been strengthened in her from having been much with children. Children grow before our very eyes, and insensibly we become accustomed to rapid progress in watching theirs. They are more grateful subjects to teach than men and women, who for the most part learn slowly.

But the chief cause of her optimism lies deeper. She has a clear perception of social discords and apparently overlooks natural ones. Hence her reforming zeal. Often a clear preception of social evils prevents a keen-sighted person from seeing natural evils. The latter are greater than the former, and one who sees them is less often an optimist. Those whose education has been rooted in Christian thought often see the evils of the world as made by man more clearly than the evils of the world as they exist of necessity. The Buddha suffered because life contained disease and old age and death; Christ suffered because it contained scribes and Pharisees and publicans and sinners. Ellen Key's nature, to use the conventional expression, is profoundly religious. She teaches living for others, living for the future; only her next world is merely this one a little later on. This explains her cult of motherhood and fatherhood. These words express for her more than manhood and womanhood. This accounts too for her clean sane views as to sex-life, which in her writings she has sought completely to rehabilitate; for though Ellen Key desires to abolish many established institutions, her criticisms are always constructive. She has a quite Ibsenian scorn for conventional hypocrisies. Particularly keen is her criticism of the discrepancies between the attitude of society toward motherhood, as professed in literature and art, and its practical treatment of some mothers—unmarried ones, for instance.

Concerning the effect on sex of women's doing the same work as men, Ellen Key is perhaps unduly gloomy. She talks as though acquired characteristics were inherited, whereas we know now that it takes, not a few generations, but thousands of years, permanently to alter any physical or

moral type. Not all the agelong "subjection of women" (granting Mill was right) or any future "perversion of woman" has prevented or will prevent the true type from recurring in each woman child that is born into the world. That is Nature's way of correcting man's mistakes and overhasty enthusiasms. On yet another point Ellen Key may perhaps be criticised; and this is, that she falls into the mistake made by the democrats early in the last century, and later by the advocates of compulsorv education, when they thought mankind was to be irrevocably changed by everybody's being forced through a certain mill.

Still, these are but the inevitable limitations in a reformer's scheme. Certain it is that the world as reconstructed by Ellen Key would have one splendid and novel feature: there would be accord between its theory and practice.

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

VII.

KELMSCOTT AND WILLIAM MORRIS

I HAD been at Fairford that still, fresh, April morning, and had enjoyed the sunny little piazza, with its pretty characteristic varieties of pleasant stone-built houses, solid Georgian fronts interspersed with mullioned gables. But the church! That is a marvellous place; its massive lantern-tower, with solid, softly moulded outlines—for the sandy oolite admits little fineness of detail—all weathered to a beautiful orange-grey tint, has a mild dignity of its own. Inside it is a treasure of mediævalism. The screens, the woodwork, the monuments, all rich, dignified, and spacious. And the glass! Next to King's College Chapel, I suppose, it is the noblest series of windows in England, and the colour of it is incomparable. Azure and crimson, green and damask, yet all with a firm economy of effect, the robes of the saints set and imbedded in a fine intricacy of white tabernacle-work. As to the design, I hardly knew whether to smile or weep. The splendid, ugly faces of the saints, depicted, whether designedly or artlessly I cannot guess, as men of simple passions and homely experience, moved me greatly, so unlike the mild, polite, porcelain visages of even the best modern glass. But the windows are as thick with demons as a hive with bees; and oh! the irresponsible levity displayed in these merry, grotesque, long-nosed creatures, some flame-coloured and long-tailed, some green and scaly, some plated like the armadillo, all going about their merciless work with infinite gusto and glee! Here one picked at the white breast of a languid, tortured woman who lay bathed in flame; one with a glowing hook thrust a lamentable big-paunched wretch down into a bath of molten liquor; one with pleased intentness turned the handle of a churn, from the top of which protruded the head of a fair-haired boy, all distorted with pain and terror. What could have been in the mind of the designer of these hateful scenes? It is impossible to acquit him of a strong sense of the humorous. Did he believe that such things were actually in progress in some infernal cavern, seven times heated? I fear it may

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have been so. And what of the effect upon the minds of the village folk who saw them day by day? It would have depressed, one would think, an imaginative girl or boy into madness, to dream of such things as being countenanced by God for the heathen and the unbaptised as well as for the cruel and sinful. If the vile work had been represented as being done by cloudy, sombre, relentless creatures, it would have been more tolerable. But these fantastic imps, as lively as grigs and full to the brim of wicked laughter, are certainly enjoying themselves with an extremity of delight of which no trace is to be seen in the mournful and heavily lined faces of the faithful. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!* Perhaps the simple, coarse mental palates of the village folk were none the worse for this realistic treatment of sin. One wonders what the saintly and refined Keble, who spent many years of his life as his father's curate here, thought of it all. Probably his submissive and deferential mind accepted it as in some ecclesiastical sense symbolical of the merciless hatred of God for the desperate corruption of humanity. It gave me little pleasure to connect the personality of Keble with the place, patient, sweet-natured, mystical, serviceable as he was. It seems hard to breathe in the austere air of a mind like Keble's, where the wind of the spirit blows chill down the narrow path, fenced in by the high, uncompromising walls of ecclesiastical tradition on the one hand and stern Puritanism on the other. An artificial type, one is tempted to say!—and yet one ought never, I suppose, so to describe any flower that has blossomed fragrantly upon the human stock; any system that seems to extend a natural and instinctive appeal to certain definite classes of human temperament.

I sped pleasantly enough along the low, rich pastures, thick with hedgerow elms, to Lechlade, another pretty town with an infinite variety of habitations. Here again is a fine ancient church with a comely spire, "a pretty pyramid of stone," as the old Itinerary says, overlooking a charming gabled house, among walled and terraced gardens, with stone balls on the corner-posts and a quaint pavilion, the river running below; and so on to a bridge over the yet slender Thames, where the river water spouted clear and fragrant into a wide pool; and across the flat meadows, bright with kingcups, the spire of Lechlade towered over the clustered house-roofs to the west.

Then further still by a lonely ill-laid road. And thus, with a mind pleasantly attuned to beauty and a quickening pulse, I drew near to Kelmscott. The great alluvial flat, broadening on either hand, with low wooded heights, "not ill-designed," as Morris said, to the south. Then came a winding cross-track, and presently I drew near to a straggling village, every house of which had some charm and quality of style, with here and there a high gabled dovecot, and its wooden cupola, standing up among solid barns and stacks. Here was a tiny and inconspicuous church, with a small stone belfry; and then the road pushed on, to die away among the fields. But there, at the very end of the village, stood the house of which we were in search; and it was with a touch of awe, with a quickening heart, that I drew near to a place of such sweet and gracious memories, a place so dear to more than one of the heroes of art.

One comes to the goal of an artistic pilgrimage with a certain sacred terror; either the place is disappointing, or it is utterly unlike what one anticipates. I knew Kelmscott so well from Rossetti's letters, from Morris's own splendid and loving description, from pictures, from the tales of other pilgrims, that I felt I could not be disappointed; and I was not. It was not only just like what I had pictured it to be, but it had a delicate and natural grace of its own as well. The house was larger and more beautiful, the garden smaller and not less beautiful, than I had imagined. I had not thought it was so shy, so rustic a

place. It is very difficult to get any clear view of the house. By the road are cottages, and a big building, half storehouse, half wheelwright's shop, to serve the homely needs of the farm. Through the open door one could see a bench with tools; and planks, staves, spokes, waggon-tilts, faggots, were all stacked in a pleasant confusion. Then came a walled kitchen-garden, with some big shrubs, bay and laurestinus, rising plumply within; beyond which the grey house, spread thin with plaster, held up its gables and chimneys over a stone-tiled roof. To the left, big barns and byres—a farm-man leading in a young bull with a pole at the nose-ring; beyond that, open fields, with a dyke and a flood-wall of earth, grown over with nettles, withered sedges in the watercourse, and elms in which the rooks were clamorously building. We met with the ready, simple Berkshire courtesy; we were referred to a gardener who was in charge. To speak with him, we walked round to the other side of the house, to an open space of grass, where the fowls picked merrily, and the old farm-lumber, broken coops, disused ploughs, lay comfortably about. "How I love tidiness!" wrote Morris once. Yet I did not feel that he would have done other than love all this natural and simple litter of the busy farmstead.

Here the venerable house appeared more stately still. Through an open door in a wall we caught a sight of the old standards of an orchard, and borders with the spikes of spring-flowers pushing through the mould. The gardener was digging in the gravelly soil. He received us with a grave and kindly air; but when we asked if we could look into the house, he said, with a sturdy faithfulness, that his orders were that no one should see it, and continued his digging without heeding us further.

Somewhat abashed we retraced our steps; we got one glimpse of the fine indented front, with its shapely wings and projections. I should like to have seen the great parlour, and the tapestry-room with the story of Samson that bothered Rossetti so over his work. I should like to have seen the big oak bed, with its hangings embroidered with one of Morris's sweetest lyrics:

> The wind's on the wold,
> And the night is a-cold.

I should like to have seen the tapestry-room, and the room where Morris, who so frankly relished the healthy savour of meat and drink, ate his joyful meals, and the peacock yew-tree that he found in his days of failing strength too hard a task to clip. I should like to have seen all this, I say; and yet I am not sure that tables and chairs, upholsteries and pictures, would not have come in between me and the sacred spirit of the place.

So I turned to the church. Plain and homely as its exterior is, inside it is touched with the true mediæval spirit, like the "old febel chapel" of the "Mort d'Arthur." Its bare walls, its half-obliterated frescoes, its sturdy pillars, gave it an ancient, simple air. But I did not, to my grief, see the grave of Morris, though I saw in fancy the coffin brought from Lechlade in the bright farm-waggon, on that day of pitiless rain. For there was going on in the churchyard the only thing I saw that day that seemed to me to strike a false note: a silly posing of village girls, self-conscious and over-dressed, before the camera of a photographer—a playing at æsthetics, bringing into the village life a touch of unwholesome vanity and the vulgar affectation of the world. That is the ugly shadow of fame; it makes conventional people curious about the details of a great man's life and surroundings, without initiating them into any sympathy with his ideals and motives. The price that the real worshippers pay for their inspiration is the slavering idolatry of the unintelligent; and I withdrew in a mournful wonder from the place, wishing I could set an invisible fence round the scene, a fence which none should pass but the few who had the secret and the key in their hearts.

And here, for the pleasure of copy-

ing the sweet words, let me transcribe a few sentences from Morris's own description of the house itself:

A house that I love with a reasonable love, I think; for though my words may give you no idea of any special charm about it, yet I assure you that the charm is there; so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that lived on it: some thin thread of tradition, a half-anxious sense of the delight of meadow and acre and wood and river; a certain amount (not too much, let us hope) of common-sense, a liking for making materials serve one's turn, and perhaps at bottom some little grain of sentiment—this, I think was what went to the making of the old house.

And again:

My feet moved along the road they knew. The raised way led us into a little field, bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the backwater. We crossed the road, and my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house. The garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whirring about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done! The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!

The pure lyrical beauty of this passage makes one out of conceit with one's own clumsy sentences. But still, I will say how all that afternoon, among the quiet fields, with the white clouds rolling up over the lip of the wolds, I was haunted with the thought of that burly figure: the great head with its curly hair and beard; the eyes that seemed so guarded and unobservant, and that yet saw and noted every smallest detail; the big clumsy hands, apt for such delicacy of work; to see him in his rough blue suit, his easy rolling gait, wandering about, stooping to look at the flowers in the beds, or glancing up at the sky, or sauntering off to fish in the stream, or writing swiftly in the parlour, or working at his loom; so bluff, so kindly, so blunt in address, so unaffected, loving all that he saw, the tide of full-blooded and restless life running so vigorously in his veins; or, further back, Rossetti, with his wide eyes, half-bright, half-languorous, pale, haunted with impossible dreams, pacing, rapt in feverish thought, through the lonely fields. The ghosts of heroes! And whether it was that my own memories and affections and visions stirred my brain, or that some tide of the spirit still sets from the undiscovered shores to the scenes of life and love, I know not, but the place seemed thronged with unseen presences and viewless mysteries of hope. Doubtless, loving as we do the precise forms of earthly beauty, the wide green pastures, the tender grace of age on gable and wall, the springing of sweet flowers, the clear gush of the stream, we are really in love with some deeper and holier thing; yet even about the symbols themselves there lingers a consecrating power; and that influence was present with me to-day, as I went homewards in the westering light, with the shadows of house and tree lengthening across the grass in the still afternoon.

Heroes, I said? Well, I will not here speak of Rossetti, though his impassioned heart and wayward dreams were made holy, I think, through suffering: he has purged his fault. But I cannot deny the name of hero to Morris. Let us put into words what was happening to him at the very time at which he had made this sweet

place his home. He had already done as much in those early years as many men do in a lifetime. He had written great poems, he had loved and wedded, he had made abundant friends, his wealth was growing fast; he loved every detail of his work, designing, weaving, dyeing; he had a band of devoted workers and craftsmen under him. He could defy the world; he cared nothing at all for society or honours. He had magnificent vitality, a physique which afforded him every kind of wholesome momentary enjoyment.

In the middle of all this happy activity a cloud came over his mind, blotting out the sunshine. Partly, perhaps, private sorrows had something to do with it; partly, perhaps, a weakening of physical fibre, after a life of enormous productivity and restless energy, made itself felt. But these were only incidental causes. What began to weigh upon him was the thought of all the toiling thousands of humanity, whose lives of labour precluded them from the enjoyment of all or nearly all of the beautiful things that were to him the very essence of life; and, what was worse still, he perceived that the very faculty of higher enjoyment was lacking, the instinct for beauty having been atrophied and almost eradicated by sad inheritance. He saw that not only did the workers not feel the joyful love of art and natural beauty, but that they could not have enjoyed such pleasures, even if they were to be brought near to them; and then came the further and darker thought, that modern art was, after all, a hollow and a soulless thing. He saw round him beautiful old houses like his own, old churches which spoke of a high natural instinct for fineness of form and detail. These things seemed to stand for a widespread and lively joy in simple beauty which seemed to have vanished out of the world. In ancient times it was natural to the old builders if they had, say, a barn to build, to make it strong and seemly and graceful; to buttress it with stone, to bestow care and thought upon coign and window-ledge and dripstone, to prop the roof on firm and shapely beams, and to cover it with honest stone tiles, each one of which had an individuality of its own. But now he saw that if people built naturally, they ran up flimsy walls of brick, tied them together with iron rods, and put a curved roof of galvanised iron on the top. It was bad enough that it should be built so, but what was worse still was that no one saw or heeded the difference; they thought the new style was more convenient, and the question of beauty never entered their minds at all. They remorselessly pulled down, or patched meanly and sordidly, the old work. And thus he began to feel that modern art was an essentially artificial thing, a luxury existing for a few leisurely people, and no longer based on a deep universal instinct. He thought that art was wounded to death by competition and hurry and vulgarity and materialism, and that it must die down altogether before a sweet natural product could arise from the stump.

Then, too, Morris was not an individualist; he cared, one may think, about things more than people. A friend of his once complained that, if he were to die, Morris would no doubt grieve for him and even miss him, but that it would make no gap in his life, nor interrupt his energy of work. He cared for movements, for classes, for groups of men, more than he cared for persons. And thus the idea came to him, in a mournful year of reflection, that it was not only a mistake, but of the nature of sin, to isolate himself in a little Paradise of art of his own making, and to allow the great noisy, ugly, bewildered world to go on its way. It was a noble grief. The thought of the bare, uncheered, hopeless lives of the poor came to weigh on him like an obsession, and he began to turn over in his mind what he could do to unravel the knotted skein.

"I am rather in a discouraged mood," he wrote on New Year's Day, 1880, "and the whole thing seems almost too tangled to see

through and too heavy to move." And again:

> I have of late been somewhat melancholy (rather too strong a word, but I don't know another); not so much so as not to enjoy life in a way, but just so much as a man of middle age who has met with rubs (though less than his share of them) may sometimes be allowed to be. When one is just so much subdued one is apt to turn more specially from thinking of one's own affairs to more worthy matters; and my mind is very full of the great change which I hope is slowly coming over the world.

And so he plunged into Socialism. He gave up his poetry and much of his congenial work. He attended meetings and committees; he wrote leaflets and pamphlets; he lavished money; he took to giving lectures and addresses; he exposed himself to misunderstandings and insults. He spoke in rain at street corners to indifferent loungers; he pushed a little cart about the squares selling Socialist literature; he had collisions with the police; he was summoned before magistrates: the "poetic upholsterer," as he was called, became an object of bewildered contempt to friends and foes alike. The work was not congenial to him, but he did it well, developing infinite tolerance and good-humour, and even tactfulness, in his relations with other men. The exposure to the weather, the strain, the neglect of his own physical needs, brought on, undoubtedly, the illness of which he eventually died; and worst of all was the growing shadow of discouragement, which made him gradually aware that the times were not ripe, and that even if the people could seize the power they desired, they could not use it. He became aware that the worker's idea of rising in the social scale was not the idea of gaining security, leisure, independence, and love of honest work, but the hope of migrating to the middle class, and becoming a capitalist on a small scale. That was the last thing that Morris desired. Most of all he felt the charge of inconsistency that was dinned into his ears. It was held ridiculous that a wealthy capitalist and a large employer of labour, living, if not in luxury, at least in considerable stateliness, should profess Socialistic ideas without attempting to disencumber himself of his wealth. He wrote in answer to a loving remonstrance:

> You see, my dear, I can't help it. The ideas which have taken hold of me will not let me rest; nor can I see anything else worth thinking of. How can it be otherwise, when to me society, which to many seems an orderly arrangement for allowing decent people to get through their lives creditably and with some pleasure, seems mere cannibalism; nay, worse (for there ought to be hope in that), is grown so corrupt, so steeped in hypocrisy and lies, that one turns from one stratum of it to another with hopeless loathing. . . . Meantime, what a little ruffles me is this, that if I do a little fail in my duty some of my friends will praise me for failing instead of blaming me.

And then at last, after every sordid circumstance of intrigue and squabble and jealousy, one after another of the organisations he joined broke down. Half gratefully and half mournfully he disengaged himself, not because he did not believe in his principles, but because he saw that the difficulties were insuperable. He came back to the old life; he flung himself with renewed ardour into art and craftsmanship. He began to write the beautiful and romantic prose tales, with their enchanting titles, which are, perhaps, his most characteristic work. He learnt by slow degrees that a clean sweep of an evil system cannot be made in a period or a lifetime by an individual, however serious or strenuous he may be; he began to perceive that, if society is to put ideas in practice, the ideas must first be there, clearly defined and widely apprehended; and that it is useless to urge men to a life of which they have no conception and for which they have no desire. He had always held it to be a sacred duty for people to live, if possible, in whatever simplicity, among beautiful things; and it may be said that no one man in one

n has ever effected so much direction. He has, indeed, and educated taste; he has l a vile and hypocritical of domestic art; by his he has opened a door for minds into a remote and region of unspoilt romance; e still than this, he remains ple of one who made a great aphant resignation of all that most dear, for the sake of iat he thought to be right. ot an ascetic, giving up what in incumbrance and half a or was he naturally a melan- d detached person; but he work which he loved pas- , and a life which he lived in oded, generous way, that he y to share his blessings with out of a supreme pity for richly endowed than himself. hen, should not this corner of l, which he loved so dearly, the spirit with a voice and ; far louder and more urgent own tranquil habit of sunny id green-shaded sweetness! ow my faith," wrote Morris mscott in a bewildered hour, r I feel I have no sort of right ge myself for any of my roubles on the kind earth; : I feel her kindness very and am bound not to meet long face." Noble and high- words! for he of all men iade by nature to enjoy se- id beauty and the joys of ever man was so made. His c of personal sensitiveness, tness to be moved by the appeal of the individual, ve been made a shield for eace; but be laid that shield id bared his breast to the ows; and in his noble mad- dress the wrongs of the world erhaps, more like one of his ierous knights than he him- suspected.

hen, I think is the reason place—a grey grange at the country lane, among water —has so ample a call for the spirit. A place of which Morris wrote: "The scale of everything of the smallest, but so sweet, so unusual even; it was like the background of an innocent fairy-story." Yes, it might have been that! Many of the simplest and quietest of lives had been lived there, no doubt, before Morris came that way. But with him came a realisation of its virtues, a perception that in its smallness and sweetness it yet held imprisoned, like the gem that sits on the smallest finger of a hand, an ocean of light and color. The two things that lend strength to life are, in the first place, an appreciation of its quality, a perception of its intense and awful significance—the thought that we here hold in our hands, if we could but piece it all together, the elements and portions of a mighty, an overwhelming problem. The fragments of that mighty mystery are sorrow, sin, suffering, joy, hope, life, death. Things of their nature sharply opposed, and yet that are, doubtless, somehow and somewhere, united and composed and reconciled. It is at this sad point that many men and most artists stop short. They see what they love and desire; they emphasise this and rest upon it; and when the surge of suffering buffets them away, they drown, bewildered, struggling for breath, complaining.

But for the true man it is otherwise. He is penetrated with the desire that all should share his joy and be emboldened by it. It casts a cold shadow over the sunshine, it mars the scent of the roses, it wails across the cooing of the doves—the sense that others suffer and toil unhelped; and still more grievous to him is the thought that, were these duller natures set free from the galling yoke, their mirth would be evil and hideous, they would have no inkling of the sweeter and the purer joy. And then, if he be wise, he tries his hardest, in slow and wearied hours, to comfort, to interpret, to explain; in much heaviness and dejection he labours, while all the time, though he knows it not, the sweet ripple of his thoughts spreads across the stagnant pool. He may

be flouted, contemned, insulted, but he heeds it not; while all the strands of the great mystery, dark and bright alike, work themselves, delicately and surely, into the picture of his life, and the picture of other lives as well. Larger and richer grows the great design, till it is set in some wide hall or corridor of the House of Life; and the figure of the toil-worn knight, with armour dinted and brow dimmed with dust and sweat, kneeling at the shrine, makes the very silence of the place beautiful; while those that go to and fro rejoice, not in the suffering and weariness, not in the worn face and the thin, sun-browned hands, but in the thought that he loved all things well; that his joy was pure and high, that his clear eyes pierced the dull mist that wreathed cold field and dripping wood, and that, when he sank out-worn and languid after the day's long toil, the jocund trumpets broke out from the high-walled town in a triumphant concert, because he had done worthily, and should now see greater things than these.

The subject of Mr. Benson's February essay will be "The Dramatic Sense."

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

Its Design, its Arrangement and its Decoration

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

IV

SALONS AND DRAWING-ROOMS

ANY one attempting a discussion of American houses as they are developing around us to-day, must inevitably, as the discussion proceeds, become more and more conscious of—even to the point of being hampered by—a certain feeling of reluctance, in regard to approaching at all so delicate a field, one in which the subject-matter, from its very essence, involves questions of encroachment upon private reserves.

The work of the architect presents no such embarrassing issues. His results, so far as their exteriors are concerned, are open-air contributions to the æsthetic progress of his time—public properties, as it were, challenging comment. Even his interior work, if it possess merit, is like every other work of art, and must subject itself to a criticism in which, when final judgments are rendered, no questions of violating laws of hospitality, and none of respecting affronted dignities, can have weight. It is where the owner's work becomes apparent, that the reviewer's embarrassment begins, and for reasons that are simple enough, since individual idiosyncrasies and predilections, for the greater part, are all that are apparent. But little earnest, conscientious study has been given to the subject; changes of fashion have too rapidly followed upon changes of fortune, and few people have worked with a fixed purpose in the mind. Moreover, we have no women among us of recognized public position, who, like the women of Italy and France, have deliberately gone to work to influence the arts, gathering around them great architects, painters and sculptors, co-operating with them, directing and stimulating them, leaving to posterity results that the world is still admiring and imitating, and which, being of national and artistic importance, were even at that time

ubjects of discussion. The who, in our own country n to produce the really domestic architecture, for e, are private individuals inst great odds even in the neighborly appreciation war with their architects , after a few years' study reign school, have come ing that they "knew it o have not known enough to what an extent travel ation may have equipped r to take a leading part tions of taste and fine concerned.

ence of these few women, n spite of all the splendid ave accomplished, is con- limited area. Certainly, as as yet led to such a re- arts, as would entitle their ke rank with that of the n of old. Most of what one, too, as it comes under tion of what is called the naturally protected from of public curiosity. One housebreaker, who enters s.

t of his work, then, does er experience a greater n speaking, than when he on to discuss the salons ng-rooms of the day— of a house which are set he reception and enter- guests, and which should, nature of things, represent g glory of a dwelling-place. s, as any one must recog- stions of utility pure and ld have been compelling, ustifiable though regret- for the disregard of the nd the beautiful. One instantly that here is a e a man or woman must things besides a possession estic virtues. In a salon, must give evidence of und equipment for the one holds in the world, well one knows how to he social relations, what one has to contribute in the way of grace and charm, of fine taste and cultivated instincts, of a love and understanding of the beautiful, not only for one's own delectation, but as a setting, to lend harmony to the intercourse of friends. And this test must hold good, wherever the room set apart for the reception of guests may be, whether in what are called the palaces of the day, or in the smallest cottages or flats.

In the parlor, or salon, or drawing-room, or whatever it may be called, one finds, then, the real man or woman, and knows without further question, just what their qualifications may be, how much *savior faire* they may possess, how much ease, how delicate an appreciation for the subtler requirements, how much self-control, how great a regard for all that goes to the making of social relations what they should be—a fine art.

And since a salon must and does stand for all this, in it lie most of the difficulties encountered in the discussion of particular houses. For it is not enough merely to bring together one's finest possessions. Selections must be made, and the same fine harmonies observed, as in the seating of guests about a table. Yet this is a requirement usually disregarded. Men or women who have begun to travel and amass are unable to resist the temptation to display their purchases, lucky finds or brilliant discoveries. Very few have the self-control of the man who, having purchased a wonderful old stone fireplace, kept it in a storehouse for fifteen years, until he could build a room where it might be at home. Thus there are drawing-rooms in which one is called upon to stumble over mediæval strong boxes set out by tables—trunks, really, which ought to be in a hall upstairs. One sees, too, Jacobean bedsteads, obviously intended for sleeping apartments or boudoirs, pulled into place by reading lamps; columns set up where they support nothing; weather-stained statues which should be in a garden among the rose-trees, but

are here drawn up by satin-covered chairs. Yet to these drawing-rooms much printed space has been given. Drawing-rooms! They are show rooms for unthinking collectors. And a French writer, not long since, counted thirty-three stag's-heads on the walls of one of our show country places, a house hung with wonderful Beauvais tapestry, and made splendid with furniture entitled to places in great museums. One such head might have suggested a compliment to the stag, or the prowess of the hunter, but with thirty-three one feels that even a stag might have turned. It reminds one of the story of some woman who bought, outright, twenty-six water-colors from a well-known English artist, to furnish the bedrooms of her country house. None of the stags here mentioned, by the way, had been shot by the owner of the house, nor yet by his friends, nor yet on his land; nor were they in a room set out with guns and other implements of the chase, but over the bookcases in the library. I have seen beautiful old stone carved tables, set out with silly little lamps having fringed silk shades; and this beside genuine Louis Quatorze chairs, exquisitely gilded and carved, and covered with an embossed velvet of the time—chairs so compelling in their magnificence, that the business of any fortunate possessor should have been to search without ceasing, as some do, until the proper accompaniments in the way of lamps should be found. One cannot help feeling that the possession of beautiful things entails great responsibility in their treatment. Nor can respect be withheld from the women who pay it.

One is most struck, indeed, by the unsuspected limitations of those occupying enviable positions, the mental awkwardness of those who do not know how to live with the rare objects around them, people who know how to be comfortable upstairs, perhaps, but can never quite learn the secret of being gracious on the parlor floor. And sometimes it would seem that, as a people, we need to be educated to the full meaning of salons. One does not have to be very old to remember a time when the very idea of a room obviously arranged for the reception of visitors, was preached against and ridiculed, the real compliment to the guest being then declared to be a welcome to the more intimate side of family life, where father had just been reading, perhaps, or mother sewing. The disciples of that creed used to make it a rule to leave in their drawing-rooms evidences of a polite occupation. Crewels being then the fashion, strands of them were generally visible, laid out on a table as if just abandoned by fair fingers. And even now there are people who object to the idea of designating any room as a salon, who will have music rooms, libraries, west rooms and east rooms, but who refuse to designate any one of them as places where conversation with the visitor can be carried on. They think such places too formal, not easily enough adapted to fun and pleasure, everybody in these days being too tired to talk, and everybody wanting to be amused.

The question of what particular character a salon shall assume, or how it shall be furnished, can only be decided when the question of what the rest of the house is to stand for has been settled, what the nature of its hospitality is to be, and on how large a scale that hospitality is to be carried on. One must know whether it is to be used for formal entertainments and gay diversions, for intimate talks over the teacup, or for intellectual diversions of a broader kind. Yet whatever the character, and however magnificent the scale, no salon, it seems to me, can be pronounced altogether satisfactory, which ignores the one supreme note of graciousness. It must look not only as if it were ready to receive you, but as if when doing so it meant to put you at your best, as would the tactful hostess herself. "How becoming this room is to everyone in it," I heard some dinner guests saying, not long since. And indeed the

a beautiful frame for beau-
ıen and distinguished men.
ırticular room is pure Louis
ı white woodwork of charm-
panelled in mirrors, and
with a *boiserie* in gold,
ısly executed and so alluring
that its lines delight the eye
delights the ear. These
genuine, not copies, and of
s and beauty not easy to
Everything in the room
e and old, indeed, except
ɜred carpet (one of a soft
cially manufactured for it)
flowered silk curtains (also
woven). And when I say
woven, I mean that not only
ɔrder given, but that every
ınd of silk has been selected
, lived with for some time,
nple made, so that just the
es, and only they, should
The model itself, of course,
e period. And it is in just
as this, which some few of
are willing to bestow, in the
ɔf their surroundings, which
ke those few interiors that
ınted as real contributions to
ıe. The furniture of the
sists necessarily of consols,
.nd tables, belonging to the
l unencumbered with the
ıs, a few pieces of Sèvres and
e porcelaines alone being
pon them. On the mantles
ocks and candelabra of the
n the fireplaces, the *chenets*
to the same epoch. The
l sofas are of tapestry, and
belong to the history of
. Not a book is visible,
belonging here.

room of this kind could
rmal as to be uninviting.
e arrangement of its various
ents that its feeling of
ess is to be found—its group-
irs, its arrangement of tables
t out with rare flowers, its
ıd distribution of lights—a
often neglected. Every-
ps the picture, as it were.
ɔpear, and quite naturally,
ɔf a delightful composition.
Nothing is obvious, and yet the whole effect is to bring out the best in everyone, to give women the same sense of ease which Emerson said some women felt with well-fitted backs to their dresses.

It were foolish to urge the stupid claim that with such wealth of fine appointments, this note of graciousness to a guest is necessarily made easy; that with money anyone can do anything, and should certainly know how to make even one's guests look well. The ability to do so, is a gift, however, quite independent of accessories, and can be as well exercised in modest interiors, as in those whose beauties have just been described. Indeed, there are small parlors, having no right to be mentioned among these, in which the same study of graciousness to a guest has been made; where with lights and mirrors, massing of flowers and grouping of furniture, the sense of the becoming though never too obvious composition has been made, so that each person is made part of a lovely picture.

The severer and more classic lines of the Louis Sixteenth period enter into the construction of another salon, panelled in white wood, its gilded *boiserie* being of unusual grace. A superb crystal lustre of half a hundred candles hangs in this room, while the appliqués against the walls are like the tapestry furniture just referred to —objects that have long since found their way into history. In this room, again, there are no distracting superfluities, no books, no little and uncomfortable things, no obvious touches of intimacy, no grouping together on small tables of meaningless silver ornaments, no photographs of modern beauties, or favorite grandchildren. These, with the books, are all upstairs. Yet in this room the guest is made at once to feel at ease, its beautiful tapestry furniture lending itself to the graceful, the amenable, the reposeful. No one who enters here feels in a hurry to depart—the conviction of the woman back of it all is too strong.

One feels the same sense of graciousness in another drawing-room, which follows no period, yet in which everything is old and interesting, and each thing of beauty in itself. The room is of superb proportions, with huge carved stone fireplaces at either end. Opposite the wide stone entrance framed and hung in embossed velvets of marvellous tone, is a bay-window over twenty feet wide, backed with growing plants set down on the floor, a composition of perennial joy. The ceiling is old Venetian, its panels filled with paintings. The walls are hung with tapestries in which the colors glow. Everything in the room is of large and generous proportions, rich in color and texture. The sofas are ample, the chairs, with their richly carved frames and covered with velvet and silk, make superb settings for the figure. The tables are broad and beautifully carved. The chess tables are ample, and the pieces set out on them are objects of beauty. Rare and beautiful things, indeed, are everywhere, yet never obtruded. Nothing is overdone, nor placed where it might interfere with the supreme motive of it all—comfort and warmth, but comfort and warmth that come from a choice of color, tactful consideration, from the eye being constantly fed and satisfied, and above all the feeling of the human note, the note of the woman who loves it all, and who in loving it has made it a contribution to your life.

For excellence in houses does not involve simply a rigid adherence to style, good as that adherence may be when a style is attempted. It really means an expression of humanity in its higher, broader sense, the feeling of the controlling spirit, the conviction of one's having understood and known the things about her, and who, having believed in them, makes you welcome among them. A strict adherence to style is certainly no less evident in one other lovely salon that I know. There is white in it, and there is gold, and there are superb hangings, beautiful pieces of furniture, exquisite porcelaines, and three panels of the walls, filled with as many full-length portraits of beautiful young women. Some people call it a French room, but nobody has ever been able to tell why, nor to settle upon the epoch. And nobody should want to, so lovely is it of its kind, so adapted to all that goes to make lovely the gentle amenities of life. I went in there one snowy afternoon, and found an old lady pouring tea, and all at once and for the first time I felt that old ladies ought always to be pouring tea in just such rooms as this. Suddenly, too, as I think it always should, the keenness for details dropped away, only the atmosphere of something rare and choice remaining, an atmosphere made vibrant by cultivated sympathies. From all of which it can be seen, that the charm of each salon just described really means the charm of the women who have created them.

There, are, of course, salons which the architect has given us, so beautiful in themselves that, even without furniture, one sits down and loses one's self in a sense of beauty and proportion, as the favored few must, who are admitted to certain rooms, for instance, at Versailles. Happily, too, there are some such rooms in our country, although too often they are destroyed by the colors introduced. For an exercise of the color sense is necessary in all decoration, and without it the most generous of intentions must fail. When one finds it, one thrills, and instinctively yields a homage. This color sense is, however, rare. Some women, under the guidance of their decorators begin well, and then forget! Little things prove too tempting, odd sofa cushions, a bit of rare silk, on a table, a lamp-shade just out of key, a piece of porcelaine that quarrels with its neighbor, blue greens and yellow greens side by side; reds that run in two different directions at once; and then—though they never can u why—the charm of the salon has fled.

There is one salon which I like to remember when thinking of what

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

STONE ROOM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF CLARENCE H. MACKAY, ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

BALLROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE W. C. WHITNEY, NEW YORK CITY.

color may be. The room belongs to a country house and is made entirely of grey stone—walls, floor and ceiling, a grey stone soft and reposeful in tone. The fireplace and some of the panels are carved, as well as the door frames. Over the mantle there is a niche holding a bust of Voltaire. No other decorations are seen. The floors are covered with rugs and bear-skins. The note of color comes in with the green velvet brocade which covers the superb Louis Quatorze chairs and sofas, and which hangs again at the windows. The combination of the greys and greens are with the note of yellow from the gilding irresistibly lovely, like that which lends such subtle charm to the purple greys of French beech-tree trunks, with their delicate mantlings of green.

And there is still another salon, also in a country house, where the color has a refinement and charm so rare that one becomes lost in satisfaction. The room overlooks a terraced garden in which fountains play in the sunlight. Beyond these stretches a beautiful country, a broad silver band of a river, with the green of mountains beyond, extending for miles and miles till their distant summits become purple. One wants in such a room the repose of something tender and soft, and that is just what has been given. Here, then, are soft silver greys and golds, broken with touches of blue. The floor of the room is of oak. The Renaissance fireplace and door frame are of soft grey carved stone. The ceiling is grey and gold. The walls are covered with a delicate grey-toned silk brocatelle, fastened round the edges with a dull gold braid. Quaint and soft-toned ancient tapestries hang on the walls, framed with carved gilded wood. The curtains are of velvet, ashes of silver they seem in one light, ashes of roses in another, so delicate are the lights upon them, but a soft

T. Henry Randall, Architect.

453 DRAWING-ROOM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF MR. H. W. POOR, TUXEDO, NEW YORK.

Dean Sather, Architect

Photograph by Baker, New York

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE, GREENWICH, CONN.

Photograph by Alman, New York

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, NEWPORT, R. I.

Carrère & Hastings, Architects

Photograph by Baker, New York

DRAWING-ROOM OF A HOUSE AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Photograph by Baker, New York

457 DRAWING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE MR. AUGUST BELMONT, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. PERRY BELMONT, NEWPORT, R. I.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE TOWN HOUSE OF MR. H. W. POOR, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY

cafè au lait in reality. A blue braid binds these, and blue appears again on the sofa cushions, on table mats and in the tapestry. Thus blue and gold, which makes everywhere a charming combination, appears here, but so softened, so kindly chosen, that one gets all the sentiments of the past, even where a modern stuff, like that of the portière, has been introduced over the carved oak door.

Some splendid effects are produced in these days by the use in salons of marble or wooden columns introduced about the doorways. One sees them in many of the important salons giving distinction to entrances. Even when they make no architectural pretence of supporting a framework, they are, when low enough, often placed on either side of a portal, and made to hold large church candlesticks or other important pieces having artistic value. Tapestries and velvets, satins and silks of the richest description are employed as hangings, superb old stuffs to supply which some church or palace has been denuded. Marbles appear in the construction, some that were carved centuries ago, and woods that have taken as many years to tone; ceilings that were once the boast of ancestral homes, and chairs in which kings have sat, thus repeating the history of all revivals in which a love of the artistic prevailed, and when Greece was robbed to furnish Italy, and Italy to embellish France. And these salons with their splendors are found everywhere, distributed throughout the country in unexpected places, forming centres of interest which in a generation to come may be still more widely felt, and perhaps lead to the development of an original art among us. Great dependence indeed has been placed upon these accessories, and not so much upon the creation of rooms which would

stand more or less by themselves as when wood is used exclusively, and the architect has created an interior in which decoration is not so much an accessory as an integral part of the construction.

Of these, happily, we have many interesting examples. Thus there are salons of French walnut with panelled ceilings, the *boiserie* framing panels with exquisitely rounded arches. The hangings are in red or low in tone. Into rooms like these, one can rightly introduce only the very chaste and exquisite, appliqués which are as observant of beauty of line, tables that suggest a respect for proportions and the material of which they are made. Even the flowers must be carefully chosen, and the vases that hold them, must be beautiful in themselves. And the temptation to dwell upon the consideration paid to these details is almost irresistible, so altogether delightful is the impression made by them, so compelling to one's admiration of the man or woman who has had the courage to respect only the finer necessities and conventions.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF WORDSWORTH

By JAMES GRANT WILSON

THE section of England known as the Lake District occupies portions of the northern counties of Cumberland, Lancaster and Westmoreland, extending over an area the greatest length and breadth of which is not more than thirty-five miles. Lowell happily labelled the entire region "Wordsworthshire." It is perhaps the most compact tourist resort of all Europe, and its picturesque attractions of rugged mountains, verdant valleys, spreading lakes and luxuriant woods, together with its charming literary associations, are unequalled in England and unsurpassed elsewhere. Here are found interesting memorials of Wordsworth (1770–1850), Wilson ("Christopher North"), Southey, Shelley, Ruskin, Mrs. Hemans, Hawthorne, De Quincey, Coleridge and his two sons, with some others

On fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled.

Here also may be seen the graves of Hartley Coleridge, John Ruskin, Robert Southey and William Wordsworth. It is to the master of Rydal Mount, the greatest of the Lake poets and possibly the most profound as well as sublime of modern English poets, whose footsteps I lovingly followed for a memorable fortnight, that this paper is devoted.

No imaginative writer within the range of American and English literature is so identified with locality as Wordsworth, and there is not one among poets the appreciation of whose writings is more aided by an intimate knowledge of the district in which he lived. It is indispensable to all who would know the peculiar charm of a region which may well be called Wordworthshire, and where it was estimated by De Quincey the poet had walked one hundred and eighty thousand miles! In Wordsworth's own words, it may fairly be characterized as "a national property," of which he beyond all poets effected the literary conveyance to posterity. Of the Lake district he writes: "I do not know any tract of country in which,

WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS AT HAWKSHEAD

within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the beautiful features of landscape. Though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character, in some instances as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalship." These Wordsworth interpreted as had never been done before, adding also

the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The school in the quaint old Westmoreland village of Hawkshead, with its narrow winding streets, to which Wordsworth was sent in his ninth year, was founded, in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys; and, like the adjoining St. Michael's church, of the thirteenth century, it has recently been restored by his descendant Colonel T. Myles Sandys, M.P. In the schoolroom is to be seen, carved on the oak desk, centuries old, the name, now covered with glass, of William Wordsworth, who alludes to the archbishop's school as

The grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school.
. . . . . .
The antique market village, where were passed
My school days.

Christopher Wordsworth, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and two other brothers of the poet, were also educated at the Sandys school. Inside the church which Wordsworth attended regularly is a fine altar-tomb with effigies of William and Margaret Sandys, parents of the Archbishop of York. Fortunately Cromwell's army did not pass on the west side of Windermere, or the statues would doubtless have been destroyed. The young poet lived with Anne Tyson for nine years, occupying a front bedroom on the second floor of her cottage, which stands unchanged in what is now called Wordsworth Street. It is reached through a picturesque archway opposite the ancient Lion Inn. Referring to the "old dame so kind and so motherly," the poet writes:

The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew

Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart
Can beat, never will I forget thy name.

At Grasmere may be seen Dove Cottage, but slightly changed from what it was in 1802, when Wordsworth brought his bride there. Mrs. Hemans described it as "a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of flowers. The grounds, laid out in a great measure by the hands of Wordsworth himself, though but of circumscribed dimensions, are so artfully, while seeming to be artlessly, planned as to appear of considerable extent." Among the many allusions to this modest home to be met with in his writings is the little poem called "The Farewell," a favorite with its author and repeated in 1845 to William Cullen Bryant:

Farewell, thou little nook of mountain ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowliest stair
Of that magnificent Temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found!

Dove Cottage was visited by Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and after Wordsworth's departure occupied by Thomas De Quincey. During the past decade it has been a William Wordsworth museum, where many interesting artistic and manuscript memorials have been collected; also, it is claimed, an almost complete collection of the various American and English editions of his poems. The cottage is in charge of a venerable woman who was acquainted with the poet, and remembers how he used to open the leaves of a new book at the breakfast table, using a knife with which he had just buttered his toast; also, that he was not much thought of by his humble neighbors when living, but merely as the stamp-master.

In the spring of 1811 the poet removed to Grasmere parsonage, where he remained two years, and then departed for Rydal Mount, which was his home for thirty-seven years.

DOVE COTTAGE—GRASMERE

RYDAL MOUNT—WORDSWORTH'S LAST HOME

There are still to be seen many of his books, the cuckoo clock he wrote of and pointed out to Bryant, also Haydon's admirable portrait, which the poet preferred to any other. My diary records that the author of "Thanatopsis," much admired by Wordsworth, described a delightful meeting with the Poet Laureate in the summer of 1845. He found him in the garden of Rydal Mount; later were pointed out to him the beautiful view of Lake Windermere, Rydal Water, the fall of the Rothay, and other noble prospects, including lofty Helvellyn. The American poet also met Mrs. Wordsworth, and before his departure her husband repeated some of his verses, and among them the following lines, of which he presented his visitor a neatly written, signed copy as an autograph, to be carried back across the Atlantic:

Blessings be with them and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

The venerable Dr. Cuyler is probably the only living American who has the remembrance of visiting Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. They walked about together viewing points of interest, and kept up a lively conversation. "The poet," says the preacher, "displayed such a winning familiarity that, in the language of his own poem, we seemed

'A pair of friends, though I was young
And he was seventy-four.'"

The room in which the poet died, which I had the privilege of seeing, remains as it was in April, 1850, and nine years later, when Mrs. Wordsworth passed away under the same roof. It was at Rydal Mount that the poet produced his most important works. The place is still in his family, being at present occupied by his great-granddaughter, who married a gentleman who has changed his name to Wordsworth. Under their direction, the historic house and grounds have succumbed, like everything else in this world, to the inevitable law by which necessary changes and restorations are wrought in all "works of art and man's device." The house stands upon the side of a sloping hill

called Nab Scar, fronting to the south. Beneath it the smoke shows the place of the village of Ambleside, in front the lake of Windermere. Wordsworth's works abound in allusions to Rydal Mount. He refers to "the beauty of the situation, its being backed and flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the mountain tops, while the prospect in front lies open to a length of level valley, the extended lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills." As is well known, Wordsworth composed most of his poems under the blue sky. "Nine-tenths of my verses," he remarked, "have been murmured out of doors"; and one of his servants said to a stranger: "The master used to tramp about bumming awa' wi' his poetry." "Well, John, what 's the news?" said Hartley Coleridge, one morning, to an old stone-breaker by Rydal Lake. "Why, nowte varry particlar, only ald Wudsworth brocken lowce ageean." These mutterings and mouthings of the poet were taken by the poor people as an indication of mental aberration.

Taking the lower road from Rydal to Grasmere, may be seen Nab Cottage, where De Quincey and the Rev. Derwent Coleridge lived, and where Wordsworth was a frequent visitor. Other adjacent residences were those of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Mrs. Hemans, Harriet Martineau and the gifted Hartley Coleridge, who rests by the side of his attached friend the master of Mount Rydal; also the homes of Wilson, Shelley and Southey. Guarding the Elleray Cottage of Christopher North stands the grandest sycamore in England,* but surpassed in size by the Shakespeare sycamore of Dunkeld, Scotland—with the single exception of a gigantic oak, the last survivor of Birnam wood. Strange to say, the present writer found his kinsman John Wilson living more in the remembrance of the inhabitants of the Lake district than Wordsworth. For while the greater poet was reserved and self-centred, a lonely and not adventurous rambler, the professor was a genial, jovial man, who enjoyed boating and fishing, loved boxing and wrestling and could outwalk, outrun and outjump any man in West-

* Wilson wrote of this giant: "Not even in the days of the Druids could there have been another such a tree. It would have been easier to suppose two Shakespeare's." Seated under his sycamore or its companion, a superb yew tree, Wordsworth composed several poems.

LAKE WINDERMERE

moreland, and lived among his fellows. At many a chimney nook of this region Wilson is still remembered by old people, and anecdotes are related of his Elleray days.

A letter now before me, written by John Gibson Lockhart, on the steamer between Dublin and Holyhead, August 17, 1825, reads as follows:

MY DEAR WILSON:

Here we are, alive and hearty, Sir Walter Scott, Anne Scott, and myself, and I write you at the request of the worthy Baronet to say that there has been some sort of negotiation about meeting Mr. Canning at your friend Bolton's. He fears Mr. Canning will be gone ere now, but is resolved to take Windermere *en route*. We shall, therefore, sleep at Lancaster on Friday night, and breakfast at Kendal, Saturday morning. Sir W. leaves it to you to dispose of him for the rest of the day. You can, if Mr. Canning is at Storrs, let Colonel Bolton know the movements of Sir W., and so forth, or you can sport in a dinner yourself; or you can, if there is any inconvenience, order one and beds for us at Admiral Ullock's. We mean to remain over Sunday to visit you at any rate; so do about the Saturday as you like. I believe Sir W. expects to call both on Wordsworth and Southey in going northwards, but I suppose if Canning is with you, they are with you also. Canning in his letter to Scott calls you "Lord High Admiral of the Lakes." . . .

Wordsworth and Wilson were frequent guests at Graythwaite Hall, on the west bank of Lake Windermere, the seat of the Sandys family, since 1178, and Storrs Hall, the residence of Colonel Bolton, on the east bank. The latter is celebrated as the scene of a famous gathering at the date of the Lockhart letter when Sir Walter, George Canning, Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, Lockhart and Coleridge's two sons were entertained there. They all attended a regatta that was witnessed from a small temple still standing, which juts out into Windermere, and also saw a famous flotilla sail past under the command of Professor Wilson. Sir Walter's party passed three days at Elleray, and during that time he twice saw Wordsworth at Rydal Mount.

In the Grasmere "mother church" of all the adjacent parishes, at least eight centuries old, is a memorial tablet bearing an excellent medallion portrait of the former Laureate, and in the churchyard repose Wordsworth and his family,

Each in his turf-covered grave,

under the shadow of a yew tree, planted by the poet. Earth contains few resting-places more peaceful or more sacred. Of it Matthew Arnold wrote:

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind, and Byron's force,
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
. . . . . .
Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Another admirer who recently visited the spot encircled by green mountains, which Wordsworth selected for his grave, writes:

To lie under the mound on which the shadow of that grey tower falls, seems scarcely like a banishment from life—only a deeper sleep, in a home quieter but not less lovely than those which surround the margin of the lake. Voices of children come up from the village street, with the hum of rustic life. From sunny heights the lowing of the cattle is heard, and the bleat of sheep that pasture on the hillsides. And by day and night, unceasing, the Rotha, hurrying past the churchyard wall, mingles the babble of its waters with the soft *susurrus* of the breeze that plays among the sheltering sycamores and yews.

LAKE WINDERMERE,
September, 1906.

"HE BEARETH OUR INFIRMITIES"

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

DAVY was as sure of God as he was of Robinson Crusoe, or King Arthur, or Rip Van Winkle, or any other of those mighty ones who keep this old world forever young. He had never learned that sorry trick known to those who are maddened by much living—the trick of doubting the things that are best worth believing in. That was a little strange, too, when the commonest facts in his daily life were so unlovely. He was a simple-minded little fellow, else his loneliness and the pain in his bad leg must have shaken his faith in what was fair and good and kindly outside the small circle of his own days; but they had only strengthened it instead. He needed his faith; he could not have got along at all without it.

To be sure, he had never really seen God, nor any of his heroes, with the same eyes that beheld the dusty road and the dusty trees and the neighbors' houses that stood glaring in the sunlight across the way; but he had only to sit for a little time, quiet and alone, to have them show themselves, as plain as day, to his inner eyes. People call that Imagination—a likely-sounding name for something nobody understands. In those hours Davy had seen them, every one; yes, he had had long talks, now with one and then with another, until he knew just how their voices sounded, and how they carried themselves, and how their faces looked when they spoke or listened. He had even heard from Crusoe's own lips wonderful stories of the Island that were not put down in the book; Captain Kidd had whispered to him once, in strictest secrecy, where a golden treasure lay hid, which he might dig up some day; and Ivanhoe had shown him the scar of a terrible sword-wound over his heart, got when he fought Brian de Bois Gilbert. With all these great folk, and many more, Davy was on terms of familiar friendliness. You may call it imagination if you like; but it was as real as breakfast-time, as real as his crutches, as real as Mother.

Of all those who had come to him thus, he liked God much the best; for God was different, as heaven was a place apart. He might not have told just the reason for this warmer feeling, for God had never spoken to him, nor so much as looked at him directly, nor did He come so often as the others. At those rare times when He appeared, He would merely walk slowly past, with lifted head, gazing afar off—a large, strong, grave man, who seemed to have a great deal on His mind, and who must not be annoyed with trifles. So Davy had to guess at His voice and His eyes. But he was quite sure of them: the voice would be big—not loud, but clear and full, like the note of a fine church-bell, so that it could be heard a great way off; and the eyes would be deep blue and serious, but shining with an endless kindliness. People would have to obey the voice, but they would love the eyes—they must love His whole appearance; His broad shoulders, His firm, free step, His flowing, brown beard and hair, and the air of strength and gentle goodness that always went with Him.

It was hard to understand why His thoughts must be ever so far away. Once, indeed, on a glorious summer

afternoon in the woods, when Davy sat beneath a tree and God went by, He paused quite near to the boy, looking about at the fresh, green, fragrant beauty, as if to enjoy it or to see that it was all in order; and then Davy's heart leaped with hope. Oh, if he had only hoped a little *harder!* But fear came, and God passed on again, with never a word or a glance aside. Other people have known that to happen, too, when they grew afraid. Davy would have called out after Him; but his fear seemed to choke him, and then it was too late. He did not despair, though; he felt very sure that some time—some time—they would meet face to face, and then something wonderful would happen. He hardly dared to think what that would be; but he knew it would be better than Crusoe's Island, better than buried treasure, better than tales of knightly daring. For God could do whatsoever He would, by word or by look or by merest unspoken wish. Perhaps—was it too much to dream of? —perhaps on that day God would not be over-busy, and so might chance to notice the crutches and the crooked leg. Then—ah then!

Davy paid dearly for that day in the woods, as he knew he must. Will there ever be a heaven without a black pit yawning below? As he sat under the tree, when the excitement was over, the thrill of ecstasy grew less and less within him, and a sort of drowsy languor came after it. He did not want to move; and when he got slowly to his feet and took his first steps toward home, a quick, sharp stab of pain went through his misshapen hip. The day was warm, but an odd chill had crept into his blood, benumbing his senses, so that the commonest things around him began to seem strange and unreal. All this had happened before, often and often, and he knew its dire meaning. The homeward road was hilly and rough, and his crutches jolted cruelly; the last quarter of a mile was very long, and when the home gate had clicked shut behind him at the end, it was all he could do to get up the low porch-steps.

Mother's ear caught the slow tap-tap of his crutch-sticks, and she came to the door.

"Oh, Davy!" she said, with a quiet, sorrowful tenderness, as she put her arm about him and helped him indoors. She understood. He was in for a bad night.

They did not speak of it openly at first. That was a way they had between them. Each knew well enough when the other suffered, without being told, but it seemed to make it easier if they just took it for granted. So, though every movement sent a shock of agony all through his thin body, Davy set his will hard and smiled as well as he was able.

It was too early for Father to be home; he would not come until after dark. Mother fixed her boy's supper on the kitchen table, and then hovered over him, watching anxiously while he tried to eat. It was a good supper, too, of the kind he liked—a slice of brown toast, with an egg and a glass of milk—but, though he lingered long over it, talking a little between whiles, more than half was left.

Mother cleared away the dishes, and then, though there was a big basket of mending, she brought a book he loved and sat down, taking him on her lap, holding his head against her shoulder. The story was fine, and at another time its charm would have held him fast in thrall; but now his tired thoughts lagged dully far behind the words. By-and-by he dozed lightly, then started awake with a sharp cry that would not be smothered. Mother let the book fall and clasped him close with a straining pressure of her arms. There was no more pretending after that.

"Poor Davy!" she whispered. "Mother's poor little boy!" And he hid his face upon her soft breast and cried.

That helped some. Mother rocked with him, smoothing his tumbled hair and humming a broken bit of a tune until his tears stopped and he sat up.

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the apple-tree in the yard
ıpered faintly together, with
then a note like a fairy chuckle. There were myriad other sounds too, some sleepy and others wide awake, all tangled together, and for a while Davy amused himself with picking out of the tangle those that were known to him—the whirring chirp-chirp of countless creatures hiding in the grass, the common little noises about the neighbors' homes, and the far-away sounds of the busy town. Listening thus, in the hush of his darkened room, the notes seemed like friendly messages from outside, where his dream-mates were at their play, and they gave him cheer. But that did not last long. Above was the night sky, showing through the parted curtains—a wide field of velvety violet-black, gemmed with stars; and by-and-by, as he lay looking upward, he forgot the nearer things and his thoughts strayed out into those pathless spaces. He was not a stranger there; often and often his fancy had gone abroad, to wander where it would through the serene depths. He could not have told the joy of it. Legs had their sensible, every-day uses, no doubt, and he knew how good it would be to have a sound pair under him; but the wings of his eager soul were vastly better. Nothing could cripple them or make them feel the dull torture of pain. Always and always, on nights like this, they bore him lightly and afar into the starry places, that were peopled for him by a wondrous host —not the folk of earth, worn and weary and sad-faced, but another sort—the dead and the unborn—happy and young and radiant, with faces like the picture of Mother when she was a girl. And somewhere—somewhere—in that wide wilderness of space, God lived at home; and there, in the sweet night hours, He rested, untroubled, withdrawn apart, thinking His own thoughts. What were they about? Davy could not trust himself to guess at them; but he knew they must be splendid thoughts, reaching out, far and wide, with nothing to hinder them. The grandeur of it made him stir restlessly in his bed, and then suddenly, sharply,

the pain in his hip brought him back again to earth.

Deeper quiet had fallen all around. Every sound had stopped downstairs, and the wind was breathing fainter and fainter, just enough to keep it alive. Too tired for any more excitement, Davy closed his eyes and waited for sleep, and after a while it came.

It was somewhere in the middle of the night when he awoke again, with his hip worse than ever—throbbing like a heart that was filled with pain instead of blood. The house was very still; as he lay listening the silence seemed to close around him heavily, as if it would smother him. Clouds had come over the sky, too, putting out the starlight. He felt very lonely, lying there in the big, empty hollow of the night. He raised himself on his elbow and called softly, "Mother, Mother!" His voice fell back upon him in echoes that seemed to taunt and mock him. "Mother!" he called again, and louder, growing a little frightened.

It was Father's voice that answered, drowsily, "Go to sleep, Davy. Mother 's very tired." But he heard a low word from Mother, too, and then the soft creak of the bed as she got up, and the sound of her bare feet coming along the hall. She knelt beside his bed, her hand groping for his in the darkness.

"What is it, Davy?" she asked.

"My leg hurts me pretty much," he answered, wearily. "Won't you please rub it a little? I guess that would make it better."

She slipped her hand beneath the covers and rubbed the crooked limb gently. Davy always wondered at the gentleness there was in her hands, though they were so hardened and roughened by work. How was he to know that the tenderest hands in the world are ever those made rough by labors of love? But he felt the love, always, in her every least touch, and it quieted his pain like a soothing ointment. Somehow, with Mother so near him, he forgot to mind that God was so remote.

When he was easier, he spoke the thought that had been haunting him all day and all through the waking hours since bedtime.

"Mother, honest, do you believe God knows about us folks down here?"

Her hand stopped its slow movement upon his leg, as if the question had startled her. Then the rubbing began again, as gently as before, though he felt her hand trembling a little.

"Why, yes, Davy," she said at last, quite simply. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I guess so," he answered. "But it 's awful mixed up. If He knows, and can do all those things, then why *don't* He?"

She moved closer to him, bending over him, lifting his troubled head upon her arm. "Mother has wondered too, sometimes," she confessed. "But if we knew everything we should n't wonder. And then, wonder is n't as bad as doubt. We must never doubt, my Davy, that God is very good."

"Oh, I know that!" he said with confidence. "I know He 's good. But that 's what makes me not understand. If He 's so awful good, and if He knows about it, why don't He cure my leg?"

A sound escaped her that was like a sob. What could she say to him? "By-and-by," she began, "when you 're older——" She was going to say, "then you will understand"; but she stopped. It was such a poor, shabby way to put him off. Besides, how could she promise him that he would understand better then? Why, nobody understands! So she held the words back, drawing him still nearer, hugging him to her breast, and he felt a warm tear fall lightly upon his face. "Oh, Davy, Davy!" she whispered passionately. "Oh, we know so little, so little! If only we knew how to ask Him!"

Davy lay quiet in her arms for a long time, thinking hard. "I have n't ever asked Him for anything," he said. "I don't believe I 'd want to. I 'd rather He 'd do it without me

asking. He could, just as well, and it would be a whole lot nicer—like when you do things to surprise me."

"We don't understand," she said again, helplessly. "'He beareth our infirmities.' Do you know what that means, my manny? He has promised to bear all our pains and all our sorrows, if we ask Him in the right way. He 's promised! But we must find out how to ask."

A queer, sinking feeling came over Davy's mind. "Bear them, Himself?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes, yes!" she told him, led blindly on by her yearning wish to comfort him. "Yes, if we ask Him. It 's the only way."

He lay back upon his pillow, sighing, while his understanding tried to take hold upon this strange, new idea. He grew so intent upon it that he hardly knew when Mother kissed him and went away. When she was gone, her words kept echoing and echoing within him. "He beareth our infirmities." He would take every hurt and every trouble upon Himself, if only He were asked. Was it true? Davy could not doubt it; for Mother had said so, and God had promised. A sort of sick fear came over him as he lay staring out of the window into the gray gloom of the night. What if he had asked, unknowing! Why, then God—that great, strong, splendid being—would be wearing this poor, bent leg. And God would live forever. Forever this dreadful helplessness would be His, and the pinching agony, and the crutches. And Mother had said there was no other way.

Alone there in the enveloping darkness, afraid to move lest the pain would start again, Davy clutched his hands hard upon the bedclothes.

"I won't ask Him,—never!" he whispered to himself.

AT TWILIGHT

All things move slowly at this hallowed hour—
O twilight, teach my heart your simple spell,
That I, returning to Mankind, may tell
Humanity the purity and power
Of Silence! Every leaf and every blade
Shine with their clearest beauty, and the sky
Deepens and deepens through Eternity,
And even the least bird is unafraid!

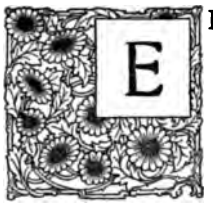
Life's in the hands of God, and moves forever
Safe near His heart; lo, at the hour of dusk
The Spirit, as the fruit breaks through its husk,
Lifts, and is swept in the eternal river,
Vast in the realms that know no human chart,
Yet calm, because it pulses with God's heart!

JAMES OPPENHEIM

THE SONGS OF A ROYAL SECESSIONIST

THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO

By AMELIA VON ENDE



ELLEN KEY, the Swedish reformer and philosopher, suggests a curious solution for the problem of poverty and wealth. She says: "When life itself has become the ultimate aim of living, it may come to pass that the last strike will be a strike of the rich, unwilling to bear the burden of wealth." Utopian as this may sound, strikes of this kind have for some time been taking place in the ranks of royalty. Heretofore they have been individual and isolated; the time may come when they will be general.

For the dynastical history of the world has its martyrs like the history of the Church. The claims of the crown have been a burden to the men and women born to royal cradles. Their duties towards their throne are rarely in accord with their duties towards themselves. Royalty means forfeiture of the birthright of individual freedom and personal happiness. It means marriage for diplomatic reasons, sacrifice of heart's desire for the peace of the people.

Some have dared to break the traditional routine of their dynasty. Such law-breakers did not escape their punishment. Formerly it was meted out to them secretly; the offender seemed suddenly to have been swept from the surface of the earth and left no trace of his existence. To-day the press and the people constitute a ubiquitous committee of vigilance which even kings and camarillas are forced to recognize. Formerly offenders against the conventions of a crown disappeared in dungeons or came to a mysterious death. To-day they do not face lifelong imprisonment or dread the deadly cup; they are sentenced to an isolation where their rebellious idiosyncrasies can work no harm. But even into such privacy the press will penetrate and promptly publish what the people want to know. The ordeal of vulgar publicity, the scorpion stings of scandal, await the transgressor.

While the press records the doings of royalty, legitimate or not, as so many news items, the people, no longer a passive spectator of the royal pageant, take a partisan view of the happenings in the palaces. North-German rationalism, while perhaps doubting the divine prerogatives of sovereignty, is not willing to admit its human rights. The Dutch people resented the young queen's hesitation to sacrifice her personal independence upon the altar of an early royal marriage. When she finally fulfilled her duty towards the country and took unto herself a consort, even her failure promptly to provide an heir to the throne was criticised.

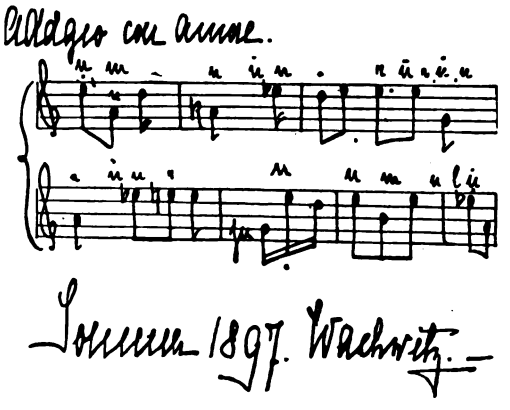
At a time when the cry of the individual for the right to live his own life has become almost universal, there is a grim irony in the fact that those supposed to be possessed of almost absolute power should not enjoy the right to personal happiness.

But there is also a grim satisfaction in the knowledge that royalty is giving more and more evidence of its desire to break the bars of the gilded cage. Here and there it is in a state of revolt, is striking for its human rights. Formerly the heirs to the thrones of the world occasionally played at being plain citizens. To-day they assume no incognito, but openly choose to live a humbler life. The race of the Hapsburgs, men and women, has given modern history a number of unwritten declarations of independence. Johann Orth is a new type—royalty become conscious of its human essence. The Austrian people share this human view of royal lives to the point of applauding even the escapades of their rulers. The Austrian is not self-righteous.

Louise Antoinette Marie, daughter of the Archduke of Austria and divorced wife of Frederick August, now King of Saxony, caused a sensation by disappearing from Dresden with her three youngest children on December 12, 1902, and being found ten days later in Geneva in company with M. Giron, a former tutor of the children, who had been dismissed for his attentions to the princess. Divorce being insisted upon by King George of Saxony, the story of her ill-treatment by Crown Prince Frederick, and her discontent with the hide-bound conventions of the Saxon court, became public. She was also reported to have said that her husband's rank did not make up for his stupidity. The decree of divorce granted to the Crown Prince on Feb. 12, 1903, gave dementia as the cause and placed the children in his custody. The ex-Crown Prin-

THE COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO

cess received an allowance and assumed the name of Countess Montignoso. She gave up the three children she had taken with her, but kept the Princess Anna Monica Pia, the baby girl born after her flight from Dresden. King George died in 1904 and the Crown-Prince succeeded him. In December of that year the Countess Montignoso made an attempt to see her children, but on coming to Dresden was warned by the police that she would not be admitted to the palace. As she drove through the city, she received such marked proofs of sympathy from the people that the chief of police ordered her to leave Saxony that very day.



When the King requested her last year to deliver to his care the little princess, she refused and successfully evaded the detectives sent on her trail. After this she continued to live in her villa in Florence in comparative seclusion, until the attentions which Count Giacciardini paid her caused a rupture in his family and made her again the subject of gossip. A few months after this occurrence the Countess Montignoso appeared in London, and on the 25th of September was married in a registry office in the presence of only a few witnesses, among them William Le Queux, to Enrico Toselli, an Italian pianist. Since her return to Florence with her husband she has taken the advice of her friends and agreed to give up to the King of Saxony the Princess Anna Monica Pia. The Princess will be allowed to spend with her mother one month out of twelve, and the mother will be permitted to see the other children once a year. She has said: "When the truth is told, it will be seen that I have been more sinned against than sinning"; and her story will probably never be entirely known. A woman of her impulsive temperament is apt to find life within the narrow groove of royal etiquette unbearable, and furnishes a difficult problem to the moralist. But in general, judgment of her actions has been suspended.

The attitude of the people of Saxony towards the ex-Crown Princess, Countess Montignoso, now Signora Toselli, has been throughout characterized by justice. They saw in her a woman who, in her quest for happiness, had erred and had been severely punished for her error. They did not hesitate to express their sympathy in black and white. To a little paper-covered volume of her own poems in print and facsimile, edited by Hermann von Alt-Damerow and published by the Deutsche Volksverlag of Schkeuditz-Leipzig, are appended as many poems addressed to her by poets of the people—touching tributes of loyalty to one in whom they love the woman, simple and natural. No analysis can reduce that love to maudlin sentimentality aroused by her fate. She had always been a favorite with the people, and her misfortunes had only deepened their tender regard for her. Every step of her martyrdom had its poet: her solitude in the Villa Toscana, her visit to Dresden in December, 1904, the order prohibiting the exhibition and sale of her portrait; and even the poem written for the coronation of the Crown-Prince pleads in her behalf.

This plea has not been confined to the common people and to the people's poets. Historians and genealogists have seen fit to turn back the pages of history in quest of an

analogous case and have revived the memory of Queen Matilda and Struensee. Dr. Otto Lorenz, a distinguished scholar, whose excellent handbook of genealogy treats that science in its relations to history and sociology, has said: "For the pedigree of Danish royalty it is legally immaterial whether the daughter borne by Queen Matilda in the year 1771 was the child of Christian VII. or not; but genealogical science cannot deny the probability that the ancestors of a great number of royal families to-day could be found in the vicarages of Saxony, rather than on the throne of Denmark." The fact that the father of that child was Struensee, a son of a clergyman of Halle, was affirmed in court and never denied. The story was dramatized by Michael Beer and made into an opera by his brother Meyerbeer. Louisa Augusta, the daughter of Queen Matilda and Struensee, was not immured in a convent, as Anna Monica Pia is likely to be, but grew up and married into the ducal family of Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. Victoria Augusta, the empress of Germany, is her great-granddaughter.

The sympathy of her people with the divorced wife of King Frederick is not to be wondered at. All who know her testify that she has a charming and lovable personality. Her character as read by an eminent graphologist is remarkable for an extraordinary love of independence and justice. He admits an impulsive emotionalism likely to overstep the boundaries of rational conduct, but he finds her earnestly striving for truth and sincerity of life and out of the bounty of her heart showering kindness upon her fellow-beings. He mentions also a tendency towards intellectual expansiveness, finding expression in a remarkable versatility. She has made a thorough study of music and published compositions for the piano and the voice. In her correspondence with musical friends she frequently made use of a musical cipher. Of her unpretentious little lyrics the following are fair specimens.

First Frost

The breath of winter lightly brushed the earth.
The leaves have wilted over night and died;
The birds have gone; the silent woods abide
The promised spring-time of another year.

The first great sorrow deeply touched my heart.
The light that was but yesterday has died:
The joy of life; and, yearning for the tide
Of spring's return, into the night I peer.

Would I could go to sleep on Nature's breast,
And dream a golden dream of days of yore,
And waken, when the meadows are in bloom,
And find you near—to leave me never more.

A Dream

Was it real, was it but a dream,
When lightly borne aloft on pinions white
I floated through illimitable space
Towards the star-world's distant twinkling light?

A strange, deep longing seemed my heart to fill,
To shower blessings from my flight above
On all the hearts beneath, and in the flash
Of grateful eyes the message read of love.

And, dreaming, I descended to the earth
That slumbered in the silent astral sheen,
And softly through my soul a song did stray:
That moment you had thought of me, I ween.

Happiness

You seek your happiness? It is beside you—here!
You wander far away while it is near;
And now, as 't were an image in a trance,
It fades, alas! and you have lost your chance.

My warning heed: the golden hour of fate
Will strike but once. O! do not hesitate
To take the offering, the moment bless,
And in your hands you hold your happiness.

The poor deluded woman forgot under the spell of her golden hour that her royal birth withheld from her the human right to take the moment's offering and give herself in return. The short-lived happiness which this forgetfulness had given her was dearly paid for by years of humiliation and despair. To a woman of her high-strung, sensitive temperament the glaring lime-light of publicity, which was suddenly turned upon her inner life, must have added untold bitterness. The world was informed of every stage of her defection: her disgrace at court; her separation from her children; her exile in a Bavarian village; the birth of the child, christened Anna Monica Pia and destined for the convent; until we even know that the solace of her solitude was her South American pets, a couple of iguanas.

The publication of her verse and her music is another violation of privacy; for they have no merit as such, they strike no individual note, they attempt no distinction of form. Unadorned outpourings of her emotional nature, they are simple and truthful transcriptions of the tragedy of her heart. As such they add some touches to her psychological portrait. In her veins, too, flows the blood of the Hapsburgs—that race of secessionists from royalty.

THE CASE OF ANTHONY STUART

By F. NORRYS CONNELL

I

INTIMACY with Anthony Stuart I do not claim. He did not belong to the class of men who form intimacies with other men and I do not think he knew much of women. He lived in an innocent, nonsensical, not unbeautiful world of his own, and, until he came so suddenly in sight of the wall, I believe was happy in it.

We met in Paris at a boarding-house, a respectable, inexpensive boarding-house in the least fashionable street of a fashionable quarter. He was the wealthiest member of our little society, and enjoyed the privilege of a real, if ancient, hip bath and a private sitting-room. The room he rarely used except on mail day, when he would sit there some solemn hours inditing letters home to America—his mother I think was then alive with a habitat in one of the Southern States. Learning that it was my business to drive a pen he placed this room at my disposal with mild witticisms about my not leaving plots about for him to steal—as he thought one day of writing himself. He was still too young, only twenty-two. I asked him what he would write. He blushed and thought it might be anything, but his embarrassment cast a shadow of sonnets over his future. To whom they would be addressed was an insoluble riddle, probably to no one but to such abstractions as the Lost Wings of the Victory of Samothrace, or the Smile of Monna Lisa, or the Coat King Louis disdained to wear when he went to the guillotine.

The ending of poor Louis was with him a favorite theme, and if I still feel that I could echo Sieyès's words in the tribune on that pregnant January day of 1793, the fault was not Anthony Stuart's. "Oh yes," he answered my pale objections; "I know Louis was not a wise administrator, I know he made mistakes, that his notions of economics were absurd—whose are not?—but he was a good man and an anointed king."

"And you," said I, "are the citizen of a republic."

"Of a republic," he answered, "that might not have existed but for Louis XVI."

"Granting your point," I returned, "that very proper monarch George III. was as formally anointed as Louis XVI. Granting that monarch his rights——"

"George had rights in Hanover," he cut me short. "In America as in England he was an usurper."

I whistled with astonishment. "You are a Jacobite?"

His young face gleamed with entirely childish vanity. "Do you think my name means nothing?" he asked.

In point of fact I had up to that moment found so little meaning in his name that I called it indifferently Anthony Stuart and Stuart Anthony: I saw now that I must mend my ways.

"My dear fellow," I said with the intention of saying it heartily, "yours is an historic name and full of meaning, but so is the name Smith, and just as I do not expect my friends called Smith to spend their time in the manufacture of coats of mail and lethal weapons, I do not expect my friends called Stuart to cherish any personal resentment against the House of Hanover."

"I see what you mean," he politely answered me, but it was very evident from his tone that he did not.

This conversation took place in his little sitting-room, and I was looking at a portrait that hung on the wall facing his bed, whence I heard him say, "I know that ours is a lost cause."

It was not merely from a desire to change the subject that I drew his attention to the picture. "Wonderful to find such a piece of work on the wall of a French pension. Whose do you suppose it is?"

"Who painted it, you mean?"

"Yes," said I. "It can't be a Lely?"

"It is a Lely," he said, smiling sarcastically. "And it's not so wonderful you should find it on my wall, since I hung it there myself."

"Not yours, is it?" I exclaimed. "A family portrait?"

He hesitated before answering with a nod, "It's a family portrait."

"Then," I said laughingly, but with genuine admiration, "I must compliment you more upon the beauty of your ancestress than even upon the grandeur of your name." As he appeared ruffled by this observation I added, "If one can accuse such youth and beauty of being an ancestress."

"Nice, is n't she?" he asked with the bald speech of heartfelt pride.

"Who was she? What became of her?" I asked approaching the gem, for a gem it was, and scanning it closely.

He was a long time bringing himself to answer, but at last he said simply: "I'd give anything to know."

Puzzled by the phrase, I wrenched my eyes from the beautiful eyes of the painted woman and looked round at him questioningly.

He repeated with awkward frankness: "I don't know who she was, I don't know what became of her. I'd give anything to know."

Something in his tone as well as something in the portrait itself made me feel that I too would like to know a little of the matter, but persons called Stuart with ancestresses portrayed by court painters to His Merry Majesty King Charles the Second can be tetchy on the score of pedigree, especially if they be young and puritanical, and Anthony Stuart I knew already to be as puritanical as he was young.

I asked no questions of Anthony Stuart, though I asked the portrait many, and the answers puzzled me more; for the face said: "I am young and innocent; Lely painted portraits before he went to Court; why do you think he found me there?" and so on, until I was abashed and accused myself of small chivalry in blaming the poor lady.

"Anyhow," I said at length, "whoever she was and whatever became of her she's a beauty and no mistake

I envy that lucky dog Sir Peter that he should have seen her alive."

"But can't you see her alive?" he leaned over my chair pointing at the picture as he spoke. "It seems to me that there she is alive." He touched me as he pointed, and I confess I was thrilled by a momentary feeling as if something living actually stared at us from the canvas.

I greatly dislike any hocus-pocus about suggestion and that kind of thing, and sternly suppress all tendency towards it that I suspect in my young acquaintance; so I jumped up at once and deliberately rubbed the canvas with my finger. "You see," I said, "how clever the shading is —where you stand the head seems absolutely raised in relief—a mere trick of the Dutch school; though I own here the effect is good, it can be very cheap."

Anthony glumly answered "I wish you would n't touch her. I don't like any one to touch her"; he looked at me appealingly as I smiled or perhaps even laughed. "It may be absurdly fanciful," he expostulated, "but it 's just as if you were to dig your finger into my mother's cheek. I 'm sure you would n't do that, and if you did," he added whimsically, "she might n't say anything, but I 'm sure she would n't like it."

I felt that Anthony Stuart though an amiable was a difficult young man, and I asked him no more about his portrait or his family. Sometimes, however, when I was alone in this room working I would suddenly look up to find, as I fancied, the eyes fixed on me with an appealing look, the look that came so often in the eyes of Anthony when I or any one else said something he did not like or could not understand. Only his glance was youthful; hers, or the one that Lely gave her, was tragical; and of course it was never really turned to me, that was fancy—the eyes were really turned towards the bed wherein Anthony slept.

Although I count myself on the whole as a materialist, I don't think I should have slept well in that bed while the portrait faced it. This feeling was so strong that I wrote under the impression of it, rather an eerie little story of a man haunted by a ghost that walks out of a picture, in his room. The idea is commonplace of course, but thanks to Stuart's pretty ancestress I managed to give it the uncanny touch suggesting that it might be true, and one or two quite strong-minded young women confessed that it gave them a nightmare. I laughed with the pride of authorship and did not mention that it gave me one too, and led me to regard the cheque it brought me as of the nature of blood money.

I never confessed to Anthony that I had turned him and his picture into copy, and as he, I suspect, found my work unattractive on the ground of its modernity and realism, it is improbable that he ever read it. Had he read it, he would, I feel sure, have written me a letter and I daresay a letter of reproach; for he really believed there was some fantastic bond between him and his beautiful mysterious ancestress—although he knew so little about her he was quite sure she was his ancestress; and, indeed, the more I saw of him and the closer I studied the portrait the better prepared was I to believe the story that I thought sooner or later must come.

But the story never came and having lived for six months in the same house with Anthony Stuart and on such friendly terms, yet I parted with him no wiser about his affairs than I had become in the first week. It is when I remember this reticence that I say there was no real intimacy between him and me. Also when we parted, he going east round the world to his home and I west to Bloomsbury, we spoke of future meetings as something that might or might not come to pass and at best could not greatly matter.

II

And yet in a short seven years we were standing outside the Café Royal shaking hands, I being on my

egent Street and he coming

' said he, "I knew you at
've not changed a bit—you
you 'd just stepped out of
"

he looked more like a man
had looked in Paris and I
so.
ially agreed: "I am more of
feel it. I know more; I 'm
ig than I used to be. Seven
fairly long while, is n't it?"
ou less of a prig?" I smiled,
ted to correct myself: "I
, of course, were you a prig
ew you in Paris?"
" he answered, "I was, but
twenty-two, you know, and
y own for the first time in
He added gravely: "And
after all, it 's better to be a
—" he hesitated, afraid
g my Bohemian feelings,
han to be a little—not
ght, is n't it?"
ertainly well," I said diplo-
"that every man should
ling to his conscience."
ble sentiment pleased him
ected it would. "That 's
exclaimed, somewhat loud-
ent Street. "If I may call it
ealwisdom. You understand
s. Act up to your sense of
shame the devil. That 's
y to do, that is what you
paused wondering, no doubt,
earth my sense of right
differing as it did so widely
own. "Tell me all about

l the opportunity to draw
f the street into the quieter
e of the Café.
ell you about myself," I
"I am bound as a poor man
small charge for the story;
you being well furnished
lly goods can afford to yarn
nothing, or nothing more
azagan—I take it Mazagan
r conception of a drink?"
' said he, "let it be a
I 'm afraid I 'm not high-
ly drinks—you 'll be having
a cream something or other, I know, but I 'll stick to the coffee and just talk—"

We were sitting now by the Glasshouse Street end of the Café, the quiet corner away from the door.

"I see they call this a restaurant," he observed. "That means one can meal here, does n't it?"

I nodded.

"Pretty reasonable?" he asked.

"Not for me, bar luncheon," I told him; "but it may be all right for you."

He looked around the place. "Reminds me of Paris," he declared, "and that good old pension in the Rue Raglan. If it 's reasonable I should n 't mind to come here. You see I don't know London."

I protested that he astonished me.

He turned suspicious eyes on me: "You 're what you used to call pulling my leg. I know nothing of London—just a hotel or two, that 's all. Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, the Strand, that beastly Piccadilly and a few sights here and there. Those cheap cabs of yours prevent a man really knowing London—talking of cheapness, I 'd no notion house rent in London was so cheap."

I admitted that I too had not that notion.

"Well," he said, "you see the flat I 've just taken."

"What!" I exclaimed,—"are you going to settle down here?"

"Just signed the agreement," he nodded. "Extraordinary cheap."

"But why?" I asked. "You don't want to write a book about English Society, do you?"

"No," he said, "I 've given up the notion of scribbling." He looked around to see if we could be overheard. "I 've something I feel I must do—a life work—don't laugh—to carry through. Look here, old man, I 'm my own master now with more money than I had in Paris and I 'm going to find out what became of her."

At these words the marble tables, the red hangings, the newspapers, the waiters, everything but Anthony himself faded away, and I was sitting

again in his little room in Paris staring at the picture on the wall. Struggling against this delusion, I made a movement, releasing my hand from his, which in his eagerness he had laid upon it. And there we were in the Café Royal and Gustav our waiter crying to the coffee boy, "Versez."

I shook myself: "About this wonderfully cheap flat of yours, where is it?"

"In the best part of the town, just round the corner."

"Which corner?" I asked, perhaps a little sardonically.

He noticed my tone and pulled out the agent's letter: "Monmouth Mansions, Oxford Street, W."

I argued that I had never heard of Monmouth Mansions in Oxford Street.

"They 're quite new," he responded. "Besides, I should n't say myself they 're in Oxford Street, that 's only the address; the entrance is in Waters Street between here and Oxford Street."

I almost laughed in his face: "Why Waters Street runs out of Golder Square."

"That 's it," he nodded, "out of Golden Square; that 's a queer place to be called Golden—odd, too, having such dingy houses in the best part of the town—I daresay the locality is not what it was."

"No," I agreed, "the locality is not what it has been." I did not conceive it to be my duty, particularly as the bargain was struck, and so obviously to his content, to tell him what it had been.

"Anyhow," he appealed to me, "four hundred dollars is cheap for a flat like that in the best part of the town with every modern convenience."

"It is not dear," said I, and asked if any one had been in the flat before him.

"The whole place is spot new," he declared. "Some of the other flats are let but I 'll be the first to move in to my block." He emptied his glass. "Queer, is n't it? that I should have come all the way from America to be the pioneer at Monmouth Mansions, Oxford Street—it 's almost like a wee bit of fate." He turned uneasily to me: "But you don't believe in Fate, do you?"

"Fate," I told him, "is the one thing in which I do believe, for it is the one thing that cannot be disproved."

"Is that a fact?" he asked, in all innocence. Metaphysics with him was but another name for romance: logic was vanity.

"Nothing is a fact," said I. Whereupon he, much mystified, sighed and asked me to have a drink with him. I consented to a further Amer picon, while he ordered more coffee, though I warned him it was bad for him.

"If you keep on exciting your nerves with that stuff," I said, "you'll see more of 'her' than you want."

I half feared he would resent this playful advice, but instead he treated it seriously. "Don't you understand that I always see her?" he said, looking in front of him as if Gustav or a baldhead playing dominoes just beyond might have been she. I noticed his hand rested near mine on the table and through some sudden attack of nerves drew it out of his way. He went on talking in his unnaturally natural tone—"I mean I always see her as I showed her to you in Lely's portrait, but what I want is to see her as she is in reality."

I was startled, almost shocked: "Come my boy," I ejaculated, "that 's ghoulish, neither more nor less."

He looked at me with gloomy negation: "You don't understand, or you wont or can't understand. When I met you in Paris I was younger, more innocent, more silly if you will, than I am now. I was convinced that she (I beg you not to laugh) was King Charles the Second's wife. Since then I have learned enough to understand that cannot be the case. Then to which of the Stuarts was she wife?"

I shrugged my shoulders in answer to the question. "No," he said steadily, "I think you 're wrong. I admit the possibility, but whatever

poor woman was I 'd give any-
to know the truth about her,
'll search the country through
I find out what became of

ould not avoid a sneer at the
ram of melodrama and senti-
ality: "And that is what you call
work—I should call it a wild
chase."

continued mournfully to shake
ead: "I know you don't under-
, I don't say that I clearly
stand, but though she must be
now quite two hundred years I
s if there were some direct appeal
her to me. After all part of her
in me, there 's even some throw
that makes me more like her in
rance than was my father or
randfather. Sometimes when I
at that portrait I feel as if I were
ng in the glass."

hat's coffee," I interjected.

voice became fierce: "Is it
that makes me sure that she
a pure woman and no man's
ess—not even the mistress of
ing?"

ou know what Bossuet says?"
d.

know what Bossuet says," he
ned, "I know what every man
on that subject. But I don't
with him, perhaps because I 'm
merican, perhaps because I 'm
lf. I don't know who the man
this woman loved, but I 'm sure
as her husband."

sank in thought, then smiled
aid in a lighter tone: "After all,
u were in my shoes, you 'd take
trouble to find out whether
descent was not straight right
gh."

would as soon think," said I,
earching for the marriage certi-
of Adam and Eve."

appeared to find food for
ght in this observation, perhaps
ng a note to look up the matter
e Book of Genesis, for there was
ottom to his simplicity.

nyway," he said at last, quite
antly, "whether you sympathize
my concerns or not I hope you'll
make yourself at home at Monmouth Mansions"; and so we parted.

I naturally accepted this invitation in the friendly spirit that advanced it, and I received about a fortnight later a note from Anthony bidding me to a house-warming at his new flat. He wrote in high spirits: "Only boys mostly from over the water. And we'll not touch on serious subjects if you please. If you 've any one you 'd care to bring—welcome; the more the merrier."

III

In the interests of science I had thought of bringing a promising young alienist, but hesitated from the fear of rousing the suspicion of my host or one of his guests. I felt too tenderly for my young friend to care to hurt his feelings even for the good of his soul. I went alone, and very well remember walking down to the British Museum station and taking the "tube" from there to Oxford Circus. Thence it was but two minutes' walk to Waters Street.

I had not crossed Great Marlborough Street for some years, and I found Waters Street almost unrecognizable. The squalid, tumble-down houses, of the eighteenth century or earlier, were gone, and in their place mounted skywards blocks of mansions as imposing as any in the town. Wisely, as I think, the architect had maintained a grave Georgian character in the façade, and the whole effect where the building was complete was impressive. I better understood now Anthony's conviction that his flat was in the best part of the town and that he had made a good bargain. Though a few bills posted here and there proclaimed a Let by So and So, I noticed that no lights came from any of the windows until at last one shone out above, and that was Anthony's.

I strode over a fine piece of tessellated pavement into the hall—there was no porter, but the place was well kept and brilliantly lighted. I rang the lift bell, nothing resulted—

then I gathered from the lift shaft that the machinery was yet incomplete, and set myself to climb the staircase. It was a well-made staircase with an easy gradient, but I did not enjoy the climb. It seemed a long time since I had left the world behind me. I recollected that save a watchman in his box at the end of the street, guarding the tools of the roadmenders, I had met no living soul since I had turned into Waters Street, and a sudden dread came over me that after all I might find Anthony Stuart had no other guest, and I should have to pass the evening alone with him and his delusions.

The thought upset me and I stopped on one of the landings, doubting to go backwards or forwards. There I stood on the brilliantly lighted staircase, a noble staircase it was, looking to see if there were to be no guests but myself emerging from the depths below. I heard nothing, I saw nothing, but suddenly there came into my mind Poe's story "The Masque of the Red Death" and that instant I fancied the stairway alive with such masquers. The smell of the damp plaster and fresh paint stifled me. I staggered back to a window, forced it open and drew in a breath of fresh air. Beneath lay Soho—Marlborough Street on the left, Golden Square on the right—alive and bustling. From a window above me, Anthony's window, floated the strains of "Massa 's in the cold, cold, ground" sung robustly rather than pathetically. He was not alone; I had scared myself as a child might with fancied bogies.

With a lighter step I flew up the last stage of my journey and with a welcoming "Come right in!" from Anthony entered this marvellously cheap flat of his. It was quite a big flat and full of very pleasant fellows mostly younger than myself, all very healthy and jolly and not at all interesting. For ten minutes I was charmed with their naive merriment; then I realized that instead of being horribly thrilled by Anthony as I had dreaded, I was doomed to the worse fate of being abominably bored by the puerilities of his friends. There was something about the shallow optimism of their talk that jaded my nerves, and I was relieved, wandering through the flat to escape them, to find in the kitchen a moon-faced young man sitting in solitary happiness drinking whiskey and soda.

I thought he was a waiter but he proved to be an engineer. "They 've only lemonade and claret cup," he briefly explained with a wave of his hand, as he offered me the bottle. "I guess our host is mad, don't you?"

"Mad, do you think?" I asked seriously.

"Not that mad," he protested. "Mad as I say it, not mad like you say it. I mean he don't know what's good." He filled his glass and reflected: "What 's the name of the Russian novelist?"

As he was young like the rest of the party, I named the most recent known to me, but he rejected him under a contemptuous epithet: "I mean a sort of Russian aristocrat, a noble."

To the name of Tolstoy he responded.

"That 's the fellow I mean," quoth he. "I reckon yon dear lad is about as mad as Tolstoy."

In answer to my wish to be enlightened as to his method of arriving at this position, he said: "Well, who ever heard of a sane man with the spending of ten thousand dollars a year keeping no servants?"

I remembered now that I had seen Anthony wait upon his guests and had taken it for a pretty piece of American etiquette, but the speaker's easy comfort in the kitchen proved his assertion.

"Does he mean to stick to this pose?" I asked.

"Unless some one cures him of this nonsense. I 'd gaily do it, I tell you, if I could get some one to bear a hand. A man, you know—not one of those lads beyond. I 'm no older than most, but they 've never faced facts; I 've had to work for my living, mines and that, where a man learns if he 's himself or some one else."

interested in my moon-faced
"I 'll help if you wish,"

ached out of his chair and
ands with me as I leaned
the wall: "Good man," said
rtners let us be!" He re-
s glass and mine: "Here 's to
tnership, for the lad's sake."
ouched glasses and drank,
ying his. Then he suddenly
o be moon-faced; rigid lines of
ation replaced his curves and

ess you wonder what I 'm
ere for, and I 'll tell you. Do
pen to notice what you 're
n?"
ted back to see what I had
ning on and said with a long
'A buttery hatch, is it?"
the door of the tradesmen's

?" said I, a little puzzled.
been helping Tony to-night
in his stores through that
etween you and me there 's
g very wrong with that
en's lift."
hat way?" I asked.
mpanion shrugged his shoul-
'd rather you came to your
nion about that. Just peep
try if you notice anything."
oceeded to obey, he added:
tly—not all in at a slam."
open the door, saw the walls
l-tiled shaft, quickly bobbed
d closed the door. "Phew!"

ce anything?" he asked.
e 's an escape of gas."
gas?" he queried.
ink so," I answered. "Not
ut nasty."
gas," said he drily, "does n't
e that in America."
t could it be, then?" I asked.
o longer moon-faced young
minated over his answer:
ump who built that lift sank
t in a mighty queer hole."
d at me: "Do you follow me?"
rned his glance, nodding that
ed him, and I remember the
St. Ann's were then striking
eleven. "Is that the worst of
it?"

"No," said the engineer,—"the worst of it is that Anthony Stuart can't smell that." He paused to let me take in what he said, then added: "Now is that mad or not?"

"While thinking the matter over," I said, "I 'll have some more whiskey." I felt I wanted it.

They were roaring "Marching through Georgia" in the drawing-room now. I let them finish it for the third time ere I spoke again.

"I don't think I 've caught your name," I said.

"Thompson, Walter J.," said he. "I know yours all right. He told me all about you—as much as I wanted."

"Have you known our friend long?"

"Long enough to like him and feel sorry for him," Thompson answered me. "Though why one should feel sorry for him I don't exactly know. He 's better off than I am in every way, except that whiskey disagrees with him."

"What 's your idea about him?" I asked.

"Too incredible to tell," he answered. "Hulloa! the party can't be breaking up?"

The drawing-room door had opened and cheery laughter with the trampling of agile young feet rolled down the passage. We hid the whiskey lest the youngsters should come on as far as the kitchen, but they halted at the bedroom door and we heard an excited colloquy. The matter of this, even could I precisely recall it, need not be reported. One or two young gentlemen perhaps unaccustomed even to claret cup were rallying their host who did not take their humor in good part.

Suddenly half a dozen of them including Stuart himself flung into the bedroom: then we heard more laughter mingled with ejaculations of amazement.

My companion beckoned to me without a word and we stole up the passage to join the throng in the bedroom.

"There," cried Anthony with out-

stretched arm, "that 's what you fools saw." He pointed to the old portrait I had known in Paris.

Notwithstanding the sparks giggling around me, I trembled with the shock of seeing it, for now it really was alive; not only the face stood out: the arms seemed thrust forth towards Anthony; eagerness burnt in the eyes.

"Durned queer picture, that," said one of the young men at last. "What gives it that uncanny look?"

The laughter died away as Anthony answered with a groan: "I 'd give my life to know."

The words were scarcely uttered when he reeled back, and thinking he had fainted I caught him in my arms. But he had not fainted; his brain was active, his eyes fixed in front of him, and I, staring over his shoulder, saw why.

The life was oozing out of the canvas, oozing towards us to form something that was at once a shadow and a substance, a palpable vapor with the form of a human being; and as the thing grew the portrait faded, as it were, to mere painted canvas. By their exclamations I gathered that the others saw the life go out of the portrait, but they could not see where it went. Only Anthony and I, who still clasped him, saw that. The thing went out of the room; we sprang to the door and saw it go down the passage to the kitchen; then Anthony flung me off to follow it and I could see no more.

I pursued him, Thompson and the others following me. We found him at the lift shaft staring down: "It crawled down there," he said; "I can hear it crawling, can't you?" But we could hear only the bells of St. Ann's tolling midnight.

Anthony was white with horror. "I never saw her like that before," he wailed; "I never thought she would be like that. And why do I find her here?"

Thompson and I exchanged glances. "Dr. Rudolph," said he to one of the young men who was very quiet and wore glasses, "would you look into the shaft?"

Dr. Rudolph, obeying, drew back as I had done. "Pah!" he coughed, "this house can't have been built upon a graveyard?"

That word startled these cheery young men, but I gave them a worse one.

"It is built," said I, "upon a plague spot."

Anthony Stuart shuddered as he took my meaning.

"What plague?" he cried.

"*The* plague," I told him. "In 1665 thousands dead of the Great Plague were flung here pell-mell in a common grave. That is why your flat is cheap."

He grew old as I looked at him, struggling to think and to speak.

"Then," he groaned, "that was her end. Dead of the plague! Her body lies down there—that was why she led me here." His eyes lit up. "One thing there is yet to learn. You 're a miner, Thompson, we 'll want your help"—seeing our looks of wonder—"to find the body," he said; "We must find her now."

I was appalled by this imbecile proposal, but one of the claret-cupped idiots said heartily: "That would be sport!"

And in the name of sport we undertook the job. And the wonder was that Thompson and I, the sober and practical members of the party, were as eager as any but Stuart himself that the body should be found. It was Thompson who declared picks and shovels must be procured at once; it was I who suggested we could bribe the watchman to lend us those in his charge. So the whole party of us flung ourselves downstairs in various stages of excitement, some with Thompson and me to fetch the picks while others helped Anthony to force an entrance into the basement flat and sound for the place in the kitchen to sink our mine.

There was no electric power laid on in the basement flat, so it was by the light of candles that we bent to our work, and it was a mad sight to see by their flicker seven young American gentlemen in white evening waistcoats

plying pick and mattock to dig out the seventeenth century from beneath the twentieth.

Close by the lift shaft Thompson set his men to work, and they worked lustily, in double shifts, relieving each other every few minutes. Anthony we persuaded to sit down and watch, Dr. Rudolph and I remaining by him to calm him with our talk. The doctor explained to him that after all what he had seen was a purely subjective phenomenon, and I reminded him that although I had no doubt of this being the very spot upon which the plague pits had been dug, yet, what with their being buried with lime and the natural progress of disintegration, it was unlikely that so much as a perfect bone could remain of them all.

Anthony would not listen to reason: "She 's there," he reiterated "She brought me here to tell me all. I shall know all to-night."

And so we dug and dug, breaking first through the concrete and then deep into the earth itself, finding many things we did not seek but no trace of human dead that I could see. Yet the smell I had noticed in the lift shaft was stronger than ever.

At three o'clock Thompson said it was useless to attempt more, and the watchman being due in a little while to turn out the light on the stairs, we filled in the hole, replaced the boarding and retired from the flat, leaving it in as good order as we could. We feared that Anthony would protest against our abandoning the work, but he said nothing; silent as one dazed he filed out with the rest and led us upstairs to get our coats and hats.

Dr. Rudolph, Thompson and I, waiting until the others were gone, advised him to come with us, but he smiled and shook his head. Then we offered to remain with him, but this also he silently declined; and as the dawn was breaking we came away. Rudolph and Thompson, who were staying at the Langham, promised to look in upon him immediately after breakfast.

"He will be best alone, now," was Dr. Rudolph's opinion, delivered with a professional air, as I stepped into a cab at Oxford Circus. But Thompson the moon-faced shook his head: "We struck red worms the last minute's digging," said he. "That 's why I stopped the work. We can't help poor Tony, but I tell you lads, he 's not alone."

He and Rudolph were wrangling over the fifth dimension as I drove off.

I was eating a late breakfast when Thompson and Doctor Rudolph came to see me. They filled my room with the odor of disinfectants, and, refusing to shake hands, kept at a distance from me.

"What does this mean?" I asked, half laughing.

"It means," said Thompson, "that our friend Anthony is dead, and the doctor here swears he 's dead of plague."

In other circumstances I might have been astounded, but I was not; my first thought was of the portrait.

"That means," said I, "that the poor fellow's belongings will have to be burned?"

"Certainly," Dr. Rudolph agreed; "everything in his rooms."

"That's one good thing," declared Thompson heartily.

"Do you suppose," I asked, "that he knows now?"

Doctor Rudolph shrugged his shoulders, but Thompson answered "Yes." And he added, with his typical American commonsense, "I do hope the lad is satisfied."

CRŒSUS AND OTHER PEOPLE IN CURRENT FICTION

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT

THERE is a fascination, even for mature minds, in playing with the notion of great wealth. Nothing is, in reality, less romantic, but this dictum will never be widely accepted until riches are universal.

Most novelists cherish the idea that, some time or other, if they have not already done so, they will write a romance of the power of money, or make a masterly study of the effect of prosperity upon character. The subject is one upon which all the world has views. Even Mr. Henry James succumbed to the temptation of endowing Isabel Archer with a fortune, large for her day and generation, just to see what she would do with it—and where Mr. James falls, why should any expect to stand? Even I, while not a novelist, am conscious of a sneaking desire to do a fairy-story about an unfettered girl and some unexpected millions, though perfectly aware that it is as difficult to keep up the interest throughout such a performance as it is to sustain the appetite through a five-pound box of bon-bons.

More than one writer this season has chosen to deal with Crœsus according as power and insight has been given him. Mr. Hamlin Garland frankly calls his new story "Money Magic" (Harper). It is a Colorado tale, all about an ex-gambler and saloon-man, who makes a fortune in mines, gets shot to pieces, and marries, on what is erroneously supposed to be his death-bed, a young girl of beauty and force of character, but no education or training. Bertha Haney learns to spend her husband's money and develops, after a fashion, in the process. Incidentally, she falls in love with a younger and handsomer man, and Mr. Garland, most immorally, makes Haney, broken in health and spirit and caring for nothing but his wife's sympathy and comradeship, remove himself from the scene, so that the obnoxiously healthy pair may have youth, money and love, immediately and together.

I say most immorally, and mean it. Everybody has a right to live in this world so long as Providence permits, and even the rights of fictitious characters are not to be trifled with in this respect. Also, Mart Haney is the only real character in the book, and killing him off is, therefore, a much more murderous proceeding than removing his rival. Bertha is meant to be genuine and forceful, but she does not quite arrive, while Ben Fordyce, her admirer, is a negligible nonentity. No reader will care a pin whether Ben is alive and happy or not, and every reader must find the idea of Bertha devoting herself to a shattered man, who does everything for her and asks nothing from her, a more edifying one than that of Bertha living to spend the shattered man's money on the nonentity who has n't "hustle" enough to make a living for himself. Mr. Garland's attitude toward his characters seems to imply that life is designed exclusively for the mating of the robust young, and that Mart Haney is doing nothing more than his duty when

eavé of the world and clears for his successor. In jus- ertha it should be said that not entirely share her pagan sentiments, and that ved to "stand by" after ed that her husband would e an invalid and always It is also true that Ber- d is not turned by the money and that there is a in her somewhat uncertain As for Haney, shrewd and at first, but always possessed h sense of righteousness in his business, he mellows, nd becomes garrulous in ssness after a very lifelike He has spontaneous Irish d a refreshing point of view. is lack of judgment in the suicide, he is a character is a pleasure to meet. On e, these simple people, the h as one may say, come he crucial test of prosper- tably. Mr. Garland is dis- give them a square deal, more than he would have any kind of affluent folk t he began to write novels. Burnett's new book is a mance too, and certainly can writer is better adapted to extract to the last drop a and the delight of it. She to perfection, the "good hat heightens the luxury at fire on a stormy winter's er sense of the value of in position and fortune is een, and she knows just ake the reader feel, with a ersonal relief and content, on when her characters pass comfort to comfort. Jane . Helen Burns having tea in front of the fire in their room furnish probably the nant example in our fiction rary value of sheer comfort. nett's characters do not hat immortal content, per- they go further toward it creations of any other writer r.

"The Shuttle" (Stokes) has to do with an international love-affair, and Mrs. Burnett indulges herself in a heroine who has every possible advantage a heroine can attain. Betty Vanderpoel is young, beautiful, clever, exquisitely attired, with one of the "overgrown" fortunes at her back, and a tremendous amount of vitality, insight and good sense. She has the "genius for action" and can always see what to do next. This quality differentiates her from ordinary heroines whose eyes and gowns and bank-accounts are equally impressive, and makes the reader care about what happens to her. For the reader does care. Not even the suspicion that this is a new version of the old fairy-tale of Distressed Dame, Horrible Villain and Brave Rescuer deprives it of interest. Betty is the rescuer. She goes to the succor of an older sister married to a brutal Englishman, and finds her own fate in the process. She sets everything to rights, everywhere, as she passes, for that is her gift, and she has, as well, "the imagination and initiative that make any service absorbing."

Still, in the final analysis, no matter how really vital the heroine or how absorbing her story, the Crœsus-romance is bound to leave the reader with a certain sense of its shallowness, its artificiality. For it does not go to the roots of life. It is, when all is said, and in spite of the obvious and childlike pleasure we may get from it, not the real thing, not the stuff from which our true existence is compounded.

"The Stooping Lady," Maurice Hewlett's new book (Dodd, Mead), is romance, too; nevertheless, it strikes the deeper note with no uncertain touch, though until the end the reader is almost unconscious of the profound human intent of the thing.

Mr. Hewlett's evolution as a writer has been from the beginning intensely interesting to students of form and style, and that evolution is still going on. The "preciosity" of style that marked his earlier work has gone entirely and in its place there

is a gravity, an almost Meredithean dignity and ruggedness. The too-sharp savor of earth has gone as well, and the too-keen curiosity that spied upon human nature in its less noble moments. The Hewlett that is left is stronger and more sublimated if, perhaps, less picturesque.

"The Stooping Lady" is Hermia Mary Chambre, who lived in London during the Regency and championed a most exceptional young butcher who was shockingly mistreated by the titled uncle whose house is her home. In return the young man woos her long and silently with anonymous daily offerings of dewy white violets. Hermia loves the violet-giver for no better reason than that she does, and is left widowed at heart when he becomes a martyr to his political opinions and the enmity of her people. The situation so sketched is presented with extraordinary delicacy and fire. A few years ago Mr. Hewlett might have made of this theme only a dainty fantasy, but now he has achieved a better thing. He incarnates the noble, if inconclusive, democracy of that era, and sounds, as I have said, the human note. The Stooping Lady stoops because it is her royal way; she is of those who must give, divinely and forever, and demonstrate thereby the beauty of that attitude.

Romance, again, is "Helena's Path" by Anthony Hope (McClure), and, in a different field, "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton). The former deals airily with a little dispute between the Marchesa di San Servolo and Lord Lynborough about a right-of-way, the latter with a suspended love-affair between Nancy Wentworth and Justin Peabody; but both tales bear faithful witness to the inexhaustible founts of romance that spring tirelessly in the hearts of the unwed. The stories differ in texture as a meringue differs from an honest Thanksgiving pumpkin pie, but both are well-made and not unwholesome sweets.

The mature reader will feel an interest as to how these two marriages turned out deeper than his interest in their preliminaries. Is it possible that the Marchesa and Lord Lynborough really *did* rescue each other from boredom, once they were in double harness? And *did* Nancy succeed in "starching up" Justin so that he could earn more than fifty dollars a month? The post-marital problems are the only really important ones in life, whether they belong to a clerk in Detroit or an earl in England.

We only arrive at realism in the season's fiction when we reach "The Helpmate" (Holt) and Miss Sedgwick's new novel "A Fountain Sealed" (Century). Far apart in matter as these two books seem to be, each is, fundamentally, a very able study of feminine self-righteousness.

In "A Fountain Sealed" we have contrasted a mother and daughter. Valerie Upton, the elder woman, has learned through long tribulation how to live and how to renounce. Imogen, the younger, absorbed in a vision of herself as gentle, gracious, benevolent and uplifting, is, nevertheless, a narrow-minded, cold-hearted egoist to whom the thing of supreme importance is her own sense of eminence. Whatever falls or shatters, she must remain pedestalled in her own eyes and other people's.

It is next to impossible for one poor human being to compass in the circle of his nature enough genuine benevolence to go all the way 'round. Philanthropy not only never begins at home—it seldom holds out to arrive there. Conspicuous charity toward the world at large has always been associated with certain fallings-short in domestic life and, as Valerie Upton demonstrates, it is a more sheltered and happier lot to be the wife of an ordinarily selfish man than of one who wants to bless everybody. Mr. Upton is, as well, a bombastic prig, mediocre and pretentious. He has no conscience about squandering her fortune as well as his own on ineffectual reforms. They differ so completely about everything that she is forced to withdraw civilly to the

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han she has recently per-
self. Her later books would
her for more of that "com-
ss" of which Mrs. Burnett
ı, and which Miss Sedgwick
d not scorn when she be-
rite. The longing for it is
rooted in human nature—
ıture—as to argue its eter-
ess in fiction. And surely
ble to be both realistic and
le!

ninine selfishness depicted
Helpmate" is marital, not
'act which has led some
› denounce it as "patho-
.sh." Trash, of course, it
ver be; pathological, per-
ay be called.

Miss Sinclair's first novel
e Divine Fire" and it does
:ly fulfil the promise of
arkable book. From the
t of the literary craftsman,
rable work, firm, finished,
rich in epigrammatic turns
and characterization, but
e bigness, the inclusiveness,
e "The Divine Fire" so
:able and so promising.
the transplanting to literature of a whole section of life practically intact. We saw the characters in their environments, played upon, as real people are at different times, by a myriad different influences. Not one novelist in a thousand has the monumental patience and the faith in his own inspiration needful to do a piece of work so essentially on the grand scale. Miss Sinclair is capable of that great patience and will doubtless exercise it again in the course of her career, but the scope of her new novel is much more restricted and the book is, proportionately, less important.

"The Helpmate" is the story of a self-righteous woman married to a not-very-strong but distinctly lovable man. An episode in his former life, for which he is not, justly, the person to be held accountable, comes to her knowledge soon after they are married and taints for her all the springs of their double life. She unrelentingly sees her husband as bad and herself as good. She patronizes him in her mind from far, pure heights and builds "spiritual ramparts" between them. No form of domestic architecture is more unpleasant or more resented by mere man than this. She puts herself upon a pedestal and becomes "an established solemnity, eminent and lonely in the scene."

Her one relapse into affectionate wifeliness endures for a few months, but she repents of it without adequate provocation, and is, in a well-bred way, so unpleasant to have in the house that nothing her husband does —and he falls far—seems criminal by comparison. As the author points out, when the woman insists upon a pedestal, the man puts on his hat—that is one of the laws of married life.

When a novel depends for its interest upon the working-out of the antagonism between a wedded pair, it is necessary to the balance of the book that there should be two sides to the question, that each of the parties to the world-old contest should be able to make out a case. With all her husband's sins, Anne Majendie

seems to have no case. The author does not sympathize with her; therefore the reader cannot. Miss Sinclair struggles hard to give her justice, but it is her own conviction that Mrs. Majendie is a spiritual prig, waterproofed with egotism, and we perforce share that conviction heartily. Her final repentance, even, is a little unconvincing. We hope it is true, but we have our grave doubts. Anne's type of character is not easily altered.

Granting Miss Sinclair her theme, and recognizing all the delicacy and insight with which it is handled, the book still has this serious blemish—one never escapes in the whole course of it from a pervading air of sex-consciousness. The key-note is unnecessarily repeated by all the minor characters. The men are all handicapped by weak natures and the women "keep them straight" or drive them crooked by playing upon their foibles. You never get out of this atmosphere of sex into that of simple humanness. This is the more regrettable because it is in the atmosphere of simple humanness that all the really august performances of fiction take place, and Miss Sinclair is capable of the august performances.

HOLIDAYS IN EUROPE

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD

HEN one is obliged to return to town in mid-September, and remain there through October, while the glorious American fall is turning the world golden not far away and the streets are full of the yawning gulfs that are soon to be filled with the foundations of the monsters that are making New York more than ever a City of Dreadful Height,—in this melancholy time one's thoughts naturally turn to other scenes, glimpses of Europe being perhaps the most vivid. The motors dashing by remind one of the unsurpassed roads on the other side, and the unrivalled value of the automobile as a pleasure-trip vehicle. One may differ with Mr. Francis Miltoun, who says, in "The Automobilist Abroad" (L. C. Page & Co.), that "the one perfectly happy man in an automobile is he who drives, steers, or 'runs the thing,' even though he be merely the hired chauffeur," but as to the superiority of the motor over the train there can scarcely be two opinions. How often has one had to give up a long-cherished visit to a town or village off the beaten track, because of the impossibility of reaching it by train in a reasonable time. Now (always providing one can afford it, for automobiling is still the rich man's pastime), there is scarcely a corner of the world that cannot be "done" in a touring car; though, according to Mr. Miltoun, "France is the land *par excellence* for automobile touring, not only from its splendid roads, but from the wide diversity of its sights and scenes and manners and customs, and—last but not least—its most excellent hotels, strung along its highways and byways like pearls in a collarette." Four years in most of the countries of Europe certainly entitle him to speak.

France no doubt offers a great deal to the pleasure-seeker, whether automobiling or not. There is the chateaux district, which, overrun by "trippers" though it be, still retains its infinite charm, particularly for the student or lover of the French Renaissance. What memories are evoked by the vision of those grim castles; Amboise and its "conjuration" of the Huguenots; Blois, with

de Medicis and her as-
her feeble son and the mur-
de Guise; and Chenonceaux
ls the ever-youthful Diane
's, that patron of the arts,
oyed Jean Bullant, Phili-
Orme, Cousin, Jean Goujon
artists to build her wonder
net, so ruthlessly destroyed
at Revolution. Not far off,
omobile, is Orleans; and at
near by, one gets right back
leventh century. All cli-
) may be had in France,
running down to the flower-
idi or into the snow-capped

l has charms that never
haps nowhere in Europe
et quite the peaceful, con-
ling that steals over one in
English country. The scen-
ays fresh and lovely, and
akes any extravagant de-
n one's enthusiasm—and
ubtless, lies much of its rest-
There is also the feeling of
hich counts for something,
s for a great deal when any
nguage is necessary, as one
rossing over to Belgium or
where many delightful days
pent wandering among the
sh towns, repeopling them
ring them as they were
nders was the richest coun-
rope, and feeding on the
nt picture-galleries of both
Through all these Mr.
automobile takes us on a
rip, abounding in useful in-
as to the treatment to be
received in all the lands
in.

brief holiday one might
Miss Josephine Tozier did,
g Fortnight in France"
ead), without regret and
enjoyment. Starting from
she went through the heart
and what visions are called
places she visited! Angers
ntagenets, and Poitiers with
irs of Joan of Arc; Ro-
, at whose name cru-
nights and troubadours
throng the imagination; Cahors, Carcasonne and Castres; Albi, with grim memories of Simon de Montfort and his massacres; Arles, with its amphitheatre and beautiful women; and Tarascon, reminiscent of the immortal Tartarin, by whose creation Daudet gave mortal offence to the Tarasconais. France, indeed, is a full-flowing source of enjoyment, whatever be one's tastes. There is beauty of some sort almost everywhere, from the wild coast of Brittany, to the lovely lotus-land of the south. Between the two lie the "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France" (Putnam), which Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis have described and pictured in two volumes that go over much of Miss Tozier's ground—perhaps to the reader's advantage. Wealth of architecture and historic legend are the keynotes of these volumes, while those who are more interested in literature, and love to know all about the homes and haunts of celebrities will do well to take some "Literary Rambles in France" (McClurg), with Miss Betham-Edwards, and hear all she has to say about Flaubert, Balzac, Brantrôme, George Sand and many other brilliant Gallic reading lamps.

It surely seems that France deserves the palm for romantic and historic places and people, until we slip over into Italy, either by the Riviera, which—both Ponente and Levante—is one long succession of almost impossibly beautiful scenes, or by one of the Swiss passes, which can easily be crossed in a carriage; or even on foot if the holiday-maker considers that the fatigue is repaid by the superb views, so many of which are lost to the sybarite who takes the comfortable, electrically appointed Simplon tunnel.

The word "comfortable" cannot be applied in strict truth to Italian travelling. It is really hard work, and one must be blessed either with a strong constitution or an ardent spirit burning for the many delights that Italy alone can afford. Other countries are beautiful, other coun-

tries are old, other countries have fine art-galleries; but where else can we find the varied loveliness that hangs all around the Neapolitan coast and Sicily, the art of Florence, the wonderland of Venice and the undying antiquity of Rome? Unfortunately for many who are compelled to take their holidays in summer, it cannot be denied that Italy is hot in that season, that Italian trains have an exasperating habit of resting at least ten minutes at each unimportant station, and twenty at the comparatively important ones, and that the stations are the hottest places in the peninsula. Much is forgotten, however, as the conductor shouts "Parma," and visions float through the enthusiast's mind of Correggio and the wondrous dome that Titian said would not be adequately paid for if it were reversed and filled with gold; or if the cry is "Bologna," or the name be called of any small town on almost any line; for everywhere there is something that appeals to the searcher for natural beauty or art. But one soon longs to fly to a cooler spot than the larger cities afford, to the hills around Rome, for instance, or to the Casentino, or to spend some weeks in Tuscany, as Mr Frederick H. H. Seymour did, studying "Siena and Her Artists" (Jacobs),—a fascinating study that no traveller in Italy should ignore. Perched up on a hill, Siena has in a measure escaped the pruning-knife of progress which has ruined so many cities; and here one can still transport oneself to mediæval days, and in the churches and museums study the works of the men who are drawing new barbarian hordes from the West—who have, let us hope, more respect for her antiquities than had the northern hordes of centuries ago. This book was not written for the tripper who sees Siena overnight as he journeys between Florence and Rome, but for the traveller who journeys for pleasure and the good of his soul. It is possible that some satisfaction is got by the many who rush through Europe every summer, getting off one steamer at Naples in June and on another at Liverpool in August, having in the interval "done" the intervening countries; but it seems as if the pleasure must consist largely in the power of saying they have made the journey, and not in anything they have brought back with them of knowledge or feeling for the places they have hustled through.

All who love Italy will envy Miss Elise Lathrop, who was able to spend so many "Sunny Days in Italy" (Pott), that she could live in and know not only the main places on the beaten track, but many small towns unsought by the average tourist. One naturally wishes first to see the great sights of Italy, Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples, and then Milan, with her vast cathedral looking for all the world like a huge bride-cake, and her treasured masterpiece by DaVinci; but besides these there are a host of small towns teeming with interest, offering their charms as a bait for the pleasure of lingering slowly, among them, "discovering" little bright nooks on the coast, and bits of architecture everywhere, and studying the changing life of the people and the language—for the Genoese does not understand the Neapolitan dialect, nor can the Venetian be comprehended by the Calabrian, though there is a general Italian in which the unfluent stranger can haltingly express his wants and be understood of all.

Miss Lathrop left Venice for the end of her journey—perhaps wisely. There are a few unfortunate people who do not care for Venice; some have been heard to remark on the monotonous absence of noise, hungering for the clang of the trolley and the "honk" of the motor car. Such, no doubt, would acclaim the horrible suggestion that periodically sends cold shivers down the spine of every effete lover of old Venice—that a trolley should be run down the Grand Canal! Already the motor boats, ownership of which is largely accredited to those Scourges of Europe (from the artistic and poor man's point of view), the Americans, is to be

batantly bleating down the ces of the gondoliers, and to t out-odoring the multitudi- rs of Venice, which are at least il—or at latest renaissance— eeping with the surroundings. steamboats run up and ie Grand Canal, and trolleys ng the Lido. But Venice is re, tranquil and beautiful in p, as she was when awake splendor, unique among cit- glorious art still filling her s and galleries with its glowing of color. Mosquitoes there enice, and sometimes the sir- ows; in fact, one can always ugh to complain of in Italy, y if one goes there prepared worst; but once let the Ital- that you like them and their that you are, in short, *simpa-* l you are almost always cer- eceive courtesy, willing service sant smiles. As much of the of travelling is derived from g oneself to one's surroundings onishing how many Ameri- l still insist on being served fsteak and fried potatoes at nd consider all Italians back s, if not actually criminals, they are unable to compre- ch cravings. It is useless to the coachmen of Naples to like their brethren of Fifth as Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan ut when travelling through aples Riviera" (Stokes), but s obliged to go to Naples, af- and surely there are compen- The town itself is infinitely cturesque for her shouting, population, who are certainly picture" with the glorious and sensuous climate. Who ant to tame and subdue these of nature, to make them a hustling energetic people, n their city into a precise mally laid out town, along ts of which they would hurry xious eyes, to bolt quick and spend half an hour pick- ir teeth afterwards? And uld wish to transform all the lovely towns—Amalfi, Ravello, Sorrento and Salerno—into prim villages with meeting-houses and "stores" where the gossip is retailed by old men sitting round on sugar barrels? Let us thank the gods, who have so far held the ruthless march of education and so-called progress from some spots of this earth, that there are still places where we need not be strenuous.

To journey from Naples into Umbria is like going into another country, so different are the people. Cavour once said that the making of Italy had been accomplished, but that it was now necessary to make the Italians. How true that is, all travellers in Italy can attest. Perhaps it adds to the charm of this lovely land: if variety is the spice of life, we have it here, assuredly. Umbria is essentially the country of mysticism in Italy, its interest centring in Francis of Assisi, whose life so strongly influenced the Umbrian painters. In "The Umbrian Cities of Italy" (Page) we find also the remains of the ancient and still unsolved Etruscans, whose tombs and pottery and legends are so carefully and minutely described by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, who also tell all that they know and have seen of the paintings and sculpture of these nurseries of art, in the spirit in which Grant Allen wrote his guide-books. Sympathy and appreciation are apparent in every line, and the two small volumes will be useful to many a new wanderer in Umbria.

But every one cannot be enthusiastic about Italy and art; some there are who prefer their holidays without sight-seeing, or at least without museum-haunting, and are more attracted by the life of strange peoples. Perhaps nowhere can a greater diversity be found than in the far east of Europe, and "Turkey and the Turks" (Page) provides unlimited entertainment of a different sort from Italy and her monuments. In the streets of Constantinople one can study the races of the world, and wonder, if prone to pondering, why this lovely spot has been allowed to remain

the seething mass of corruption and bad government that Mr. W. S. Monroe describes it. But it is wiser far not to mix politics with pleasure, and to be content to stand idly in the streets and watch the Pentecostal throng go by; to take in the beauty of the mosques and minarets, and float in a caïque over the sunlit waters in blissful irresponsibility for the disorder around one. Therein lies the true secret of holiday-making, selfish as it may sound.

And why not arrange, on our return trip through Europe, to pass through the country that stood as a barrier between Moselm and Christian centuries ago? It is well worth while to visit a country that has not yet been overrun by the ubiquitous tripper and that pathetic land of turbulent, artistic, sensitive people. "Poland, the Knight among Nations" (Revell), as described by Louis E. Van Norman, invites the lover of the unbeaten track, and will satisfy his desires. This account of her country, by the way, has won the approval of so good a patriot as Mme. Modjeska, who gives it the *cachet* of a preface.

And what can we say of Paris as a holiday possibility?—Paris, that queen of cities, that means so much and so many things—to some, infinite possibilities of toilet; to others, cafés-chantants and "shows" of all kinds; to others still, lingering on the boulevards, pretending to sip pink syrup, and trying to look like the real thing; to some, lectures at the Sorbonne, and all the means of education that generous Paris literally flings at one; and to others again the history and romance of the city past and present, the "Nooks and Corners of Old Paris" (Lippincott) that M. Georges Cain, the able Curator of the Musée Carnavalet writes of so comprehendingly, and that must be sought in that other and more picturesque Paris, far away from the Arc de Triomphe and the American quarter. Like Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"; and far away in New York, when the holiday is passed, it is good to go over the old ground, and to know that there in the gay, smiling city, what we most want of her awaits us when we are ready to pack our trunks and start again on our travels.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

A Royal Letter-Writer

An Idle Reader must needs nerve himself, to tackle such a work as this. Three volumes of six hundred pages each might fairly stagger the stoutest Stagirite! And an idler of any sort must stand abashed in the presence of such indomitable mental and physical energy as this book bears witness to.

Years ago, the late Bill Nye wrote a cordial and complimentary letter to Queen Victoria, urging her to come to America and take part in certain Authors' Readings in aid of the International Copyright movement. The letter was written primarily for publication, of course, and in all likelihood never reached the august eye for which it professed to be intended. It filled a newspaper column, however, and served its purpose as an excellent bit of fooling. The writer assured Her Majesty of a hearty welcome from her fellow-authors in the United States, all of whom, he said, had been greatly impressed, not only by the merit of her literary work, but by the fact that she produced it all at night—"after reigning all day on a hard throne."

ı true word is spoken in jest, idlest and most indifferent of readers must recognize the physical and mental vigor that has gone to the production of these letters ɜs. Here, for instance, early ok, is the famous episode of hamber Plot. On retiring e in 1839, when overthrown obert Peel, Lord Melbourne Queen surrounded by ladies lated to himself and his col- vhom she had made members ıousehold on ascending the vo years before. On under- organize a new Government, t pointed out the necessity of sty's appearing to feel some e in his judgment and loy- ıe selection of her Ladies, he ıld be one of the means of ating it, and he trusted that l see her way to appointing ɜn of his choice. Her great regard for the retiring Whig inister was well known, and ɜre to retain a household of npathizers when the Tories o power, it must inevitably mpression that her heart was Opposition. To this argu- young Queen, now only on of her twentieth birthday, deaf ear. Owing to her high f Lord Melbourne, who con- be her confidential adviser, e fact that her *entourage* was 'hig, she felt a not unnatural f the Tories, with the excep- the Duke"; and Sir Robert emed to set her teeth on edge. at he could, she was not to ıded to yield in the matter Bedchamber Women and Honor." A principle was and it was for this she To Melbourne she wrote that told Peel she never would "I never saw a man so l. . . . I was calm but very . . . The Queen of Eng- not submit to such trickery. ırself in readiness, for you n be wanted." And so it Sir Robert abandoned the attempt to form a Government, and Lord Melbourne remained in power.

Her Majesty's "Busy Day"

Here, indeed, was a tempest in a teapot. The firmness—not to say obstinacy — displayed by the young Queen, guided and supported though she was by the sagacious minister who, as she said, was "quite a parent" to her, commands a certain admiration. But one is quite as much impressed—especially if he be an Idler by profession—by the energy that was not exhausted in putting up so stiff a fight, but sufficed also for the labor of recording its progress in detail. On May the 8th, Her Majesty writes to Lord Melbourne that "she was in a wretched state till nine o'clock last night" over his decision to resign, but managed to occupy her mind from that time on, and remained calm till twelve, when she went to bed. Daylight, however, had brought back her grief, and although she had eaten nothing the night before, she was still unable to touch food. She trusts Lord Melbourne "will come precisely at eleven o'clock." This he does, having written earlier in the morning to confirm the appointment and plead harassment and fatigue as an excuse for not having acknowledged receipt of her letter of the previous evening. Later in the day she sends him a full account of her interview with the Duke of Wellington, and of another with Sir Robert Peel—"such a cold, odd man she can't make out what he means." "The Queen don't like his manner after—oh! how different, how dreadfully different to that frank, open, natural and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne. The Duke I like by far better to Peel." (What Mohawk English!)

The next day—the 9th—Her Majesty writes to Lord Melbourne to thank him for his "most kind letter" of the same morning; and to say that if there is ever anything in her letters he cannot make out, "he must send them back, and mark what he can't read." Two more letters from Lord Melbourne to Queen Vic-

toria follow; then comes an extract from the Queen's journal of the same date; this is followed by a letter from the Queen to Melbourne; this by two notes from Melbourne to the Queen, and these by another and much longer extract from Her Majesty's journal, recording in detail an interview that evening with Lord Melbourne, in which is embodied her oral report to him of her interviews with "the Duke" and Sir Robert earlier in the day. This extract, though dated May the 9th, concludes by noting the receipt of a letter from Lord Melbourne at a quarter before two in the morning of the 10th, the Queen having sat up till half an hour later. Before going to bed, she had copied out, word for word, a brief letter to Sir Robert Peel, submitted for her approval and adoption by her veteran counsellor. This was a flat refusal to remove the Ladies of her Bedchamber. (Sixty years later, Her Majesty eulogized Sir Robert to her private secretary, and, referring to this episode, said: "I was very young then, and perhaps I should act differently if it were all to be done again.")

The Strenuous Life Above Stairs

On the night after this vigil, the Queen attended a ball (and London balls are not "small and earlies"); on the following night she attended a concert, and "was cheered when she drove up to the theatre and got out, which she never is in general" (the people evidently admiring her pluck in routing the redoubtable Sir Robert); and there was still another ball to attend on the night of the twelfth.

And this amazing energy was not an attribute of the young Queen only. Throughout the many years that she continued to "reign on a hard throne," she was an indefatigable worker herself, and the inspirer of industry in others. And the life strenuous seems to be the rule, indeed, rather than the exception among the world's rulers. Whenever we read biographies or obituaries of Crowned Heads, we get the impression that they lie so uneasy as to welcome the first cock-crow as a signal for rising, and never seek the pillow again, at night, till not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse. Mr. Cleveland, we recollect, used to sit up till all hours, vetoing private pension bills; and Mr. Roosevelt, it is well known, never shuts his eyes in sleep from one year's end to another. But this strenuosity, so far from being a mark of the democratic executive, is really an attribute of royalty. Queen Victoria, too, was not only a hardworking, conscientious ruler, but a frequent and painstaking mother, whose progeny strow the courts of Europe like Vallombrosan leaves.

Only a single incident in this monumental book is here referred to, but the human interest of the work is as clearly shown in this way as by more copious quotation. The volumes close with the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, and constitute a history of England for the preceding forty years or so. They are edited by Mr. A. C. Benson and Lord Esher, are copyrighted in the name of the King of England, and (in America) published by Longmans, Green & Co.

"Not without Honor"

An illustrated catalogue reminds me of the International Exposition of Art which was held last summer in the Public Gardens at Venice. It was a very varied and very interesting collection of paintings and statuary by contemporaneous artists and gave one in particular an excellent impression of the Italian art of to-day. But, as an Idler, rather than an industrious student of art, I was chiefly impressed by a criticism called forth by one of the paintings by Sargent—his portrait of Lord Ribblesdale. This is a splendidly vigorous piece of work, and one of the finest things the artist has ever painted. A prosperous-looking American, attended by two prosperous-looking ladies and an Italian gentleman, stopped in front of the canvas, and one of the ladies, turning to the other, exclaimed, "*Is n't* it pretty! Just look at the shine on his boots!"

The Lounger

If England were not such a stickler for its institutions, it would abolish the foolish office of censor of plays and leave common decency to decide. That is the way we do in this country, and so far we have permitted no plays to run that Mr. Redford would not permit. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was put upon the stage here, but was instantly taken off. To be sure the police interfered in this case, but the public would have decided against it very soon. To have a censor, one man who has to read every play before it is produced, is an absurdity. The wonder to me is that any man can be found to hold such an office. Mr. Redford has just decided against two plays, "The Breaking Point," by Mr. Edward Garnett, son of the late Dr. Garnett, so long connected with the British Museum; the other, "Waste," by Mr. Granville Barker, the young playwright-manager upon whom the directors of the New Theatre in this city have fixed their eyes. It is hard to imagine that either of these gentlemen would write plays unfit to act, and yet Mr. Redford has forbidden them. Mr. Barker's play has not been published yet, though it has had a performance for which seats were not put on sale; but Mr. Garnett's has, and a copy of it lies before me as I write. After reading it, I cannot blame the censor. Indeed, he has my sympathy for having had to read a play that is not only indecent but dull. He, poor man! had to read every word, while I have done a lot of skipping; but I have read enough to see that "The Breaking Point" has all the eccentricities of Ibsen and Maeterlinck with none of their virtues. In other words, Mr. Garnett has used these two writers as his models, but he has not been inspired by them. "The Breaking Point" is the most uninspired play I have read in a long time.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AS SEEN BY "MAX," BUT NOT AS THE DIRECTORS OF THE NEW THEATRE SEE HIM

I notice that Mr. Hammerstein announces Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" as having been produced for the first time in America by his company. Perhaps his memory is not as good as mine. Perhaps he was not in America many, many years ago, when a French opera company gave "Les Contes" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was not much of a company, as I remember, and they may not have given the opera entire, though I have no reason to suppose that the performance was not complete. I carried away the recollection of only one air, and that was a duet sung behind the scenes by the soprano and a very rich, very deep contralto. That air has haunted me through all these years, as has the voice of the contralto. The rest of the opera I have forgotten. I thought it rather dull at the time, but well worth sitting through for the sake of that one duet behind the scenes, the music of which runs virtually throughout the entire opera in one form or another, and forms an orchestral introduction to one of the later acts.

MME. NAZIMOVA

From a chalk drawing by S. Ivanowski

To one who loves literature, to one who loves the *Atlantic Monthly*, the fiftieth anniversary number of that comfortable and comforting magazine was a most delightful companion. The *Atlantic* has stood by its ideals through the fifty years of its life, and has never turned from the green fields of literature to the yellow fields of journalism. It has cultivated the old-fashioned idea of its founders, and is to America what *Blackwood's* is to England. In all the contributions to this anniversary number I have found no more "food for thought" than in Mr. Bliss Perry's paper on Francis H. Underwood—"The Editor Who Was Never the Editor." Mr. Underwood had expected to start an anti-slavery weekly in Boston with J. P. Jewett, Mrs. Stowe's publisher, as proprietor and that lady as principal contributor. The dream never materialized, but Underwood finally

ith the *Atlantic* people, never became the avowed lr. Perry has had access to ook kept by Underwood, illed with the letters he re- m well-known writers. To is he once sent some poems inion. Willis wrote a dis- e concerning them, and

ting for magazines, that is very with as a matter of profit. tition for *notoriety alone* gives more than they can use. You *ell* a piece of poetry now in The literary avenues are all d, and you cannot live by the as a drudge to a newspaper.

bout 1848 that Willis wrote at would he say to-day in e myriad magazines, the o get a thousand dollars t story, and poets who get dollars a word! The orig- AM'S MONTHLY was soon to putation for itself, and for utors, who were paid three lollars a page!—and they hemselves well paid. The ons to PUTNAM'S were not it it was generally known uthors were, and they were ot.

Underwood was in the posi- n editor himself—actually t avowedly,—he seems not ad a much higher opinion ue of poetry, as a market- ict, than had Willis, for he T. W. Higginson, five years 'oetry, of course, we pay ling to value. There are six men in America (known whom I would pay *any-* poetry." Alas, poor poets! lls, in his "Recollections of *ic* Editorship," speaks of inted four poems by Miss es, "who needs only to be Mrs. Edith Wharton to tc. Why does Mr. Howells Edith Wharton"? The author of "The Fruit of the Tree" is neither a *divorcée* nor a widow.

As I surmised she would, Madame Nazimova not only saw a play in "Three Weeks," but she saw herself as the Russian siren. Mrs. Glyn is working on the play for her, and I am told that the distinguished actress will make a feature of the tiger-skin scene. If Madame Nazimova carries out her intention and produces this play as she has planned, I am safe in saying that the house will be sold out at least three weeks in advance; for "Three Weeks" is not only the vulgarest but the most-talked-of novel of the hour.

In the meantime, Mme. Nazimova is rehearsing Mr. Owen Johnson's play, "The Comet," and has laid aside—only temporarily, let us hope—Mr. Torrence's play which it was her intention to produce after "The Master Builder." In a recent interview she spoke in a more or less slighting manner of Shakespeare's heroines, whom she had no desire to interpret. Ibsen is "good enough for her," as the slang goes; and so is Owen Johnson, for she would rather appear in a play by him than in one by the master of all playwrights. In speaking patronizingly of Shakespeare, Mme. Nazimova echoes, as it were, the views of her distinguished countryman, Count Tolstoy, whose opinion is not flattering—either to Shakespeare or to Tolstoy. But then the latter is not an actor. That Mme. Nazimova, with her knowledge of the stage, should find Shakespeare wanting, surprises one; it is even more surprising that she should say so, for it takes courage to fly in the face of the world's opinion.

In the matter of moral courage Mme. Nazimova is obviously second only to Miss Geraldine Farrar, who is reported to have said all sorts of unkind things about America. Most

Charles McKim, Architect

MR. J. P. MORGAN'S PRIVATE LIBRARY. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING OF ITS KIND IN NEW YORK

of them are true, in all probability, but to say them on the eve of her departure for this country, when most artists would have been more than gushing, was a temerarious thing to do. If she really spoke as she is said to have spoken, she was not at all like a famous opera-bouffe singer who visited our shores some years ago. She, appreciative soul! on the night of her last performance appeared before the footlights in response to repeated calls, and kissing her hands to an enormous and enthusiastic audience, exclaimed: "Gude by. I loaf you. I come back soon to get your leetle dollar." Now there we have diplomacy and business happily combined, while in the case of Miss Farrar we have neither.

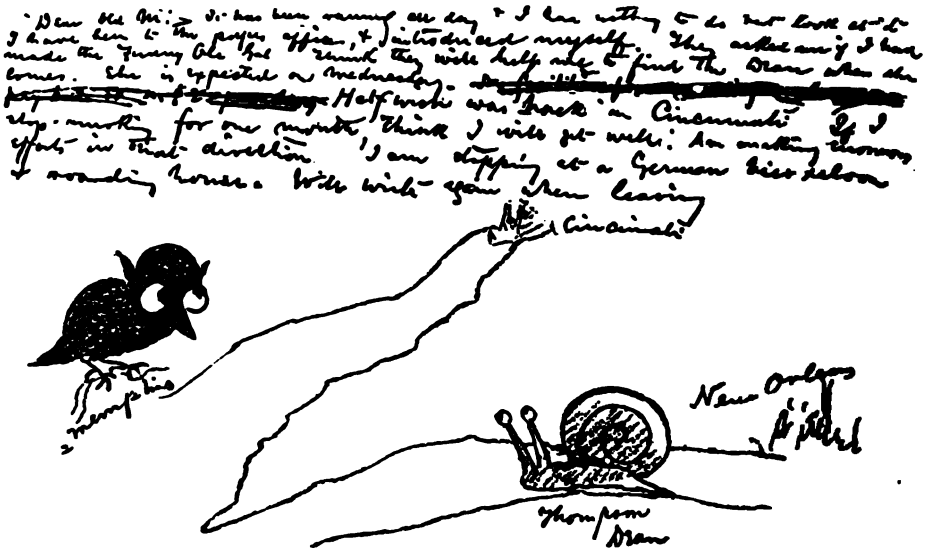
Who shall say, after reading the Copyright Office report, that authors are a lazy lot?—that they work only when the spirit moves, and that they never hustle? During the fiscal year ending June 30th, the Librarian of Congress received the tidy sum of $84,685 in fees. As these fees are paid mainly by writers, American pens have not been idle the past year. One cannot but feel for the librarian who is forced to add to his shelves, not only the books that are worth having, but thousands of volumes that are hardly worth the paper they are written on, much less the space they occupy.

There is no more beautiful building in New York than Mr. J. P. Morgan's private library in East 36th Street. It was designed by Mr. Charles McKim, in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The material is Tennessee marble whose whiteness is relieved by a suggestion of pink. The blocks are set without cement and so close that the façade appears to be one solid sheet of stone—more so than the photograph indicates. Notwithstanding its great solidity, the building is a model of lightness and grace. It makes all lovers of literary and artistic treasures breathe more freely to know that Mr. Morgan's priceless collection of MSS. and rare editions is now housed in a fireproof building. Not only that, but that they are so arranged as to be seen to the best advantage. Before the library was built the basement of his dwelling-house next door was used by Mr. Morgan as a storage-place. The new building is apparently destined to become famous not only as a library, but to have its place in the financial history of the country; for it was within its marble walls that Mr. Morgan held those all-day and all-night business conferences, in October, which resulted in averting a panic, and in saving the credit of the city at a time of almost unprecedented storm and stress.

Now that every one—I say everyone advisedly — is talking about that episode in Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," in which the trained nurse helps her suffering patient out of the world, I recall a somewhat similar incident in Mrs. Deland's "Dr. Lavender's People." In the story, "The Stuffed Animal House," published originally in 1903, Mrs. Deland tells how a weak-minded woman put an end to her sister's sufferings by giving her chloroform. She had seen her sister, who was a taxidermist, give the "sweet-smelling stuff" to animals, which immediately went to sleep, not to wake up again. So Annie Hutchinson gave it to her sister Harriet. Annie told Dr. Lavender what she had done, and taking her hand he said:

"Annie, it was not right to give Harriet the stuff out of the bottle; our Heavenly Father stops the hurting when He thinks best. So it does not please Him for us to do it when we think best."

"But Willie gave Harriet one sugar in a paper, and that stopped it a little," Miss Annie said, puzzled, "and if he stopped it a little, why should n't it all be stopped?" The obvious logic of the poor mind admitted of no answer—certainly no argument.



FACSIMILE OF A POSTAL CARD SENT BY LAFCADIO HEARN TO HIS FRIEND HENRY WATKINS

It may be merciful to help a suffering human being out of the world, particularly when death is only a matter of moments. It is nevertheless a dangerous precedent to establish, and is just as much murder in the eye of the law as the shooting down of a man in the street. The only thing that saved Miss Annie from the electric chair or imprisonment for life was the fact that she was feeble-minded. Or perhaps it was because no one knew her secret except dear old Dr. Lavender, and he would have died before betraying the poor thing. As for Mrs. Wharton's heroine, I should be sorry for her if Mr. Jerome found her out.

Of course no one would suspect that our good John Burroughs could be a socialist, or have much sympathy with socialists, yet it is pleasant to be reassured on this point by his own words. While Mr. Burroughs is a great believer in the simple life, and proves his sincerity by leading it, he is not in accord with Tolstoy's views on any subject but that of war. His gentle nature recoils from the thought of wholesale murder, and he believes that we have seen the last of the big wars in the struggle between Russia and Japan. May his belief prove true! Burroughs has always lived in the country and insomuch he is fortunate. To a recent interviewer he said:

> I have good times in the country. Indeed, the only time I work is when the ground is frozen up. When the sap does not flow, my ink flows; and when the sap begins to flow, my ink dries up. My life has been exceptionally free from having to do things.

Mr. Burroughs has done the things that he has done so easily, with so little fuss and feathers, that he has hardly been conscious of doing anything. The strangest thing that he ever did was to be a bank examiner. No, that was not quite the strangest: the oddest thing he ever did was to be a schoolmate of Jay Gould's!

The little book of Lafcadio Hearn's letters published by Brentano's is one of the most interesting that has appeared in connection with this most interesting man. The collection is called "Letters of the Raven," because Hearn, on account of his "black and midnight" appearance, or because of his admiration of Poe's poem, always signed

Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

CARLYLE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT CHEYNE ROW. FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY MRS. ALLINGHAM

that name in writing to his friend Henry Watkins, the Cincinnati printer. Most of the letters were written from New Orleans, when Hearn was about twenty-eight years of age. They are very intimate letters. The writer was in wretched circumstances and got his only pleasure from dreams—day-dreams, castles in the air. He writes:

My idea of perfect bliss would be ease and absolute quiet,—silence, dreams, tepidness,—great quaint rooms overlooking a street full of shadows and emptiness,—friends in the evening, a pipe, a little philosophy, wandering under the moon. . . . I am beginning to imagine that to be forever in the company of one woman would kill a man with ennui. And I feel that I am getting old—immemorially old, older than the moon. I ought never to have been born in this century, I think sometimes, because I live forever in dreams of other centuries and other faiths and other ethics,—dreams rudely broken by the sound of cursing in the street below, cursing in seven different languages. I can't tell you much else about myself. I live in my books, and the smoke of my pipe, and ideas that nobody has any right expecting a good time in this world unless he be gifted with great physical strength and force of will.

The letters are full of pictures, pen-painting; for Hearn, notwithstanding his blighted vision, saw beauty where a more normal sight would have passed it by. There are those who contend that he is our greatest, if not our only stylist, and I am so sure that they are right that I shall not contradict them, though I would suggest that the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" runs him a close race. And Hawthorne was not exactly a slipshod writer!

A most delightful book is the recently published Diary of William Allingham. It was the poet's intention to write his autobiography, but he got no farther than to record the days of his childhood. After these few pages we have extracts from

Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

TENNYSON IN HIS LIBRARY AT FRESHWATER, FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY MRS. ALLINGHAM

his diaries, with copious notes that he had gathered together for his book. There is much here that is trivial, but there is so much more that is of great interest that only a most captious critic would find fault. Allingham had a genius for friendship and was a hero-worshipper at the same time. Such men as Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Rossetti, Thackeray and Ruskin were devoted to him, and unbent in his company more than they did in the presence of others of their intimates. Tennyson used to indulge in strange antics before him, jumping round like a pigeon. "He was the only person I ever saw," writes Allingham, "who could do the most ludicrous things without losing dignity." If I began to quote from this book, I should n't know where to stop, for it is filled with amusing anecdotes, and paints portraits of famous men-of-letters that are as true as they are incisive, for Allingham was a keen observer. Mrs. Allingham, who edits

, and who is an artist of no
made water-color paintings
and of Tennyson. Carlyle
to be sketched only on con-
t he could sit by the fire
n with his reading. The
is hand is a translation of
poet whom he called a
g blellum." The portrait of
was painted in his study at
d, Isle of Wight. He, too,
but it is not as cosy a pic-
at of Carlyle, nor was the
y a man as the philosopher.
his crabbedness, there was
was very human and very
bout Carlyle.

the most entertaining of
tobiographies is that of
ne. "An Artist's Remin-
e calls the book. In it he
characteristic anecdote of
At a dinner-party at the
ford Brooke's the poet
e company by reading his
the Fleet."

t in his deep, impressive voice,
hich reminded me of his own
in the "Morte d'Arthur," of
et Everard Hall (which may
imself)—
outhing out his hollow o's
d music."

reading was finished, and when
e and gratitude of the small
ad subsided, the Laureate
: "Yes, and to think that these
llows of the *Nineteenth Century*
ne £300 for it!"

nti-climax!

Whistler one day, Mr.
inded him that they had
. "Very likely," said the
f the Gentle Art of Making
and turning, upon his heel,
away.

rness's letter here given
self. My information came
liable source and I verified
Who 's Who." However, Dr.

MR. WALTER CRANE, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY HIMSELF FOR THE LONDON "DAILY CHRONICLE."

Furness ought to know, and I take pleasure in printing his correction:

Let me hasten to correct a wrong impression which you accidentally received.

In your November issue you speak of the "New Variorum Shakespeare" as "a family affair," and say that the editorial work is "done by [myself] first and foremost, by [my] son Horace Howard Furness, Jr., and [my] sister, Mrs. Wister."

It would give me unfeigned pleasure were this the fact, and I should have gladly expressed my gratitude therefor in the Preface, as I have always hitherto punctiliously expressed it when I have received any editorial aid.

But the truth is that not a note or a line, or a word, of the volume "Antony and Cleopatra" has been seen either by my son, or by my sister, or by any human being except by the printers and my private secretary, until the volume had been stereotyped, bound and issued to the public. Possibly this assertion should be qualified to the extent that while the plates were in the printer's hands and the book was waiting publication, Mrs. Wister begged to see the Preface, whereupon I gave her my latest revise. And now I remember that, for her amusement, I read to her and one or two friends several of the foreign versions of the play.

I care not a doit for any claim as sole

Clarence H. Blackall, Architect

NEW AUDITORIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

editor, but I do greatly care that the ingratitude should not be imputed to me of accepting even the very slightest assistance without an expression of thanks.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

The University of Illinois has reason to be proud of its new auditorium "dedicated to the service of music." It was designed by Mr. Clarence H. Blackall, an alumnus of the University, and built at a cost of $100,000. The dedicatory services, on Nov. 4th and 5th, were in honor of Edward MacDowell, whose music was given on both days. The proceeds of the concerts have been given to the MacDowell Fund, as a contribution from the Music School of the University. The purpose of this fund "is primarily for the support of Mr. MacDowell, and secondarily to perpetuate his name in some fitting manner."

Mr. Hall Caine, who, curiously enough, was an intimate friend of Dante Rossetti's, is getting out a new edition of his life of the poet, to which will be added much new material. To the world at large, Dante Rossetti's name is the one that has made his family famous, but to a few of us the name of his sister Christina is a dearer one. Miss Rossetti's muse was not as ambitious as that of her brother; she touched the lyre as firmly but more gently, and the songs that she sang were full of fire—not the fire of passion, but the fire divine. If we are to believe the brother, William M. Rossetti, the mother of the family had much to do with the development of her children's gifts. They inherited from her not only beauty of character but beauty of face as well.

The late Gerald Massey was a poet of the English people: from the people he sprang and for the people he wrote. Dr. Samuel Smiles says that it was Mr. Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*, who "discovered" Massey. One day, the famous editor took shelter from a shower of rain in a newsvendor's shop in Gray's Inn Road. As he glanced at the various periodicals exposed for sale, his attention was attracted by the front page of one of them containing (with an illustration by W. J. Linton) the following lines:

Fling out the red Banner! its fiery front under,

Come gather ye, gather ye, Champions of Right!
And roll round the world with the voice of God's thunder
The wrongs we've to reckon, oppressions to smite.

Some time later Massey's poems were collected and published and a copy sent to the *Athenæum* for review. Mr. Dixon, in turning over its pages, caught the line that had impressed him in the periodical—"And roll round the world with the voice of God's thunder." He at once wrote a favorable review of the book, and Massey's fame was made.

TO TEACH BRIDES HOW TO RUN HOME

The above alarming headlinesappeared in the *Herald* a short time ago and attracted my attention. Thinking it some up-to-date short cut to divorce, I read the subheads for furtherinformation. Then I learned that, instead of teaching the gentle art of home-breaking, the idea was to teach the gentler art of home-making. The article explained that house-keeping lessons would be given in Le Roy Street, and a course of "instruction mapped out for the express purpose of alleviating the woes of Mrs. Youngwife." This is an admirable idea, for the more wives there are who know how to run their homes attractively and economically, the fewer divorces there will be. Not that all divorces come because a man's home is unattractive. Too many men there are who leave attractive homes and loving wives—to say nothing of the women who kick over the traces.

Lord Curzon does not mean to be a figurehead as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. If he were an American college president, he could not be more of a hustler after money. Heretofore the English universities have taken what was given

Designed by Mr. George Wharton Edwards

them and been thankful, but now Lord Curzon proposes to be more than a receiver of unasked-for gifts. He wants £250,000, and, like the man in "Mlle. Modiste," he "wants what he wants when he wants it." Some £50,000 of this sum he wishes for the Bodleian Library, which is in great need of funds; and then he wants more professorships of modern languages. There should be a professorship of Japanese, he thinks; and he is right, for if England and Japan are to shake hands across Russia, they must know how to talk together. Undoubtedly there are more Japanese who speak English than there are English who speak Japanese, but it is just as well to do away with interpreters in diplomatic negotiations. Lord Curzon seems sanguine of raising the amount of money that he needs, but the donors, whoever they may be, may as well make up their minds that he will not have done asking when he gets the £250,000. Universities, like Oliver, are always asking for more; and they generally get it.

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MISS HENRIETTA CROSSMAN AS CHRISTIAN IN THE STAGE VERSION OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

that more people did not Christian Pilgrim," Mr. rthur's dramatization of m's Progress," as inter- Miss Henrietta Crossman llent company. The play dramatic sensations, but gh of the inspired tinker's to make it interesting to ls who know that book their Bible. As a series ve have seldom had any- beautiful on the stage. of Miss Crossman is in- d delightful. It would name another actress ve the spirit of Bunyan's ory more truthfully or reverence.

new field for a magazine of an achievement as to sher. To start a maga- nes would be foolhardy in but there is always a nce for one covering new gland, for instance, has us the *Neolith* (what a uarterly with lithographic only. Its projectors say ss of a commerical enter- effort to place before the d pictorial and literary is enables one to hail the ly with pleasure, whereas launched with the object oney, the judicious could The *Neolith* will have the chief being E. Nesbit t Bland), and the list of includes some of the best es among the younger of English writers and magazine will cost a umber, which is little lives up to its promise.

ent Shorter says that le" and "Middlemarch" y dull books." If Mr. ly finds these books dull, for him. I cannot help wever, that when he says this he is not quite serious. It has been a long time since I read even the latest of these two books. I was something of a youngster and likely to be bored by a dull book, but I found "Middlemarch" most absorbing. When I finished it my only regret was that it did n't go on forever. If it had been a dull book I should not have felt that way, for I did n't like dull books then any more than Mr. Shorter likes them now.

The editors of *Putnam's Monthly* have occasion, in behalf of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and of themselves, and the publishers of the magazine, to explain the printing, in October and November, of Mr. Hewlett's story "The Half-Brothers." The manuscript was bought as new and hitherto unpublished, but the literary agents through whom it came unintentionally erred in so representing it. As a matter of fact, the story had been published some time ago, and the arrangement for its appearance in these pages was arrived at without the author's knowledge. As it is our plan to print only original matter, we regret having been misled into presenting a story which had appeared elsewhere.

An interesting feature of the return to this country of a group of the leading foreign musicians is that they all bring their wives with them. Only a short time ago Paderewski, Kubelik, Jean Gerardy, Josef Hoffman and Mark Hambourg were unmarried men. Paderewski's marriage seems to have set the needed example, for it showed them that a great artist could be a married man and still be the idol of the ladies. The old-fashioned idea was that an artist would lose his popularity if he married, and still more so if he travelled with his wife. So now the wives also are with us, and there seems to be no falling off in the popularity of the husbands. (See pages 512 and 513).

Photograph by Gessford, New York

See page 511

MR. JOSEF HOFFMANN AND HIS WIFE

Otto Sarony Co.

See page 512

MR. JAN KUBELIK AND HIS WIFE

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Dodge, Theodore A. Napoleon. 4 vols. *Houghton.*

Howard, Oliver Otis. Autobiography. *Baker & Taylor.*

Layard, George Sowes. Shirley Brooks of Punch. *Holt.*

Macy, John Albert. Edgar Allan Poe. *Small, Maynard.*

Monvel, Boutet de. Joan of Arc. *Century.*

Wister, Owen. The Seven Ages of Washington. *Macmillan.*

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Baldwin, Charles Sears. Essays Out of Hours. *Longmans.*

Brooke, Stopford A. The Life Superlative. *American Unitarian Association.*

Cook, Edmund Vance. Impertinent Poems. *Dodge Pub. Co.*

Foss, Sam Walter. Songs of the Average Man. *Lothrop.*

Lewis, Charlton M. The Genesis of Hamlet. *Holt.*

Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Intelligence of the Flowers. *Dodd, Mead.*

Riley, James Whitcomb. The Boys of the Old Glee Club. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Saintsbury, George. The Later 19th Century in "Periods of European Literature," *Scribner.*

Woodberry, George Edward. Great Writers. *McClure.*

Travel and Description

Budge, E. A. Wallis. The Egyptian Soudan. *Lippincott.*

Clark, Francis E. The Continent of Opportunity. South America. *Revell.*

Clarke, Helen A. Browning's Italy. *Baker & Taylor.*

Fraprie, Frank Roy. Castles and Keeps of Scotland. *Page.*

Huntington, Ellsworth. The Pulse of Asia *Houghton.*

Lonergan, W. F, Forty Years of Paris. *Brentano's.*

Marden, Phillip S. Greece and the Ægean Islands. *Houghton.*

McMahan, Anna B. With Wordsworth in England. *McClurg.*

Millais, J. G. Newfoundland, and Its Untrodden Ways. *Longmans.*

Penfield, Edward. Holland Sketches. *Scribner.*

Symons, Arthur. The Cities of Italy. *Dutton.*

Fiction

Crawford, F. Marion. The Little City of Hope. *Macmillan.*

Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Fair Lavinia, and Others. *Harper.*

Haggard, H. Rider. Margaret. *Longmans.*

Henry O. Heart of the West. *McClure.*

Howells, William Dean. Between the Dark and the Daylight. *Harper.*

Lancaster, G. B. The Tracks We Tread. *Doubleday.*

Rhodes, Harrison. The Flight to Eden. *Holt.*

Warner, Anne. Susan Clegg and a Man in the House. *Little, Brown.*

Miscellaneous

Bolton, William D. Thomas Gainsborough. *McClurg.*

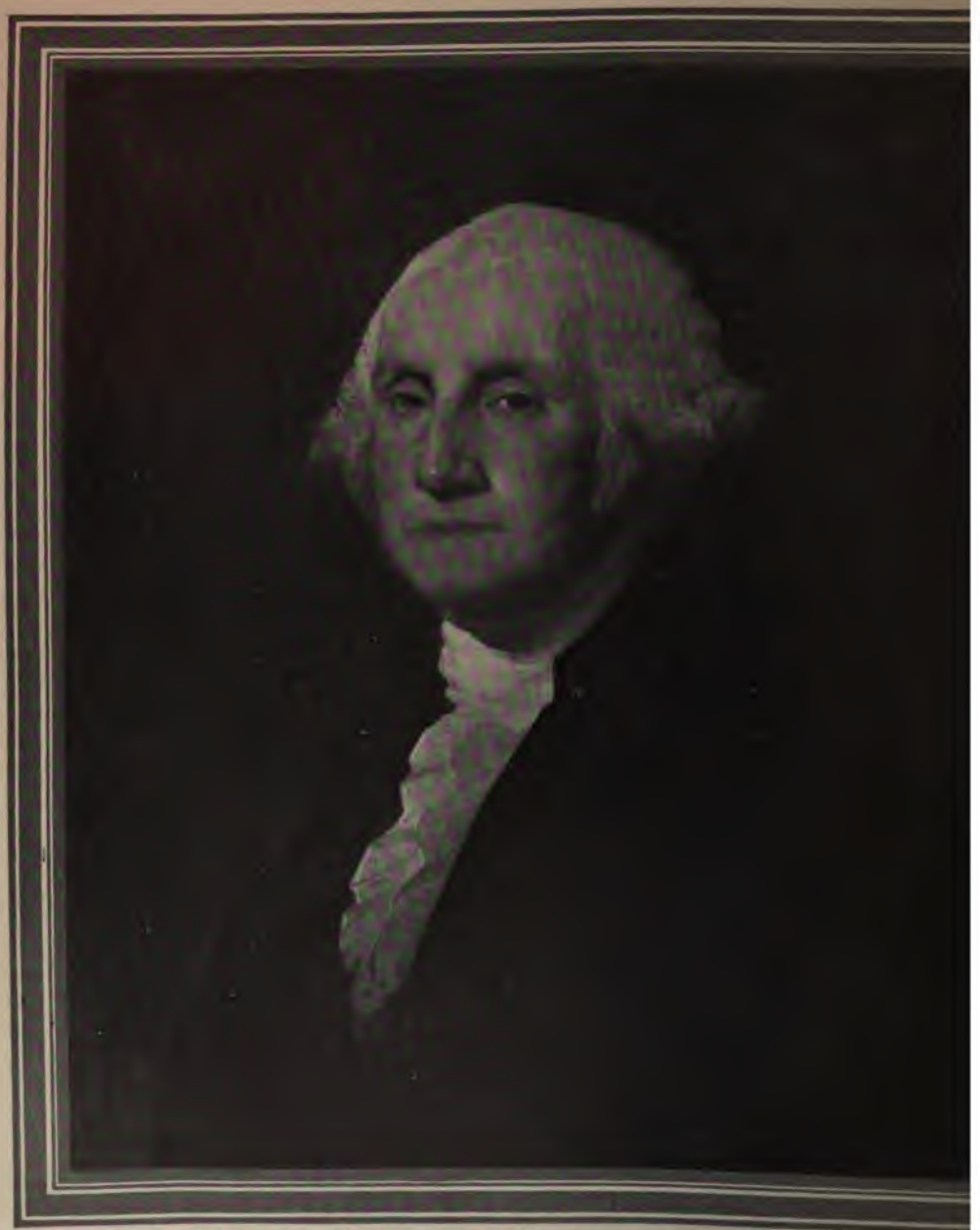
Curtis, Natalie. The Indians' Book. *Harper.*

Mahan, A. T. Some Neglected Aspects of War. *Little, Brown.*

Remington, Frederic. The Way of an Indian. *Duffield.*

Ross, Edward Alsworth. Smokeless Sin. *Houghton.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. The publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.



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G. Washington

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART AND LIFE

VOL. III FEBRUARY, 1908 NO. 5

WASHINGTON AS A COLONIAL MAGNATE

By E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

THAT great river, the Potomac, in its tidal course, seems fitly to typify the life and character of the majestic man Washington, who was born within sight of its banks, whose permanent home for most of his life overlooked many miles of its course, and whose tomb now dominates its waters. Irving says of Washington's birthplace on Bridges Creek, that it "commanded the Potomac and the shores of Maryland opposite." If Irving visited the birthplace of the man whose biography he was to write with so much ability and charm, he must have found himself there on a fine day, for upon no other could he have seen "the shores of Maryland opposite." The slow-moving and majestic flood of the Potomac, indeed, lies in full sight from the spot where Washington was born, and only three miles away; but the river at that point, fully forty miles above the mouth, is nearly fourteen miles wide, as it is for much of its course southeastward to the Chesapeake; and the left bank of the stream is much of the time invisible from the high, lone field in which once stood the Washington homestead. Between the capes that mark its mouth the river is eighteen miles wide, and its tributaries of hardly more than local fame have the aspect of great rivers. Wherever one of those tributaries enters the larger stream, the latter looks like a great inland sea. It rolls toward the bay without haste or fret, in silent, tidal majesty, as Washington moved, quiet and self-assured, from end to end of a career which steadily widened with his increasing years.

Those who visit Mt. Vernon return perhaps with a quickened apprehension of Washington, the victorious captain and great President, Wash-

THE MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT, SHOWING PORTION OF LODGE RECENTLY BUILT

ington the world-hero; but to apprehend Washington the British subject and colonial magnate, and thus better to understand the full flowering of his character and career, one must visit not only Mt. Vernon, but his other two homes in the Potomac country. Between the Potomac and the Rappahannock lies the Northern Neck of Virginia, including the counties of King George, Westmoreland, Richmond, Northumberland, Lancaster and a part of Stafford—a peninsula perhaps seventy-five miles long, and at the narrowest point barely nine miles wide; or, more inclusively, and as colonial Virginians looked at the region, the whole Piedmont country between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. The peninsula alone now has a population of about 50,000, mostly Americans of long native descent.

Here it was that Washington first saw the light, and had his brief education in the schools, and his more important education in practical business and the social life of the region. It was while living here also that he made a fortunate marriage, fell heir to a handsome property, and rose to be a person of first importance socially and politically in the colonial life of the mid-eighteenth century.

To this region also it was that he always turned with affectionate loyalty in the midst of a life cumbered with great affairs. As soon as his sword was surrendered to Congress at the close of the Revolutionary War, he hastened home to Mt. Vernon. He was sincere when he declared with something like an oath, fetching his great fist down upon the table in the presence of his Cabinet, that he would rather administer his estate at Mt. Vernon than be emperor of the world, and it was to Mt. Vernon that he gladly retired for the last two and a half years of his life, which followed the close of his second Presidency. Whosoever knows that beautiful region, with its encompassing rivers, can easily understand Washington's devotion to the land of his birth and residence; for beauty of aspect, richness of soil and sweetness of climate it is hard to match. To sail the Potomac and its tributaries, visiting the delightful little sunny harbors of the Northern Neck, and seeing the lovely lands and delicious waters that were familiar to Washington from infancy, is to freshen one's patriotism, and to realize, perhaps for the first time, how much Washington cheerfully risked in order that he might serve his country in what must

have appeared to so wise and cautious a man an undertaking of highly problematical success.

Perhaps most of us who have not actually visited the Northern Neck of Virginia think of it as resembling some other portions of the Old Dominion in being poor and outworn with generations of wasteful culture. As a matter of fact, the region immediately bordering the Potomac and its tributaries is unusually rich and beautiful, with well kept farms, nobly wooded hills and sparkling streams. The walk from the little government wharf at Wakefield to the site of Washington's birthplace takes one through a farming country in admirable condition and betraying many signs of an old civilization. Cherry trees, run wild, line the roadside, and all about the lonely birthplace monument still spring shoots of the fig-trees that doubtless flourished here when Washington was a babe in arms. The man and his family here seem living realities. The fishing-boat of the present Lawrence Washington, commonly called Mr. Lal. Washington by his neighbors, rocks in the mouth of a little creek not far from the monument, and hard by is his embowered homestead. Another Washington was recently State's Attorney in a neighboring county. Thinking of these modern Washingtons and of their great dead, a simple countryman said: "Yes, those Washingtons are mighty smart people."

The country about the birthplace of Washington must look to-day much as it looked when he was born, and later when he returned to the spot in order to attend a better school than any that he could find near his second home in Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg. Even now you may see log corncribs a mile or so from the birthplace monument which must be just such as were commonly built all over this region in the first half of the eighteenth century. From the site of the birthplace one sees, as Washington must have seen, acre upon acre of field and forest, the waters of Bridges Creek, here expanded into a wide and beautiful pond, and far across country the lordly flood of the Potomac, bounded by the misty shores of old Catholic Maryland. One of the little harbors in Lancaster County is called Lodge, in memory of the fact that here stood the Masonic Lodge which Washington occasionally visited. The building is now gone, but its corner-stone

POHICK CHURCH, WHERE WASHINGTON ATTENDED SERVICE

has been built into another Masonic Lodge in a neighboring little port.

It is a mistake to think of the early American Washingtons as county magnates. Had George Washington died before the battle of Bunker Hill he would still have been the most distinguished man that his family had produced, whether in Europe or America. The Washingtons were of ancient and gentle blood, but the two brothers who emigrated to America in 1657 were not men of great wealth or distinction, and when they purchased land in Westmoreland County they found themselves in a region that had been settled by men of substance for almost half a century. John, the ancestor of George, married Anne Pope, and took up his residence on Bridges Creek, where he became an extensive planter, a local magistrate and a member of the House of Burgesses. His house, however, the one in which his great-grandson was born, was small and simple, with four rooms on the ground floor, an attic immediately above and a deep sloping roof. The early home of the Lees, which is only a few miles away, although far from imposing, is much larger than this dwelling of John Washington the immigrant, just as Arlington is a far greater house than Mt. Vernon. The Washington homestead on Bridges Creek served the family well enough in the next generation, and here apparently were born the children of Augustine Washington's first wife, the half-brothers and half-sisters of George. Of the second wife's children, George alone was born at the Westmoreland County homestead, for in his early infancy the family removed to Stafford County, and occupied a house which seems to have been in size and simplicity the counterpart of George's birthplace. Nothing now remains of this building save a few bricks of the foundation. The house stood on a rise overlooking a meadow bounded by the Rappahannock. This meadow was George Washington's first playground, and a neighboring "old field" school, kept by the parish sexton, a tenant of his father's, was his first place of formal education.

Augustine Washington was able to send his son Lawrence to be edu-

INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA., WHERE WASHINGTON ATTENDED SERVICE

MARY WASHINGTON'S HOUSE IN FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

cated in England, a privilege much coveted by young colonials of social importance at home, and when Lawrence returned with the accomplishments of a well-bred young Englishman, he seems to have been the idol of his brother George, who was fourteen years his junior. Soon after Lawrence's return he volunteered for Admiral Vernon's expedition against the Spanish power on the Isthmus of Panama, not as a naval officer, but as captain in a regiment of infantry recruited for this special service. He returned from the expedition in 1742, about a year before the death of his father. Augustine Washington, though a rich man for the period, was not able to leave all his sons with great estates. To Lawrence, who, as eldest, it was expected would be the head of the family, he left the noble plantation on the Potomac, which Lawrence called Mt. Vernon, in honor of his late commander. Here Lawrence built the comfortable plantation house which George afterward enlarged to its present size. One realizes the Washingtons as patriotic colonials like their neighbors when one knows that another participant in Admiral Vernon's expedition named a Potomac plantation in memory of the affair. This place, some miles below Mt. Vernon, is called Cartagena. Lawrence received also other real estate, and shares in iron works. Augustine received the humble homestead with its large plantation on Bridges Creek, which he was not too proud to occupy, and George, the Stafford County estate with his mother as guardian.

To Lawrence's possession of the Mt. Vernon estate, George Washington owed his first close contact with much that was most distinguished in the local colonial life of the period. Mt. Vernon was not then, and is not to-day with the additions made by George Washington, a great house, but it was probably a greater house than any that George had hitherto inhabited. The gentry of the Potomac shore furnished no bad social school for an apt lad of fifteen, at which age George went to live with Lawrence, after some years at home with his mother, and at his birthplace with Augustine. A near neighbor of Lawrence Washington's and his uncle by marriage, was that greatest

INTERIOR OF KENMORE, THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SISTER, BETTIE WASHINGTON, WHO MARRIED FIELDING LEWIS

Virginian proprietor of the period, Thomas, Lord Fairfax. A cousin of Lord Fairfax and local agent of his vast landed estates, occupied Belvoir, a neighboring plantation on the Potomac, and thither came Lord Fairfax himself and his son. This nobleman was probably the first Englishman of courtly social experience that George Washington ever met upon intimate terms, and he must have had a marked influence upon the lad. His lordship was then a man of fifty-five, tall, spare, erect, rawboned, and of sandy complexion. He had seen much of aristocratic society in England, and had been embittered, it is said, by an unsuccessful love affair in which he was jilted that the lady in the case might marry a duke. The affair, however, had not prevented his lordship from finding a wife, though it is believed to have turned him from courtly society, and prepared him for emigration to America.

By the time George Washington was sixteen years of age he was a man in stature and in general outward aspect, and he was treated as such by Lord Fairfax, and his son, the latter a youth of twenty-two, who married a Cary, of a well-known colonial family. George, who had been writing love verses to a "Lowland Beauty," perhaps the lady who afterward became the mother of Light Horse Harry Lee, found the sister of Mrs. Fairfax very attractive, though he intimated that she served only to keep alive his old flame. George Washington at this time was not only a tall, strong youth, but he had a better business education than most lads of his age in his day, though a very moderate education in other departments of knowledge. He knew enough of mathematics and surveying, however, to be commissioned by Lord Fairfax to survey some of his lands beyond the Blue Ridge. For this service,

rendered when Washington was only a few weeks past sixteen, he received a compensation varying from $7 to $20 a day. He also obtained soon after, and held for three years, the office of public surveyor.

Washington must have regarded a British nobleman of vast American estates much as any other well placed colonial regarded an aristocrat of wealth and courtly breeding. The lad rode to hounds along with Fairfax and his friends, took part in the social life of the region, and probably watched with intelligent interest the bearing and manners of the nobleman and his English-bred son. The youth, bred in a comfortable farm-house, and under the hands of a father no doubt of excellent manners but chiefly distinguished as a man of wisdom, integrity and business ability, was seeing social life on a grander scale than he had known it in his Stafford County home, or during his short residence at the Westmoreland birthplace with his brother Augustine.

At Mt. Vernon, however, he learned other things than conventional good manners. Here he was instructed in arms by Adjutant Muse and a Dutch soldier of fortune named Van Braam. The latter wrote him a letter many years after, when Washington as general and President was famous the world over. Perhaps Lawrence Washington also helped to instruct his brother in the art of war. Certainly Lawrence loved him well, for it was George whom he chose as a companion when on-coming consumption drove him to the Barbadoes. Here young George saw his first play, and had the small-pox. He bore the marks of the latter for the rest of his life. Lawrence died soon after his return, at Mt. Vernon, in July, 1752, providing in his will that George should inherit the estate should Lawrence's daughter die without issue. This she did, and George, when little more than a youth in years, became the master of Mt. Vernon.

All the world is aware how near George Washington came at fourteen to accepting a midshipman's commission in the British Navy. Had he really entered the Navy he would probably never have become either a colonial magnate or President of the United States. He won, however, in the British Colonial service the military experience that eventually made him commander-in-chief of the patriot forces, and he did this when still very young. For much of the time between 1752 and 1758 he was busied in negotiating with the French and Indians or in warring with them. The reduction of Fort Du Quesne in the latter year was the realization of one of his darling projects. Meanwhile Governor Dinwiddie took a dislike to him, and did what he could to embarrass the young soldier, so that Washington was well content when his colonial military service came to an end.

It was in the midst of his activities in connection with French and Indian affairs that Washington in 1756 visited Boston and New York. He attended the sessions of the General Court at Boston with great interest. At New York he was the guest of a fellow Virginian, Beverly Robinson, who had married a sister of Mary Philipse. Washington, although then only a youth of twenty-four, had for nearly ten years done a man's work in the world, and for more than half that time had borne the gravest responsibilities. He must have been prematurely grave for his years, and with his great stature, large hands and feet, erect figure and prodigious physical strength, he must have shown as a striking figure in the already pretentious society of New York. He had probably seen no other city of its size, and never known exactly the sort of urban social life that prevailed among the well-to-do of New York. Washington seems to have been sufficiently susceptible to the charms of fine women, and he probably had the upper-middle-class Englishman's traditional liking for a wife with a handsome jointure. Mary Philipse, the sister-in-law of his friend Beverly Robinson, was a

THE WASHINGTON BIRTHPLACE MONUMENT, WAKEFIELD, VA.

charming and lively heiress, and it seems certain that Washington found her strongly attractive, though it is not so certain that he offered her marriage and was rejected. This grave and serious man of action, accustomed to the rough frontier and to the business administration of a great plantation, must have been a very different sort of suitor from any that Mary Philipse had met in the society of New York. Robinson was keen enough upon the subject of Washington and Mary to write the young man an urgent letter after his departure, advising his instant return to New York would he snatch the lady from the hands of an army officer. Washington, however, had just then an important public call in Virginia, and he left Mary Philipse to her fate.

In 1758 Washington, then a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, met the widow Custis. The circumstances attendant upon their meeting were characteristic of colonial Virginia. Washington, in crossing the Paumunky ferry, fell in with a gentleman named Chamberlyn, and accepted his hospitable invitation to dine and spend the night. A fellow guest was the widow Custis, who had one third of her late husband's £45,000, besides property in her own right. Washington lost no time in courting Mrs. Custis, and they were married in January, 1759, after the fall of Fort Du Quesne.

For the first few months after his marriage, Washington lived at the home of his wife, a place called White House, the site of which is visible from a line of the Southern Railway between Richmond and West Point, the head of navigation on the York River. Mrs. Washington (Martha Dandridge) was born at a plantation called Chestnut Grove in New Kent County. The house is still standing, a rather large but plain and now shabby wooden structure of great age, with the peaked roof often seen in the better class of colonial houses. Her neighbors about the Dandridge place were the Claibornes, the Lewises, the Webbs, the Bassetts, the Macons and others of local and wider fame.

When Washington brought his bride home to Mt. Vernon he had only just entered upon his twenty-eighth year. His marriage increased his already considerable fortune by

about $100,000, equivalent, perhaps, to at least four times that sum at the present day. The early death of his step-daughter further swelled the fortune brought him by his wife. His landed possessions were trivial compared to those of his neighbors at Belvoir, but he must have been one of the greatest of the Virginia planters. He was made vestryman in two parishes. The church of one was ten miles away at Alexandria, and is still standing. That of the other was seven miles distant at Pohick. This church was rebuilt upon the designs of Washington, and largely by his own contributions. He attended one church or the other upon every Sunday when the weather was such as to permit of the long drive over bad roads. Washington now drove about in a chariot with four horses and liveried postilions, and in other ways maintained his dignity as a colonial magnate. Some of his wealthy neighbors moved about the waters of the Potomac in costly barges imported from England and manned by many Negro rowers. There were dinners at Mt. Vernon and at Belvoir after the fox-hunts, in which Washington and his neighbors, the Fairfaxes, took part, and these feasts were garnished with all the luxuries of a country rich in the food of land and water. Deer, wild turkeys and smaller game birds, along with canvasback duck, oysters and the best of fish, were abundant in the Potomac country of that day. One of the Maryland Carrolls of about this time, writing to his son, then a student at the Middle Temple in London, asked him to look up a gamekeeper who could be stationed in Elk Neck near the head of Chesapeake Bay, in order to provide the family with all sorts of game that then abounded in the wooded hills of that little peninsula. Washington kept many hounds in kennel and many horses in stable. We hear of hounds named Vulcan, Singer, Ringwood, Sweetlips and Music, of horses named Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant and Magnolia.

Thus fifteen years before the opening of the Revolutionary War, it seemed that Washington's ambition was almost necessarily bounded by the possibilities of colonial life and leadership, his usefulness by the every-day needs of a prosperous agricultural community. One of his oldest friends was that staunch and loyal Englishman, Thomas, Lord Fairfax, who was destined to remain faithful

MOUNT VERNON

KENMORE HOUSE, BUILT BY FIELDING LEWIS, WHO MARRIED WASHINGTON'S SISTER BETTIE

to the mother country through the Revolutionary struggle, and after the surrender of Cornwallis, to die at a great age in his safe sylvan retreat beyond the Blue Ridge in the wild valley of the beautiful Shenandoah ("daughter of the stars"). Perhaps had there been no break with England, Washington might have held in time some such place as Postmaster-General for the Colonies, which Franklin so ably filled. But there were few public places to which a colonial magnate might aspire, for the Crown kept important offices for favourites or their friends in Great Britain. Some wealthy colonials returned to the mother country, notably those who had grown rich in Jamaica. Washington, with the prestige of his wealth, and his military services, might have established himself in England as a landed gentleman, and his friend, Lord Fairfax, could have given him introductions such as would have procured for him recognition in the highest English society. There was nothing to prevent a home-coming colonial from entering Parliament, and Washington, had he chosen to leave his colonial estates and purchase a homestead in England, might very well have found a seat in the House of Commons, and perhaps have won distinction there. He was hardly the pliant material of which George III. was accustomed to make peers, but Washington as a member of the British House of Commons, and a man familiar with the colonies, might have done something to stay the hand of tyranny when it was finally raised against his birthland in the passage of stamp acts and the like.

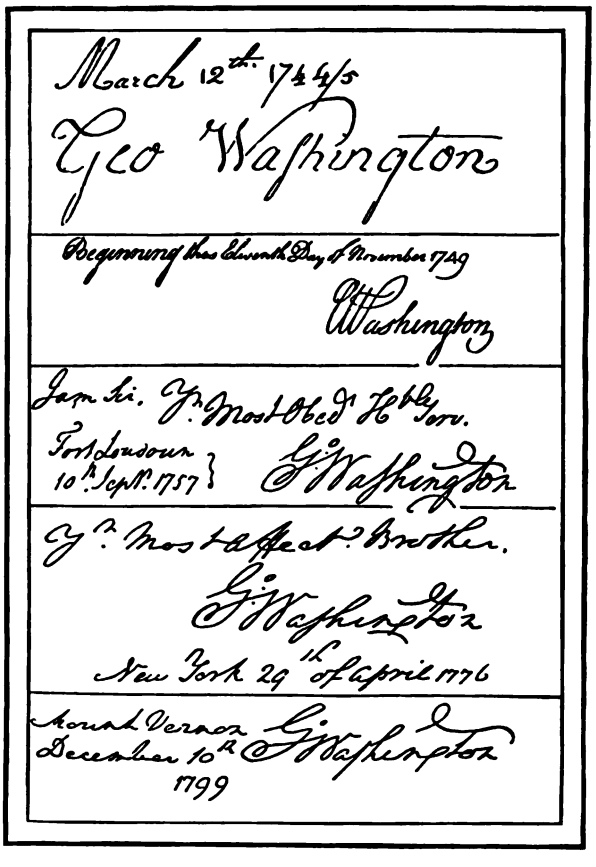
Life in England, however, could not have looked specially attractive to a colonial of Washington's occupations, tastes and local importance. He could not reasonably have hoped to attain any such position in England as already, at less than thirty years of age, he enjoyed in America. The steady loyalty of the colonies up to the fourth quarter of the eighteenth century was ill requited by the mother country, and the term "buckskin," contemptuously applied to the Americans, indicated the attitude of haughty superiority maintained by native Britons toward their fellow subjects on this side the Atlantic. Washington could ill have brooked any such attitude in his personal con-

ı Englishmen at home. At time the relatively artificial English country gentleman, many English squires of the ere, would have been dis- to such a colonial as Wash- Accustomed to the broad nd the unconventional free- life in Virginia of the eigh- ntury, he would have found gland cramping and distress- London unendurable. Mag- ıe was, and the neighbor of gnates who were notoriously loving and fond of display, ton retained the business and habits of his family. e was fourteen he had famil- ıimself with business forms hods, and from his early was a strict and minutely ccountant. During much of at Mt. Vernon he rose at breakfasted at seven in and eight in winter, dined upon meat and vegetables, beer or cider and two glasses Iadeira, and went early to though he went upon occa- state in his chariot, he rode plantation on horseback. ed Peter, the slave black- make a new kind of plow, so eager to try it that he harnessed to the invention his best horses.

ngton was essentially a man ess after he ceased to be ıl soldier. Mt. Vernon had s of water front, most of the owner told a correspond- a fishing shore. The seine led and the gill-nets and s were tended by the slaves, nay be sure from Washing- bits that he often superin- he work. The Potomac of ı the region of Washington's l residence, has miles of nets ut just as his were staked dusky fishermen fared forth rned laden with the miscel- catch. Washington himself, to Irving, seized a poacher found in a boat on his prem- g in wait for canvasback ducks. Flour with the name of Washington stamped upon the barrel passed without inspection in British West Indian ports. Washington had great tobacco barns, such as to-day show their gray shingles on the slopes as one sails the Potomac, and he shipped his tobacco in just such hogsheads as are shipped to-day from half a hundred ports on the Potomac and its tributaries. These hogsheads are no longer trundled directly upon their own staves over roads impracticable for wheeled vehicles, but they are still made with perpendicular, unbossed sides, just as they were in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The world well knows the steps that converted the well content and loyal Colonial magnate of 1760, who had everything to gain from continued good relations with the mother country, into the patriot leader of 1775 and the next eight years. All through the Revolutionary struggle Washington kept himself informed of the doings at Mt. Vernon, and he returned to it at the close of the war determined to resume his old occupations. His dissipations as a Colonial magnate had been dinners at Belvoir and other neighboring plantations and an occasional visit with Mrs. Washington to the gay little State capital of Annapolis, whither the belles of Maryland were accustomed to ride on horseback with their hoops looped up somehow, in order to dance all night at the balls for which the infant city was famous. Even the long war, the anxieties of the critical period that followed, and the burdens of the presidency, left Washington with the simple instincts and habits of the county magnate and man of business. He wrote to a friend in those later days that he had found Mt. Vernon in need of careful attention on his return from the army. Friends were welcome, but they must expect simple fare—a bit of mutton and a glass of wine were all the table boasted. Later still, after Washington had definitely laid aside the cares of state, Col. Carrington found life at Mt. Ver-

non still of marked simplicity. The veteran, upon the occasion of Carrington's visit, went to bed at midnight instead of nine o'clock, extending


March 12th 1744/5
Geo Washington

Beginning this Eleventh Day of November 1749
A Washington

Jam Sir. Yr. Most Obedt. Hble Serv.
Fort Loudoun 10th Sept. 1757
G. Washington

Yr. Most Affect. Brother.
G. Washington
New York 29th of April 1776

Mount Vernon December 10th 1799
G. Washington

his time three hours in honor of his guest. Mrs. Washington spoke of her official life, with its levées and formality, as "her lost days," and Mrs. Carrington found her in her own room, with a chambermaid knitting in one corner, and a little Negress learning to sew in another. The first lady of the White House was even then knitting gloves and stockings for friends and dependents. It was of this period, or perhaps a few years earlier, that an English actor tells a pleasant story. He was on the public road somewhere near Mt. Vernon when a private coach was upset. The occupants, a fine lady and her escort, almost angrily demanded help. While the actor was doing what he could, a large man rode up on horseback, dismounted, rendered effectual aid, for which he received scant thanks, and started the ill-mannered pair upon their journey. Then the stranger turned to the actor, recognized him and recalled the fact of having seen him more than once upon the stage. By this time the actor in turn had recognized the man on horseback as General Washington. The incident closed with the actor on his way to dine at Mt. Vernon.

For most of us to-day that giant figure in the background of our short national history suffices to hide the perspective of the earlier Washington in his successive stages as a colonial American. Nevertheless, the plain planter and provincial soldier, called upon to lead a new nation in war and

in peace, and to take an unwilling hand in world-politics, must always have thought of his later life in relation with his humbler past. Whoever would know Washington in his entirety must not content himself with reading American history from Bunker Hill to the middle of John Adams's administration, and standing bared before the tomb at Mt. Vernon.

He must visit the Northern Neck, where Washington, even at his greatest, loved to live an equal among his neighbors; he must see Fredericksburg, with the still standing homestead of Washington's mother and the house of his sister; he must take the delicious walk from Wakefield wharf to the lonely birthplace monument in the great wheat field overlooking the Potomac, see the very plantations that the schoolboy of 1740 looked upon, hear the mad mockingbirds as he must have heard them. Above all, such a student must navigate the lovely waters of the Potomac in its lower course, where the stream and its tributaries spread and branch like an inland sea; must hear the homely speech of the native population to whom the name Washington connotes not only the dead hero, but their living neighbors of one blood with the first President. Whoever has done all this will come away with a new grasp upon Washington's career in its consistent entirety, from its almost humble boyhood to its imperial close. And ever after, for the student who has thus explored the scenes of Washington's familiar daily goings and comings, the river, with its vast, silent, resistless flood, pouring seaward, must remain in memory and imagination as typical of the large simplicity, and unobtrusive compelling power of the great man who lived and died upon its banks.

WASHINGTON'S BOOK-PLATE

MY VISIT TO SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

By TOMMASO SALVINI

Translated from the Italian by DIRCÉ ST. CYR

IN May, 1884, I was playing in England and took advantage of my sojourn there to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the memorable birthplace of William Shakespeare.

I recollect that it was a beautiful day—rather remarkable, therefore, for foggy England. I was only forty minutes on the train going from Birmingham to Warwick, and shall never forget how I enjoyed looking at the fascinating landscape of that part of England. In imagination I went back to Shakespeare's time, and to all its sentimental romance relating to that interesting territory. I waved my hand to Kenilworth, remembering with a certain emotion how, in my boyhood, Sir Walter Scott had awakened my fancy. I felt the same enthusiasm toward the charming village of Warwick.

Signor C. A. Chizzola and Mr. E. H. Warren Wright were of the party; and on the train we met an American physician, Dr. S. S. Lugren of Toledo, Ohio. At Warwick we took an open carriage which bore us to Stratford, coasting all along the river Avon. Arrived at the historic little village, we immediately went to the house of Shakespeare.

With what emotion I crossed its threshold!

I must confess, however, that I was a little disappointed by its outward appearance. It can be described as resembling, at that time, an old hovel made of worm-eaten beams disposed, some horizontally, others crossways, the spaces between being filled with heaps of stones and bricks.

The room that we entered, described as the kitchen, contained neither furniture nor household utensils. There was, however, a very large, old-fashioned fireplace, at each side of which was a bench. The legend says that Shakespeare got all the inspiration for his plays while sitting there. In a childish spirit I sat for a moment on one of the benches, and was forced to the conclusion that Shakespeare's family were not over-luxurious, as those seats were far from comfortable. The walls all around were covered with inscriptions and the names of those who had visited the house.

From here we went into a still smaller room, giving on the garden, where all the flowers and herbs mentioned in the poet's plays are cultivated. We then climbed a small staircase leading to the upper floor. It was in the room exactly above the kitchen that Shakespeare was born. Here, too, there was no furniture, and the walls were covered with signatures. Even the ceiling, which was very low, was filled with names; and how happy I was when I discovered in the window that of Byron, cut by himself with his diamond ring. Near this was that of David Garrick. One by one I deciphered many names, and I wondered if all their owners had experienced the same emotion

From a copyright photograph taken for this magazine

TOMMASO SALVINI IN HIS LIBRARY IN FLORENCE

that I was feeling at the moment. We saw, standing on a common wooden pedestal, the bust of Shakespeare in chalk; even this was covered with names, some of them famous, some unknown.

All at once Mr. Warren Wright, turning to the old women who had charge of the house, said to them:

"You cannot imagine who to-day has the pleasure of visiting Shakespeare's birthplace?"

"No," answered the two old ladies in chorus.

"His best interpreter," replied Mr. Wright.

Quick as a flash both exclaimed, "Mr. Salvini!"

For the first time in my life, I must confess, at that moment I felt very proud. That my name should be spoken as that of the best interpreter of Shakespeare's plays, was certainly a reward for all the struggles and hardships that I had met with in my long career. But I really felt surprised that here, in this village of Stratford, where there were few newspapers and no artistic circles interested in dramatic literature, these two women, who spent most of their time in the monotonous work of repeating every day, a thousand times, the same old tags, could yet immediately meet Mr. Wright's question with the exclamation, "Mr. Salvini!"

From this moment I became the victim of these two old ladies. While one would pay me compliments, and then run to the garden to gather some of Shakespeare's flowers, the other would take the trouble to show me all the most notable signatures, and inform me that unfortunately the new rule did not allow any more names to be written on the walls. Encouraged by her kindness, I ventured to ask, Mr. Wright acting as

interpreter, whether to this rule, made for the scrupulous observance of the general public, an exception might not be made for Mr. Salvini.

"It is impossible!" she answered. My vanity was really wounded, and like a naughty boy, I even thought of finding an excuse to send the old lady away and to seize the moment of her absence to write my name in some remote corner. I kept thinking: "I who am a great lover of Shakespeare, I who have spent many years of my life studying and trying to interpret all his best plays, I who have been so warmly received in every part of the world in playing his tragedies,—why am I not rewarded with the satisfaction of writing my name on these memorable walls?" I felt they were doing me an injustice; I felt that even the spirit of Shakespeare was advising me to break that rule. I was going to do it, in spite of those women, in spite of the whole world; but, fortunately for me, my dignity, my manly reason got the better of my artistic sensitiveness. I relinquished my foolish scheme, and gratefully accepted the flowers that the other lady offered me.

From the birth-room we went into another one at the back of the house, furnished only with an oil portrait of Shakespeare, the one that is said most to resemble him. This painting had belonged for a century to the family of William Oakes Hunt, and was later presented to the house of Shakespeare.

Returning downstairs we went into two rooms on the left which were called "The Museum." In the first of these was the famous school-desk, used by Shakespeare when a little boy. In the next room we saw about fifty pictures of the poet, all different from one another. There were some with luxuriant hair and beard; others bald, with a little moustache and a pointed beard; some looking very thin, others quite the reverse. But they all seemed to agree in the expression of the eyes. In a large glass case in the middle of the room we saw some interesting belongings of the poet. For instance, a gold signet ring which, it is said, he always wore; it bore his allegorical emblem, a falcon, holding in his right claw a lance as though in the act of shaking it. We saw the will and many supposed souvenirs of our beloved writer.

When we left the house, I felt satisfied at having fulfilled, at last, my duty—at having paid the debt of gratitude I owed the dramatist for having been permitted to interpret many of his wonderful works. I could not help feeling sorry, though, at the thought that perhaps in a century or two those walls would collapse and remain only a pile of ruins—that only a stone, perchance, might remain to point out to the passer-by Shakespeare's birthplace and early home. It is pleasant now to know that it is secure from such a fate.

From the house we went to visit the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, a charming and interesting place. It is too bad that Stratford is so small a place that its inhabitants cannot take a more effectual interest in the dramatic art. This theatre is used only on special occasions. Some rooms in connection with the theatre were filled with oil portraits and lithographs of the most notable artists, and paintings representing scenes in the plays of Shakespeare. I was very much amused to discover an old etching of Othello wearing his native Arabian costume—the only one of the kind I had ever seen.

From the Memorial we went to another part of the village, to visit the famous Trinity Church, where Shakespeare is buried, and where are recorded in the register the dates of his baptism and of his death. The church is very simply constructed. Near the altar are buried the members of the poet's family, and on the wall at the left is his monument, with a colored bust. On the floor lies the stone that marks the poet's resting-place, bearing the familiar inscription, which the poet is supposed to have dictated not long before his death:

Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Blest be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

It is a very humble tomb where rests the greatest of British poets, the glory of Old England; but we understand the respect the government and people have shown for his wishes.

I remained for a few minutes in front of his tomb and was inspired to write the following verses:

Del Genio tuo modesto illustratore
Vengo a deporre alla tua tomba un fiore! . . .
Il cor parlar vorrebbe e l'intelletto . . .
Ma che dir che da te non fia gia detto?

Who, indeed, could have the vanity to boast of having written anything new? We owe everything to Shakespeare's genius.

The first time I was in Rome, when I was about seventeen years old, I went to see the famous St. Angelo bridge, and from there I saw at a distance the church of St. Peter. I remember saying to myself, "Is this the church I have read so much about, as being the largest in the world?" But the more nearly I approached St. Peter's the more astonished I became, and I ventured to say: "Certainly it is large." Then I entered the church and was surprised to find how large it really was. Once on top of the dome, I could only exclaim, "But it is immense!"

We have the same feeling for the works of Shakespeare. If you begin to study and scrutinize his thoughts, and analyze the characters of his heroes and heroines, you exclaim: "It is wonderful! Michelangelo and Shakespeare can be compared with each other, for both were great in their ideas, which one expressed in marble, the other in words."

From Stratford we returned to Birmingham and to our hotel. Once there I felt in need of being alone, and immediately withdrew to my room. Reverently I pressed in a book a flower given to me by the old lady at the birthplace.

Being tired, I went to bed, but before sleeping, picked up casually, as I always do, a book. It was Shakespeare's "Coriolanus."

PLATO IN EGYPT

PLATO in Egypt, so the legend goes;
And with the words the picture rises clear,—
The scorching, boundless sands, the deep-browed seer
Strayed from fair Greece in search of One who knows.
Paused he not here, where Abou Simbel shows
In tranquil majesty, without a peer,—
A strange stone smile, benignant, calm, austere,
Soulless and satisfied, past joys or woes?

Did he, the wide-souled, who could deeply pry
Into the Cause, could sift the False and True,—
Did Plato ponder here the riddle why
Man frets and seeks? Had Abou found the clue?
Did Plato, too, depart hence with a sigh,
While still the stone lips smiled as if they knew?

E. BOYLE O'REILLY

RODIN AND BERNARD SHAW

By Mrs. JOHN VAN VORST

THE genius of Auguste Rodin, in order to its full expression of power and sensibility, needs no other inspiration than nature. It is, nevertheless, interesting to see this universal gift applied in rendering the actual portrait of one who has so dazzled and bewildered, amazed and scandalized us by his very versatile artificiality, as George Bernard Shaw.

Studying this wonderful head in clay which Rodin has fashioned to reproduce his impression of Bernard Shaw, we discover a multitude of conflicting tendencies, traits, passions and wearinesses. There is the force of the brow which forges its thoughts with an iron will, the weakness of the mouth that lets itself go in sensual abandon, the weariness of the eyes that communicate to the whole visage an expression of lassitude and sadness. This likeness in plaster gives the double impression of youth and old age, of energy and disgust, of enjoyment and asceticism, of feebleness and strength.

What does Rodin think of his model?

We asked him this not long ago, and he responded with characteristic gentleness:

"Bernard Shaw is charming, . . . charming. . . "

We insisted. This illusory generalization was too indefinite.

"But how did he impress you? As genuine? As a 'cabotin'?"

The master of sculpture smiled.

"He is perhaps a 'fraud,' as you Americans put it. But the first victim of Bernard Shaw's charlatanism is Bernard Shaw himself. Susceptible to impressions as are all artists, and a philosopher at the same time, he cannot do otherwise than deceive himself. The cold reason which he could, were it unhampered, apply to the problems of this life, is modified, reduced to vapor by his delicate temperamental sensitiveness, and by his keen Irish sense of humor. It is, in fact, to his Irish blood that Bernard Shaw, as we know him, is due. With the cold Anglo-Saxon current, only, in his veins, he would have proved the 'bore' *par excellence* who tries to divert us while reforming society, to win our applause by mere idol-breaking."

It is a year since Rodin completed this head of Bernard Shaw, which obviously, and in the opinion of all who have seen it, is one of his masterpieces. Yet Rodin has shown it to no one but his friends. He retains it in his studio at Meudon, maturing his observations regarding it, and preferring never to exhibit it rather than to send it too young, too incomplete into the world.

And as he showed us this remarkable piece of work, Rodin discoursed, —or rather murmured to himself— upon his manner of work in general.

"Sculpture," he said, "is nothing more than geometry. Every gesture we make is calculated mathematically. No matter what we do or feel we never go beyond certain fixed limitations of movement. And as art is nothing more than the transcription of nature, it must perforce be mathematical. If the sculptor departs from the geometrical fabrication his composition no longer possesses force or equilibrium: it is a work of the imagination, an experiment—and experiments are scarcely ever successful."

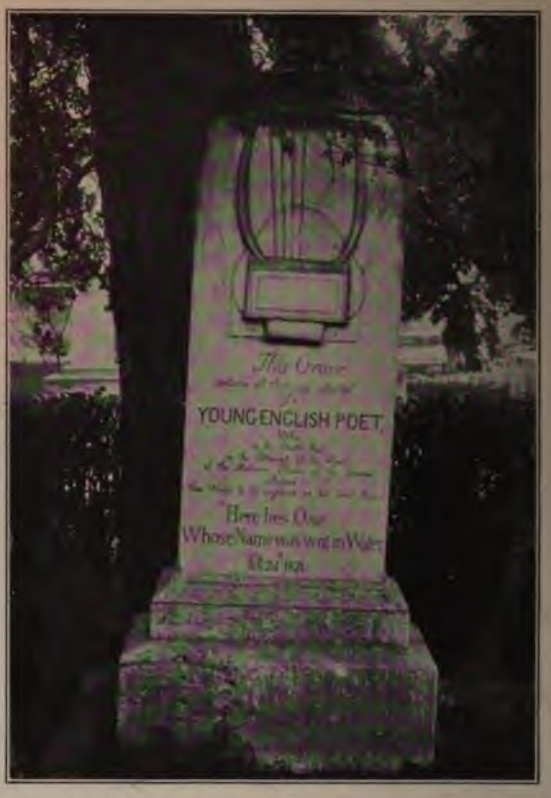
"But if you do not feel 'inspired,'" I said, "do you still work?"

Rodin responded: "I am only a transmitter—a current whereby the electricity may be communicated, so to speak. All my attention as an artist is bent upon reproducing exactly what I see in nature. I do not endeavor to 'express something.' Those who have a preconceived idea—an 'inspiration,' as they call it—are seldom able to render their ideal, as, in art, the brain cannot express a form too nicely calculated, too concise. Those, on the contrary, who charm us by their talent have done nothing throughout the ages but reproduce nature. They 'let themselves go'; they copy as closely as ever they can the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most perfect—which is nature."

From the plaster, still in Rodin's studio

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

From this bust of Bernard Shaw there is communicated to us something poignant which is the truth, which is nature, the mystery of Life itself—the "likeness" which shows us the soul of the man.



"ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER"

February 23, 1821

"Writ in water"—yea, in all the springs
That bubble into birth with murmurings
Strange, untranslatable, of darks and deeps
Where Lamia her serpent-vigil keeps.

"Writ in water"—yea, in all the brooks
Along whose banks, with bosom-claspèd books,
Rapt poets, young and old, with faces wan
Seek further word of lost Hyperion.

"Writ in water"—yea, in lake and sea
Where e'er the mirrored moon may chance to be,
Fond dreamers find their sweetest solace there
Along the path Endymion made fair.

"Writ in water"—yea, in ocean's breast,
In every azure billow's foam-tipped crest—
In every bubble, ripple, fountain, wave,
Thy name in water written, cheats the grave.

CLARENCE URMY

LOOKING TOWARDS KEATS'S GRAVE FROM THAT OF SHELLEY

KEATS AND SHELLEY IN ROME

By RAFFAELE SIMBOLI

NO one who has ever paid even a brief visit to the English Protestant Cemetery in Rome can forget the impression produced upon him by its quiet, mysterious, poetic beauty. Along one side of it runs the historic wall of Honorius, with the monumental Porta San Paolo, one of the most beautiful of the gates of Rome. Near it rises the famous pyramid of Caius Cestius, built, as the ancient inscription tells us, in three hundred and thirty days in memory of a great tribune. Not far away is the impressive basilica of San Paolo Fuori le Mura; but there are many visitors to the church who do not even know of the existence of a Protestant cemetery in which are laid the bodies of not a few illustrious foreigners. Among the tenants of its graves are Englishmen, Americans, Russians, Germans, and Scandinavians—noted artists, men of letters and of science, explorers, and diplomats who have taken an important part in the life of their own countries, such as George P. Marsh, once American Minister to Italy, who died at Vallombrosa in 1882.

The cemetery is not a large one; the part already occupied contains only a few hundred graves scattered among the clumps of flowering plants in a beautiful grove of tall and impressive cypresses. Imposing monuments are rare; most of the graves are marked only by a simple stone with a brief inscription, a low iron railing and a little grass-plot, with perhaps a vase in which a few flowers have been reverently placed. In the winter season it has many visitors. Rome, the most cosmopolitan of cities, is full of strangers, especially American and English, who pass with a certain awe through the heavy iron gates and wander through the mysterious paths with their hearts full of recollections

of the past. If you walk to the end of the narrow path that leads direct from the gate, you will come upon the tomb of Shelley against the wall, a little to the left of the path. One of the daughters of the caretaker of the place, guessing what you want more from the expression of your face than from your words, guides you mechanically to the spot, and stands indifferently watching the branches waving in the wind. Upon the marble slab are carved the words:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV. AUG. MDCCXCII.
OBIIT VIII. JUL. MDCCCXXII.

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

If you are accustomed to the vaunting bombast and the indecent pomp of a certain kind of monument, you will stand mute and awed before the simple tomb of a great poet. A rush of emotions will sweep through your mind, and you may recall the lines written by Carducci, the greatest recent singer of Italy, after a visit he paid in 1886 to the sacred spot. The whole ode is packed with thought and brilliant in form; it concludes with this stanza:

O cuor de' cuori, sopra quest' urno che freddo ti chiude
Odora e tepe e brilla la primavera in fiore;
O cuor de' cuori, il sole divino padre ti avvolge
De' suoi raggianti amori, povero muto cuore.
Fremono freschi i pini per l'aura grande di Roma:
Tu dove sei, poeta del liberato mondo?
Tu dove sei, m'ascolti? Lo sguardo mio umido fugge
Oltre l'Aureliano cerchio sul mesto piano.

(*Translation by A. I. du Pont Coleman*)

O heart of hearts, above the funeral urn
Where, cold and silent, thou dost make no sign,
I see the springtide's odorous fervor burn;
The splendid sun, the source of life divine,
Looks down on thee, and through the sheltering pine
Sweep the free airs of Rome. O thou whose lays
Chanted a world redeemed, can voice of mine
Come to thee where thou art? My tear-dimmed gaze
Ranges the desolate plain, lost in the unanswering haze.

Engraved by Francis Hall from a miniature in the possession of the poet's son

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Shelley had chosen this beautiful cemetery for his own last resting-place; but fate had ordained that he should be preceded in it by his son William, who died on April 7, 1819, leaving the poet overwhelmed with grief after watching night and day in the vain effort to save his life. When the mound of earth had covered the little body, the inconsolable father was unable to be present at the ceremony of placing the stone above the grave; and in his absence, by an unfortunate error, it was

n the wrong place. some Englishmen ne kind thought of re- g father and son in rave, as a symbol of evoted affection which oined them in life, th the boy's tomb- was discovered the not of an infant, f a full grown man. trange destiny which that the child's re- should be thus lost andering in the cem- seemed of a piece hat which tossed the body up and down ght days in the waves Adriatic, until, when iends finally discov- it between Leghorn pezia, they were able cognize it only by the es and by a book still grasped in the cold s.

From the painting by Severn

JOHN KEATS

ats's sojourn in Rome lso a sad one. Shelley in the Palazzo Verospi e Corso, now the seat ank; and as I write a er dwells in the mod- partment occupied by s on the Piazza di Spagna—the prose of modern life thus instal- tself in two temples which should been sacred to poetry. But the nation is to cease in the case of s's house. The place where Shel- wrote "Prometheus Unbound" "The Cenci" will still, unfor- tely, resound to the jingle of gold silver; but that in which Keats the last years of his short life is now no more the tread of bankers. e idea of its redemption took e on February 23, 1903, at a ing of eight American sculptors ent in Rome, held under the pres- y of Sir Rennell Rodd, secretary e British Embassy and himself t. They resolved to set on foot vement for the purpose primarily reserving the tombs of the two poets, and then of establishing a library in which should be kept literary and artistic memorials of them and of their friends Severn and Trelawney.

The municipality was threatening —and still threatens—to open a tram- way whose line will pass through the ground occupied by the Protestant Cemetery. They got as far as de- molishing seventy-five feet of the wall of Honorius; but such an outcry was raised against this desecration, even Queen Victoria interesting herself in the matter, that the project was dropped. Now, however, the danger seems once more menacing; and the demolished portion of the wall has never been replaced by anything but a hideous wooden fence which runs from near the grave of Shelley to the pyramid of Caius Cestius. And in the Piazza di Spagna steps were being

taken for the construction of a large modern hotel which threatened to wipe out the house in which Keats died. After three years of patient negotiation with the owners, this has been bought at a total price (including expenses of transfer) of $22,000. On May 17th of last year the agreement was signed and 6000 francs paid to bind the bargain. Up to the present time about $20,000 has been subscribed, and the entire sum will be made up before long.

The committee in charge of the matter has three distinct sections—one for America, one for England and a third, with headquarters in Rome, for Italy. The credit of originating the idea and of setting the movement on foot belongs to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who found

TABLET ON THE WALL BESIDE KEATS'S GRAVE

THE GRAVE OF SHELLEY
(For inscription see page 538)

a valuable coadjutor in Mr. Nelson Gay, an American who is now completing important researches in the history of the Italian Revolution, and knows Italy as few natives know it. Mr. Johnson has freely spent time, pains and money in forwarding the enterprise. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is the active Chairman of the American Committee, and has aided and advised at every step of its work. Three quarters of the sum already pledged comes from Americans, and one quarter from Englishmen, who will, moreover, contribute largely to the archives. The Chairman of the English Committee is the Earl of Crewe, his associates being Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Buxton Forman, Lord Curzon, Canon

THE GRAVE OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Beeching, the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M. P., Mr. George Leveson-Gower, late Honorary Secretary, and his successor, Mr. Harold Boulton. When the house of Keats is finally turned over to the committee, it will be made the home of a library in which will be kept all that has been written about the two poets, with manuscripts, portraits, autographs and other relics. Among these latter should be mentioned a beautiful medallion carved in dark stone, which formerly belonged to the late Dr. Nevin, Rector of the American Episcopal church in Rome for many years. He bought it at an auction-sale of works of art, and Severn recognized it as a portrait of Keats. The artist is unknown, but the workmanship is exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Dr. Nevin presented it to the committee, and it will be exhibited in the library.

The room in which Keats died is very small—in fact, only large enough to contain a bed, a table and a chair or two. Of its two windows, one opens on the famous Scala di Spagna, which leads up to Santa Trinità de' Monti, the other on the Piazza di Spagna. A mural tablet on the side facing the steps commemorates the poet.

The place where now lie the bodies of Keats and his devoted friend Severn is the most retired in the older cemetery, and on one side is divided from the boundary wall by a moat twelve feet deep. On the other wall, near by, is a small medallion of Keats, whose grave is covered with growing violets; and both graves are often

THE GRAVE OF SEVERN

THE HOUSE IN WHICH KEATS DIED (NOW THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL BUILDING) SHOWING THE SCALA DI SPAGNA AT LEFT

decked with flowers by silent, unobtrusive admirers. A vigorous laurel and a pine spread protecting branches over them.

On the anniversary of Keats's death (February the 23d) the pathway which many feet have worn in the grass is traversed by numbers of pilgrims—such as are waiting eagerly for the house to be thrown open to them as a shrine where they may pay their homage and call up memories of the past.

Since the foregoing article was written, much progress has been made toward the completion of this interesting project. The title of the house has been taken by the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association of Rome, which has been incorporated under English law, and somewhat less than $2000 remains to be paid on the mortgage. By this time, probably, the house is open to visitors, and without fees or gratuities. Of the five rooms, the main one has been fitted up as a library with funds contributed by General William J. Palmer of Colorado Springs. The adjoining room, in which Keats died, has been furnished by Mr. W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis. For the security of the most important archives, the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Co. has given a safe, especially fitted up, and has delivered it free of charge. These archives already include Mr. Buxton Forman's extensive collection of Keats and Shelleyana, given by the distinguished editor; the portrait of Keats by Severn, which is the frontispiece of Lord Houghton's edition—the gift of Sir Charles Dilke; Severn's water-color of Tom Keats and the oil-painting of the sister Fanny, painted by her son—both presented by Mr. John Gilmer Speed; Mr. Ezekiel's bust of Shelley, given by the sculptor; a copy of "The Cenci" which Shelley gave to a friend, presented by Ricciotti Garibaldi; letters of Byron relating to Shelley, the gift of Mr. Henry W. Cannon; Mr. Woodberry's definitive edition of Shelley, presented by the editor; and a number of volumes by Americans containing significant poems or prose relating to the two poets, some in autograph. Photographs of pages of Keats's manuscripts "Endymion," "Lamia," the "Chapman's Homer" sonnet, etc., are to be added, by the kindness of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. William A. White and Mr. Harry B. Smith, respectively. A special portfolio will be kept for music composed to the words of the two poets. The financial success of the enterprise is assured, and further contributions are more than ever in the nature of an admittance fee to a roll of honor.

THE EDITORS.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

IT was only a few weeks after the death of William Henry Drummond that a movement was set on foot having for its object to get the Dean of Westminster, with whom the ordering of such things lies, to permit the placing in the precincts of his Abbey of some small memorial in honor of the Canadian poet. The proposal was but a spontaneous demonstration on the part of some Canadians and Americans of their sense of the great services which the man had rendered the Dominion—services which were none the less important because they had not been rendered with any thought of reward, or through any ambition for honors or fame. Indeed, it would have been difficult to name a public man of our time who had less respect for the arts of publicity, who set less store by notoriety, than the patriot who was described not so long ago by a practical statesman and jurist from the other side of the line, as "the best-loved of Canadians." It is one of the duties of posterity to separate the official great from the truly great. Nor is the task always a difficult one. Time takes terrible toll of the names that have shone resplendent in the lists of royal birthday honors. The real empire-builders and unifiers are often distinguished by the lack of the distinctions that are so necessary in the case of their notable or noted contemporaries. Anyhow, to those who knew him, it would have been as hard to think of Drummond as "Sir William," as Carlyle found it to imagine himself as "Sir Thomas."

It would be strange, however, if, at a time when strenuous efforts are making to bring the various British dominions beyond the seas into closer relations with each other, and with the mother country, the unconscious exploit of Drummond, in drawing together the two Canadas, without any beating of the imperialistic drum, were to be permanently overlooked. The whirligig of time is sure, in this case, to bring in his revenges. The statesmen, the great masters of industry, the railroad-builders of the Dominion have been known in, and to, the world of London. This man did not do his work at the great imperial centre of things, but at home. Hence it was that his appeal was to Americans and Canadians, and the books that went into edition after edition on this side of the Atlantic were, comparatively speaking, little known on the other.

It must not be imagined that Drummond, in writing "The Habitant" and "The Voyageur," was making "books with a purpose." He wrote because he had to, to please himself, and at first with no thought of publication. Many of the poems were well known, in the cities and camps of the Dominion, having crept into newspapers and circulated from hand to hand long before their author was persuaded by his wife, a more just critic than he, to turn out the contents of his desk and allow the first collection to be given to the world in an authorized form. The book had an immediate success on its appearance in 1897. It was different from anything else that had ever been produced

William Henry Drummond

on this continent. It revealed an intensely interesting race to the English-speaking people of North America. The people of "New France," unspoiled, sturdy as they had ever been, and described with sympathy by a man who knew them and had the magical gift to make them live, seemed to come into existence for the first time, as far as the predominant partner in the Dominion was concerned.

Mr. Louis Fréchette, a French-Canadian who had brought out a volume of poetry in 1863, had been described by a famous poet as 'the pathfinder of a new land of song." But on the appearance of Drummond's earliest book, the older man chivalrously handed on the title to him, as its rightful owner. He compared Drummond's handling of the *habitants* with George Sand's treatment of the peasants of Berry—all to the advantage of the former. The novelist made her personages speak in the language of the country. The poet had a far harder task, but he succeeded in causing his characters to use systematically a foreign tongue which they had learned only by ear; and in all this he successfully avoided the grotesque. The types stand out vividly. The old farmer, proud of his marriageable daughters, the country doctor, the priest, the garrulous old man harping on the days that are gone, the story-teller with his legends, the voyageur, the Canadian in exile who thinks that he hears all the time the sound of the bells of his far-away village—there they all are, and as Mr. Fréchette pointed out, "the note never sounds false."

The book is no more likely to be the man, than is the style to be the man, in spite of the old theory. But one thing must be said about the people in Drummond's poems: there was a suggestion of the most engaging of their characteristics in himself. Yet at the same time his work is quite objective.

It would be utterly misleading to describe Drummond as a humorist. Like the Irishman and the Highland Scot, his French-Canadian vibrates with the joy of life. But he is also subject to "the gloom," that Celtic melancholy which makes him sensible to the tragedy of existence. To use Fiona Macleod's words, "It is not grief, nor any common sorrow, nor that deep despondency of weariness that comes of accomplished things too soon, too literally fulfilled. But it is akin to each of these, and involves each." However, he does not belong to a dying race, he is spared that inheritance of woe—unless it may be that the future threatens him with absorption into the practical, the worldly-wise, the positive and composite race which it may be his lot to strengthen with his own hardy and primitive virtues.

A vein of sadness runs all through Drummond's work. Even when he is describing the blither side of French-Canadian life, there is a certain melancholy. It may come from the thought of the perpetual struggle with nature for bread, from the suggestion of the rigor of those long winters, from the very lack of variety in the rocky, pine-clad landscape. But there it is. Drummond's humor is the true humor, because it is full of sympathy, insight, understanding. There is not a caricature, in the vulgar sense of the word, in the whole gallery of portraits that he has left us.

Drummond did not go in search of his characters. He found them in the ordinary course of his duty as a young doctor in a country district in the province of Quebec. He was a part of all that he had met. The life about him became his own. To hear him read his poems (after much persuasion) was to imagine, for the time being, that he was himself a *habitant*, and the language in which he had written was actually that which he had used all his days. Here it was that his Celtic powers of assimilation came in. Born in Ireland, it was his theory that the family to which he belonged had simply stayed in that country when the original migration of the Scots from Ireland took place. He had a characteristically

Irish love for the French, and no doubt this explained the ease with which he came to understand the thoughts, the prejudices, the sentiments of a race which, as far as the rural districts are concerned, can have changed little if at all from what it was when it came to this continent.

With the immense growth of Western Canada in material prosperity, which has made that country already by far the most important of the British self-governing colonies, there was a natural tendency to consider "numbers"—in Matthew Arnold's sense of the word,—wealth, and so on, as the most important things. Drummond's work has done much to check this. As long as his books are read, the fine picturesque past of the St. Lawrence Valley will be remembered, and will remain a heritage, not only for the children of the French, but for the descendants of the Scots, the Irish and the rest, who settled at a later date in the newer parts of the land. For, as he has warned his readers:

Remember, when these tales you read
Of rude but honest "Canayen,"
That Joliet, La Verandrye,
La Salle, Marquette and Hennepin
Were all true "Canayen" themselves—
And in their veins the same red stream,
The conquering blood of Normandie,
Flowed strong, and gave America
Coureurs de bois and *voyageurs*
Whose trail extends from sea to sea!

For America, too, and not merely Canada! It is important for us that Drummond's poems are the best introduction we can have to the quaint cities, with their old-world air, to a whole social order, which in many details—in essentials, in fact—is different from that which exists to the west and the south. And if the assimilative force which seems to be latent in the air of this continent ever sweeps all before it, these people, and the color they gave to life for so long, will not be forgotten. Drummond did not give Canada a past; but he made that past vivid, living, beautiful for all who have the sympathy with imagination which is necessary if we would understand the present in the light of the past.

Drummond was a great man who didn't know it. There was no pride of humility about him. He was not a professional man of letters, and had none of the affectations of the race. On the occasion of his last visit to New York he had to leave for home suddenly. A friend expressed regret on the ground that he had many admirers there who for a long time had wanted to meet him. "But why should they want to know me?" he asked with absolute sincerity. From the time that he came into note on this side of the border—and it was in the United States that his reputation as an original, as a man who had done something absolutely new as a writer, was first established,—he never could see why people should make a fuss about him. He was not shy, or self-conscious, or retiring; he just took it all simply. Imagine St. Francis, six feet odd in his stockings, with a suspicion of a brogue, a good hand with a rod—which St. Francis, of course, could not have been,—an expert in most of the accomplishments of the wood and the wave, and you will have some notion of the man.

Drummond was too quiet in his ways to be strenuous, but he was always the life of a hunting camp. He was never a sentimentalist, like your modern professional lovers of the wild animals, who are full of compassion for the beasts when they are preyed on by man, yet forget that these unhappy victims of the gun and the hook don't hesitate to prey on each other, even when of the same family. He was as strong a believer as Grover Cleveland in the ethics of sport, and a hater of cruelty. A characteristic picture of him would have shown him as he looked the day that he arrived in camp with an orphan bear cub squirming under each arm.

He never could have been a practical politician, though so widely was he known, and so well was he liked.

that political honors might have been won easily. He was too much interested in people, in individuals, in races, to care for factions; and he could not have succeeded in hating some in public, and for public reasons, when he esteemed them in private. Hence it was that, in a country noted for its vigorous party spirit, his genial nature was not affected by the storms and disputes of the hour. He was always on the side of the angels.

His business was not that of a writer, but he never would have given as an explanation that of the dramatist visited by Voltaire, who wanted to be regarded simply as a gentleman. Drummond's business was to be a doctor. Yet he never lowered medicine to the level of a "business." In the years he passed in Montreal as a hard-working physician, before he returned to join his brothers in their mining camp, he had a large practice, a considerable part of which was not of the money-making sort. It was said that the unpaid bills owing to him, which he contemplated with the greatest cheerfulness, if they had been settled would have made him well-to-do. It is no wonder, then, that his doctors are among the best-drawn of his characters. "He knew," not merely from observation, but from experience. Yet he would never have admitted that in the devotion and self-sacrifice of the doctor "on the parish St. Mathieu" he had made a good portrait of himself as a professional man. It was a common thing for him to stop in the streets of Montreal to talk to some cabman or laborer, find that he was not feeling just right, and prescribe there and then; and all for the glory of God, and the satisfaction to be got out of doing a kindly deed.

All sorts and conditions of people in Montreal knew and admired him. The news of his sudden and early death brought to thousands a sense of the loss of a friend. There had often been a notable display of official mourning over the passing of persons conspicuous in church or state, imperial or colonial. But on the day of his funeral there was such a demonstration as made formal pomp look insignificant. For a time the city seemed to grow quite still, as if all business had been suspended. So significant was it in its spontaneity, that many realized for the first time how truly "the Doctor" had deserved the designation of "first citizen." Nor were such signs of esteem confined to the old town that knew him so well and loved him so much. Throughout the long, sad journey back from the mines, those who had charge of all that remained of him were surprised at the sincere grief of the roughest and least demonstrative of men that was shown everywhere.

He sleeps his last long sleep in a high valley situated on Mount Royal. No poet and no lover of French Canada could desire a better resting-place. And if that grave, with its simple inscription, is not regarded hereafter as particularly sacred, it will be a sign of unusual ingratitude in a race that does not usually forget.

MA FRIEN'

(In Memory of William Henry Drummond)

Ma pipe she don' go draw nice,
Puff 'ard an' den go out,
Lak de tam ma frien' come on 'ere
An' talk 'im wit' hees mout'.
'T was wan year on de springtam,
De blue was in de sky;
'E tell storee, an' I laf, me,
Till I cry on de eye.

Den a robin come a-singin'
Ma leetle jardin dere.
Purty quick ma frien' he 's listen,
Sittin' quiet on hees chair;
An' de robin 'e look at 'im,
I tink 'e see hees smile,
'Cause dat bird 'e puff de ches' out
An' seeng him in gran' style.

Ma frien' 'e don' live roun' 'ere,
Beeg city's w'ere 'e's at,
But hees 'eart she's on de contrée—
Hees mos' gran' part is dat.
'E don' go for forget me
W'en 'e go on hees 'ome
But 'e sen' me nice livre Anglais,—
Wan, wat you call, de pome.

Fonny ting 'bout dat livre Anglais,
Mos' tings I tink about
Was in dere, but for sure nevaire
I say dem wit' de mout'.
It tell about de robin,
Bluebird an' rossignol;
But spik mos' long on de snowbird
Dat lonesome pauvre oiseau,

All de spring tams since 'e come,
W'en de firs' robin seeng,
I say, "Ma frien' hees 'appy now
Dat bird 'e bring de spring."
An' I say, "Monsieur Robin,
Don' tink you 're all de show,
For ma frien' love too de snowbird,
Hees "cher petit oiseau."

Ma pipe she don' go draw nice:
I 'ear de news to-day
Ma frien's not come 'ere no more now—
Bon Dieu 's take heem away;
Can't wait to see de springtam,
To 'ear hees robin bol',
'Ad to go in de beeg snowstorm,
In all de fros' an' col'.

But till nice leetle robin,
Bluebird an' rossignol,
Can fin' hees place an' singin' dere
Scare off de dark an' col',
I lak to tink wan snowbird
W'ere 'e sleep is flyin' low
To keep heem from bein' lonesome,
Hees "cher petit oiseau."

Valance Patriarche

IAN'S IMAGE AND LIKENESS

By AGNES REPPLIER

OLTAIRE'S witticism anent man's perpetual effort to create a God in his own image and likeness was more observant than orthodox. How ıelp ascribing—consciously sciously—to the Divinity ibutes which we are able e and define? How can we elves—since we understand ɔut ourselves—out of any ch we strive to contemplate? been just as unwarrantably n lending our own charac- ɔ the Devil, from the days fought him with book and days when Mr. Kipling and take a baser advantage of e personality, and compel ach sermons of *their* writing ırld. St. Dunstan, a stern soul, deemed him the kind ıary whom hammer and d best subdue. Luther in- reached for a different and hurled his inkstand ɔe. Each combatant had measure of his own in- by which to gauge his

"Everywhere in the great n are building little worlds wn," observes the thought- stopheles; and everywhere reating little devils of their ıabit them.

why the Fiend of folk-lore e most part, a stupid and spirit, whom the stupid and peasant defeats with clum- . He is professionally the lies, yet prompt to credit e falsehood. He painfully his part of a bargain, and is then cheated out of his dues by some transparent practical joke, such as Hodge was accustomed to play upon his thick-skulled neighbor. Not an old woman in the country side who could not outwit the Prince of Evil. It was to the monkish mind that the Tempter assumed terrible proportions, that he became a powerful adversary to be subdued, not only by the mighty anathemas of the Church, but by unsparing courage and devotion. St. Cuthman fought all night long with the Devil, to save the South Downs from submersion. St. Patrick hurled him from Mount Cruachan,

> Routed with psalm and malison and ban,
> As from a sling flung forth.

Cædmon invested him with the sombre dignity of a spirit "thirsty for strife," unfathomably brave and malevolent. Even the miracle plays, though they occasionally degraded him into a buffoon, took care to emphasize his dangerous qualities. The monkish devil and the rustic devil were as unlike as were the monk and the rustic. In the Franciscan Coventry play—15th century—Satan has a comic rôle; but it is the rôle of a tempter who mocks at the tempted, at the fools whom he can alienate from God with

> A goodly peyre of longe peckyd schoon,

and other fripperies, scorned and condemned by the cloister.

It was in the peasant mind, however, and in the peasant heart that there grew up slowly a flower of pity for the sad Devil who could never hope to be at peace. The Sussex ploughman — measuring trouble by his own experience—called him the Poor Man; and a bit of ancient

rampart marked with his cloven hoof was long known as the "Poor Man's Wall." Burns reflects an old dim sentiment of his class when he credits the Devil with something akin to compunction, and ventures a faltering hope on his behalf.

> O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
> Ye aiblens might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake;
> I 'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake.

The pious historian, Wodrow, who had a more intimate acquaintance with the Powers of Evil than is granted to less devout men, tells us how a Scotch minister was riding home through a wood when Satan called out to him, and warned him not to eat a poisoned chicken which his wife was ignorantly cooking for his supper. This sounds like a well-intentioned interference, and is told as such. It clearly never occurred to Wodrow, as it might have occurred to Faust, to ask whether that particular parson were doing God's or the Devil's work. "If we were all as diligent and as conscientious as the Deil," observed an old Scotch woman to her minister, "it wad be muckle better for us."

Industry, indeed, is the great Satanic virtue, because it is one which a toiling and commercial world has been always prone to overvalue. There is a story of a Portuguese courtesan named Lupa, whom the Devil served as a waiting maid for seven years,—deeming this one soul worth such long and patient labor,—and who died, after all, repentant and sanctified, with St. Francis and St. Anthony mounting guard by her bed. The curious conception of the human soul as a bit of choice merchandise, which the Devil stood always ready to buy, and which its owner was not infrequently willing to sell,—

> Had I as many souls as there are stars,
> I 'd give them all,—

opened a wide field of commercial activity. The legend of the Greek priest, Theophilus, who, through the agency of a Jewish necromancer, was the first to enter into this unholy compact, has been re-told in every land, and with countless variations, for fifteen hundred years. It is still familiar to every convent-bred child, who shivers in the silences of the night lest she be tempted to offer her little white soul for sale, and the bargain be instantly struck. Theophilus, it is true, was saved by the intercession of the Mother of God who came down to him as he lay dying before her altar, and gently laid the bond upon his breast. But what of those who had no mediatrix? What of the soul of Dr. Faustus, when his body lay strangled, face downward, on the floor? The Protestant theologian, Gask, who claims to have known Faustus, and to have dined with him,—when he might have been more profitably employed,—is responsible for some gruesome details. Five times the frightened servants turned the corpse on its back, and five times it rolled over, hiding its distorted countenance from the eyes of men. Not a pleasant image to contemplate in moments of spiritual depression.

And the tempter, the purchaser, the painstaking Fiend, whom men have invested with reckonable qualities? How courteous he is to a Spaniard, how speculative to a German, how gross yet terrible to English eyes. Calderon's Demon, in the "Magico Prodigioso," though by nature a dishonorable schemer, is incapable alike of ruffianism, or of vulgar pleasantries. Indeed, his manners, even under the strain of defeat, leave nothing to be desired. He is the least boastful of devils, and when Cyprian asks him superciliously,

> Have you studied much?

answers with candor and moderation:

> Well, no;
> But I 've knowledge quite sufficient
> Not to be deemed ignorant.

He can be stern when he unveils the despair in his own heart, and he

is habitually ironic when he contemplates the affairs of men; but his sternness carries with it none of the terror which is the natural attribute of Marlowe's Demon, and his irony is but a pale forecast of that materialistic pessimism, that pitiless philosophy of negation with which Goethe's Mephistopheles confronts the sun of human hope. Calderon stood ready to define in musical and orthodox verse the Devil's precise status in the order of the universe,

> an epitome
> Of all happiness and misfortune;

but Marlowe saw that the essence of evil is not a matter for analysis. There is a suggestion of peculiar horror in the tortured protest which bursts from his Fiend's lips when questioned closely as to his conditions;

> O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands
> Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

Not all the catalogued agonies of Dante's hell are so appalling as this entreaty on the Demon's part to be spared the recital of his pain.

For the large liberties which poets have taken with the Devil have not tended to enhance his majesty. The spirit whom Milton saw in scarred and faded beauty, intellectually unconquered, and resting superbly on his own energy and will, Dante beheld as a filthy monster, eminently disgusting, but not in the least terrible. Amid the icy fastnesses of his pit, he works his hideous will, but there is something grossly absurd even in his cruelty. Byron fashioned out of the seething resentment of his soul a Byronic Lucifer, with brave words and a strong flight, a Byronic joy in the beauty of the universe, and a Byronic revolt against its established and inalienable laws. A sad and sore defiance, an overwhelming sense of grievance, a talent for sustained sophistry are the qualities by which we recognize the kinship of the rebellious angel and the rebellious peer. Mrs. Browning's argumentative "Lucifer" in "A Drama of Exile," is an introspective spirit, well read in modern poetry, and well versed in modern thought. The old simple issues have grown for him into a tangle of complications, and he does not seem quite so sure as he might be what all the trouble is about. His behavior to Adam and Eve is marked by bad taste. It is hard enough to be seduced and betrayed, without being lectured to afterwards; and if our first parents knew anything of "Aornus," or of what was meant by a "pathos of antithesis," they must have advanced far and fast since the ripe fruit was plucked. It was no doubt natural for Mrs. Browning to think of Lucifer as a spirit warring

> in antagonism
> To God and his reflex beatitudes.

That was her thoughtful, feminine, cultivated conception of revolt. But there is a real unkindness in proffering this explanation in a speech of ninety-one lines—very good lines, some of them—to poor Adam and Eve, as they stand shivering outside the garden gate, too unused as yet to conversation to have learned the ungentle art of interrupting.

If diligence be the crowning virtue with which man—industrious toiler—has invested the devil of his dreams, prolixity is the besetting sin with which man—perpetual chatterer—has hampered the infernal energy. Milton's sustained flights of oratory are too magnificent for abbreviation. Lord Brougham, as we know, commended Satan's speeches to barristers and Parliamentarians. But feebler devils, devils in whom silence were one with wisdom, as, for example, the loquacious fiend in "Man and Superman," are just as determinedly diffuse. The very respectable "Satan" of that very respectable clergyman, Mr. Robert Montgomery, is incredibly verbose, even for a parson's demon, who may be supposed to have studied pulpit eloquence. An unwearied tourist, a conscientious sight-seer, a fluent proser and moralist, Mr. Montgomery's Satan was long the delight of English Evangelicals, who considered that

any doubt cast upon Hell was an attempt to rob them of their dearest privileges, and who were not to be weaned from their allegiance by the insolent wit of reviewers. Eight new editions of the poem was the very effective answer of the public to the shafts of Macaulay's ridicule; and who shall say that Mr. Montgomery did not come out a victor in the contest? His "Satan" was surpassed in popularity only by Lord Byron's "Corsair," and ran a close second to that very fashionable outlaw, whom he could have instructed in the precepts of propriety. Indeed a camera and a stereopticon are all that such a deserving devil needs to complete his lecturing outfit. His denunciations of the stage, its wantonness and lack of principle, might have been preached, and probably were preached, from Mr. Montgomery's pulpit. His sentiments on the subject of newspapers have all the familiar bombast of platform oratory.

That mighty lever that hath moved the world,
The Press of England,—from her dreadless source
Of living actions here begins to shake
The far-off isles, and awe the utmost globe.

"I know nothing in the world more insipid than a devil that despairs," says Mephistopheles; but a devil that edifies is worse; and perhaps a devil that can do nothing but pose, like the evil spirit in Mr. Oscar Wilde's story of "The Fisherman and his Soul," is very nearly as dull. Mr. Wilde's temperate conception of the whole duty of Satan was that he should be well-dressed. On this point he was imperative, and the Fiend who presides over his Witches' Sabbath is carefully costumed in a suit of black velvet, cut in the Spanish fashion, and worn with gentlemanly ease. "His face was strangely pale, but his lips were like a proud red rose. He seemed weary, and was leaning back, toying in a listless manner with the pummel of his dagger. On the grass beside him lay a plumed hat, and a pair of riding gloves gauntleted with gilt lace, and sewn with seed-pearls wrought into a curious device. A short cloak lined with sables hung from his shoulder, and his delicate white hands were gemmed with rings."

This languid Lucifer rides a Spanish jennet with silver trappings, and is evidently in the habit of having his portrait painted by Vandyke. There is only one other recorded instance in which the Devil's clothes were more noticeable than his somewhat aggressive personality, and that was in 1695, when he came to Paris, by appointment, to carry away the soul of the Maréchal de Luxembourg, and when he seems to have made an excellent impression upon the Maréchal's household by the smoothness of his periwig, and the quiet correctness of his costume.

They in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

"Respectable-looking and well-dressed," was the description given of him by the startled servants, who had no idea, until all was over, that they had been entertaining a devil unaware.

Respectability and loquacity are the shining qualities with which Mr. Bernard Shaw has thought fit to discredit the ill-used Devil of his play, and with which Mr. Kipling has, in a kinder spirit, endowed the infernal gate-keeper in "Tomlinson." These are the most noteworthy demons presented recently for our consideration — presented in what is plainly meant in both cases to be a sprightly and original aspect; yet what do they do but echo tamely the already over-preached doctrines of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Shaw? Why the Tomlinson devil should be equipped with a Scotch dialect, which he uses or drops at discretion, is not made manifest; but it is on the whole well suited to his humor—a sturdy, virile, Kiplingish humor, unchilled by any cold Satanic flavor.

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul
that prayed to feel the flame,
And he thought of Holy Charity, but he
thought of his own good name.

. . . . . .

"Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay?" said he,
"That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell, and ask no leave of me?"

Mr. Kipling's views on the subject of moral responsibility are familiar to his readers. They are given at first hand, with more forcefulness than discretion, in "Cleared."

My soul! I 'd sooner lie in jail for murder plain and straight,
Pure crime I 'd done with my own hand for money, lust, or hate,
Than take a seat in Parliament, by fellow-felons cheered,
While one of these "non provens" proves me cleared as you are cleared.

And here in "Tomlinson" is an accommodating Devil, ready to echo the sentiments, word for word.

"Ye ha' heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good lack! And the tale begins afresh—
Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye, or the sinful lust of the flesh?'

. . . . . .

"I 'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should mock your pain,
But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again."

A Devil that was a real Devil, and not a man, a Briton, and an Imperialist, would be a trifle less supercilious; aware, through experience, of a truth uttered many years ago by one who knew the world and the human heart at least as well as Mr. Kipling knows them. "Vice may be had at all prices. Expensive and costly iniquities which make the noise cannot be every one's sins; but the soul may be foully inquinated at a very low rate, and a man may go cheaply to perdition."

It was perhaps no part of Mr. Shaw's original scheme to lend his own opinions with such unreserve to the effusive and bald-headed weakling in whom he has ventured to caricature the Prince of the Powers of the Air. He has all Shelley's scorn for

that heavy, dull, cold thing
The spirit of evil well may be,

and a far greater capacity than Shelley ever had for expressing unmodified contempt. His Devil is peevish, sensitive, self-indulgent, "enormously less vital" than the woman who is his natural opponent. "He does not inspire much confidence in his powers of hard work or endurance" ("if we were all as diligent and as conscientious as the Deil, it wad be muckle better for us"); and his first commonplaces about the beauty of reality, and the freedom of an unascetic life, sound like a weak solution of Mr. John Addington Symonds. No wonder Don Juan protests: "Though there is much to be learned from a cynical devil, I really cannot stand a sentimental one." Then suddenly this boresome Fiend begins to prose in earnest; and in a set speech of ninety closely printed lines—addressed apparently to an invisible Hyde Park audience—expounds Mr. Shaw's familiar views on socialism, vaccination, and battleships.

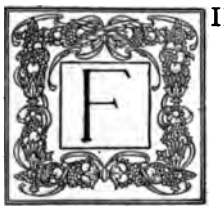
"In the arts of peace Man is a bungler. I know his clumsy typewriters, and bungling locomotives, and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth; his heart is in his weapons. . . . What is his religion? An excuse for hating me. What is his law? An excuse for hanging you. What is his morality? Gentility! an excuse for consuming without producing."

No need to ask in whose image and likeness that poor Devil speaks, nor whence he derives his unprofitable sagacity. His story about the London bricklayer's widow who spent all her husband's club-money—seventeen pounds—on his funeral, and then went with her seven children to the poorhouse, is a very good story indeed, and, when Satan turns reformer and sociologist, his concern for the erring poor will do him infinite credit. So also will his concern for erring doctors, the lively interest he evinces —more creditable to his heart than to his head—in the dangers of vacci-

nation and anti-toxine. That smart sentence about "inoculating babies with disease to prevent them catching it accidentally" was surely never spoken by any demon in time or in eternity. "If you raäked out Hell with a smaäl-tooth comb," to use the striking phrase of the Tennyson's cook, "you weänt find his like." Mr. Shaw mocks at the Devil he has created; but, if we hear the echo of a laugh, it is Goethe's Devil mocking at Mr. Shaw. *Rira bien qui rira dernier.* "I do not begrudge you the pleasure of lying to yourself, now and then," says Mephistopheles politely.

SOME PHASES OF LITERARY NEW YORK IN THE SIXTIES

By W. L. ALDEN



FIFTY years ago the tall yellow brick house on the northeast corner of Tenth Street and Fourth Avenue might fairly have been called one of the literary centres of New York. It was a most comfortable boarding-house, kept by that most comfortable woman, Miss Anne Swift. She was then not far from fifty years of age, and her plump figure was an excellent advertisement of her excellent table. She must have weighed fully two hundred and fifty pounds. Between her and the boarder who sat on her right hand existed a close sympathy, founded, probably, upon identity of weight. Like Miss Swift, this boarder, who was a most estimable gentleman, was short of stature, and globular in figure. One day Miss Swift spoke of the sudden death of one who had been the friend of both boarder and landlady. "My dear Miss Swift," said the boarder with deep solemnity, "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!" Miss Swift fully agreed with him as to the appropriateness of the quotation, and neither noticed the inevitable smile of the other and lighter boarders.

Miss Swift was in many ways a remarkable woman. She had a quick, sharp, stern manner when discussing business affairs, but she was kind and liberal to an unfortunate extent. For this kindness and liberality towards impecunious boarders, and needy relations, prevented her securing the competence which she had fairly earned. She ruled her household with a rod of iron. From the head of her long table she keenly watched her fifty or sixty guests, and sternly repressed the slightest tendency to insubordination. Among her permanent boarders was an old gentleman noted for his mildness of disposition. But once Miss Swift happened to say something at the dinner table which greatly displeased him. He rose up, and in a loud voice dared to contradict her. That indomitable woman looked at him a moment during the awful silence which followed his protest, and then said sharply, "Sit down and behave yourself!" The old gentleman dropped instantly into his seat, and never again ventured to rise in insurrection.

Our landlady was a most devoted Republican and her devotion sometimes (and particularly when any campaign issues were active) took the form of fierceness. She was a

great admirer of Horace Greeley, and the text of the *Tribune*, which was always by her side at breakfast, was frequently used by her for sharp assaults upon boarders having Democratic proclivities. She would rather run the risk of offending or of losing a boarder than not to have the pleasure of speaking her mind freely in regard to the burning issues of the day—Reconstruction, the Condition of the Negroes, Woman Suffrage, Protection and the rest.

Miss Swift had a keen sense of humor, and she was exceptionally well-read. During the time that Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs" was in course of publication in *Appleton's Journal*, she seldom failed to hold a weekly discussion of its merits at her end of the table, and her criticisms were, as a rule, admirable. No matter how irritable she might feel, when the thermometer was in the nineties, and unpaid bills were accumulating, a joke would always bring a hearty laugh from her abundant figure. For she laughed from head to foot, and in a way that was eminently contagious. Her boarders feared her, but they also loved her, and it is not given to many landladies to be loved.

Richard H. Stoddard and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Stoddard, lived for many years in the Tenth Street house, occupying rooms up one flight of stairs at the corner of the avenue. In cool winter nights I can still, at the distance of three thousand miles, and of many long years, hear the keen ring of the wheels of the freight cars that passed up from Elm Street at about one o'clock every morning. But that is a matter of interest only to Posthumus and myself. With the Stoddards was their beautiful and precocious little boy, Lorimer, who later became an actor and a playwright. It was he in his babyhood who was the inspiration of Mrs. Stoddard's delightful book of child-life, "Lolly Dinks." I wonder if it is still in print. If not, both the children and the grown-ups of to-day are to be pitied, for a more fascinating book of the sort was never written. Mrs. Stoddard, who was a woman of true genius, wrote several novels, notably "The Morgesons" and "Two Men." Were they to be published as the work of a new author they could hardly fail to meet with a brilliant success, for they were not only clever, but they were, as a clever woman used to say of them, "geniusy." But neither Mrs. Stoddard's books nor her short stories had anything like the success which they deserved. Perhaps this was due to the undeveloped taste for fiction of the public of the sixties. Perhaps it was due to the fact that they were published before advertising had become a science. At any rate, Mrs. Stoddard was never appreciated at her proper worth as a writer.

As a conversationalist Mrs. Stoddard was unique. I never met a woman who could talk more brilliantly on a greater variety of subjects. She was witty and strikingly original. She was full of ideas, and she could wither any unfortunate person who earned her dislike. The Swift house was never quite what it had been after the Stoddards left it, for Mrs. Stoddard's *salon* was never succeeded nor imitated by any other. Stoddard, poet, critic, and essayist, had his full share in making the Tenth Street house a literary centre. It was only the other day that he rejoined his wife and son on the other side.

Edmund Clarence Stedman was another inmate of Miss Swift's. He was at the time busily engaged all day in Wall Street in the exercise of a most harassing business. At night he edited one of the leading magazines, and in the intervals of leisure he did a good deal of literary work, besides taking his share in social matters. How he managed to compass his intervals of leisure I could never understand. He is certainly a conspicuous illustration of the fact that hard work, if kept unmixed with worry, seldom kills.

Fred Perkins, as every one called him, did not live at the Swift house, but his wife and two children boarded

in the house, and he spent most of his evenings with them.

Perkins was a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher and so came fairly by his many eccentricities. He was an admirable magazine editor, and a clever writer of short stories. In the sixties he was the managing editor of the *Galaxy Magazine*, but I fancy that he finally found his true vocation as a librarian. His little daughter Charlotte, then not more than six years old, possessed a remarkable imagination, and had a passion for fairy tales. As Mrs. Gilman, she has since won a name for herself, and a cynic might suggest that her early love for fairy tales has left its impress on the books in which she shows women their proper sphere in life, as the author has arranged it.

Arthur Matheson, an actor who was also a writer of good verses, a singer whose training had been exceptionally good, and the possessor of brilliant and sometimes biting wit, sat near Miss Swift at table, and, although he contradicted most things that she said, he won her sincere liking by his airy impertinence. On one occasion, when the *Evening Post* had refused one of Matheson's poems, he horrified the Swift table by saying that the real reason of the refusal was that "Old Bill," meaning Mr. William Cullen Bryant, was jealous of him. Matheson dramatized "Enoch Arden," and played the leading part in Booth's Theatre. The piece had quite a long run, but Matheson never made much of a success as an actor. He died in London some years ago, a thoroughly disappointed man. Miss Edith Wynne Matheson, who has played in the United States in "Everyman," is, I am told, a niece of poor Arthur.

The drama had other representatives in Tenth Street. Sir Charles Wyndham, who was then making his first notable stage success in a play at Wallack's, lived at Miss Swift's one winter. At the same time Miss Louisa Moore, Wallack's leading lady, was an inmate of the house. She and Wyndham formed a company, and made a tour through the West and South, and I well remember the evening of their return, and the wild joy of Wyndham over the success of the tour.

Mr. W. F. Williams, who combined the two diverse occupations of journalist and church-organist, had a pleasant habit of giving concerts in Miss Swift's parlor. He would bring to the house some eminent singer or instrumentalist, and, while the star gave his or her performance, Williams would play a weird accompaniment with his right hand on the piano, and his left hand on a parlor organ. One evening Anna Bishop sang the entire opera of "Trovatore" to Williams's combined accompaniment, and it was marvellous to what extent she had retained her voice, although she was then not far from sixty years of age. I remember also one evening when a young girl—Fernande Tedesca was her professional name, although in private life she was Sally Smith—played the violin exquisitely. She died twenty years ago in Paris of starvation and misery.

Howard Paul and Mrs. Paul "stopped" at the Swift house while Mrs. Paul was playing in opera bouffe at the French theatre in Fourteenth Street. She was a most amiable, quiet woman, of strong domestic tastes, and it was difficult for any one who met her at Miss Swift's table to realize that she was the same woman who had played "Geneviève de Brabant" on the previous evening. She fully appreciated Miss Swift's table and I still seem to hear her asking for "a bit of the crispy fat."

Among other guests who resided in the Tenth Street house while I was there, I can recall Mr. George Haven Putnam and his wife; Miss Susan Dunning, who as "Shirley Dare" rivalled Mrs. Croly as a writer of fashion articles; Professor Oliver, the mathematician, and James Morgan Hart, both of whom were later members of the faculty of Cornell University.

Bayard Taylor and Mrs. Taylor,

who had resided for a long time in Tenth Street, left the house just before I became an inmate of it, but Taylor was a frequent guest of the Stoddards. No one who knew the big, genial man could help liking him. I remember that when he published his first book, "Views Afoot," (he then called himself James Bayard Taylor), he was an immense favorite with the undergraduates of American colleges, most of whom determined to walk over Europe as soon as they should be graduated. I never heard of anyone who put this resolution into practice. Taylor was essentially a journalist—that is to say, a man who could write well on all subjects and in all styles, but he never achieved greatness in any of them. His books of travel were pleasant reading, but he travelled over beaten paths, and had little that was new to tell us. His "Journey to Central Africa" extended only a few miles south of Khartoum, and in these days, when Cook sells through tickets to Uganda, and to cross Equatorial Africa, or to tramp from the Cape to Cairo is not regarded as much of an achievement, the title of the book seems somewhat magniloquent. Stoddard was a great admirer of Taylor's poetry, and tried to convert me to his view of it, but it always seemed to me to fall just short of excellence. Taylor's novels were good, but impressed me as just a little tedious, but he was a fine fellow, and an honor to American letters. I ought to say that his translation of "Faust" has been highly praised by competent judges, and I am glad to believe that they are right, although a want of knowledge of German renders me incompetent to form a just judgment of it.

I recall among the lesser lights of our boarding-house circle a brilliant but unsuccessful Irishman named Maturin. In connection with his failure to secure certain results for which he had been working, Maturin found himself increasingly disappointed with affairs in the United States. He used to give us glowing descriptions of Dublin as the most beautiful city of the world, with a people who were cultivated, witty, and in every way the intellectual superiors of the brutal British who were controlling the government. Said Maturin one day: "I would rather be kicked down Sackville Street (the Fifth Avenue of Dublin) than walk down Broadway." At this point the landlady broke in (the Irishman was occasionally in arrears with his settlements): "I don't know, Mr. Maturin, why Sackville Street ought not to have the pleasure of seeing such a performance at an early date."

In the early sixties, the little Bohemian circle that used to frequent Pfaff's beer cellar in Broadway regarded itself as a literary centre. Henry Clapp, the editor of the short-lived *Saturday Press*, and for years the dramatic critic of the New York *Leader*, where he signed himself "Figaro," was the chief of the Bohemians. He was decidedly the wittiest man of his day, but his wit was always cynical and malign. It was he who said of Horace Greeley that he was "a self-made man, who worshipped his creator." He was always cheerful in a gloomy sort of way. In his latter days he was sent to Blackwell's Island for a short period, during which interval of enforced sobriety he wrote amusing letters to the *Daily Graphic* dated from "My Cottage by the Sea." He died a miserable drunkard, but for all that the man was immensely clever, and ought to have made a lasting reputation as an essayist, if he could have controlled his passion for drink.

At Pfaff's Walt Whitman could frequently be met. He was then at "the beginning of a great career," but he was as patriarchal in his appearance as he was thirty years later. He used to sit at the table where Clapp presided, and listen silently to the conversation. It was only occasionally that he talked, and when he did talk it was usually of himself and his work. I remember his suddenly saying: "Boys! I have just written a war poem. It begins:

"Beat, beat, drums, blow, bugles, blow,
Burst into the church and scatter the congregation,

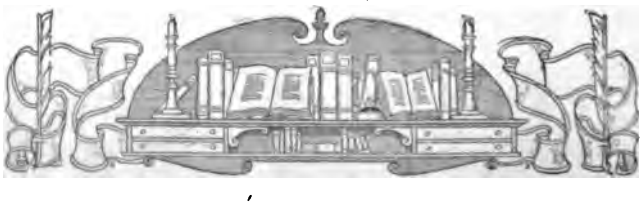
"and play hell generally." He recited the two lines I have quoted in his sonorous voice, and evidently enjoyed them immensely; in which he was not wrong, for the poem is certainly one of the best that Whitman ever wrote.

Whitman took himself very seriously. Once he noticed a young man sitting at one of Pfaff's small tables and looking rather earnestly at the gray-bearded, bare-chested poet. Walt rose up, and going over to the young man said solemnly, "Young man, if you wish to speak to me you may." It is to Whitman's credit that, although he mingled with the Bohemians, he was never of them, for he was strictly temperate in his consumption of beer, and temperance was abhorred in Bohemia.

Handsome George Arnold, who wrote dainty verses, and died before he was thirty, was a frequenter of Pfaff's. So was "Daisy" Shepherd, another minor poet. He also fell a victim to drink. Fitz James O'Brien, who was probably the best short story writer that New York has known, was more fortunate than his fellow-Bohemians, for he died fighting for the Union. At very rare intervals, Jane McIlhenny—"Ada Clare"—came to Pfaff's, where Clapp gave her the title of Queen of Bohemia. She wrote a novel that is now forgotten, called "Only a Woman's Heart," which was mainly autobiographical. The poor woman died a terrible death from hydrophobia, contracted from the bite of her pet dog. There has never been any attempt to revive the New York Bohemia of the sixties, for which we may be devoutly thankful. Young men to-day have better sense than to fancy that literature cannot be fitly followed apart from drinking.

A third literary centre of New York in the sixties was the Century Club. It was virtually the only literary club in New York, for the Athenæum was in the article of death, and the Lotos Club had not yet been founded. It was rather a solemn thing to belong to the Century. Elderly men of national reputation, like Mr. Bryant, to mention a single name, dominated the club, and the newly elected member entered the portals of the Century with much the same feeling as he would have had in entering a church. No present member of the Century would recognize this description, for it is now years since the club was rejuvenated, and to-day the clubhouse holds no suggestion of either church or cemetery.

The Lotos Club was organized in the office of the New York *Leader*. The founders of the organization—Andrew Wheeler, De Witt Van Buren, Montgomery Schuyler, George Howe, Harry Bateman, Tom Kennett, myself and two or three others whose names I do not now recall—intended that the club should be composed exclusively of men associated professionally with literature and the arts, but it was soon found impracticable thus to limit the membership. Since its first meetings, held in a barely furnished room in Irving Place, the club has grown and flourished greatly. Few of the present members remember the evenings in Irving Place when Tom Knox, arrayed in Siberian furs, made tea in a gorgeous silver urn; and Randolfi sang "Belofed Eye: Belofed Star," with his wonderful though erratic voice, that carried all the way to Fourth Avenue, and on still nights soothed the policeman on his beat in front of Wallack's.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR

By L. M. COOKE

IT was "'leckshun" week, but the "'leckshun" was no General Election, affecting the whole population, leading eventually to the White House and other far-off regions of political strife. It concerned only the colored people, who, with all the happy mimicry of their race, so keenly alive to the effect of pomp and ceremony, were about to follow the example of the white folks, and elect a Governor for themselves.

It was a custom not without parallel in many parts of the Southern States, and in this particular district it had held ground for fully a century, so that it was no new untried experiment, but rather a delightful recurrence of an old-established, well-rooted custom that now plunged Humphreysville deep in the throes of a colored election.

Such an occasion seldom came oftener than once in a life-time, owing to unreasonable stretches of longevity on the part of colored Governors, who were not chosen, like the Popes, for their advanced age; so that, although the funeral of the late "Guv'ner" was of the most solemn description, calculated to rouse the profoundest grief in the hearts of all who witnessed it, the tears of Africa were all too quickly dried on mourners' cheeks in the lively anticipation of electing his successor; so true is it all the world over—"The King is dead; long live the King!"

In the prospective delights of a now possible "'leckshun" it would hardly be reasonable to expect that any one should unduly prolong his mourning for old Caleb, who for twenty-five years had persistently kept them out of all electoral joys, nor look for inordinate grief at his decease now that he had unblocked the way at last, and lay resting, *ex officio*, in the front row of the little colored burying-ground upon the hill.

So the colored community gave itself up unreservedly with no *arrière pensée* to the task before it; and the monotony of the past was soon forgotten in the unwonted excitement of the present. A new "Guv'ner" was about to be elected with all the enthusiasm that a hundred black heads and a hundred busy tongues were capable of, and that is saying a great deal, since in dusky politics tongues run higher and heads wag freer than in any other sphere of politics known. Bees at swarming-time were not more busy or more oblivious to all but their one great purpose than these clustered groups at cabin doors and windows.

The clusters were thickest and the hum loudest round Black Sambo's door. Black Sambo was the popular candidate—the stump-orator of the place, with so great a gift of the gab that it was commonly believed that if ever his tongue should fail him he could talk with his coat-tails. The plantation was convinced that the President himself could not beat him at oratory, and Sambo more than shared his neighbors' opinion. He had felt the government upon his shoulders long before "Unc' Caleb" had shuffled off this mortal coil, and now, supremely confident of his own fitness for the office, he had strutted about the Quarters, delivering fine periods of oratory for a whole fortnight of self-appointed holiday; and the overseer, seeking to recall him

from these unprofitable heights, got a "Guv'ner's" bow and the proud rejoinder: "I ain't got no time ter wuck, 'case ob de duties ob my new perfession."

No chieftain in his kraal on the far banks of the Congo was more vainglorious than Sambo; and the arguments he used to establish his position were so subtle and so numerous that his less-gifted compatriots went down before him as tamely and as inevitably as the Athenians before Socrates. There had been two or three competitors at the start, but these lesser lights had waned and gone out before the all-powerful beams of Sambo's successful star. His door was besieged day and night by a crowd of dusky supporters, and the human hive buzzed and hummed with so intense a restlessness that work was, to all intents and purposes, at a standstill. So disturbing an element had the "'leckshun" become, that everything on the plantation was more or less deranged by it; and young "Marse Tom" Humphreys, lenient, like all old Virginian planters, towards the customs and traditions of colored life, frankly expressed a wish that old Caleb had not died when every negro was wanted for the field-work and the produce of the year awaited the ministry of black hands to carry it.

The custom had some good at bottom of it, and had worked well in "Unc' Caleb's" day, but the present candidate was not of his type, and there were others "Marse Tom" would have preferred to see in that position—old favorites such as Jubal the fiddler, "Unc' Caleb's" son, who, being in the direct line of succession, might have been supposed to have some chance of support, but whose dreamy, unpractical nature had put him out of the running. The acknowledged genius of the place, he had "played down" five other plantations in open competition, but he had no rhetorical powers, and was tongue-tied on every subject but music. On the occasion of the solemn announcement of "Unc' Caleb's" death to the assembled negroes, an occasion when, by all the laws of nature, a speech had been imperatively required of him, all he had been able to say was, "My po' ole fader's gone to glory," and then, to the horror of his audience, had reseated himself. For that voluble race to be short of words was an unpardonable sin, and on the subject of death it was unheard of; for, in negro belief, orations, eulogies, laments, were as necessary to the departed soul as a Catholic mass.

All night long Jubal's wife, Maria, had sat up reciting to him all the beautiful death-sentiments her emotional dark nature was capable of, while Jubal sat silent and wet-eyed in a corner. By morning, Jubal had enough material for a dozen orations, and it was not Maria's fault that he failed so signally in his duty towards the dead. All her life she had been coaching him to play his part as heir to his father's authority, and *now* he had thrown away his chances in a sentence. After that, Maria's tears for Unc' Caleb were more bitter than any on the plantation, nor did her grief find any abatement in the thought of the coming election. In her young days she had been proud to marry the son of the "Guv'ner," but her honors had always been vicarious ones, and with the death of her father-in-law they had ceased altogether. Now, one does not live so near the steps of a throne without acquiring a complete knowledge of the advantages that belong to the position of a throne-holder. Maria's practical mind was not led away by official honors only, though the glamour of these was so great that, even in Unc' Caleb's day, a modest enough old negro in private life, it was commonly reported that "Marse Tom lived wif the Guv'ner!"

Maria's mind dwelt rather on the material advantages to be gained thereby—the plot of ground that the "Guv'ner" would receive for his own cultivation, the extra supplies from the "big house," with unlimited tobacco, and the reversion of all "Marse Tom's" broadcloth suits—"brodclof" and a stovepipe-hat being the only

quette permitted to colored
rs." Every detail of the case
cessity so well known to her.
een the judicial processes at
ner life—the streams of litig-
roes with their feuds and
s to be settled, and Unc'
n infallible figure of sable
conducting those dusky
with all the gravity of white
Congress. And now the
of his own son were too
wear his mantle, and it must
tranger. It was doubly bit-
Jubal might be said to have
n in the purple, and might
have been expected to
hereditary thing of it.
had been willing, perforce,
music a place in his life up
Just as Prince Hal might
d to follow his own vagaries
d till he came into his king-
Jubal might fiddle to every-
ed as long as his father was
it now, like the prince of his-
should put aside his own
ns and take upon himself
litary duties of his position.
Maria's horror and dismay he
to emerge from his position
pparent into the full rôle of
refusing utterly to give up
dam freedom and seclusion,
ly preferring to remain Jubal
r, rather than take the proud
ubal the "Guv'ner," which
easily have been his. Maria
lf powerless.
ho ain't no more 'count dan
in de trees," she said help-
"Yo's jest a po' two-foot fool;
hat dey all sey. Sambo, he
'a po' fool'; an' ole Miss, she
r head at me vexed-like, an'
a blind fool'; an' Marse Tom
dat queer smile ob his, an'
o's a 'divine fool,' an' dat
worse fool ob all. Dat mu-
o' curse, Jubal, ef yo' haden-
it musick in yo' inside yo'd
table member of society."
dey sey all dat ob de mu-
aid Jubal with a wounded
us look. "I sho gwine ter
n better, honey."

Maria had moved him at last; she had touched him on the side of his art, but she was too full of her own grievances to perceive how deeply her random shot had gone home. For Maria had more than one bitter pill to swallow. Besides the "Guv'nership," there was the subsidiary office of "Guv'ner's" wife, and Black Sambo's Sue would now fill that long-coveted position, and take precedence of all feminine life upon the plantation. Sue was a "no-class" negress, picked out from among the field-hands for her glossy good looks, when Sambo was a gay young bachelor with no thoughts of "politics" under his woolly thatch. She had toiled barefoot, in the sun, when Maria had worn boots in the high service of "ole Miss," up at the "big house"; for Maria had been a house-servant, and was therefore a "quality" negress, and as such could never associate with the field-hands, between whom and the house-servants a great gulf was fixed. Maria was quite sure of her own qualifications for the post. Shrewder than most, her judgment had been trained under "ole Miss" herself, whose charities she had helped to allocate and distribute; and "ole Miss" had long learnt to rely on Maria's shrewd estimate of her race, and to appeal to her on many points of domestic discipline. It was the last drop in her cup, but what was Maria to do, handicapped by a husband who, though the legitimate heir to the power, yet steadfastly turned his back upon it, and spent his time in back corners of the woods crooning to his old fiddle when he should have been spending it marshalling his forces and making his calling and election sure.

As a husband, Maria had nothing to complain of in Jubal; she acknowledged him to be the best father on the estate. All helpless creatures loved him, though helpful people avoided him, dumb animals nosed him out as a friend, and where children were concerned he was as irresistible in his old flapping coat as the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He would

walk the floor all night with a little "teether" in trouble on his shoulder, and his large bony forefinger was as good for cutting a tooth upon as it was for drawing tunes from the fiddle. Sometimes on a return from his lonely wanderings in the woods, he would find a cabin divided against itself; hot maternal indignation pouring itself out on young chastised limbs in a scene of youthful discomfiture. He took no apparent heed or part, just took up his fiddle again, and peace fell on the troubled domestic waters.

That so "biddable" a man should set up as a passive resister to his own wife was most "discredible"; and it was amid a tumult of conflicting emotions that the "'leckshun" day at length drew near.

The night had fallen, a silvery September night, and the first stars showed as points of light in a dreamy luminous sky. Low clouds upon the horizon flashed at slow intervals into quiet heat-lightning, which illumined like a tender search-light from heaven the groups of moving figures, stepping briskly along every pathway in one direction. It was a packed assembly in the meeting-house; by 7 o'clock there was scarcely breathing-space. The hour of his triumph had come, and Black Sambo, already treading in spirit the blissful paths of office, stood upon the platform, shining with success and unctuous with self-congratulatory assurance. Black Sambo's wife, also, looked on with an exalted eye, out of which she cast pitying glances at the other women whose husbands were not Sambos. Only Maria's pride kept her from a complete break-down.

"I's glad it gwine out ob de fambly. I's 'bout tired ob niggers' quarrels," she loudly proclaimed to hide her smarting feelings. She had a rushing in the head, and heard Black Sambo's speech in a dream that was all nightmare. He was very pompous, very loud, and very fluent; the words ran off his tongue like rain off a cabin-roof; Utopia was coming, or the millennium. His promises were loud and many, his protestations full and complete, as he rolled his eyes and puffed out his cheeks in the face of an admiring constituency. He thanked them for the honor they had done him, which he hoped to hand down to his "prosperity." (Sambo meant to found a dynasty, at least.) "Bruders an' sisters, I's sho de candidate fo' yo'-uns. I see it in yo' eyes, an' I see it in yo' faces. I 's de Guv'ner fo' yo'-uns, 'case I know de workin's ob yo' hearts, and de longing's ob yo' breasts. Dar ain't no one knows dis so intimatiously as dis chile. Yo' gotter hab yo' cause upheld, yo' gotter hab yo' wants made known, an' who gwine do dat like me wif de nachul gift ob langwidge dat nuffin' doan tire, dat 's neber been beat yet. I ain't a boastin', brudders an' sisters, 'case yo' know I speak de trufe. I war born talkin', an' I argied wif my ole Mammy de fustest time I open my mouf, an' dar ain't any dat ken get de better ob Sambo's tongue; an' dat's what yo'-uns want. A man 'thouten words am like a tree 'thouten leaves; eben de birds dey laugh at him." And here Black Sambo threw meaning glances of contempt in the direction of the tongue-tied Jubal. "It am de 'scrutable way ob Providence, one man kin talk an' anoder be dumb like de ox an' de ass; an' 'case dey's got no power wif de tongue, dey try ter meck up wif de fool tings liken musick an' fiddlin' an' sech," still covering Jubal with his eye. "But dem dat de Lawd gib de gift ob de tongue, dey doan need nuffin' else, 'case dey's full up wif words, an' sinse, an' de comfort ob langwidge."

Loud and unanimous applause greeted the conclusion of Sambo's speech. Bounce and bluster are sure of a following, and nowhere more so than among the impressionable children of the desert. They had accepted him at his own valuation, as their leader and spokesman, and now acclaimed him to the skies.

The babel and confusion were at their height, when an unexpected thing happened. Jubal, who had sat listless and absent-minded during Sambo's peroration, now rose to his

stood before them, his placid
e so like the ex-Governor's,
vith all the shrewder lines
that even the new party so
ntly acclaiming his rival
; but feel guiltily conscious
Ie stood alone, without a
a Crown Prince without a
ainfully calling up the tardy
at so plainly failed him at
It was no concern of his
l and fuss, but for one thing,
n idealist about to defend

t no speaker," was his first
hrase, as he looked depre-
ıt his audience still flushed
new wine of Sambo's elo-
"But yo' all gwine meck
ke dis night, dat I gwine set
ey tell me," and here Jubal's
ıed wide with a grieved as-
expression, "dat de musick
arvice ter de warld 'tall, dat
help ter govern folks, an'
ı' pussons liken me am fools,
ıeaded, an' no good 'tall,
.e musick inside ob us. Dey
le musick am a triflin' no-
ıg, jest fit fer de chilluns, an'
nuffin' ter do wif de serious
ob life. Now," and the
ed speaker gathered wrath
nt along, "I ain't got no
de tongue, but it ain't only
e dat kin speak. Yo' hab
ıat de tongue kin sey dis
ın' now yo' gwine ter hear
nusick kin sey, 'case de mu-
de powerfullest ting in de
' I gwine meck it de power-
ıg in dis room ter night";
l, with the air of a Moses
the backslidings of his peo-
g the instrument to his chin,
rgument began. He was on
sive at last, but he was de-
ıusic, not himself; her repu-
ıs at stake, her rights, not
impugned. And the great
ıe had worshipped so faith-
ıis life, the supreme beauti-
, the comforter of men, was
his elbow when this new
ıng," in praise of Music, fell
bow.

It was a whole Symphonia Domestica of the dark race that first held his hearers spell-bound, in which birth and bridal and death had a place, a fine commingling of cradle-songs, love-songs, requiems, epithalamiums floating out over the whole range of life, and bringing personal proof to every one there. For each of his hearers lay so open to attack; their memories were all on Jubal's side, and witnessed against their owners. At festivals, at "mournin's," at "berryin's," at the departure of the very old, and at the arrival of the very young, Jubal, with his simple art, had used "motives" as freely and as unerringly as greater musicians than he have done, and there was no phase in colored history but had its *Leitmotiv* of tenderest melody, its little heralding notes of gladdest joy or saddest sorrow. Each well-known tune, as it was strung on the chain that Jubal was forging, had a personal application and fitted the life-story of this or that dark brother or sister, and was inextricably bound up with this or that chapter of their history. Here was the gala-tune to which you marched so lightly on your wedding-morn; and here was the tune behind which your feet lagged so heavily as you climbed the low hill to the burying-ground, and left some lost affection there. Here were gay affirmative tunes, and sad negative ones; for the "chilluns"; bird-tunes; idle sun-hot summer tunes; quiet dark winter ones. Jubal showed no mercy, like a father-confessor, the fiddle knew all the secrets of the human heart, and held them quivering in the air. The instrument Jubal ostensibly played upon was the fiddle "Marse Tom" had given him, but the instrument he really played upon was the quick-beating hearts of the colored people heaving and palpitating around him. Back and forth went the bow on its vindicatory mission, and now, after their personal needs had been reached, came a larger note—the Symphonia Politica, the needs of the body-politic. As the sounds dropped from the bow, an in-

fluence too great to resist swept over his auditors. Black Sambo's shallow utterances faded from their minds—the self-seekers, and the place-hunters fell away, their narrow centre lost in the ever-widening horizons the fiddle opened up to them, like the desert vistas of African immensity. Sambo had shown them the littleness of power; Jubal was showing them its vastness. They did not understand it any more than the trees understand the music that the wind wrings from their passive branches, but some great revulsion had passed over the room. Bodies rocked, heads swayed, arms were uplifted; only Maria guessed the truth—the great power that had governed her life was governing Jubal's without his knowing it. It was on her side at last; he was playing himself straight into the governorship; in vindicating music he had found the dominant. Then a wonderful thing happened. Jubal, still drawing those inspired notes from the fiddle, stepped from the platform with an air of exultation, and as he passed down the "island" of the little meeting-house with head erect, every row fell in behind him in silent order, until not a single member of the gathering remained behind, only Black Sambo and his wife slunk away in the all-merciful darkness, overthrown by the omnipotence of the power they had so lately rejected.

Up at the "big house, "Marse Tom" was sitting over his wine in the great west parlor with "ole Miss" by his side. He wore an air of fine tolerance and quizzical good-humor as he leaned back in his chair discussing with the manner of a genial satirist the rather personal topic of the colored election; but "ole Miss's" cameo-finished face had a cloud of vexation upon it, and her voice had a ring of distinct disapproval.

"I think you should have settled the matter out of hand," she was saying. "If you had put up Jubal as your nominee he would have been elected without a murmur. After all we know better what is good for them than they do themselves, and Jubal's wife is an excellent woman. She was your nurse as a boy, and the most faithful servant I ever had. Her judgment is as much to be relied upon as any white person's, and she has been the greatest help to me in the management of the women and children."

"Ah, I see, Mother; Maria is your nominee. She was to have been the *dea ex machina*—the power behind the throne. If I had known your plans, I might have fallen in with them better, but the Salic Law is strong among the primitive races; indeed, it was the primitive races that first brought that law against petticoat government into existence, if I remember rightly, and you would have had trouble there, Mother."

"You are laying up trouble for yourself, I am afraid. Old Caleb was a power among his followers, and kept them in order; but no one is going to follow Black Sambo. You will have all sorts of petty annoyances to contend with, and much more work to do in the management of the people."

"Well, I am bound to miss old Caleb; he made an excellent buffer, and saved me a lot of bother and trouble. I expect to sit in the office a good many hours a day before I get his successor into shape. But take comfort, Mother. I promise you Black Sambo shall get no sinecure, and it will knock some of the nonsense out of him. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' you know, and I expect he will wish himself well out of it before long."

Just now the sound of the advancing fiddle and the tramp of feet in the distance was borne in through the open window, and there was a world of indulgence on "Marse Tom's" face as he rose and offered his arm ceremoniously to "ole Miss."

"There, Mother, they are coming at last. Let us go out into the hall, that we may be ready to welcome his Excellency the Governor! Jubal is playing his rival in with musical honor."

"I wonder Maria lets him—he has

at all," said "ole Miss" proval.

Mother, you and I owe to Jubal. He is like the upon whom the sins and ıgs of others have been laid. ave Jubal that old Strad sent my own aspirations ions along with him into ness—into that delightful re dreamers and visionaries l their own way, and are s by practical people for ;. Thus I saved my hold al life at Jubal's expense, ıve to thank him that your much common-sense as he always feel a little guilty bal, just as a rich conscript ;owards his paid substitute ets killed in battle, or has the scars and knocks which ipt himself escapes. By beggar plays like one in- ight. I should never have ıod a musician as Jubal. It ıng out into the wilderness ɜ that!"

and son passed in stately m the room into the large ıd, where the chattering oes were already assembled ending ceremony, and took ıosition at the head of the ;, under the broad veranda :s embracing pillars round onial mansion. The tramp et and the sound of the fid- momentarily upon the ear; ɜads were advancing nearer ; now the avenue was tra- l Jubal, the leader, brought to a halt under the wide ithin a few yards of "ole l let his arm sink to his e first time, with a dazed ered look.

Tom's" eye wandered over ing black heads seeking in ack Sambo.

gue is not usually afflicted ɜsty; he means to appear ınced glory just at the ɜ moment, I suppose," he whispered to his mother, expecting each moment the serried ranks to open and disclose the flamboyant figure of the plantation orator. Aloud he said, "Welcome, friends! You are here to-night to tell us your decision. I therefore call upon you to name the new Governor."

Suddenly the summer night was vocal with one great shout, that seemed to shake the firmament, and a hundred throats opened simultaneously to emit the cry, "Jubal! Jubal!"

It was a painful awakening for Jubal when he descended from his mood of exultation to find that greatness had been thrust upon him, and that by his own hand. The chains of office were heavy and grievous to him, and the constraints of his high position galled his free spirit. After a week of it, he fled to silent refuges in the woods, leaving Maria as his "dep'ty" to carry on the management of affairs.

"De Guv'ner sey," was a formula sweet as honey to her lips, and it prefaced all her administrative efforts. "De Guv'ner sey dat Cæsar gwine hab no sorter berryin' 'tall, an' only three mourners fer de sake ob de widder, 'case he wur de thievingest, good-fernuffin'est nigger 'bout de place; de Guv'ner sey dat sister Lindy-Ann can't marry agin till she dun do de three months' mournin' fer her fust husband; de Guv'ner sey dat no chile on dis yer plantation hab got ter go ter hoodoos, ner listen ter devil-talk, by order of 'ole Miss.'"

After each new stroke of policy, "Marse Tom" would look at "ole Miss" with a twinkle in his eye, and say he had never met a better "Guv'ner" than Maria. And Maria herself, at the zenith of her power, would look at the fiddle as it lay on the dresser in the kitchen with very much the same expression on her beaming face as her ancestors in equatorial Africa may have bestowed upon a favorite fetish.

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

VIII

THE DRAMATIC SENSE

I WAS walking, the other day, along a road at Cambridge, engulfed in a torrent of cloth-capped and coated young men all flowing one way—going to see or, as it is now called, to "watch" a match. We met a little girl walking with her governess in the opposite direction. There was a baleful light of intellect in the child's eye, and a preponderance of forehead combined with a certain lankness of hair betrayed, I fancy, an ingenuous academical origin. The girl was looking round her with an unholy sense of superiority, and as we passed she said to her governess in a clear-cut, complacent tone, "We're quite exceptional, are n't we?" To which the governess replied briskly, "Laura, don't be ridiculous!" To which exhortation Laura replied with self-satisfied pertinacity, "No, but we *are* exceptional, are n't we?"

Ah, Miss Laura, I thought to myself, you are one of those people with a dramatic sense of your own importance. It will probably make you a very happy, and an absolutely insufferable person! I have little doubt that the tiny prig was saying to herself: "I daresay that all these men are wondering who is the clever-looking little girl who is walking in the opposite direction to the match, and has probably something better to do than to look on at matches." It is a great question whether one ought to wish people to nourish illusions about themselves, or whether one ought to desire such illusions to be dispelled. They certainly add immensely to people's happiness, but on the other hand, if life is an educative progress, and if the aim of human beings is or ought to be the attainment of moral perfection, then the sooner that these illusions are dispelled the better.

It is one of the many questions which depend upon the great fact as to whether our identity is prolonged after death. If identity is not prolonged, then one would wish people to maintain every illusion which makes life happier; and there is certainly no illusion which brings people such supreme and unfailing contentment as the sense of their own significance in the world. This illusion rises superior to all failures and disappointments. It makes the smallest and simplest act seem momentous. The world for such persons is merely a theatre of gazers in which they discharge their part appropriately and successfully. I know several people who have the sense very strongly, who are conscious from morning to night, in all that they do or say, of an admiring audience; and who, even if their circle is wholly indifferent, find food for delight in the consciousness of how skilfully and satisfactorily they discharge their duties.

I remember once hearing a worthy clergyman, of no particular force, begin a speech at a missionary meeting by saying that people had often asked him what was the secret of his

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l that he had always replied
ras unaware that his smile
pecial quality; but that if it
ıs so, and it would be idle
l that a good many people
oticed it, it was that he im-
resolute cheerfulness into
e did. The man, as I have
ıot in any way distinguished,
: can be no doubt that
ght of his heavenly smile
y sustaining one, and that
of responsibility that the
of such a characteristic
undoubtedly made him en-
smile like the Cheshire cat,
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t, however, common to find
ıke such a frank and candid
of their superiority. The
generally kept for more or
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self-satisfaction generally
itself, for instance, with
o have no real illusions, say,
ir personal appearance, in
ıem to feel, after a chance
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ly do not look so bad in
ghts. A dull preacher will
ıimself, with a private relish,
e out of a very common-
ourse of his own, and think
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nd that he gave it an im-
mphasis; or a student will
ery unimportant discovery,
pon the attention of some
ıority on the subject, extort
ırted assent, and will then
saying: "I mentioned my
to Professor A——: he
excited about it, and urged
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monplace woman will give
y, and plume herself upon
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are ready to hand in any
quality is not the same as
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o doubt exists in the minds
eally successful people, and
t flagrantly betrayed, it is
important constituent of
ess. But the happy part
of it is that the dramatic sense is often freely bestowed upon the most inconspicuous and unintelligent persons, and fills their lives with a consciousness of romance and joy. It concerns itself mostly with public appearances upon however minute a scale, and thus it is a rich source of consolation and self-congratulation. Even if it falls upon one who has no social gifts whatever, whose circle of friends tends to diminish as life goes on, whose invitations tend to decrease, it still frequently survives in a consciousness of being profoundly interesting, and consoles itself by believing that, under different circumstances and in a more perceptive society, the fact would have received a wider recognition.

But, after all, as with many things, much depends upon the way that illusions are cherished. When this dramatic sense is bestowed upon a heavy-handed, imperceptive, egotistical person, it becomes a terrible affliction to other people, unless indeed the onlooker possesses the humorous spectatorial curiosity; when it becomes a matter of delight to find a person behaving characteristically, striking the hour punctually, and being, as Mr. Bennet thought of Mr. Collins, fully as absurd as one had hoped. It then becomes a pleasure, and not necessarily an unkind one, because it gives the deepest satisfaction to the victim, to tickle the egotist as one might tickle a trout, to draw him on by innocent questions, to induce him to unfold and wave his flag high in the air. I had once a worthy acquaintance whose occasional visits were to me a source of infinite pleasure—and I may add that I have no doubt that they gave him a pleasure quite as acute,—because he only required the simplest fly to be dropped on the pool, when he came heavily to the top and swallowed it. I have heard him deplore the vast size of his correspondence, the endless claims made upon him for counsel. I have heard him say with a fatuous smile that there were literally hundreds of people who day by day brought their pitcher of self-pity

to be filled at his pump of sympathy: that he wished he could have a little rest, but that he supposed that it was a plain duty for him to minister thus to human needs, though it took it out of him terribly. I suppose that some sort of experience must have lain behind this confession, for my friend was a decidedly moral man, and would not tell a deliberate untruth; the only difficulty was that I could not conceive where he kept his stores of sympathy, because I had never heard him speak of any subject except himself, and I suppose that his method of consolation, if he was consulted, was to relate some striking instance out of his own experience in which grace triumphed over nature.

Sometimes, again, the dramatic sense takes the form of an exaggerated self-depreciation. I was reading the other day the life of a very devoted clergyman, who said on his death-bed to one standing by him: "If anything is done in memory of me, let a plain slab be placed on my grave with my initials and the date, and the words 'the unworthy priest of this parish'—that must be all."

The man's modesty was absolutely sincere; yet what a strange confusion of modesty and vanity after all! If the humility had been *perfectly* unaffected, he would have felt that the man who really merited such a description deserved no memorial at all; or again, if he had had no sense of credit, he would have left the choice of a memorial to any who might wish to commemorate him. If one analyses the feeling underneath the words, it will be seen to consist of a desire to be remembered, a hope almost amounting to a belief that his work was worthy of commemoration, coupled with a sincere desire not to exaggerate its value. And yet silence would have attested his humility far more effectually than any calculated speech!

The dramatic sense is not a thing which necessarily increases as life goes on; some people have it from the very beginning. I have an elderly friend who is engaged on a very special sort of scientific research of a wholly unimportant kind. He is just as incapable as my sympathetic friend of talking about anything except his own interests. "You don't mind my speaking about my work?" he says with a brilliant smile: "you see it means so much to me." And then, after explaining some highly technical detail, he will add: "Of course this seems to you very minute, but it is work that has got to be done by someone; it is only laying a little stone in the temple of science. Of course I often feel I should like to spread my wings and take a wider flight, but I do seem to have a special faculty for this kind of work, and I suppose it is my duty to stick to it." And he will pass his hand wearily over his brow, and expound another technical detail. He apologises ceaselessly for dwelling on his own work, but in no place or company have I ever heard him do otherwise; and he is certainly one of the happiest people I know.

But, on the other hand, it is a rather charming quality to find in combination with a certain balance of mind. Unless a man is interesting to himself he cannot easily be interesting to others; there is a youthful and ingenuous sense of romance and drama which can exist side by side with both modesty and sympathy, rather akin to the habit common to imaginative children of telling themselves long stories in which they are the heroes of the tale. But people who have this faculty are generally mildly ashamed of it; they do not believe that their fantastic adventures are likely to happen. They only think how pleasant it would be if things arranged themselves so. It all depends on whether such dramatisation is looked upon in the light of an amusement, or whether it is applied in a heavy-handed manner to real life. Imaginative children, who have true sympathy and affection as well, generally end by finding the real world, as they grow up into it, such an astonishing and interesting place that their horizon extends and they apply to other people, to their relationships

etings, the zest and interest ey formerly applied only to ves. The kind of tempera- at falls a helpless victim to c egotism is generally the and self-satisfied man, who rvent belief in his own influ- l the duty of exercising it on Most of us, one may say ly, are kept humble by our and even by our sins. If the the transgressor is hard, the the righteous man is often If a man is born free from temptations, vigorous, active, the chances are ten to one falls into the snare of self- sness and moral complacency. ses judgment on others, he s himself favorably with A spice of unpopularity gives still more fatal bias, because ks that he is persecuted for iness, when he is only dis- his superiority. He becomes to warn people, and if they is advice and get into diffi- he is not wholly ill-pleased. s the diffident person, who igly assumes the responsibil- someone else's life, is beset rable regrets if his penitent him, and attributes it to his smanagement. The truth is oral indignation is a luxury ry few people can afford to in. And if it is true that nan can with difficulty enter dom of heaven, it is also true dramatic man finds it still fficult. He is impervious to , because he bears it with s. He has so good a con- hat he cannot believe himself rong. If he makes an egre- under, he says to himself with olemnity that it is right that satisfaction should be ten- urged away, and glories in humility. A far wholesomer mind is that of the philoso- o said, when complimented mellowness that advancing d brought him, that he still to himself the right of damn- gs in general. Because the truth is that the things which really discipline us are the painful, dreary, intolerable things of life, the results of one's own meanness, stupidity and weakness, or the black catastrophes which sometimes overwhelm us, and not the things which we piously and cheerfully accept as ministering to our consciousness of worth and virtue.

If I say that the dramatic failing is apt to be more common among the clergy than among ordinary mortals, it is because the clerical vocation is one that tempts men who have this temperament strongly developed to enter it, and afterwards provides a good deal of sustenance to the particular form of vanity that lies behind the temptation. The dramatic sense loves public appearances and trappings, processions and ceremonies. The instinctive dramatist who is also a clergyman tends to think of himself as moving to his place in the sanctuary in a solemn progress, with a worn spiritual aspect, robed as a son of Aaron. He likes to picture himself as standing in the pulpit pale with emotion, his eye gathering fire as he bears witness to the truth or testifies against sin. He likes to believe that his words and intonations have a thrilling quality, a fire or a delicacy, as the case may be, which scorches or penetrates the sin-burdened heart. It may be thought that this criticism is unduly severe. I do not for a moment say that the attitude is universal, but it is commoner, I am sure, than one would like to believe; and neither do I say that it is inconsistent with deep earnestness and vital seriousness. I would go further, and maintain that such a dramatic consciousness is a valuable quality for men who have to sustain at all a spectacular part. It very often lends impressiveness to a man, and convinces those who hear and see him of his sincerity; while a man who thinks nothing of appearances often fails to convince his audience that he cares more for his message than for the fact that he is the mouthpiece of it. I find it very difficult to say

whether it is well for people who cherish such illusions about their personal impressiveness to get rid of such illusions when personal impressiveness is a real factor in their success. To do a thing really well it is essential to have a substantial confidence in one's aptitude for the task. And undoubtedly diffidence and humility, however sincere, are a bad outfit for a man in a public position. I am inclined to think that self-confidence, and a certain degree of self-satisfaction, are valuable assets, so long as a man believes primarily in the importance of what he has to say and do, and only secondarily in his own power of, and fitness for, saying and doing it.

There is an interesting story—I do not vouch for the truth of it—that used to be told of Cardinal Manning, who undoubtedly had a strong sense of dramatic effect. He was putting on his robes one evening in the sacristy of the cathedral at Westminster, when a noise was heard at the door, as of one who was determined on forcing an entrance in spite of the remonstrances of the attendants. In a moment a big, strongly-built person, looking like a prosperous man of business, labouring under a vehement and passionate emotion, came quickly in, looked about him, and advancing to Manning poured out a series of indignant reproaches. "You have got hold of my boy," he said, "with your hypocritical and sneaking methods; you have made him a Roman Catholic; you have ruined the happiness and peace of our home; you have broken his mother's heart and overwhelmed us in misery." He went on in this strain at some length. Manning, who was standing in his cassock, drew himself up in an attitude of majestic dignity, and waited until the intruder's eloquence had exhausted itself, and had ended with threatening gestures. Some of those present would have intervened, but Manning with an air of command waved them back, and then, pointing his hand at the man, he said: "Now, sir, I have allowed you to have your say and you shall hear me in reply. You have traduced Holy Church, you have broken in upon the sanctuary, you have uttered vile and abominable slanders against the Faith; and I tell you," he added—pausing for an instant with flashing eyes and marble visage—"I tell you that within three months you will be a Catholic yourself." He then turned sharply on his heel and went on with his preparations. The man was utterly discomfited; he made as though he would speak, but was unable to find words; he looked round, and eventually slunk out of the sacristy in silence.

One of those present ventured to ask Manning afterwards about the strange scene. "Had the Cardinal," he inquired, "any sudden premonition that the man himself would adopt the Faith in so short a time?" Manning smiled indulgently, putting his hand on the other's shoulder, and said: "Ah, my dear friend, who shall say? You see it was a very awkward moment, and I had to deal with the situation as I best could."

That was an instance of supreme presence of mind and great dramatic force; but one is not sure whether it was a wholly apostolical method of handling the position.

But, to transfer the question from the ecclesiastical region into the region of common life, it is undoubtedly true that if a man or a woman has a strong sense of moral issues, a deep feeling of responsibility and sympathy, an anxious desire to help things forward, then a dramatic sense of the value of manner, speech, gesture and demeanour is a highly effective instrument. It is often said that the people who wield a great personal influence have the gift of making the individual with whom they are dealing feel that his case is the most interesting and important with which they have ever come in contact, and of inspiring and maintaining a special kind of relationship between themselves and their petitioner. That is no doubt a very encouraging thing for the applicant

even though he is sensible to realise that his case is only ong many with which his ad- dealing, and probably not the gnificant. Upon such a qual- :his the success of statesmen, , physicians, largely depends. ere the dramatic sense is com- ith egotism, selfishness, and in- ce to the claims of others, it ible inheritance. It ministers, 'e said before, to its possessor's sfaction; but on the other is a failing which goes so deep ich permeates so intimately le moral nature, that its cure st impossible without the gift t the Scripture calls "a new

Such self-complacency is a shield against criticism, and arly so because it gives as a rule opportunities for any outside however intimate, to expose quity of such a temperament. matic egotist is careful as a to let his egotism appear, but ss to be, and even to believe is, guided by the highest mo- all his actions and words. A remonstrance is met by a tolerance, and by the reply e critic does not understand ation, and is trying to hinder han to help the development icent designs.

I to know a man of this type, s insatiably greedy of influence ognition. It is true that he dy to help other people with or advice. He was wealthy, a good position; and he would great deal of trouble to obtain ments for friends who ap- o him, or to unravel a difficult n; though the object of his e was not to help his appli- ut to obtain credit and power self. He did not desire that ould be helped, but that they depend upon him for help. could undeceive him as to his tive, because he gave his time money freely; yet the result t most of the people whom ed tended to resent it in the ause he demanded services in return, and was jealous of any other interference. Chateaubriand says that it is not true gratitude to wish to repay favours promptly; and still less is it true benevolence to wish to retain a hold over those whom one has benefited.

Sometimes, indeed, the two strains are almost inextricably intertwined, real and vital sympathy with others combined with an overwhelming sense of personal significance; and then the problem is an inconceivably complicated one. For I suppose it must be frankly confessed that the basis of the dramatic sense is not a very wholesome one; it is, of course, a strong form of individualism. But while it is true that we suffer from taking ourselves too seriously, it is also possible to suffer from not taking ourselves seriously enough. If effectiveness is the end of life, there is no question that a strong sense of what we like to call responsibility, which is generally nothing more than a sense of one's own importance, decorously framed and glazed, is an immense factor in success. I myself cherish the heresy that effectiveness is very far from being the end of life, and that the only effectiveness that is worth anything is unintentional effectiveness. I believe that a man or woman who is humble and sincere, who loves and is loved, is higher on the steps of heaven than the adroitest lobbyist; but it may be that the world's criterion of what it admires and respects is the right one, and indeed it is hard to see how so strong an instinct is implanted in the human race, the instinct to value strength and success above everything, unless it is put there by our Maker. At the same time one cherishes the hope that there is a better criterion somewhere, in the Divine Mind, in the fruitful future, the criterion that it is not what a man effects that matters, but what he makes of the resources that are given him to work with.

The effectiveness of the dramatic sense is beyond question. One can see a supreme instance of it in the case of the Christian Science move-

ment, in which a woman of strong personality, by lighting upon an idea latent in a large number of minds, an idea moreover of real and practical vitality, and by putting it in a form which has all the definiteness required by brains of a hazy and emotional order, has contrived to effect an immense amount of good, besides amassing a colossal fortune, and assuming almost divine pretensions, without being widely discredited. The human race is, speaking generally, so anxious for any leading that it can get, that if a man or woman can persuade themselves that they have a mission to humanity, and maintain a pontifical air, they will generally be able to attract a band of devoted adherents, whose faith, rising superior to both intelligence and common-sense, will endorse almost any claim that the prophet or prophetess likes to advance.

But the danger for the prophet himself is great. Arrogance, complacency, self-confidence, all the Pharisaical vices flourish briskly in such a soil. He loses all sense of proportion, all sense of dependence. Instead of being a humble learner in a mysterious world, he expects to find everything made after the pattern revealed to him in the Mount. The good that he does may be permanent and fruitful; but in some dark valley of humiliation and despair he will have to learn that God tolerates us and uses us; He does not need us. "He delighteth not in any man's legs," as the Psalmist said with homely vigour. To save others and be oneself a castaway is the terrible fate of which St. Paul saw so clearly the possibility; and thus anyone who is conscious of the dramatic sense, or even dimly suspects that it is there, ought to pray very humbly to be delivered from it, as he would from any other darling bosom-sin. He ought to eschew diplomacy and practise frankness, he ought to welcome failure and to rejoice when he makes humiliating mistakes. He ought to be grateful even for palpable faults and weaknesses and sins and physical disabilities. For if we have the hope that God is educating us, is moulding a fair statue out of the frail and sordid clay, such a faith forbids us to reject any experience, however disagreeable, however painful, however self-revealing it may be, as of no import; and thus we can grow into a truer sense of proportion, till at last we may come

to learn that Man
Is small, and not forget that Man is great.

The subject of Mr. Benson's March essay will be "Optimism."

DUSK

THE city street a roaring, blackened stream
  Walled in by granite, thro' whose thousand eyes
A thousand yellow lights begin to gleam,—
  And over all the pale untroubled skies.

SARA TEASDALE

SIR ROBERT HART

A Great English Administrator in the Chinese Service

By WILLARD STRAIGHT

IT is said that the Occidental mind is transformed by long residence in China, even as the alien peoples who have successively held the Dragon Throne have without exception been absorbed by and amalgamated with the less energetic and warlike but more persistent and virile subject race. Although the development of what is popularly supposed to be the personality of Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, has often been asserted to justify this statement, it would be a mistake to think him any the less an Irishman because he has identified himself to such a remarkable degree with the interests he has served so long and faithfully. His fondness for mental and moral philosophy, the favorite studies of his collegiate course, undoubtedly fitted him in a singularly happy manner to deal with Orientals. His years of intimacy with the Chinese have enabled him to appreciate qualities which the more superficial observer, perhaps, might be inclined to condemn. He has been willing to sacrifice an immediate result for the attainment of an ultimate object, to yield for a month or a year that he might finally accomplish his purpose. His frequent use of those tactics which the Chinese themselves employ, however, should be ascribed to his prescience in selecting the means best calculated to serve his ends rather than to the subversive influence of the circumstances by which he has been surrounded.

Sir Robert Hart's success, unlike that of the majority of his illustrious countrymen whose fame is based upon their achievements in the Orient, must be attributed to his dexterity in avoiding issues and not to his positive and tangible victories when brought face to face with active opposition. Those distinguished Englishmen (the word is used in its generic sense) whose executive abilities have transformed warring Asiatic states into peaceful and well ordered colonies, have been the exponents of British policy. Lord Cromer, who is primarily responsible for the prosperity of Egypt, is a British official. In that country, as in India, the Straits Settlements and Burma, these builders of empire have derived a large measure of their authority from the presence of British bayonets; and the mischief-making capacity of foreign rivals who from time to time may have desired to undermine the dominant influence has been circumscribed by fear of the consequences which would have followed an attempt to thwart the purpose of one of the world's greatest powers.

Sir Robert, it is true, has received the support of his government at certain crises in his career, but his efforts have not been seconded by British arms. He has developed a great administrative organization despite the jealous intrigues of his employers; and not infrequently has been obliged to brave the criticism of his own nationals in order

effectively to serve the Chinese Government and to placate those whose hostility might perhaps have cost him his position.

Born at Portadown in the north of Ireland on February 20, 1835, Robert Hart took his Bachelor's degree at Queen's College, Belfast, where he studied under Dr. McCosh, late President of Princeton University. Selected as the most brilliant member of his class for the post of consular assistant in China, he was ordered to Ningpo in 1854. There he spent four years attending to the usual duties of his office and in studying Chinese, acquiring a local brogue which, notwithstanding his long residence in Peking, he retains to this day. In 1858 he was attached to the British consulate at Canton, and upon the occupation of that city by the French and British forces he became secretary and intrepreter to the allied commanders, re-entering the service of his Government in 1859.

For several years prior to the outbreak of the struggle which ultimately resulted in the establishment of the foreign legations in Peking, the Yangtze valley had been terrorized by the Taiping rebels. Their depredations had seriously interfered with trade, and at a time when the local customs authorities were completely demoralized by the insurgent occupation of the native city of Shanghai, a foreign collectorate was organized by the American, British and French consuls. To this new establishment Mr. Hart transferred his services in 1859, entering the branch office that had been installed in Canton.

Horatio Lay, the British member of the original Board of Governors, having been given the title of Inspector-General of Customs, Mr. Hart was shortly afterwards appointed his deputy. His irascible temper and high-handed methods soon gained Mr. Lay the ill-will of his Chinese associates. His attempt to direct the movements of a fleet which, at Mr. Hart's suggestion, had been armed and manned at great cost, and brought to China under the command of Captain Osborne, British naval officer, was responsible for his undoing.

While his chief was in England fitting out the ill-fated flotilla, Mr. Hart as officiating Inspector-General won the confidence and respect of his superiors in Peking. The foreign collectorate had been invested with official powers by the Chinese Government in 1861, and in the adjustment of the relations between the metropolitan authorities and the new branch of their administration Mr. Hart was eminently successful. His tact, his discretion and his appreciation of the Oriental point of view were so satisfactory to his employers that it was with reluctance that they consented to his departure, upon Mr. Lay's return in 1863.

Mr. Lay's term as Commissioner of Customs in Shanghai, however, was destined to be brief. The British Minister at Peking refused to support him in his controversy with the Chinese Government and his retirement followed. Mr. Hart, then only twenty-eight years of age, was appointed Inspector-General. Before him was a task whose magnitude it is possible to appreciate only in the light of his subsequent achievement. The difficulties of his position were increased by the resentment with which many of the members of his staff regarded his sudden elevation. It was undoubtedly, therefore, his realization of the attitude of his former colleagues, as well as the promptings of a disposition naturally studious, diffident and retiring, which led him to adopt that reserve which is to-day one of his most marked characteristics.

When he assumed charge, the value of the foreign trade with which the Imperial Maritime Customs had to deal was 116,142,770 Haikwan taels; in 1905 it was 674,988,988. Where there are now forty-one treaty ports,* in 1864 there were only fourteen actually opened to foreign trade; and where in 1906 the administration over

* This figure does not include the sixteen Manchurian cities opened by the Chino-Japanese Agreement of 1905.

ıe presides employed 1335 s and 9954 Chinese, his staff comprised barely 200 s, who dealt with revenue ıs only, while at the present : Customs Service is subdi- to the Revenue, Marine and epartments.

government service in the s the power of the chief execu- n so complete. Those who e Chinese Customs Service eir future in the hands of rt Hart. The commissioner a salary of $5,000 per annum ınior assistant existing on a taels a month may be ar- transferred or dismissed at ıre. Of late years, it is true, considerations have affected tion of men for certain posts. international relations have nore and more involved, and ıents have not infrequently de as a matter of political cy.

ımen are now sent to the , Englishmen to the Bur- Thibetan frontier and Hong- d Germans to Tsingtau. A and then a Japanese were ely despatched to New- the former as commissioner : forces of his government r to the north, the latter as when the Mikado's troops the city. The political sig- of the location of Ameri- strategic points has been a tively recent development; American acting commis- as stationed at Newchwang advent of the Japanese, and was sent to Antung when ınths of negotiation it was lecided to open a custom- : that port.

the conclusion of the war ıan the Customs Service has one great financial asset of ıerial Government, and its : have gradually been ex- ntil at the present time the Department not only, as inally the case, supervises rade and levies on all goods carried in vessels built on western lines, but superintends the collection of *likin* at some collectorates, and at many ports directs the native customs which deal with the junk-borne traffic. The Marine Department is charged with lighting the Chinese coast and buoying the harbors; and the revenue cutters, officered by members of Sir Robert's foreign staff, have to a great extent suppressed the piracy that formerly imperilled the lives and property of travellers between Macao, Canton and Honkong.

The Postal Department which now functions throughout the empire originated in an humble courier service between the treaty ports. In 1896 the Chinese Government recognized this organization and made an appropriation for its extension. The grant was all too small. The officials, having consented to the establishment of the new department, refused to avail themselves of the means of communication it afforded, continuing to transmit their correspondence through rival native agencies or by courier, and for some years it was necessary to supplement the scanty allowances available for postal expenditure by making drafts upon the customs funds.

Chinese officialdom, save in matters affecting its exchequer, has been oblivious of the success or failure of these administrative undertakings. The indifference of the mandarins to the welfare of the service during the formative period makes their recent attempt to usurp the directorate of the customs and wrest the control from Sir Robert's hands seem all the more unwarranted and ungrateful. Two high officials were charged with the task of dictating to the Inspector-General, who for years had derived his authority from the Bureau of Foreign Affairs.

A more impetuous man than this seasoned administrator would probably have answered the blow aimed at his prestige by tendering his resignation; but, although an autocrat in the exercise of his own powers, Sir Robert has through long years

been accustomed unquestioningly to accept the mandates of the Chinese Government, and during the months of uncertainty which followed the appointment of the two Directors-General, when his status was the subject of world-wide discussion, he was content to hold his peace.

The British Government, however, actively interested itself in his behalf. An agreement signed in 1898, when it was feared that a non-Englishman might be appointed in Sir Robert's place, provides that, while England maintains her present preponderance in China's foreign trade, an Englishman shall hold the Inspector-Generalship; and upon this instrument the British Chargé d'Affaires based his protest against the action of the imperial authorities. The discussion dragged on for months; and, although the objectionable edict was not withdrawn, Tang finally consented to sanction the circular statement which the Inspector-General issued in September, 1906, informing the customs staff that matters would be conducted as before.*

Sir Robert's main concern has always been the welfare and systematic development of his service. Had he been more altruistic and less practical, he might have felt it incumbent upon his position to become the protagonist of reform. He has, however, been content to remain a faithful servant and counsellor, steadfastly refusing to depart from that conservative policy which alone could insure the continuity of his administration. Yet no one has been more keenly alive than he to the defects of China's administrative system. No one has realized more fully the necessity for consolidating her national strength, and for the substitution of a rational diplomacy for that vacillation and obstruction which have so largely been responsible for the confusion of right and might as factors in Far Eastern politics.

* A circular recently issued by Sir Robert instructs the Commissioners of Customs to employ Chinese wherever possible, in order gradually to increase the sphere of usefulness of the native staff. One Chinese commissioner and four assistants have already been appointed to the indoor staff, which heretofore has consisted, with but one exception, of Europeans, Americans and Japanese.

At the very beginning of his career, upon the urgent request of the metropolitan officials, he outlined a program embracing what he deemed to be the essential features of China's future policy. When in 1902 he was for the first time granted an imperial audience, the Empress Dowager assured him that had his suggestions offered forty years before been followed, there would have been no Boxer outbreak; and that foreign troops would not at that time have been quartered at Peking. Other memorials dealing with the adoption of a uniform national currency and with the revision of the system of land taxation have alike been received, commented upon and in all probability consigned forever to dusty Yamen shelves. Their fate would seem to justify Sir Robert in having limited his activities to suggesting merely the manner in which changes might be effected, and in failing to seek too active a participation in the so-called regeneration of China.

Reluctant though the Chinese have been to countenance any administrative reform which might restrict their opportunities for peculation and illicit gain, they have eagerly sought Sir Robert's advice regarding questions of external policy. So potent has been his influence in the conduct of foreign affairs that those persons acquainted with the East were wont to question the political acumen of the British Foreign Office which cautioned its representatives on the eve of their departure for Peking, "When in doubt, consult Sir Robert Hart." His appointment in 1885 as British Minister was, therefore, regarded by many as a grave error. The criticism aimed at Downing Street was soon quieted, however, for Sir Robert chose to retain his more independent post as chief of the customs, and left the service of his country for the third time without ever having actually taken charge of the legation.

It is said that during his first thirteen years at Peking the positions were the reverse of this, and that

›bert's policy was largely dic- by the British Minister. The g strings, if they ever existed, ievered at the time of the sign- the Chefoo Convention. Sir ıs Wade, her Majesty's repre- ive at Peking, in his negotia- egarding reparation to be made ina for the murder of a young ı consular officer, was con- d by Li Hung Chang, ably as- by Sir Robert and Mr. Detring, his Commissioners of Customs. tus Margery had been sent to ın to assist in investigating the ilities of opening a new trade to Burma. He had been killed, nably by the soliders of an ›reign viceroy; and Sir Thomas having without success de- d satisfaction from the Tsung men, had left Peking. For the nt it seemed that war was in- le. A British squadron was in ina Seas and there were rumors roops were to be sent forward India. Alarmed by the con- ıces of their obstinacy, the Pe- officials despatched Li Hung , authorized to give way at point and at all events to avoid ɔ Chefoo, where Sir Robert had ıded the irate British Minister ak his journey south.

h was the situation when, for China, Russia massed her on the Turkish frontier, and the ion of the British Government iverted from the complication Far East by the war clouds in alkans. The German Minister ing, who was the first to receive s of the imminence of the Rus- kish War, informed the Chinese. ldened by the knowledge that Britain would not embark upon med conflict at this time, Li is foreign colleagues adopted a ɔnciliatory attitude and finally d Sir Thomas Wade to sign an nent which was never ratified s government.

British Minister was a man of emper. Angered by his defeat, used Sir Robert of having failed pport his country's interests. "I made you," he cried, "and damn you, I'll break you!"

But Sir Robert no longer required the patronage of his legation. His adroitness in turning the tables at Chefoo was gratefully acknowledged by the Chinese, and the place left vacant by the death of Anson Burlingame, who, formerly American Minister to China, had resigned his post in order to become diplomatic adviser to the Imperial Government, was from that time forth filled by Sir Robert Hart. At the present time his advice, possibly, is not heeded as it has been in the past; but from 1876, the date of the signing of the Chefoo Convention, until the conclusion of the war with Japan, a period during which China achieved her most notable diplomatic successes, he bore many of the responsibilities of a minister for foreign affairs.

When in 1885 the destruction of the Chinese fleet off Pagoda Anchorage by Admiral Courbet and the partial occupation of Formosa had been followed by the French retreat after the battle of Langson, it was Sir Robert who arranged that Mr. Campbell, the Commissioner of Customs stationed in London, should visit Paris and consult with the French Premier regarding an amicable settlement. As a result of this conference M. Patenôtre, the French Minister (who had, during the progress of hostilities, been living in Shanghai) was ordered to Tientsin. With Li Hung Chang he signed a convention in which China recognized the protectorate over Annam, bringing to an end a desultory struggle which had increased the colonial possessions of France without adding to the glory of French arms.

During the years immediately preceding the war with Japan, China purchased a fleet, and Li Hung Chang, having engaged a number of German military instructors, organized what was supposed to be a formidable army. It is not surprising, therefore, that Sir Robert believed that China, by sheer force of numbers, would be able to defeat the better trained and more efficient armies of the Mikado,

and in so doing put an end to the troublesome dispute regarding the status of Korea. His views were shared by the majority of the foreign residents in the East, who were astounded and alarmed at the utter collapse of the Chinese military structure and the sudden appearance of a new and powerful factor in Oriental politics. If Sir Robert had fallen into the general error of underestimating the strength of Japan, he added to his reputation by ably solving the financial problems to which the war had given rise. China was forced to meet the indemnity by the flotation of an external loan. The customs receipts were hypothecated and for the first time, probably, the imperial authorities appreciated the value of their foreign collectorate.

The Boxer outbreak followed soon after the "Leasing Years," when Tsingtau, Port Arthur, Kuangchouwan and Weihaiwei were successively lost to China. There is no reason to doubt that Sir Robert would have shared the common fate had succor not reached the besieged legations; and, though the idea seems preposterous, it must be believed that the arrival of the allied armies alone saved him from the forces of the government to whose service he had devoted his life.

Whatever his feelings may have been regarding the gratitude of the Chinese, his reproaches have been free from all bitterness. He was ready on the day after the relief to confer with the mandarins who had been hastily summoned to open those negotiations which were terminated by the Peking Protocol. He met these officials in the temple in which foreigners visiting Peking were first lodged; and when the new Legation Quarter was delimited, and an open space around its walls cleared for purposes of future defence, it was significant of the man's Irish vein of sentiment and superstition that he should intervene to protect this historic building. At Sir Robert's request it was allowed to stand on the glacis, nominally for use as a branch of the Chinese Imperial Posts—a monument to momentous episodes in Chinese history.

Persistent rumors that Sir Robert was about to resign and return to England have successively been disproved. He himself, although he may have entertained the thought of leaving the East, has never at the last moment been able to sever those ties which have bound him for the last half-century. The Chinese, too, have begged him to remain and continue to advise them. It was the Empress Dowager who, when he suggested that he would like to see England once more, replied: "You have been so long in China, our climate must suit you best. You must not leave us, lest you fall ill elsewhere."

Sir Robert has remarked that he has an appointment to meet a certain lady in Peking on St. Patrick's Day 1950, "and," he says, "I cannot fail her." It is difficult to believe that he will ever leave the harness; his work has too long been his life. The Customs Service is too much his own creation for him willingly to pass its control to other hands.* With the exception of trips to Hongkong to negotiate the Opium Convention in 1886, and to Peitaiho, a seaside resort near Peking, he has not been absent from the capital since his last return from home. This, his second trip, was made in 1878 when he acted as president of the Chinese Commission at the Paris Exposition. For three years after the siege he remained within the walls of Peking, and since 1903, although he has each year visited Peitaiho for a summer holiday, the burden of years and of work have combined to keep him indoors during the severe northern winters.

Sir Robert is abstemious and methodical to a degree. His day is carefully arranged for the performance of his many duties, but he has always found time to be a voluminous letter-writer. Much of his administrative work has been done by private note and his correspondents are

* Since this was written, Sir Robert has at last resigned.

Drawing by the writer

SIR ROBERT HART

legion. A lover of music, he has for years maintained a band composed of Chinese who have been trained to play stringed as well as wind instruments, and his Wednesday afternoon garden parties during the spring, summer and early autumn, with their "march past" following an afternoon's music, are one of the institutions of Peking; while his dinner table is neutral ground for the jealous factions which of late years have made up the diplomatic circle.

His peculiar position has brought him into intimate relations with the representatives of all the treaty powers; and, besides receiving a baronetcy and the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George from the British Government, he has probably been the recipient of more decorations than almost any other living man, excepting only the members of the reigning families of Europe. The Chinese in recognition of his services have given him the honorary title of Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent, a red button and peacock's feather, and have ennobled his ancestors for three generations.

Ambitious, with a love of power; warm-hearted but singularly cool in his judgment; with a tenacious memory and a remarkable capacity for constant application, a grasp of detail and the ability to conceive a comprehensive plan of action; patient and energetic, sympathetic and yet reserved, Sir Robert has erected his own monument, the one really efficient branch of the Chinese administration. His life affords a rare example of devotion and fidelity, and his ability to serve a foreign prince as his own sovereign, where others have often been tempted to make patriotism an excuse for disloyalty, is a quality of which Anglo-Saxon manhood may be justly proud.

THE MOTHER

The mother by the gallows tree,
The gallows tree, the gallows tree,
(While the twitching body mocked the sun)
Lifted to Heaven her broken heart
And called for sympathy.

Then Mother Mary bent to her,
Bent from her place by God's left side,
And whispered: "Peace—do I not know?—
My son was crucified!"

"O, Mother Mary," answered she,
"You cannot, cannot enter in
To my soul's woe—you cannot know,
For your Son wrought no sin!"

Then Lord Christ bent to her and said:
"Be comforted, be comforted;
I know your grief: the whole world's woe
I bore upon my head."

"But, O, Lord Christ, you cannot know,
No one can know," she said, "no one"—
(While the quivering corpse swayed in the wind)—
"Lord Christ, no one can understand
Who never had a son!"

DON MARQUIS

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

Its Design, its Arrangement and its Decoration

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

BOUDOIRS, DENS AND SMOKING ROOMS

PURPOSELY, and because the contrast between them represents so many points of fundamental interest, a discussion of "Dens and Boudoirs," has, in this construction, been made to follow directly upon that of "Salons and Drawing-rooms."

For, as in salons the necessity exists for expressing only that which goes to making gracious and lovely the purely social side of human life—a life in which, however tempered, conventions and a rigorous regard for the amenities must still prevail, a man appearing always as it were in uniform,—so in dens and boudoirs one finds clamoring as insistently for its own complete expression, that other deep-rooted instinct in man for relaxation and privacy. It is an instinct as old as the race itself, demanding periodic opportunities for throwing off restraints, and allowing the individual to become what he likes to call himself! An unattractive self, unhappily, as some of the dens he has provided prove. But sometimes a most engaging one, in which unsuspected and alluring qualities are suddenly revealed.

The critic at first would seem to have but little business here, since this is a domain in which no questions growing out of the relations of a host to his guest need be considered, a man being at liberty to do as he chooses—even to violate certain laws of good taste, as when he insists upon dressing-gowns and slippers at night. And yet the critic finds in dens and boudoirs every faculty suddenly aroused, discovering as he does that a man's idea of comfort when alone shows the man as he is, without artifice or convention. He discovers, too, that this question of what is considered comfort is a very vital one, which cannot be ignored when final estimates are placed upon houses. For it is as subtle in its revelations of a man's taste and development as questions of what he considers humor—of that which he is willing to laugh at, or to repeat to his friends as "funny." A man's idea of comfort betrays the secrets of his early training, his habits of thought and sentiment being even more closely related to his mental make-up than to his physical idiosyncrasies. Yet this is a point too often ignored by both critic and decorator. "Yes, a beautiful house," said one of them not long since, referring to one in which respect for beauty had been paid at every turn; "but there is not a corner in it in which to be comfortable."

What this special speaker forgot was that ideas of comfort must differ as the colors of sea and sky. Some men cannot be comfortable except when properly attired. Some women are uncomfortable unless the eye is satisfied. Lounging *en deshabille* does not make the comfort of every individual, as it does that of this

particular decorator, since there are people able to be comfortable even in the midst of elegance. It is all a question of individual requirements —of character and equipment. To criticise a house as uncomfortable, simply because it is correct in its appointments, is absurd. Comfort includes a whole gamut of sensations and emotions, out of which the intellectual or æsthetic note can never be omitted. Bad colors and proportions make as much discomfort for some as ill-regulated temperatures do for others; and although one may find comfort in throwing off all restraints and lapsing into the primitive, another may find it only when the finer requirements of a cultivated taste have been gratified. Mentality, I repeat, must enter into the question, the satisfaction of a certain inner sense demanding as much for the eye as for the spinal column.

Whatever may have been the case in older civilizations, among us, at least, men, curiously enough, have been the first to make interesting and attractive those special rooms in a house, set aside for their exclusive use and recreation. Sometimes called dens, and sometimes called studies, studios or smoking-rooms, their apartments have been places to which old and young have been irresistibly drawn, until the distracted possessor has often been ousted from his territory. Invasions of the father's special domain, indeed, by every member of a household, and this in spite of his exclusion laws, belong to the history of all families. No place in a house is found so reposeful, so conducive to quiet trains of thought, so stimulating to the young imagination, the very evidences of his toil but adding to the general charm. For in creating something which stands for the real in him, he has created something as stable and inspiring as character itself, and been the first to solve, in dens at least, the secret of all successful interiors—that of a definite aim, and the subordination to it of every irrelevant detail.

It is, on the other hand, only with the building of our newer and more important houses that women have been discovered launching out for themselves, as it were, and providing their own special substitutes for the masculine den. In this they have been inspired possibly by the traditions of a more sumptuous European school, or possibly by a desire to indulge, to the utmost, that which in these modern days is sometimes referred to as "her craving for identity." Hitherto, at any rate, the mother's ample bedroom served her purpose. In this she wrote her letters, disciplined her children, or received the confidences of her intimate friends. But to-day we are beginning to find her with something considered exclusively her own. "Here I have only the books I count as my friends," she will tell you pointing to row upon row of books lining the walls of her sanctum. Or, "Here at least I can keep about me the pictures of those I love," she will say as she points out among her flowers groups of various portraits.

And yet, odd as it may seem, most of these rooms so provided lack conviction. Despite their richness of brocade and satin, their luxury of lace and ermine, despite the very insistence made by special bindings in tooled leather, they rarely win you to them; nor do they always seem to win their veritable owners. You feel that the woman herself is not all here, that she has conceded too much to effects, and sacrificed too much to convention. The foreigner sometimes sees this. A modern French writer, at any rate, gives this illuminating anecdote. After describing the various and superb possessions found in one house famed throughout the country—the Beauvais tapestries and the carvings; the bronzes and the portraits; the suites of bed and bathrooms; the royal provision made everywhere for man and beast,—he finds himself at last in the sanctum of Madame. "A symphony in green," he says; "furs on the floor, busts on the pedestals." A glance at the book-shelves reveals to him the names of Flaubert,

McKim, Mead & White, Architects — Photographed by Baker, New York

SMOKING ROOM IN A PRIVATE HOUSE AT SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

nan, Mirabeau, De Musset, Maeterlinck, Byron, Taine, Molière, D'Annunzio and Montaigne. Although millions and millions more of dollars, as he assures us, are still in her pretty hands to expend as she chooses, he closes his chapter with these significant words: "In walking through the grounds, she led me to a small log cabin in the woods, where solitude was complete, and turning to me, said: 'Here I come every day to write; here alone am I happy.' "

Now and then, however, one does come across a woman's private room, in which the mistress *is* happy; and not only she, but all who enter. Thus there is one, found also in a country house. All the woodwork is white. The wall-covering visible above the low white bookcases is a cream-white, striped satin of softest tone, held in place by a dull gold braid. Lovely water-colors and pastels are hung there, each with a value of its own—an artistic, not a sentimental value. The low Louis Sixteenth chairs are covered with a soft cream velvet. The windows, like all others in the house, are leaded. Over them hang cream taffeta curtains, the old blue embroidery of the border being repeated in the fitted lambrequin. Drawn close up by the book-shelves, bringing the volumes within easy reach of her hands, is a genuine old chaise lounge covered with a blue brocade that time has softened into misty tones.

You cannot enter this room, even when empty, without recognizing that the inner temple of its owner's soul must somehow be a lovely place in which you yourself would like to dwell and find your re-creation. You recognize, too, that although individuality has been allowed its free expression here, it has been the expression of the well-poised nature, sure of itself—a nature that, knowing its own necessities, has in providing for them wasted none of its energies in mere protest. There comes to you the same sense of conviction that you find in the refuges of men, although the charm of the purely feminine note is all pervading here. And because the room convinces

you, it draws you irresistibly to it.

This same drawing power is felt in another boudoir, this time in a city house. The woodwork is white and the walls are covered with a pink paper bordered with garlands. Pink satin curtains hang at the windows. Real lace cushions are piled on the satin-covered divan. The furniture is in marquetry. Books lie on the tables, photographs in silver frames cover the mantel. The desk is always thickly covered with letters from all parts of the globe. What makes the room remarkable, however, is the fact that it belongs to a white haired woman, a many-times grandmother, in fact, who has never lost her sense of dainty freshness. It might be the boudoir of some young girl. Yet to this room every day come old and young alike, sons with their cigarettes, girls with their secrets, old men with interesting problems to discuss. For here again one finds suggested the well-defined purposes of the perfectly poised. It is the room of a woman to whom relaxation and privacy mean not opportunities for lapsing into the bizarre or eccentric, but for more completely developing both cultivated and captivating qualities.

Luxury prevails in most of these rooms, even in those that are found not all satisfying to their owners. Brocades, damasks and satins form the covering of both walls and furniture. Real lace appears in cushions and curtains. Gold and silver, tortoise shell and ivory, rare carvings and embroideries, rich furs and porcelains, are everywhere. No one special period prevails. Now and then one finds a boudoir with its *boiserie* copied from Versailles. Or again whole rooms bought out of ancient palaces and set up here. Sometimes an English room is copied with its oak and chintz, its rows of miniatures and its polished grates. Sombre furniture-covering and curtains combined with dark woods are found among those who wish to throw into stronger relief both books and canvases, for the true picture-lover keeps her best possessions for this room. There are still other rooms in which a different note is sounded. There is one, for example, in which the sympathy of the owner inclines her to Gothic forms. Thus, her book-cases and window are copies of famous Gothic carvings, painted white. With these, as colors, she combines, however, only the softest sea-shell pinks. They appear in the wall-covering and curtains, and again in the chairs and sofas—chairs and sofas into which one sinks as into pleasant dreams. White bear-skins cover the floor. Orchids, and orchids alone, appear in the crystal vases. Like those who attire themselves for church, the mistress of this room never enters it unless she is clothed in garments of diaphanous white.

But why should you laugh?

Even so grave a necessity, imposed upon herself, is not altogether folly. For certainly there should be some sort of harmony preserved between a woman's dress and her surroundings, especially in those surroundings with which she has closely identified herself. Moreover I doubt very much if any real house lover altogether neglects it.

One knows that there are women who will not wear colors that cry out against those of their salons. And certainly one can hardly picture the stiff, starched waist and the short golf skirt, as "the simple habit" in which a woman lives, whose lounging room is made up of fluffs of lace and puffs of satin. One must consider the relation of toilets to environment. This does not mean that because a house is strictly Louis Quinze or Renaissance, a woman should dress after the fashion of those times. But it ought to mean that certain right relationships should be preserved. We insist upon these relationships when the surroundings are meagre, and the dress extravagant; for then, not only the woman's taste but her morals as well would be called into question. But when in the choice of her garments the requirements of a more sumptuous entourage are

T. Henry Randall, Architect

SMOKING ROOM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF MR. H. W. POOR AT TUXEDO, NEW YORK

brought into play, we exclaim against eccentricity, extravagance and vanity. The over-accentuation of any relationship is of course absurd; at the same time, one should be suggested, between the woman and the house in which she dwells. Her way of dressing is but one way of conveying this to you. Look about in the houses of your friends, and you will find that this relationship is everywhere struggling for expression. You will find some woman, though perhaps unconsciously, taking on the color of a sympathetic environment, even one into which she has been introduced by marriage. You will see it in the graceful lines of dresses which she has chosen for her marble halls, in the colors she adopts, and sometimes even in the way of arranging her hair, copied may be from the old prints that she has studied. All this goes on until at last the house though acquired seems suddenly to have become a setting for her. This, however, is a result that is never obtained, unless it has been accomplished without the exercise of vanity, the assumption of a pose, or too strong an insistence upon the rights of a rebellious personality.

No such subtlety of relationship can of necessity be found among men, bound by the laws of convention to habits of cloth and starched linen. Pictorially, indeed, a man never bears any relation to his surroundings, unless he goes off as a hunter, and settles himself in a camp. And perhaps this is the secret of how the balances are best preserved between the master and mistress, he being always, when in her presence, part, as it were, of an admiring audience. That he wearies of his rôle at times is suggested by the fact that he shirks it so often, going off into corners to build for himself a hiding place. He demands one at least, almost with his first breath as a separate householder. He wants a place of his own, even when he has none of the excuses of the serious worker. To find it he will sometimes go off to the top of the house, protecting himself from approaches by private flights of steps, made beautiful, in many cases, by carved stone or wrought iron, and lighted by old brass or silver lamps. Or he gets off in a wing of the house, well shut away from the rest of the dwelling, still providing himself with special flights of steps, leading down this time into his domain. He never neglects his approaches, indeed. In this he differs widely from the woman. One is tempted, in fact, to believe that the inherited instincts of primitive man guarding approaches to his cave, are being exercised again. For even when there is no separate staircase, there is always the well-protected entrance. One man, for instance, having built his refuge out-of-doors, has concealed approaches to it by clumps of skilfully arranged bushes and shrubs. A trellis protects you from the rain, but you must first know the secret before you can enter.

In this room there is, of course, the wide fireplace for the generous log, for the den-lover scorns the polished grate and well-washed lump of kennel coal. The ceiling is raftered. Hanging from it by invisible wires is a flight of wild geese. Various other evidences of a huntsman's taste appear upon the walls. One end of the room, however, is reserved for pictures. Here he hangs, now a Van Dyck, and now, some weeks later, a Millais. No creature comfort is neglected. There are wide divans for lounging, chairs to be lost in, books that invite you. There are musical instruments, too, and once a week a famous quartet is summoned here. It is the refuge of a man who finds his recreation in cementing human ties, and in indulging the requirements of a many-sided nature. Before the public he is a director of men. Here he is discovered to be the genial friend and cultivated gentleman.

The privileged few alone are admitted to another refuge, in strange contrast to this. It is one which a well-known man of letters has provided for himself. As though it were not enough to have hidden the room itself, he has provided still a second

staircase leading out of one room and up into another. This staircase with its balcony carved balustrade and supporting columns, becomes a most decorative feature. It serves, however, to conceal from the room below an upper den made to hold some choicest treasures in illuminated text or ancient folio, and even the man himself when writing. The only furniture of this upper chamber consists of a bare oak table, two chairs and a quaint lamp. The atmosphere is as rare and fine as that of some old mediæval cloister. One breathes books and quiet everywhere, the eye being occasionally beguiled by a bit of bronze or a bust.

Quite a different atmosphere is felt in the room of another man who, in the wing of his house, has built at the head of a beautifully ornamented staircase a lofty raftered chamber, with a wide stone fireplace. Here he has hangings from every part of Europe, full-length portraits of men and women, chairs in which bishops have sat in council, rugs on which houris have danced, divans on which they have undoubtedly reclined, tables for cards, tables for tobacco, platforms to be drawn out for plays, pianos to be drawn in for songs. It is all frankly pleasure-loving, laughter-loving, fun-loving, like the man himself, who, when the cares of the day are thrown off, finds the drawing-room irksome.

Photographed by Baker, New York

SMOKING ROOM IN THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY SELIGMAN, NEW YORK

The man of simple tastes and habits of reserve would of course be wretched in an environment like this. One finds him, therefore, surrounding himself with all that makes for quiet and repose. Thus, there is one room in which there is only one seat provided besides that at which the man sits before his table. It is a very beautiful room. Its walls and ceilings

Cordes & Hastings, Architects

STUDY IN A PRIVATE HOUSE AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Photographed by Baker, New York

are of old carved Flemish oak. No *objets* or pictures are allowed to distract him from the beauty of his woods. Even his books are hidden behind secret panels opening with secret springs. Over the fireplace there is a wonderful old ormolu clock. But that is all. His writing materials are spread out on a carved oak table. The only modern appointment visible is the inevitable telephone; even the chairs and their covers date back several centuries.

Now and then one finds the same simplicity and reserve even among young men to whom the fascinations of college souvenirs present no allurements when furnishing. One of the best examples I know is found in a city house. To within a couple of feet of the ceiling this room is lined with books behind glass, the cases being made of genuine old Dutch wood, carved columns separating the various compartments. From the wooden ceiling the bookcases are divided by a dull gold frieze throwing into relief busts of great writers. The fireplace is finished in old blue Dutch tiles. Nothing could be more severe and self-restrained, and yet nothing is cold. The red leather-covered chairs and sofas invite you, the books laid out on the bare oak tables, the peace and the certainty of it all. You want to linger there, as sometimes you are impelled to rest beside a person whose good breeding and self-control are like oases in wild desert tracks of a blistering social unrest.

A most interesting example of another room belonging exclusively to young men is found in a country house. To find it, one must descend below the dining-room floor. No kitchens being on this level, the descent is delightful. This room is finished in dull oak shingles, each shingle still showing the ax mark. The brick floor is covered with skins; a wide divan filling one end of the room is covered with a leopard skin, as are the cushions scattered over it. The wide stone fireplace runs up to the raftered ceiling. Pipes are laid out on the tables. Pewter drinking cups and tankards are set out for instant use, or arranged on a shelf running around the room, just above the sporting prints. To add to the charm of the room, there opens from it a stone courtyard, protected by a coping, ensuring not only a sense of privacy, but protecting one from a sharp declivity. Enchanting views of miles and miles of lovely country are seen from this courtyard, which suggests old monastery gardens, like those which monks find lovely on warm summer days.

Many fancies prevail in the creation of smoking-rooms. A Dutch room is sometimes copied, with its benches of wood set straight against the panels, its quaint windows and bare tables. Sometimes the Chinese element prevails and only their bronzes and porcelains are visible. Some men insist upon the billiard table. Others display their hunting trophies. Now and then a man is satisfied only with the beautiful. He will smoke only among his flowers, or in what he calls his conservatory. Quite another taste is displayed in a smoking-room of marble, finished with a mosaic ceiling of exceptional loveliness. Marble columns support the doorways. Against one wall there is an Italian fountain, its basin filled with water plants. A marble alcove, domed by Sicilian mosaics, is set out with crimson cushions. Crimson appears again in the old cathedral chairs placed about the room. Furs lie on the floor. It is a room, of course, only for the after-dinner cigar, and never for the lounger.

EDITH WHARTON

By H. G. DWIGHT

IT is a matter of some notoriety among nations that in America the traditional inequality between man and his mate comes very near a reversal. Indeed, there have been those, like our penetrating critic Dr. Hugo Münsterberg, and the members of the Mosely Educational Commission, who see grave dangers for a future so largely intrusted to the less muscular hands of the community. At all events the fact remains that on our continent the sex enjoys a freedom and an authority accorded to it upon no other. The American girl —that vivid and characteristic flower of our civilization,—is she not the envy of her European sister? Does not her mother, or perhaps her maiden aunt, exercise a palpable effect upon legislation when she does not actually attain the dignity of the ballot? And where else do women come so closely into competition with men that certain professions have been abandoned to them?

This novel state of affairs is in nothing so conspicuous as in the field of the æsthetic. In other countries men have invented the æsthetic and women have accepted the gift as they were capable. In this country it has been the women who have saved an æsthetic already invented elsewhere, and have imported it into the habitations of their otherwise preoccupied lords—often to the surprise, yet not seldom to the edification, of those keen and industrious personages. And in the circumstances it is hard to see how things could have been bettered. Transplanted from an older and richer world, to one as barren as the ocean so far as any human touch was concerned, we should have needed centuries to embody anew the traditions of our inheritance, busy as we necessarily were with purely practical enterprises, if the women had not taken hold.

Well, they took hold, and they have kept hold, and far be it from the critic who appreciates how much he owes them for the habitability of his very new continent to suggest that they let go. The young men of the papers may have their smile for concert halls and picture galleries which they find crammed with petticoats; but, after all, without the petticoats we would have to get along without the pictures and concerts. Which is a prospect rather more radical than some of us would be willing to contemplate. And if at times the ladies drive us a bit hard we always have the inner satisfaction of feeling that when the day comes we can show them their place.

Yet to make the confession is only to expose its fatuity. For in one regard at least the case threatens to go quite the other way. If in the plastic and musical arts our sisters have more liberally played the part of encouragement, in that of literature they have very conspicuously afforded us the benefit of example. In that one of our mother countries from which we derive our language, such names as Austen, Brontë, Browning, Burney, Edgeworth, Eliot, Gaskell, More, and Ward testify to the partiality for letters of the women of our race. A stranger might, accordingly, conclude that in an atmosphere so favorable alike to the printed word and the influence of the feminine,

ing made for this magazine by Kate Rogers Nowell

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EDITH WHARTON

the tradition would enjoy a double prosperity. Nor would he be disappointed. Do not the names of Carey and Sigourney, of Alcott and Fuller, of Prentice and Stowe and Warner and Whitney, come more or less dimly down to us, as bearers of a renown too vague and wistful for stern examination? Nay, if memory deceives me not, the tables of our grandfathers bore the proud and portly ornament of a volume dedicated exclusively to the genius of "The Female Poets of America." And in these latter days who would dare enumerate the fair followers of the Nine, lest he be guilty of omissions that would forever disqualify him for the offices of criticism? So notorious has the thing become that we of the less literary sex can only keep ourselves in countenance by making the matter a subject of pleasantry.

So at any rate, during certain impecunious foreign days, did a small but select group of young gentlemen, to fortune and to fame unknown, who were more or less unsuccessfully engaged in various lines of artist endeavor. To these, occupied as they for the time being were with things not American, would occasionally make itself heard a faint clamor from oversea—the voice of a nation as some tale of romance was read by the concordant tongue of millions, as the laurel was pressed upon some fair young brow. And it used to be our dream—the dream of the impecunious young gentlemen—that some miracle of fortune might give us, after the very manner of the romances in question, to ensnare the hearts of these *princesses lointaines*. We even went so far, I blush to confess, as to dispute hotly among ourselves our pretensions to one or another hand. For it must also be confessed that the terms in which we referred to the objects of our desire were those of an ancient fable. Golden geese we called them, and it was a name too good-natured to be unkind. Were they not golden, in their youth and in their success? And, when all was said, were they not also geese—charming, plumy, candid, unconscious geese—writing delicately of love and war, or death and damnation, and imparting to those grisly things a glamour which only youth and innocence could give them?

There was one name, however, which did not belong to the impecunious foreign days; and with reference to that name these wanton fancies would be singularly out of taste. The mail brought us none of the magazines that were beginning to carry the name. That was a part of our impecuniosity (I decently say nothing of our pose). And, amid the clamors to which reference has been made as rising faintly to our ears from afar, the name in question was not to be distinguished. Accordingly, when one came home and found the bearer of it in the saddle, so to speak, one took her to be of the rank and file of the Amazons, doomed to go down like the rest of the poor dears in the general mêlée. One might chance, perhaps, with high condescension, to glance over a piece of her work and to observe, knowingly: "Ah, this lady has read Henry James. I wondered when one of them would." Or one might find occasion to add on later acquaintance: "This lady also appears to know Pater and Stendhal. I did n't suspect that of them, to tell the truth." But, somehow or other, she did not go down in the general mêlée. On the contrary, it became increasingly apparent amid the noise and dust of the day that she rose at the head of her column, carried the marshal's baton, as it were. And in the end—our figure already cracks—one discovered the humiliating truth that one's own legion fared but ill against her, that it became a serious question as to which would bear off the honors of the field.

With Mrs. Wharton it is no longer a question of sex and comparisons. A critic who publicly complained of her that she had "defeminized" and "denationalized" herself stated her case more flatteringly than he

appeared to intend. She has now given us thirteen books—nine of fiction, three of description and criticism, and one dramatic translation from the German—whose workmanship and significance set them entirely apart from the mass of contemporary writing. Indeed their author's taste is so true, her knowledge so wide, her creative ability so high, that we do not think of her as belonging to the line of earnest adventurers—we can hardly call them adventuresses, the ladies to whom we have referred with perhaps too much frivolity—who in America have been the most active apostles of "culture." The word has been so used and abused, has so associated itself with every form of intellectual quackery, that one hesitates to employ it for any but satiric purposes. Yet with all due respect to the critic just referred to, it is entirely possible to relate Mrs. Wharton to the tradition of woman's part in American civilization, and her distinction gives a special interest to this aspect of her work.

To consider in this light an artist of her standing might seem fantastic if she had not given us so specific an excuse. Her first book (in collaboration with Ogden Codman, Jr., 1897) was "The Decoration of Houses," which may fairly enough be called a tract in the propaganda of which we speak. And of a later one it is safe to say that if Mrs. Wharton had written nothing else, "Italian Villas and their Gardens" would be an American document of great interest. Not only does the happy conjunction of author, illustrator (the pictures are by Maxfield Parrish), and printer compose a volume that is a noteworthy product of American craftsmanship; but the book is so luminous a statement of its thesis, and appeared at so propitious a moment, that, as a channel of transfusion from the old world to the new, its influence may one day be reckoned as comparable to the influences which carried the Italian Renaissance into England. To the vast amount of wealth in this country so blindly, and often so fatuously, groping after expression, Mrs. Wharton has pointed a way. She is by no means the first American to communicate the message of a world richer than her own—particularly of that Italian world from whose magic soil the civilization of Europe sprang. She is, however, the first to combine in the service of the propaganda in question a social authority, a technical knowledge, and a literary talent like her own. The fact marks an interesting point in the history of American culture.

It must be added that there is another side of this quality making for civilization, this sensitiveness to impressions from whatever quarter they may come, which more than once has filled a friendly critic with dismay. If in the two books mentioned the expert speaks *ex cathedra*, there are others in which the creator suffers from the transmitter of influences. And from the beginning Mrs. Wharton has displayed such rare qualities that one objects to see her exercise them to her own undoing. Although her books have all come to us during the last ten years, none of them leaves an impression of haste or immaturity. Their verbal felicity, their artistic finish, their range of experience, their blessed freedom from sentimentality, their independence, their hints of wide and thorough reading, the quality of their humor and irony, go to make up an atmosphere as different as possible from that which blows through so many breezy pages of the day. But it is not for nothing that she has been so frequently compared to Henry James. In fact a number of her short stories, like "The Portrait," "The Muse's Tragedy," "The Other Two," "The Lady's Maid's Bell," are so strongly reminiscent of their likeliest source of inspiration that the devout Jacobite could turn to chapter and verse.

The influence of one writer upon another is as much an axiom of literature as Molière's famous *Je prends mon bien là où je le trouve*. Moreover, the field James has opened is too new for his immediate followers to be

altogether independent of his trail. But imitation, as a serious form of art, is never admirable; and borrowing is never pardoned unless the borrower use his spoil to better advantage than did the original owner. Which, as between Mrs. Wharton and Mr. James, an ungallant critic is forced to declare he does not find to be the case. He is happy to add, however, that his opinion is not universally shared. Many people read "The Greater Inclination" and "The Descent of Man" with the utmost pleasure who make nothing of "The Soft Side," and "The Better Sort." And the critic himself finds the imitation so good—since he will insist on calling it so—he is often so struck by the high openness and sincerity of it, that he is forced to find justification for it outside the mere theory of a beginner and her experiments. Other writers have recorded their admiration of Mr. James in candid copies of a method and a phraseology which can only make the reader smile. But Mrs. Wharton has caught the very figure in the carpet—to use one of Mr. James's phrases. She produces a sharper illusion of imitation, even with her own more feminine vocabulary, because the secret of Mr. James's artistic mechanism is hers. Her resemblance to her older and greater contemporary is, therefore, less her fault than her misfortune. If he had never written a line the mass of her work would probably have been much as we have it now. For the Old World would still have sent its argosies to her; the interest of life would still have been for her in its crucial instances; she would still have discovered that in the intercourse of every day, in the give and take of social life and the discharge of unornamental professions, there are plays as strange as ever went forward by poison and steel.

When we have hinted that Mrs. Wharton does not always pull it off, as they say, we leave ourselves the pleasure of considering the occasions on which she does pull it off. To which end one might distinguish among her stories, or mention that delightful book "Italian Backgrounds." But it is in her novels that she has been most successful and most herself. In the first of them, to be sure, it seemed to a critic with an obsession for literary genealogies that Odo Valsecca united by some mysterious intermarriage the blood of Gaston de Latour and the Chartreuse of Parma. It also seemed to him that the human play of the book gave a little too much to the reconstitution of an historical period. But that reconstitution was accomplished with such knowledge and art, it so accorded the despised baroque age its own value as one expression of the human spirit, and it so evoked for a lover of Italy the country of his dream, that he could not help finding "The Valley of Decision" most pleasant to linger in. And, after all, Odo Valsecca left a curiously vital memory of himself. The gradual breaking of his youthful radicalism against the slow, ironic, immovable forces of tradition was of the very quality of life.

Mrs. Wharton's next novel revealed her as emancipated at last from the influences which she had not always been able to assimilate. It also revealed a great advance in technical ability. "The House of Mirth" takes us from eighteenth-century Italy to twentieth-century America, from the picture of a time and a temperament to the portrait of a person. A striking portrait it is, too (one might say after Sargent if one had not already called it Mrs. Wharton's own), with the salient features standing strongly out in high lights and the details a little unfinished and the background harmoniously indistinct. If Lily Bart is admirable, the critic could say that Mrs. Wharton has nothing left for Lily's friends. They hover in the back of the canvas as impalpably as ghosts. One cares nothing what becomes of them when the book is closed. So opportunely do they always turn up at the right time and place that their value is that of types, not personalities. Even Selden is hardly carried to the point where

he evokes a sense of life and gains the identity which distinguishes one human being from another. Mrs. Wharton's method is so deliberate, however, that if applied to several characters at once it would protract the action intolerably and then perhaps fail of its end. And to say that the secondary characters are sketched in with a rapid impressionism that never quite frees them from the shades is by no means the same as dismissing them from notice. Some of the most memorable passages of the book are bits of this brilliant impressionism that hits off the diffident Mr. Percy Gryce, or Mrs. Peniston of the purple drawing-room, or Mrs. Norma Hatch and her vague gilded existence at one of our huge hotels; that gives a hundred touches of realism to places and moments and moods; that notes so vividly the different social strata through which Lily declines. But the real justification of the method is Lily herself. She is so complete a creation, she so lives and moves and has her being against her background, that one accepts her and her tragedy as one accepts life. The gradual closing about her of circumstance, for all the vagueness of those who forge the links, is too semblable for question or criticism. We are borne on to the catastrophe consenting and unconsenting—consenting to its unspoken word ἀνάγκη, unconsenting to a fate that moves us like the fate of one we know. The climax of the story touches a height given to few to attain. The height is reached, too, in Mrs. Wharton's own way. There is neither the note of irony nor the rustle of the tragic muse. There is no sentimentality either, though there is sentiment deep and fine. But in its emotional intensity, in its poignancy of implication expressed with noble restraint, the end of "The House of Mirth" gives the measure of a great talent.

The success of the book, oddly enough, equalled its deserts. The mass of the reading public, to whom a novel is nothing but a story, were dazzled by the glitter of the social regions into which this one admitted them or torn by discussion as to its moral qualities; and the professional brotherhood smiled to see a writer of such distinction enter the rowdy company of the "six best sellers." They also asked themselves, with private raisings of the eyebrow, "Can she keep it up?" So "Madame de Treymes" came as a more or less expected disappointment. Yet, after granting the unfairness of the comparisons which Lily Bart's successor would inevitably be compelled to undergo, it was positively exasperating for Mme. de Treymes to hark back to Henry James. If a slightly different twist were given to her adventures, the machinery of them, her nationality, her setting, her case, her very name, reminded one of Mme. de Mauves. The desponding critic could only tell himself that it was something for Mrs. Wharton to have braved the double comparison, and formulate a theory that she could not do her best in the short story. In which category he included, with the offending "Madame de Treymes," "Sanctuary" and "The Touchstone." These three novelettes, indeed, with all their finish and subtlety, appear to him a perfect magazine of their author's weak points. Unsupported by the rest of her work they would scarcely keep alive a tradition of her ability.

If "The Fruit of the Tree" does not settle that matter, it certainly answers the question as to whether Mrs. Wharton can keep it up. "The Valley of Decision" proved that she could report on the life about her, without fear or sentimentality. "The Fruit of the Tree" proves, in the face of its predecessor's great success, that we can trust her to go on making such reports and taking no text from others or herself. There were, indeed, suspicious moments of perusal when the critic wondered if he were traversing a transplanted Valley of Decision, or a House of Mirth set up in New England. But he passed them safely, into the rare after-impression that

blesses the end of very few books—of such books only as permit the reader to yield himself to them without mental reservation.

Having said so much, a hedging critic naturally feels compelled to point out what it is that Mrs. Wharton can "keep up." For "The Fruit of the Tree" will doubtless suffer in public estimation from comparison with "The House of Mirth." Neither Bessy Westmore nor Justine Brent makes so strong a personal appeal as Lily Bart; and in spite of an advance in technical skill that successfully manipulates a story longer and more complicated than any she has yet written—there are at least three possible novels in the book,—Mrs. Wharton seems to betray that she is not yet entire mistress of her method. Life itself goes on by the dramatic method. We read into it what we choose, and nothing but the next act can disprove our reading. Profiting by which tip the dramatist contrives to perform the unusual feat of serving both God and Mammon. The public is pleased—if it happens to be—by a story unclogged of padding, and the prying few are free to pick out for themselves whatever meat the action may happen to contain. Whereas the descriptive method chooses a greater definiteness at the expense of vitality. Mrs. Wharton's minute analyses rather remind one of those elaborate descriptions of Gautier's, which attempt a feat possible only to the plastic arts. There are artists, like Tourgueneff, who succeed by a happy stroke in communicating a scene or a character more vividly than pages of Gautier or James. Tourgueneff used to think out his characters and their entire lives up to the opening of a story and then allow them to develop the situation by their own logic. With Mrs. Wharton, on the contrary, we feel that she cuts her characters to fit their problem. We hardly need cite the great name of Shakespeare to prove the legitimacy of the procedure, however, and there is no other art which can completely record a psychological evolution. Moreover if Justine and Bessy and Amherst float a little dimly before us as persons, the development of their mutual relations wonderfully evokes a cosmic sense of life itself—its irony and double-dealing and entanglement and striving after ends unknown.

That is what Mrs. Wharton keeps up. She also keeps up, she broadens out, her fine workmanship, her imaginative tact—and its treatment of Westmore as artistic material is the best criticism on current industrial novels,—her gift of observation so precious to a critic who likes his comments to be cooked, as the French say. But the great value of the book, for those interested in the honor of American literature, is its attitude. There is a close connection between the famous American optimism—which declared of "The House of Mirth" that there was "not one fine character in the book,"—and the famous American administration of state and municipal affairs. We seem to have two compartments in our minds. In one we keep our manners, in the other we keep our morals, and we allow no communication between the two. The result is to be seen in Harrisburg and San Francisco, and in our blameless novels. We break the commandments with the utmost cheerfulness, but to question them is what we refuse. Mrs. Wharton, however, has never evaded a serious problem of conduct. To her nothing human is foreign. And her moral preoccupation is the most convincing rejoinder to those who speak of decadence. She is therefore to be forgiven much in the way of technical lapses. If the entertainment she offers be a little gray and tragic, there are booths in plenty where the listener need hear no word of doubt or pain. She, almost alone among American writers, is not afraid to face the fact that the sorrow of the world often outweighs its joy, that good is most strangely intershot with evil, and that there are questions which it is worth asking how far soever they may lead.

THE TEMPTING OF PETER STILES

By EFFIE SMITH

TO be the black sheep of a respectable flock is not the worst fate. If one has good blood in one's veins, it may sometime assert itself, in spite of one's individual misdoing; but to be the ignoble scion of a long and worthless ancestry has an element of hopelessness in it.

Peter Stiles simply ran in the ruts which the generations before him had furrowed. His forefathers had handed down to him, together with pale eyes, sandy hair, butter-colored whiskers and insignificant features, their own utter shiftlessness and instability of character. Never was a man's name more unsuited to his nature, for in Peter Stiles's personality there was nothing remotely suggestive of a rock. Instead, his character seemed built on the most sliding, shifting, uncertain variety of sand imaginable, a structure which needed not to wait till the rain descended and the floods came, in order to fall, but which might be expected to topple in the most trifling gust; which, indeed, if left alone, would probably have tumbled down of its own accord, simply because it was the most natural thing to do. At least that was what Deacon Gregg thought, and the Deacon was Peter Stiles's nearest neighbor, and therefore ought to know.

Just as Peter's instability made his Christian character the perpetual victim of circumstances and temptation, so it blocked the way to his becoming a consistent and successful sinner. Though he could not help straying from the fold, he bleated piteously when he was no longer in sight of it. Thus he was ever a subject for reviving grace, and the reclaiming of Peter Stiles came to be a regular feature of revivals in Long Hollow. If they that turn others to righteousness wear added jewels in their crown of light, surely Peter Stiles must have lent a sparkle to many a glorified brow.

For a month after one of these reconversions Peter would be the most ardent member of Long Hollow church, praying in public and giving the brethren and sisters the full benefit of his religious experience; during the second month he grew perceptibly colder; and at the end of the third month he was again a wandering sheep. Thus, if the revival occurred in mid-winter, Deacon Gregg was locking his spring-house as vigilantly as ever by the time the earliest spring cheese was made; and if it took place in summer he was prepared, as of old, to guard his favorite Winesap apples as they grew ripe in the late autumn.

For a long time Deacon Gregg had regarded Peter Stiles's cabin, perched on the hillside beyond the Deacon's meadow, as a sinister blot on the landscape. In its neighborhood strange things happened. If the Deacon's white turkey had chanced to make her nest in the meadow near it, she rarely brought home a brood; if an unusually fine pumpkin in the cornfield adjoining its confines had been reserved for seed, the fated vegetable mysteriously disappeared.

Yet in the appearance of the house, at least, there was nothing peculiar or enigmatic. It was not much more nor much less tumble-down than the ordinary cabin of the Tennessee mountains. There was the usual

weed-flecked stick-and-clay chimney; the usual swayed and decaying roof; there were the usual pigmy windows on each side of the low door-windows which, having their original glass crusted with dirt or superseded by various cast-off garments, gazed with bleared and disconsolate vision across the mountain landscape. Before the door there was also the usual rail fence, from which dangled the usual bevy of tow-headed children.

This fence was continued in straggling and dilapidated panels around Peter Stiles's meagre farm. True, it hardly seemed necessary, for no animal, unless it were one of unusually poor judgment indeed, could have been tempted to trespass by the product of Peter Stiles's acres. His own stock he turned out on the common, where, left to their own resources, they speedily developed the ingenuity and address usually displayed by human beings in similar circumstances. There was, in particular, one ill-favored old sow whose skill and enterprise made her a character long remembered by the farmers of Long Hollow. Her appearance as she trotted jerkily along, the malignant countenance darkened by long, pendulous ears, the shadowy form not changed to the faintest suggestion of rotundity by all the crops she had destroyed, was not prepossessing; yet if you saw her at the head of a body of gaunt pigs, raiding cornfields, assaulting apparently impregnable fences, making forced marches to points of vantage, and eluding her canine pursuers by dexterous flank movements, you would have been obliged to admit that she was an expert tactician, and a genius in her way. The fact that her invasions were generally made into Deacon Gregg's territory did not tend to lessen the breach between the Deacon and her owner.

Deacon Gregg was an elderly man of portly presence and patriarchal beard, who wore the complacent air of one who has laid up treasures both in heaven and on earth. In the present world he had a good farm and a surplus in the county bank; with regard to the next world he was doubtless as well off; for no one could help perceiving that he had the indescribable severity of utterance and sanctity of mien proper to those who are better than most of their neighbors. On meeting days, his majestic form, walking slowly down the aisle to his accustomed seat in the Amen corner, was in itself impressive; and if by chance he read a Scripture lesson before the congregation, his tone and manner proclaimed more vehemently than the words of the Book, "'The way of the transgressor is hard'—and it ought to be!"

To Peter Stiles he was especially severe. More than once his motion to turn Peter out of the church had been checkmated only by the penitent tears of the delinquent; and sometimes, when the brethren and sisters had shaken hands together in token of Christian fellowship, the Deacon had stood with a far-away look in his eyes, strangely oblivious of Peter Stiles's outstretched member.

One winter, just as the grudge between Peter and the Deacon had reached its climax, and they had ceased to have dealings together, or to speak to each other when they met, a revival meeting began in Long Hollow. The preacher was a young man, a stranger, whom the half admiring sinners described as "a hustler who was tearin' up the patch"; while the church members spoke of him as "a chosen vessel, who was shakin' the powers of the kingdom of darkness." He had a lean, sun-burnt countenance and a loose, ungainly figure; his awkward gait and toil-hardened hands spoke of a youth spent behind the plow; yet there was a fervid zeal smouldering in his dark eyes, and something in his half-ascetic face which thrilled his listeners with awe. When he brought his fist thundering down on the trembling desk, to emphasize his passionate pleading, when he shook the opened Book terrifyingly in the faces of those whom its words should one day judge, the audience felt that behind

speech and violent gesture preacher's absolute convic- what he said was true. at absolute conviction the Long Hollow wilted; and es found himself frantically that if ever he got religion would hang on to it.

a wonderful meeting. For erward the devout ones of low spoke of it as "a time out-pourin' in Zion." But s the days passed, many a sinner was melted, many a ch member warmed, Peter sat in a dark corner with igure and disconsolate eyes, soul seemingly numbed with y of despair. Old brethren, been disgusted with his in- ies, now became really so- out one who, they feared, ed the Spirit beyond re- Jim Madden, an untamable o had not seldom borne npany in the paths of un- ness, said that, as often as l got religion, he ought to by that time, and not find hard job.

day of the meeting arrived; sermon was preached, the er offered, and the shadow sness that shrouded Peter ul grew black. At the close yer the preacher asked that ristians present, especially o in time past had not g in peace and harmony, me forward to the open ore the pulpit, and clasp her's hands in brotherly reconciliation.

acemaking among church was the inevitable wind- Long Hollow revival. Any- had "stood out" a revival naking up with those who lge against him, would have idered hard-hearted indeed. ately, the peace thus estab- s generally broken within a s after the meeting closed, stranged brethren or sisters ed to wait till the next re- ffect another reconciliation. In this way, petty squabble and spasmodic truce succeeded each other, till at length both were merged in the enduring peace of death.

At the preacher's invitation there was a general scramble to the designated spot. Mrs. Hornby's fat brown palm tremblingly squeezed the slim, claw-like hand of the widow Bates, whose geese had once invaded Mrs. Hornby's garden, to the great detriment of both ladies' Christian character, and the utter demolishing of the vegetables. The checked sun-bonnet of Mrs. Cleever, whose son Amos's unrequited affection for Miss Milly Burnley had been the beginning of a long series of accusations and recriminations between the mothers of the young people, shook in convulsive reconciliation as it met the antiquated toque of Mrs. Burnley. Squire Sims and Captain Biddle, who had not spoken to each other since the Presidential campaign two years before, now laid aside the discordant memories of election day. Just as the hand-shaking began to subside, a drooping figure raised itself from the mourners' bench, and Peter Stiles's limp hand was held out feebly toward the rest. Among those who seized and clasped it was Deacon Gregg.

In the weeks succeeding the revival, Peter Stiles did not display his usual spiritual fluency. Never before had he made a less imposing exhibition of the religion he had recently acquired. True, he went to preaching and to prayer-meeting with clock-like regularity; but it was only on rare occasions that he could be brought to indulge even in a devout groan or a reverberating Amen. Jim Madden said that Peter, having had so much trouble in getting religion this time, did not want to use it up all at once, but, by being economical, hoped to spin it out a long way.

Winter budded into spring, and spring blossomed brilliantly into summer, but Deacon Gregg's cherries ripened unmolested save by the sparrows, and Deacon Gregg's early chickens advanced to frying size under the shadow of no greater

menace than that of the hawks. When the end of August approached, and Peter Stiles's usually slippery feet had not yet slidden from the straight and narrow path, Long Hollow began to wonder. Jim Madden was especially puzzled, and when his own ingenuity, assisted by the surmises of half a dozen neighbors, had failed to satisfy him, he resolved to make a tour of investigation and bring the matter to a test.

It was after sunset of an August day, and Peter Stiles was sitting on the fence before his door, resting from his day's work. A horse's footstep sounded on the rocky road, and Jim Madden ambled up in the most casual manner in the world. Naturally he drew rein to give his friend the usual salutation, "Howdy, Peter. Lordy, ain't it hot?"

Peter returned the greeting, and there followed an elaborate discussion of the likelihood or unlikelihood of rain—a discussion which never loses its freshness to those who win their living from the soil, but which is especially interesting at those seasons when rain and topics of conversation are alike scarce.

A pensive look came into Jim Madden's eyes. "La, Peter, how good a water-million would taste now! I planted my patch too late, I 'low, and it 's plum burnt up. I reckon you've had 'em till you're tired out on 'em."

Peter replied with a slow shake of his head. "I ha' n't tasted a water-million this year. I did n't plant none, for I knowed it was no use: they never do no good for me nohow."

Jim Madden's eyes widened with well-feigned surprise. "Somebody was tellin' me that Deacon Gregg had a mighty fine patch, but I 'low it was a mistake. A body can hear most anything these days."

"They say, for certain, that the Deacon has got some purty ones; but," added Peter, "Deacon Gregg's water-millions don't belong to me."

The emphasis with which Peter uttered this self-evident truth brought a shade of righteous indignation to his companion's face. "Lordy, that 's so. I ought to 'a' knowed them millions would n't 'a' benefited you any. The Deacon would n't give you the measles if he had 'em, he's so sot agin givin' a body anything."

The shadow faded from Jim Madden's countenance, and an inscrutable smile took its place. He nodded his head with such an air of mysterious significance as could not fail to impress the attentive Peter. Then he bent down, and, in the confidential tone which Peter so well remembered, he murmured: "I tell you it's a sin to let them water-millions rot in the patch! Me and you could save two or three of them from that distressin' fate this very night, and nobody would be a mite sadder nor wiser."

Peter's half-raised arm was suggestive of the entreaty, "Get thee behind me, Satan," but slowly the arm subsided, and his companion went on: "The Deacon turns his big dog loose every night, but I can work that satisfactory to all parties. Along after dark awhile, I 'll happen in at the Deacon's to borrow his big plow. While the dogs is a-ravin' and the Deacon receivin' me——"

"You can't git the plow, Jim," Peter interrupted; "the Deacon won't lend to nobody."

Jim Madden laughed uproariously. "I don't want no plow, you goose; all I want is to git the Deacon and the dogs to entertain me at the front gate while you creep over the back palin's. While I'm a pleadin' pitiful for the plow, and the Deacon is mindin' off the dogs and lecturin' me on my shiftlessness, you pick us out some purty millions and streak towards home. You can cross over into the lane at that big walnut tree, and when ye get to the woods, set down and wait till I ketch up. You eat your supper and then keep your ears open, and after a while, when you hear the dogs a-barkin' furious down at the Deacon's, jest pick ye up a sack and light out for the water-million patch."

Peter shook his head gravely. "I'd ruther not, Jim," he said. "Me and the Deacon 's friendly now,

night find out about the and we'd fuss again. I'd t, Jim."

ı old companion in iniquity 'e detected the note of in- ı Peter Stiles's grunt of dis- Jim Madden chuckled when t of hearing. If Peter's re- ould be weighed in the ith a big water-melon, Jim nably sure that the melon t be found wanting.

veral minutes after his ad gone Peter Stiles sat in udy. From generation to ı of the Stiles family the had been handed down that h commandment did not vater-melons. Peter's mind agitated by a wild conflict he commandment and this of the elders. At length inted the fence and walked he barn, from which he soon carrying a large empty meal- s he slung in a convenient the fence, and then, grave , he entered the cabin and place at the table, whereon supper was spread.

t had deepened into dusk, per ended, he sat down in way, where the mountain ght fan his hot cheek. The on was beginning to trans- rugged landscape into a surpassing that of dreams. ıd, the great hills, rising ove human strife, standing st human instability, seemed own with majestic pity and roachfulness. In the deep the roar of the far-off river ble, the echoes of sheep- l the faint music of distant ging. Suddenly, drowning sounds, sharp, clear and the fierce barking of the dogs.

ot up as unconcernedly as and reached for his hat. back agin bed-time," he his wife, as he went out. e meal bag from its hiding- wound it into a tight roll, it as small as possible, and tucked it under his arm; then he leaped the fence and entered the strip of woodland which separated his cabin from Deacon Gregg's meadow.

As he walked along the shadowy road, his steps were halting and reluctant. "I wish to goodness," he muttered, "that I'd 'a' let Jim have my end of the bargain. He's a heap keener for water-millions than I am, comin' this early. But the Deacon don't need so many millions, nohow."

His hesitation ceased when he emerged from the woods. Before him the Deacon's meadow, wide and smooth compared with the other meadows of Long Hollow, lay still and fair in the white moonlight. At the other end of it stood the Deacon's house; and near the house, well inclosed by a picket fence, was the water-melon patch. Peter could see its foliage gleaming in contrast with the paler hue of the meadow grass.

Entering the lane that led to the house, he walked swiftly in the shadow of the fence. A few yards from his destination he paused beneath a huge walnut tree, and crossing the fence crept through the tall grass till he reached the picketed enclosure. Then he stood still and listened; the dogs were still barking furiously, and above their din he could hear the Deacon's voice raised in angry expostulation. With the dexterity born of long practice, Peter Stiles swung himself over the fence, down to the ground, where the Deacon's melons were shining amid the dewy leaves.

If Peter had not been so intent on his task he might have heard the terrified squealing of pigs. When Deacon Gregg had gone out to give his hogs their night feed, he had found his own herd accompanied, as usual, by Peter Stiles's. The Deacon was a firm believer in close communion; Peter Stiles's hogs did not agree with him. When the hogs remained steadfast in their opinion, and proceeded to act on it vigorously, the Deacon called out his dogs to help refute the dissenters. It was against Peter's hogs, therefore, and not against Jim Madden, that the loud clamor of the dogs

was directed. The heretics were put to confusion, and even the fierce old sow was brought to bay. When the Deacon had restored peace, and had got the dogs into the yard again, one ill-starred pig lay in the fence corner, never more to thrust its lean nose into forbidden troughs.

Deacon Gregg was troubled. He knew Peter well enough to feel sure that he would be furious at the killing of the pig, and, if the Deacon did not make the loss good, would doubtless take the matter to law, and collect damages, if possible. Even if he did not succeed in this, there would be hard feelings and reprisals which the Deacon dreaded to encounter. He reasoned that it would be against the best interests of the church, and hurtful to the spiritual welfare of Peter Stiles, to stir up needless strife by allowing it to be known how the pig had met its fate. The Book had said quite plainly that no man ought to put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. He decided to carry the pig off, and throw it far into the shade of the woods, where, if Peter ever found it, he could have no proof of who was its slayer. Dispersing the bereaved sow and pigs, now gathered round their fallen kinsman, grunting ominous threats of vengeance, the Deacon lifted the pig and started with it up the lane.

When Peter Stiles, returning with a huge melon in each end of the bag, was crossing the fence into the lane, he heard footsteps approaching. From behind the walnut tree, he stepped out into the moonlight to meet Jim and assure him that all was well; but was thunder-struck to find himself face to face with Deacon Gregg.

Both men stopped, recoiled, and for a few seconds stood silent, returning each other's startled gaze. Peter's face had blazed with sudden anger at the sight of Deacon Gregg's burden; but before he could speak, the thought of the Deacon's stolen melons on his shoulder made his fury helpless. The Deacon had gasped in virtuous indignation, yet he realized that with Peter's mangled pig in his hands it was impossible to attempt a moral lecture. But he recovered first, and faced the situation.

"Good evenin', Peter," he said, in his bland, imposing, prayer-meeting tones. "I'm sorry to say that my fierce dogs have accidentally killed one of your pigs. I jest started up to ask you the damage."

Peter caught his breath; but a moment later he answered in a voice of perfect meekness: "Nothin' at all, I reckon, Deacon. My hogs has pestered you a heap, off and on, and I 'low that killin' 's the best thing you could do for 'em."

Then in his most matter-of-fact way he added: "I 'lowed you had so many water-millions, Deacon, that you could n't make use of 'em all, so I come down to fetch one or two to the children. I did n't think to ax you, but I did n't 'low you 'd mind."

If Deacon Gregg's business all his life had been only to give away water-melons, he could not have answered with a more accomplished and magnanimous grace. "That 's all right, Peter. I'm powerful glad you got 'em. They's so many of 'em, they 're spilin' in the patch, and ruinin' the vines."

An hour later, when Peter Stiles was in bed, and all that remained of the melons was a big mound of gnawed-out rinds in the back yard, Jim Madden came to the entrance of the lane, ostensibly on his way to borrow the Deacon's plow. At the edge of the woods he stopped, and gave a long, cautious whistle. When he had listened in vain for a response, he softly called Peter's name; then he looked anxiously over the meadow and waited; but meadow and woodland alike remained hushed and motionless. After a quarter of an hour he bent his steps toward Peter Stiles's cabin. The door was closed, the windows were dark; if any creature on the place was awake there was no evidence of the fact.

Jim Madden gave a low ejaculation of wonder as he turned homeward. "I 'll be ducked," said he, "if Pete Stiles ha' n't got religion after all!"

IN THE MATTER OF READING

By EDITH L. HODGE

IT may perhaps seem like an extravagant statement to say that three persons out of five do not know how to read, but there are many long-suffering individuals who would subscribe to it, nevertheless. This does not of course refer to the people who are able to recognize the letters of the alphabet in whatever order or combination they may be placed, but to the general reading public. That dear, discriminating public that is ever ready to give its ultimatum on any piece of literature in a careless and artless manner. Up to a certain point it is amusing. A high-school pupil, not a hundred miles from Boston, in setting forth her views on "The Merchant of Venice," wrote: "Portia's father left it in his will that she should abide in three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead."

A child, forbidden to read "The Scarlet Letter," lost no time in procuring a copy of the book and secreting it under the mattress, to be dragged forth in moments of delicious solitude. It was not to be expected that she should understand it, but after pondering deeply she surmised that Hester Prynne had committed some absolutely original sin. She was, therefore, labelled A. The next person to offend in like manner would be ticketed B, the next C, and so on.

Such things as these make life worth living. Even to a point beyond this we are hardened to endurance, and can bear to hear the works of George Eliot called immoral and those of Browning obscure. But the next stage is almost insupportable. The people who approach Jane Austen as they would approach Anna Katherine Green, and complain because they are not thrilled; the readers who go conscientiously through the Celtic Revivalists with a diagram, and insist upon explaining every curve and angle; the sleuths who ferret out historical inaccuracies in "The Tale of Two Cities"; the monsters who chortle if they can discover a grammatical lapse in Mrs. Deland,—upon these and such as these how may we wreak our vengeance? No one looks for a plot in a dictionary, or insists upon discovering the meaning of a glorious sunset; and we have not yet discarded Lewis Carroll because he narrated improbable adventures. Why cannot these dullards worship their own gods, if worship they must, and cease to profane our temples?

Books should be dispensed like medicine! The man with certain mental symptoms should be restricted to such printed matter as the symptoms indicated, and prohibited the use of any other. Or the people with these symptoms should be quarantined, and not let loose upon more sensitive organisms. If they could be shown, gently but firmly, how to take a book for what it is, and not for what it was never intended to be—then indeed might existence be tolerable.

A LIVING SACRIFICE

THE GANGES VALLEY—1828

By CORNELIA SORABJI

"NO, I *cannot*, Dwarki!" said little Tani. "I love this present life. I love everything—to watch the gambols of the children and bathe my little Urmi; to sew her small garments, when I am not cooking the dinner or scouring the pans. I love to see the water bubble into the brass vessel as I draw it from the well near the bamboo trees. And it is a joy beyond words when I have dyed my nails the right color, and donned my brightest garments, and painted the shadows 'neath my eyes—to the intent that she may glare with envy—Gunga of the unlucky foot, whose heart is burnt as dry as babul firewood. And must all this come to an end? No more gambols or gay jewels or even household duties; no more victories over the less fortunate! No! *No!* I *cannot!*"

The sisters stood hand in hand, duplicates past all identification in height and feature and appearance. "Never were twins so alike," said the villagers. But in character and expression a world of difference lay between them, for the close observer. Dwarki was the wife of a man serving a long sentence in the Andamans for complicity in some daring dacoity. She had barely seen him, indeed, for she was but a child when he was banished, and her life had been one uncomplaining service of her sister, and of Chandri, her sister's exacting mother-in-law.

Chandri had given her a home when the sentence which carried the son across the "black waters" had also proved to be, for the feeble old mother, the decree peremptory for a transportation which knows no periods. And Dwarki was not allowed to forget the kindness.

Only this morning had Chandri recapitulated the fact, with many annotations, as to the straits to which an extra mouth reduced one's larder (yet with no acknowledgment of the advantages of a willing and efficient pair of extra hands!), and, having worked herself into her most self-complacent querulousness, she had set off for a day at the village fair.

"I may stay the night," she had called back, as the grove of mango trees hid her bundle and stick and shining brass *lota* from view.

"The gods grant it!" had rejoined, under their breath, the two maidens.

And now it was dusk, and the sisters stood hand in hand, with Tani's husband lying a stiff, still mass on the *charpai* at their feet. He had stumbled in from his work. "Pray to Kali," said he; "the sickness is upon me!"

And, though there was no unfaithfulness as to either prayers or remedies, he had soon writhed himself into an eternal quietude. How his silent presence filled the room! There was no escaping it! And at dawn the neighbors would carry him to the burning ground by the sacred river, and little warm, living, quivering Tani must be bound to the cold dead form in order that the yellow fire might purify them both.

"I cannot! I *cannot!*" she repeated.

"Heart of me!" said Dwarki, "I would I had your chance. To buy immortality for a husband, is not this the crown of life, the bliss of death! Think what might have been, had the gods taken you first, in the way of other mortals. Or, look indeed at me, without husband or child, and he to whom I am bound toiling in chains, or maybe dead, unblest! Who knoweth?"

"No! *No!* I *cannot* do it!" moaned Tani. "It is impossible. Dost remember the day when I caught the bit of live firewood in my two hands? Hi! how it burnt! I feel the pain now. No doubt, this ill luck cometh through the evil eye of that Gunga. For did she not crow, 'You should make better acquaintance with the fire, for the sake of the inevitable final salutation.' How knew she that it would claim me, *living! . . Living! . .* Oh no! Dwarki, show me a way of escape. Never have you failed me before. Save me now, as you love me. The mother-in-law is, happily, away. Let us hide ourselves, you and I, somewhere—in the long grass by the river, maybe, or in the fields of sugar-cane, till we escape to the mountains. Come soon, *soon*, ere the neighbors know. *He* will get attention . . . no need to think of that; and I have left him a son, for future priestly offices. Oh, come! *Come!*"

"Poor child!" said her sister; and, gathering her into her arms, she soothed and loved her. "I would this might be spared you, an you dread it so. See! we need not let the villagers know just yet; rest you awhile, while I go to the temple in the grove and pray guidance of the gods. Perchance a way will be found. Besides, there is the mango bough, which the woods must yield us; we may not omit that first act of widowhood, whatever follows. Then, too, there are certain purchases to be made."

"Let me come with you," said Tani; "the children sleep soundly." So, putting the quaint old puzzle-padlock on the outer door they sallied forth.

The wayside grocer met their temporal needs—clarified butter ladled from the earthenware pot, into Dwarki's brass *lota*, with a liberal supply of red *kunkun*. To this she added a ball of black opium. Opium is useful—on occasions.

And now they were once more within the house of mourning.

"Did the holy bull show you a way?" asked Tani eagerly.

"Yes!" was Dwarki's reply, with grave, determined face. "Eat first, my sister; the rest will appear presently. The impending journey absolves us from our fast."

And the ball of black opium lay within the only cake of grain-flour to which Tani's indifferent appetite could be tempted.

"Hi! hi! Death visits me, luckless!"

The melancholy chant rang out on the night air, entering each open door, a personal summons to the house of mourning. One and another stopped her evening avocation, and followed the sound with rapid footsteps, till quite a little crowd had gathered about the home of the twins. Beside the dead sat Dwarki, clasping to her breast that broken bough, sign picturesque of her broken life. The women tried to elicit from her the manner of his death; but she shook her head, too overpowered for more than "Kali was merciless!" (Might not her voice betray her!)

"Ah!" said they, "the cholera! luckless fate!" and the elder women fell to preparing the preliminary rites and anointings—("Let her cry, poor child!"),—while those with voices ranged themselves in rows facing each other, to sing the death-wail. Dwarki rocked herself to and fro, joining only in the regularly recurring "Oh! oh! oh! oh!"—chromatic chorus of sorrow.

"Where was Dwarki?" asked one suddenly.

"Gone with the mother to the fair!" was the mendacious answer.

It was the dead man's brother, after all, who bore the pan of incense, swinging it to and fro as he headed the procession, keeping time to the tread of the burden-bearers and the song of the women.

He had come in at daybreak from the neighboring village, with the news that the old mother had been run over by a cart at the fair and could not travel for many days. Little knew he for what sacred office he was only just in time. Behind him came the leading men of the caste-brotherhood, and the litter strewn with bright pink roses over the rough cotton pall. Dwarki walked immediately behind, in a phalanx of singing women, and holding in either hand the fatherless children, round-eyed and frightened.

And, all this time, the real widow lay opium-drugged in the safely remote store-room of the little establishment!

They have now reached the bank of the sacred stream, and the drum is sounding the suttee proclamation.

The brother produces a pot of clarified butter and a pan of red *kunkun*, and, with the help of the village headman, bathes and anoints the dead body, robing it in fresh white garments. And the priests stand by, forgetful already of the present, praying for a dignified rendering of the immediate to-come!

Meanwhile the altar is in preparation—an arrangement of stakes covered with things combustible, dry faggots, and leaves which blush red for shame at the uses to which men put them; the silken hemp and the fibre of the cocoanut, with an overpouring of oil and butter.

Of Dwarki the women have taken charge. She too has bathed for the last time in the sacred water, and wears the white garments of the devotee, with her *obolus* for Charon (parched rice and cowries) tied securely into one corner. To the barber belongs the right of painting the sides of her feet with red *kunkun:* none who bear that mark may withdraw the gift of themselves from the altar.

In the midst of her friends she stands, and unclasps one by one her ornaments. "Keep that necklace, Kashi. And you, Kamala, these anklets. Ofttimes have they tinkled accompaniment to our chatter, as we drew our morning bucket of water in glad companionship. This locket to my best friend. It bears my name, and my horoscopical charm. The gods grant it bring you luck! To me has none ever come!"

Her marriage bangles she broke—final attestation of widowhood—and a shudder ran through the poor girl's frame. For the first time it occurred to her that she might be tempting the gods to make her a widow in truth. Was she imperilling the life of the convict? Too late to retract now.

"Of what art thou thinking, O bereaved one?" said the veteran matron in the group. "Put out thine hands!" And round each small wrist was bound the red cord of sacrifice. "Now greet thy children quickly; the priest awaits thee!"

"God bless you both!" said Dwarki. And, in a whisper: "Tell Tani that I loved to die; it was release. I knew no fear. Canst remember that, boy?"

"Yes! yes!" he said, repeating the message. "Love and death, and no fear!"

"Art ready, O bereaved?" was calling the priest. "The sacred circle is formed."

Drawing her widow's raiment closer about her, Dwarki spread out the overhanging end to receive the measure of rice which was to be distributed to the assembly.

"Three times round the circle—remember," said the priest. And she walked slowly round, putting into each outstretched hand a few grains—"God has bereaved me," it meant—"for you may there be plenty!"

In the bungalow by the water-gate lived the engineer sahib; and seeing the crowd he walked to the water's edge. He arrived in time for the largess. As he put out his hand. "Lady of sorrow!" said he, speaking in her own tongue, "if you wish to escape this ghastly exaction, I and

my household are at your service. I have but to call, and from the garden yonder will come men sufficient in number to effect your rescue."

She smiled her gratitude, but shook her head.

"Think on this thing," said he. "Do not your children need you? Tell me your decision at the next round."

But when she did again approach him, the sad little negative was still her only answer.

"There is yet time to reflect," said the Englishman; "I await the final round."

"The Moving Finger has written that this should be," was all it brought him. And the man turned sadly away: further interference was impossible.

On the altar lay the victim of the gods; round the altar walked the victim of the priests, scattering parched rice and cowries—(cowries are legal tender in the shades!).

"Odd!" she was saying in her mind, "the seven steps of mine own marriage I never took, but the gods are accepting from me the seven steps which belong of right to someone else's funeral."

They bound her to the burden on the altar—the sweet smell of the incense perfuming the air, and the villagers standing awed and silent. From the muddy depths of the sacred water a crocodile raised an inquisitive head, and the frogs croaked comment satisfactory. As far as eye could see stretched the featureless sandbanks, with here and there a line of dreary babuls. A pipal-tree once tried to grow by the suttee stone, but a blast of lightning had reduced it to what seemed like an epitome of the tragedy which it had so often witnessed.

"Hist!" said an attendant to his fellow. "Hoist up those bamboos, one on each shoulder, *so*—ere the ropes be tightened."

But he paused—the shiny yellow things in the air; for the crowd had parted to admit a flying figure—Tani, but just awakened from her drug-induced slumbers,—horror, and yet relief, following upon comprehension as she glanced wildly round her.

"My sister!" she shrieked beside the motionless form.

Dwarki had closed her eyes in the quivering shudder of the awful contact; but she opened them once more on God's sky and on that piteous little face so close to hers. And as the bamboos were gently lifted into place, and the ropes bound about her, she smiled a humorous smile.

"Almost was that drug a waste!" she reflected.

For Tani had accepted the sacrifice!

The tale here printed is reproduced, by permission, from a volume of short stories published in England, not long ago, under the title "Love and Life Behind the Purdah." The author, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, of whom a biographical sketch, with portrait, appeared in this magazine for November, 1903, is a Parsee of Christian parentage, who enjoys the distinction of being the first young woman to take the full men's courses in law at Oxford. Among the many friends she made at this time were the Tennysons, Dr. Jowett, Lady Ritchie, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, George F. Watts and Sir Frederick Pollock. After leaving the University, Miss Sorabji studied in a solicitor's office in London; and for some years past she has held a Government appointment as legal adviser to the women of Bengal. Her professional studies and pursuits have not narrowed her mental horizon: she is a woman of broad general culture, with a delightful sense of humor, and a point of view which is neither oriental nor occidental, but such a combination of the two as one would naturally expect, in view of her antecedents and experiences. Her vocation as a writer is obvious. Miss Sorabji has just completed a little book on the Women of India.—*The Editors.*

AMERICANS AND THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

By SHERMAN PEER

The following article is from the pen of a young man who was graduated in 1906 from the Cornell University Law School, and has taken a postgraduate course at Oxford, not as a Rhodes scholar but as an independent American student—a member of one of the best colleges of the group. He has therefore been able to examine the question, which he discusses below, in an impartial and independent manner. THE EDITORS.

IT will be remembered that, by the will of the late Cecil Rhodes, a large number of scholarships were founded at Oxford University for young men of all the English-speaking countries outside of the British Isles; Germany also was included in his beneficence. These scholarships last for three years and are worth $1500 annually. The United States were treated most generously, two scholarships being assigned to each State in the Union. This is a timely moment to examine the workings of this unique experiment, as the first batch of Americans who have studied for three years at Oxford has now returned home, while a new batch has passed the necessary competitive examinations which admit to the scholarships, and crossed the ocean to enter upon their work.

In spite of all that has been said and written on the subject, Oxford University, with its past, its charm, its genius for educating great men, remains still in possession of secrets which historians, biographers and essayists have failed to discover. Either as tourists or readers, we have a general knowledge of Oxford touching these things; it is more than probable, however, that no two opinions would quite harmonize; for, like every university, it is understood by its graduates, but imperfectly by all others.

To the American who has neither read much concerning the University, nor visited Oxford, the institution may be described in brief as a federation of colleges—not colleges of this or that science, but distinct, social units federated for educational purposes. Socially they are independent; but for educational purposes all pool a certain percentage of their income with the University or central government. This fund supports the central government and provides for the salaries of university lecturers and similar expenses. Each college jealously guards its own independence, and surrenders to the central government only so much thereof as is necessary to effect the federation. An undergraduate becomes "attached" to some one college in which he lives, and in addition is matriculated into the University. Thus one may become a member of the University for the purpose of attending lectures and not become attached to any college; but no one could very well become a member of any college without being matriculated into the University. While each college has its own staff of tutors, a lecturer, though he may have tutorial duties in the college of which he is a member and

in which he resides, is, in his capacity as a lecturer, a professor to the undergraduates at large. The student, however, is so bound up socially in his particular college, that a prospective Oxonian carefully chooses one which men of his own liking attend and regards all others with comparative indifference.

Of no university is it more truly said that its undergraduate life reflects the character of its members. With a curriculum of "pass schools" for one sort of student, and of "honor schools" for another sort, the student may chose whether he will study for honors or simply for a passing grade. About one third of the students enter the honor schools, which offer a more legitimate education. The others are to be found in the pass schools, and are bent upon absorbing a sort of "general education," upon becoming more proficient in athletics, and chiefly upon widening a circle of acquaintances in anticipation of business life or of service in the colonies. It might seem, therefore, that the indifferent sort of Oxford graduate is out of place in an institution which has such graduates as Pusey, Wesley, Blackstone, etc. But such is not the case, as all this is consistent with the Oxford theory of education. Both in theory and in practice, the University purposes graduating efficient, thinking men, and it has preeminently succeeded, especially with the industrious student; while on the other hand there seems to be no very effective method in vogue on the banks of the Isis for cramming knowledge into the indifferent student. The Oxford graduate is characteristically "bench-made," as distinguished from that sort of "machine-made" product which some universities turn out by the gross. Individuality is educated, but not educated out of him.

The chief beneficial uses of a Rhodes scholarship have not been sufficiently dwelt upon. Hitherto almost all applicants from America have meant to get whatever education Oxford should choose to offer, and to return home as teachers of English literature, of history, or of the classics, as should seem most expedient. This is manifestly a haphazard line of procedure, which may easily culminate in mistakes and sometimes in serious disappointment. In some cases, however, the future Rhodes scholar has a definite purpose in view in seeking a scholarship. He knows its practical uses.

The Colonials are, for the most part, of this type. This statement is made, however, without disparagement of the character of the American Rhodes scholars, for, in scholarship, as in athletics, our men as a class are second to none at Oxford. The Colonials, however, and the Canadians in particular, know the best uses of an Oxford education from personal contact at home with British educational institutions and graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Furthermore, they are selected by these Oxford and Cambridge graduates, or by men having a first-hand knowledge of just what sort of student is calculated to get the most out of one of these scholarships. Manifestly some of the American scholars are handicapped at the outset, since many of them take a scholarship on faith alone, and are obliged to wait almost until the towers and steeples of Oxford come to view before they begin to learn what three years of undergraduate life here may or may not do for them.

It is interesting, therefore, to know what is the practical value of a three-years' course at Oxford, as the best type of American student will seek an Oxford education for its usefulness. Scarcely less important is it to know what sort of men are the best calculated to get the very most out of a Rhodes scholarship, and give the most in return; for the ultimate success of the Rhodes Trust will depend upon the types of men which it gathers from the British Colonies, from Germany and the United States, and the improved quality of these men when they are sent home after their sojourn here in Oxford.

Of the uses of a Rhodes scholarship, three may be mentioned as of practi-

cal value and as peculiar to Oxford. First is the pursuit of studies and research preparatory to teaching history, the classics or English literature; secondly, following a line of study preparatory to journalism; and, lastly, the taking up of studies in view of entering our foreign consular or diplomatic service. In this list, history might well be given the leading place, inasmuch as the history schools of Oxford are celebrated for thoroughness, for the scholarship of the instructing staff and for the excellent methods of teaching. Supplemental to this is the historic setting in and about Oxford, and the proximity of the Continent, so rich in historical libraries, great living historians and cities and battle-fields famous in the annals of the past. In the classics, Oxford has long stood first by reason of the marked ability of the instructing staff, the class of undergraduates interested in Latin and Greek texts and the original methods of instruction adopted in this field of study. She is without doubt the stronghold of the classics, surpassing Cambridge in this respect, though both universities possess, as somebody has remarked, the "classic atmosphere." The third place in this list is assigned to English literature. One might expect it to lead, but though in process of development, this line of study has not yet attained the reputation of the schools of history or the classics. Curiously enough, the Rhodes scholars are now bringing this school to the front.

In the methods of teaching all subjects at Oxford, the personal equation is an important factor as regards both student and tutor, and, in a minor degree, as regards the university lecturers. Every undergraduate is assigned to a tutor, for whom he prepares one or more essays each week. Together they review the essay, the student as author, the tutor as critic, who aims to educate much as did Socrates, whose apt questionings "delivered" the mind of Theætetus of more knowledge than was in him when their interview began. Such, aside from the purely social relationship between student and tutor, is the theory of the tutorial system at Oxford. Another salient feature of the theory of education which obtains here is the emphasis laid on collateral reading and research. It follows from this system of study that the undergraduate becomes resourceful, a creator of ideas and an original thinker. Yet, because of an undertide of conservatism, Oxford has buried many a lost cause. It is the undercurrent retarding the flood-tide. But in spite of this undertide, Oxford has launched many successful movements and has graduated a phalanx of great men. The Rhodes scholars, coming chiefly from progressive America and Australia, are the very students to get new if not always advanced ideas at Oxford and, at the same time, to keep above this undercurrent.

There are Rhodes scholars who are fitting themselves for journalism. They do the prescribed amount of university work, compass a prodigious amount of foreign newspaper reading and, during the vacation, travel in Great Britain and on the Continent. Their travelling gives them new experiences and a first-hand knowledge of peoples, customs and international politics, all of which is important in their future newspaper and magazine work. While some of us may not like to see ourselves always through European eyes, still, seeing "the States" from without is of inestimable value to newspaper men whose lines of work take them into the field of international politics. It is equally important for them to have a grasp of foreign affairs gained from having lived abroad. Rhodes journalists will undoubtedly accomplish good work in the near future in helping to blot out "yellow journalism" and elevating the general level of the daily press both in Canada and the United States.

Few words are necessary to kindle the imagination with the possibilities of a Rhodes scholarship in the making of a good secretary of legation or consul. The opportunities in Eu-

rope for the study of languages, politics, foreign peoples and foreign affairs generally are self-evident and manifold. Of course we cannot be too thankful that we do not have to breathe, for a lifetime, the political atmosphere of Europe and, like the European, be forced to carry a political barometer about with us; nevertheless, from the nature of our relations with Europe, we are being drawn more and more into international affairs on this side of the globe. So it may be argued that we cannot study the Old World too closely. It is now generally admitted that increasing foreign responsibilities call for more efficient and better educated men in our diplomatic and consular service—men who have a first-hand knowledge of international affairs, who can read and speak at least two foreign languages and who are acquainted with the people who speak them. In Germany, the Rhodes scholars are selected by appointment under the supervision of the Emperor. It is generally believed here that the most capable ones will be put to practical use in German affairs among the English-speaking nations. It seems as though our State Department might do well to interest itself in the graduate American Rhodes scholar for much the same reasons as are held by Wilhelmstrasse.

Special opportunities for this line of work are presented at Oxford by the history schools and the numerous political debating clubs. So pungent is the political atmosphere radiated through the press from the Continent and various parliaments, that one is irresistibly drawn into a deep interest in affairs of state. An unusual instance of youthful enthusiasm in this direction was shown by a Rhodes scholar in last year's parliamentary elections. At the invitation of several staunch Liberals, he spent a week in London attending political meetings and singing in the Liberal "chorus," thus imitating the famous Hutchinson family of our Civil War period.

Rhodes scholars who have journalism or the consular or diplomatic service in view take an active part in college debating. The topics for discussion are almost invariably afforded by national or international affairs. During the vacations, aggregating some twenty-eight weeks in each year, the undergraduate is expected to retire somewhere for study and a liberal amount of recreation. On these occasions the Rhodes scholars usually move to the Continent, to get acquainted with unfamiliar people, their customs, governments and languages. Such is the scope of our civil-service examination for the consular service, that it would seem that a Rhodes scholar would have the best possible chance of securing a high standing. Though it may not as yet be advisable to obtain a Rhodes scholarship in hopes of its securing in turn a secretaryship or consulship, it is nevertheless a most valuable foundation on which to work for foreign appointments. This fact is becoming more and more recognized by American students here.

A Rhodes scholar's social position is correlative with his personality and good-breeding and not with his loyalty to the Crown. American and Colonial scholars, as a class, are well known, well liked and successfully engaged in every branch of university activity. Some of the American delegation are among the most conspicuous undergraduates. With few exceptions they are popular in their colleges and are high in scholastic standing. I think it might be said that every American finds just about the same level at Oxford as he would find in any one of the chief universities of the United States. A strong character and hopeful temperament, it should be said, are absolutely essential to the success of the Rhodes scholar, for not only has Oxford its full share of temptations, but homesickness and depressing weather must be overcome. Then, too, the new scholars should bear in mind that the Britisher, by reason of climatic conditions, manner of living and antecedents, may indulge in social customs

of one sort or another which American students must either avoid or adopt in moderation.

The objection is often heard that the Rhodes scholars are almost sure to become Anglicized and, like their intolerable fellow-countrymen who are forever gushing over the English, be put quite out of touch with everything American. But I believe that no American will return home a caricature unless he was one at heart when first sent abroad. As a rule he comes to the conclusion that the British are not as bad as their American critics sometimes describe them, and that we ourselves are not wholly free from faults. Assuredly, as time passes, our Rhodes scholar will grow into a better type of American citizen, who will recognize that Oxford, educationally, is still a world-power, and with this truth before him will seek to absorb here only those elements of strength which count in the struggle of life everywhere.

The Rhodes scholar quickly learns to take Oxford and the British as neither better nor worse than our own universities and ourselves, though different. He is apt to consider himself an invited guest, and becomes less in sympathy with the tendency to "twist the lion's tail" on opportune occasions, and to be forever throwing tea into Boston Harbor. He soon adapts himself to his new surroundings, which is perfectly consistent with keeping his individuality and belief in American ideals.

While expatiating on the peculiar adaptation of a Rhodes scholarship to preparation for a profession, one must not minimize its intrinsic worth as affording a finished education. It should never be forgotten that Oxford, as has well been said, has poured into the world a steady stream of statesmen, writers, scientific men and men of affairs during several centuries, and in as marked a degree during the last half-century as ever before. This should be an inspiration to the prospective Rhodes scholar. It depends on his own character whether he will draw from the veins or from the arteries of this university. The young American who would secure from Oxford the education which will be most useful to him in his future American life must have a definite purpose in view, must believe in Oxford, must draw his education from its arteries and must give generously of his own healthy blood in return.

This optimistic view of the situation is shared by others who know Oxford and our country. I may close with one notable example of this fact. Dr. George R. Parkin of London, who is the organizing representative of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, wrote me last April:

"You have hit upon what is distinctly the most open question in connection with the working out of the scheme—namely, how the young American scholar is to get out of Oxford the thing which will be most useful to him in his future American life. In my tour through the States three years ago, I had to speak very often to the conferences of college men with whom I was in consultation, on this very point, and I also discussed it a good deal with men of affairs. No one who is acquainted with the history of Oxford will doubt that it is one of the great power centres of the world. This is sufficiently proved by the steady stream of statesmen, writers and men of capacity for affairs which it has turned out for several centuries, and in as marked a degree during the last half-century as ever before. Put this fact beside another, which I suppose every man who knows your country will admit, that the civilization of the United States needs men of the largest type and fullest training in every possible walk of life, and one sees the situation. The question is how to yoke the one type on to the other; how to get the young American to draw out of the place the kind of power that he requires. I am afraid that we cannot settle this by mere theory or thinking; the end will have to be gained through time and expe-

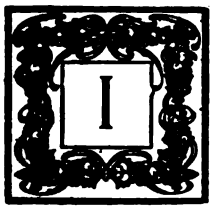
rience. Much will depend upon the attitude of the public mind in America itself. I am not at all sure that the fact of having had an Oxford education will be the same recommendation to a man in many parts of the Union that it is in all parts of our British Empire. Much, again, will depend upon what I call the horse sense of the scholars themselves; whether they will be able to avoid the frills which irritate the man of the Western Hemisphere and absorb only those elements of strength which count in the struggle of life everywhere. It is a big question, and I am watching it with the deepest interest.

"I have myself noted a kind of uncertainty among the American scholars as to the lines along which they are marching. The points in which they can get manifest advantage, on which you lay particular stress, have often been mentioned by me in the United States. As a preparation for journalism or for the consular or diplomatic service, life at Oxford ought to give an admirable training. But will it be acceptable to America? And will men be able to get posts for which they are thus prepared? We must wait to see. I know of no body of young men anywhere who are under such compulsion to accomplish something in life, and it will be very curious to watch their efforts to realize public expectations about them. One thing I note with great pleasure—the Scholarship is already manifestly becoming looked upon as one of the foremost intellectual prizes. Of this I have had many proofs while recently in America. It will draw men of the first class to us by degrees—men of the type that does things. This must be our hope."

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

TWO BOOKS ON AN ISLAND

By GERALD STANLEY LEE



I HAVE been reading a book by the sea. It comes from the Municipal University Press, Kansas City. It is called "The Newsbook," and deals with the modern business world. The last place to think about business or about our modern business world would seem to be by the sea, but when one can look at a business world the way the sea does, or the way Charles Ferguson does, when one sees it all in a great light with a big clean breeze playing across it, when one sees it full of the future and of new ideas, and full of young men and great stirring faiths, the sea goes with business very well. Charles Ferguson is a man who believes in business as most people do in religion. In his book he has a ringing way of putting men and things together. To many people his book would seem like a vision. Everybody is going to be good. In the business world one suddenly sees trees as men walking. Trinity Church takes up its bed and walks. One sees it, spire and all, moving calmly right down through the middle of Wall Street; and it all seems about to be true, too—almost a matter of course—just Nature having her own way. Mr. Ferguson's main idea is that the modern church is going to take possession of the modern city and do things and that the university spirit, the spirit of the professions, of the arts and sciences, the spirit of inventors, is going to take possession

of the world of affairs. Mr. Ferguson writes as if we were passing at present through a period of transition and temporary moral confusion. Things and men are not as bad as they look because our best ideas and our best men have merely not got together.

What the modern business world needs is a moral metropolis, a centre of thought-action, what one might call perhaps a great national clearing-house for ideals, a place where ideals can get together and find themselves. And this is what Mr. Ferguson's book is for. In a sense it does not seem like a piece of writing at all, but rather a national act, a reaching out and gathering in of our moral world about us. As one reads it, one thinks of all the other men who are reading it, and it comes to one as being not merely a book, but as being in itself a sort of organization of faith, and of a great belief in our modern business world.

One wishes sometimes that an introduction had been written for Mr. Ferguson's book (by some one else) which would have prepared people what not to expect. Mr. Ferguson would not have been the one to write it because Mr. Ferguson expects everything both of his reader and of himself. He is always expecting, for instance, page after page, that he is going to be clearer to his reader than he is. Nobody really cares; and except as certain external signs of order—arrows and things, as it were, and firstlies and secondlies and logical-looking places—are dragged in, and raise false expectations, nobody would be disappointed if Mr. Ferguson, like Isaiah or Job or Omar Khayyam or Whitman, did not seem to have an orderly mind. A book that leans three-quarters over into the future has a right to be obscure. No one can expect to do the future in the round. Prophecy is bas-relief at best. But there is a kind of illusion of orderliness about Mr. Ferguson. He is always putting in sudden logical-looking arrangements, giving one a sense that he is going to present things more in rows than he does; and it is only fair to admit that some people, unless they are warned beforehand not to take these external signs of order too seriously, might be distracted or irritated by them, and fail to get the real force and sweep of his book. It should be read like other works of the spiritual imagination, in the Bible and elsewhere—first for the general effect, and afterwards for the more minute analysis. The author's mind should be taken, not as a map, but as a spiritual derrick. It is not intended to get people, where they stand, to change their ideas, but to get them moved over unconsciously to where they will enjoy looking down on them, and to where they will even enjoy looking down on themselves.

Mr. Ferguson does not merely present a vision of a new ethics in the business world. He points out that the new ethics is already here—or rather that it is already recognized by the people—and is rapidly penetrating the stores and factories about us. The people expect and demand of the men who run a big modern business that they shall have the spirit of the gentleman, or of the artist, or of the scientist—*i. e.*, the university spirit,—in the way they conduct their business. The more successful merchants and manufacturers and business men are all going to be professional men and have the professional or scientific or artistic spirit, the spirit that makes a man place first the value of the thing he is doing to the world, and second the profit he is making on it. The same professional motive that has made the doctors and scholars and judges of the past the men of the highest standing and consideration in the community, instead of being recognized as exceptional in the world of trade is going to dominate it.

The more one thinks about it, the more one recognizes hopeful signs that lend color to Mr. Ferguson's conviction. The idea of the great university and the idea of the great city, in proportion as they fulfill themselves, both naturally and logically run into one another. The great business houses, or nearly all of them, are

based upon secrets of chemistry and geology and botany, and the key to modern business success is getting more and more into the hands of inventors and scientists and of the masters of materials. The immense proportion of university men who are going into business every year instead of into the professions—men of the highest possible intellectual calibre and spirit—are being attracted because it is merely a matter of fact that the different forms of business in this country are becoming more professional in the powers they call for and the spirit they exercise than the older professions. When one stops to think of the actual opportunity for the spirit of the arts and sciences, in the development of the soil, the mines, the very air up over the earth—when one stops to think of the supremacy of the inventor to-day, of the glory and power of the successful organizer—the elevation of business ideals and of the business spirit seems almost a matter of course. The big, permanent things cannot be done by men with small spirits or with small morals; and when one considers how big the things are that are waiting to be done in this way, by the bigger type of business man, it makes being a lawyer nowadays, or a clergyman, or an author, seem a comparatively plain and humble affair. The premium on the far-sighted business man is getting to be so great that he can scarcely be helped.

The man who is professional in business is apparently going to get more prestige and standing out of it than the man who is merely professional in a profession. The honors of the world go to the men who foresee the next necessary, unexpected and difficult thing to do, and then do it. Under our present conditions it takes more brains to be a good, morally beautiful grocer than it does to be a good, morally beautiful clergyman; and it is already beginning to look, in some quarters, as if the clergymen would have to hurry a little in the next generation, if they are going to keep up to grocers and icemen and coal-dealers in the pews who practise what the clergymen preach, and who illustrate their sermons for them during the week. It is generally the illustrations that people prefer in sermons.

The man who devoted himself to being a grocer professionally, for instance, who made his business profitable enough to be permanent, and at the same time created values and lowered prices in his city, so that the whole world would wish it could come and live there, would be not only the leading citizen in his own town, but a national figure. A man who used his power to dominate the markets of a great city and to make it the cheapest city to live in in the United States, would be news around the world. Towns would be emptied to come and live where he was. His business character would be the leading advertisement put out by the Board of Trade. Factories would flock to the city and great schools and great railroads and great churches. Any grocer in any city who will get control of its markets and who will raise values and reduce prices so that people can live there a fourth cheaper than they can in the cities that compete with it, will be so big a man that railroads will be rebuilt for him and geography reconstructed for him. He will put out his hand and stir the centre of population of the United States.

When a few cities have moved over to where he is, and a few of the other cities further off already feel that they are starting, and will have to go, the other cities will grow businesslike enough to have a morally beautiful grocer or great man of their own, in self-defence. Then when all the cities have learned the lesson and America has achieved at last the most "high-toned," most professional, most efficient grocery business that can be found—that is, the business in which values have been brought up the highest, and prices have been brought down the lowest,—all the nations and all the men and all the money of the nations will begin pouring into

America as if it were some vast trough at the bottom of the world.

Most of us, when we first read Bernard Shaw's "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," put in part of our time wondering which were pleasant. One has something of the same feeling when one sits down by the sea with Arthur Symons's "Images of Good and Evil." The good images are mingled with the bad ones, but they are not hearty and they look merely pale and determined; and the bad ones are not only very much alive, but they have made themselves mysteriously beautiful and splendid. "Too much London" is the first thought that comes to some of us in reading Arthur Symons's verses; and, as usual with the more promising and artistic Englishmen, an imagination that has been continually running to Paris. If some provision could only have been made for keeping George Moore in Ireland and for sending Arthur Symons to live regularly in the Lake Country, one suspects, sometimes, they both might have avoided being so much burned by their genius. Had Symons been kept in the Lake Country he would at least have written more poems like this:

Peace waits among the hills;
  I have drunk peace
Here, where the blue air fills
The great cup of the hills,
  And fills with peace.

Between the earth and sky,
  I have seen the earth
Like a dark cloud go by,
And fade out of the sky;
  There was no more earth.

Here, where the Holy Graal
  Brought secret light
Once, from beyond the veil,
I, seeing no Holy Graal,
  See divine light.

Light fills the hills with God,
  Wind with his breath,
And here, in his abode,
Light, wind and air praise God,
  And this poor breath.

One touches words in Arthur Symons. They are such perfect symbols of the things. They seem to be the things themselves happening. His ideas are so inwrought with a delicate materialism, with a floating, penetrating music, that one moves as in an atmosphere. It is a kind of aroma of poetry. All of the senses are made vaguely happy. There is now and then an exception, but one is lulled in most of Arthur Symons's verses into all seven arts in one. One has the experience of moving about in a sort of fine new subliminal flesh. It is all like some faint splendid dream of having been really supplied at last with a good practical spiritual body. The fault one finds is afterwards. One cannot do things with the poetry after one has read it. When one has put down the book one does not go out into the world and love it and lift on it. It is not the poetry that brings us to those great plateaus up in the sun where the greater music carries us, where men are strong and do things. When one closes the book it is as if one had been with Alice in Wonderland; it is like coming up out of some little winding hole of dreaming into the broad glaring light, into the rough common air. You come up afterward as from some Mammoth Cave of poetry, where, with a little soft tinkle and a little vague glitter, you have been conducted by Arthur Symons. Then you lie on the ground in the blinding sun and you are apt to feel like this:

The little stones chuckle among the fields:
"We are so small; God will not think of us:
We are so old already, we have seen
So many generations blunt their ploughs.
Tilling the fields we lie in, and we dream
Of our first sleep among the ancient hills."
The grass laughs, thinking: "I am born and die,
And born and die, and know not birth or death,
Only the going of the green earth."
The rivers pass and pass and are the same.
And I, who see the beauty of the world,
Pass, and am not the same, or know it not,
And know the world no more. Oh, is not this
Some horrible conspiracy of things,
That I have known and loved and lingered with
All my days through, and now they turn like hosts
Who have grown tired of a delaying guest:
They cast me out from their eternity:
God is in league with their forgetfulness.

The universe does not seem the real universe in Arthur Symons. The sun and the stars are there, but largely as big sad ornaments for a little, feverish inner world. The universe seems to have become a big outer room or a kind of beautiful covered porch for Arthur Symons's soul, where it comes out now and then as under some great fresco of planets and cools itself.

One is thankful for almost any poetry one can get, and if it is as sincerely conceived and as sincerely—almost religiously—wrought as this, the artist stands unchallenged. Mr. Symons is not supposing that he is great. He is simply being sincere and using what he has; and certainly it is only by having very real poets in small genuine sizes an age can hope to have great ones. Mr. Yeats and Mr. Symons have both turned out to be literary islands, and have been cut off apparently from the mainland of modern spiritual experience, but we can only come with all our different kinds of poets to our great poetry at last by singing what we have each of us had, by making as beautiful and as dignified as we can, what we have lived; and if we are dying, let us at least sing ourselves to death like this

I heard the sighing of the reeds
  In the gray pool in the green land,
The sea-wind in the long reeds sighing
  Between the green hill and the sand.

. . . . . .

I heard the sighing of the reeds
  Night after night, day after day,
And I forgot old age, and dying,
  And youth that loves, and love's decay.

I heard the sighing of the reeds
  At noontide and at evening,
And some old dream I had forgotten
  I seemed to be remembering.

I heard the sighing of the reeds:
  Is it in vain, is it in vain
That some old peace I had forgotten
  Is crying to come back again?

This reads very well in the small cosy ravine just under the lighthouse hill, but when one breaks away from it and comes over and sits under Old Whitehead by the surf, one feels one has been missing something. The reeds stop sighing, and one takes up Charles Ferguson's book and lets one's soul go out with the surf again. One watches the poetry in it, the big heroic imagination at work like a sea upon a world, poetry grappling with great cities and with their labor and their creative might, full underneath of a glad singing about them, full of their vast joys and sorrows—the big speechless cities that no one has spoken for yet, so splendid, and eager, and so silent about their souls, and full of the tussle with the sea, and with the powers of the air and with the iron in the earth! And the cities as I read seem full again of dreams, full of the running to and fro of hope, of religion and poetry in the streets, the very church bells booming in the market-place! And it began to seem to me as I read that this man with the cities singing in him, this man who has made a whole world seem singing too, must be a greater poet or wonder-worker, than the other men, though the fire and music in him be unmeasured and called by the dictionary "prose." What Mr. Ferguson writes is not merely poetical-looking: it is poetry in action, creating centuries before one's eyes.

It needs but a moment—but one ring on the anvil of the world from this big Out West of a book, and one sees what it really was that one was reading in Arthur Symons. One remembers it as in a dream, that faded poetry, that poetry of being beautifully tired. It flashes over one that what one had been enjoying so much was after all a sterile art, that it was what might be called selfish poetry, poetry that had used up all its beauty in merely being beautiful itself. Charles Ferguson with one sentence brought one out of it, brought one with a big, quiet lift, into a great moral outdoors, and into that something in us all which still loves the wind and the sun in our thoughts. The book comes to us like some deep all-the-world-around alarum to the soul. It plays upon the something in us and our modern spirit that makes us want to be and expect to

be men that go with hills and sunsets and not with mere war-ships, strikes and trusts and labor unions. We begin to feel that we belong in America with the free, great things, that we are going to live in great cities at least, that reach out and conquer the earth, but that have stopped soiling the sky to do it, and have laid clean hands upon the sea. And after this chant of cities, this stern outdoor singing across a world, the poetry of Arthur Symons, with all its luxuries and its beauties, its visions of old sensations, full of pale dreams, of little personal joys, its memories of dead sorrows, seems in a bed-room, a tossing about in the night.

Where I sit (eighteen miles out at sea) I have watched four white clouds go by up over the hill; they have brushed softly over it—the last hill for a thousand miles. I have watched them filing slowly down the long aisles of heaven out over the sea. It is a little like looking off on the future to sit on the last hill for a thousand miles and watch four white clouds go by—watch them go out there where things are going to be, where to-morrow is, where a new world brims over, every day. The still happy vision out of the sea crowds up before me. Behind me is the broad vision of the land I love, of the flocks of the smoking cities; and as I think of them and of the great waiting hills and streams about them, the hope and practice-ground of the world, the last chance of mankind, the post-poned dream of the old and tired nations, of the dead poets, the last standing-ground of the soul upon the earth,—I have wondered about Mr. Ferguson's book and about how much it would mean if, from East-port, Maine, out to Tucson, Arizona, out to that great last grim lift and struggle of San Francisco against the West, people could read it and believe it. At first, after reading it, one does not know what one would not do, to be allowed to go down all the long aimless Midway Plaisance of the modern books, to call attention to it. One wishes there were a great bell up over the world. . . . One would reach up to it, and would say to all the men and the women and to the flocks of the smoking cities, "Where are you all?" The bell would boom out "What are you doing? Why are you not reading this book?" One wonders if one could not get a colored page in the middle of the *Atlantic* or *Putnam's* or the *North American Review* or *Everybody's* and at least make a great book as prominent as a great soap—almost make it loom up in the country like a Felt Mattress. In the world in which we are living to-day, where we have been intimidated by machines, syndicates and sky-scrapers and labor unions, by our huge industrial wheels within wheels, and where we are not only under the wheels ourselves, but the very men who are running them are caught in them, any man who can break out for us a little skylight in the huge roof of trusts and strikes over us, where we can go and see the blue through sometimes, or where we can even climb up and look off, if we want to, and hope—is going to be an irreplaceable, necessary man.

For the next thing we want in America is not capital, but men who are great enough to make people believe in it. Mr. Ferguson's book is supplying the real capital of the world—the capital back of the capital. Such a man comes to us as a millionaire of the spirit, the credit-maker of a nation. Almost any one can see by looking about a minute at our banks to-day that the faith-builder is going to be the next bank-builder. Everybody is interested in Mr. Ferguson's book because it makes everybody's money worth something. The book might well have been given the sub-title, "Beliefs People Would Like to Believe if They Could."

'HE LIGHT OF THE CAMP-FIRE

By RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN

FISHING and Shooting Sketches," by Grover Cleveland (Outing), has no hint that the author ever followed any occupation in life other than that tsman. The public side of n total eclipse and not a ray rom it, not even a corona, through the sportsman's re to reveal any other trait ersonality than that of the ishing and hunting for the he "sport," in the exalted which that word is used. ese natural-born sportsmen 1 themselves as a different 1 other mortals. They are d and understood only by l. For such this collection s by Mr. Cleveland is as the f the door of the fraternity member, or like the secret h carries the fraternal bond l devotion and genuine kinnd. These sketches are rich ortsman's terms; they are with the sportsman's symth nature; they betray the 1's idea of the value and of se of animal life. The view illing part of the business e answer by the boy who l if it did not hurt pigs to "Oh, no," was the cheeromforting assurance, "they to it." Mr. Cleveland has and religious appreciation , in spite of his defence of lation of "Damn that fish," . fair expletive for violated as is illustrated in the folassage: "There is no man orld capable of profitable thought who does not know that the real worth and genuineness of the human heart are measured by its readiness to submit to the influences of Nature, and to appreciate the goodness of the Supreme Power who has made and beautified Nature's abiding-place." This suggests the speech of the Worcester Democrat in the Massachusetts Legislature, arguing for the bill to permit fishing on Sunday, who said that "he could conceive of no better way of spending the day than by casting a line in the placid water and worshipping the Almighty." Mr. Cleveland's book is full of the spirit of the genuine lover of nature and of the sport found in fishing and hunting when the object is not to kill, but to enjoy. He draws a sharp distinction between those who kill for the sake of killing, even for food purposes, and those whose object is the sublime sport, as he sees it, which only sportsmen understand. His sketches show keen observation of fish and animals and are full of the strong sociability characteristic of those who tell fish stories and laugh over hunting exploits.

Another presidential character is the central figure of the little book by John Burroughs, "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt" (Houghton). But the perspective is different. Here the President, not being the writer, is, in the main, the object written about. Mr. Burroughs dwells far more upon the President than upon the camps and the tramps. It is rather a Roosevelt book than a nature book. On the nature side—to take up and dismiss the minor feature first,—the book is full of lifelike sketches of scenery, of big game

and small, of animals and birds as they were observed in the wilds of the Yellowstone Park and in the vicinity of the President's home at Oyster Bay. These sketches are drawn with the loving and appreciative hand of a genuine nature-lover. From that point of view, the book carries out into the outdoor air, in spirit, those who cannot make the journey in flesh, and the scenes are most enjoyable. On the Roosevelt side, the book is all admiration, untempered even with the criticism of a friend. Evidently, in Mr. Burroughs's mind, the Scripture that "faithful are the wounds of a friend" does not apply, because the President is above faults. From this point of view of unqualified admiration, the book is sure to throw light upon the President. Mr. Burroughs sees him in many attitudes and he is carried off his feet in sincere and wholesouled admiration for him, for his accurate and minute observation of the forms, colors and habits of animals of all sizes and species, for his marvellous memories of former days when he was on the ranch and laid in that stock of abounding physical life and jolly spirits which bubbles over in the company of old friends, for his rare moral courage in facing the great corporations, for his physical powers, for his nerve on the field of battle under fire, for his exceptional endurance of privation, for his true sympathy with nature, and for his thorough sportsmanlike spirit as regards the killing of game. Every admirer of the President in a phase of life removed from politics, finance and business, if he wishes to see new cause for praise and warm-hearted support, should read this book and see through Mr. Burroughs's eyes. Then he will be more loyal than ever.

"Camp and Trail" by Stewart Edward White (Outing) is one of the outing books which is full of outdoors from preface to "Finis." It is illustrated with photographs of magnificent mountain views and with representatives of pack-horses which will be serviceable to all who propose to enjoy the kind of life to which the author would tempt them. It is not designed to be a book of fine writing about outdoor life, but rather a compendium of valuable practical suggestions and advice for all who are disposed to strike out for themselves into the wilderness and come into close personal touch with nature. The author writes from long experience and his counsel must be taken as suited to campers and trampers of his physique and tastes. He has his positive views of what to wear and what to eat and how to do things in the woods and on the mountains. His is the sort of nature which revels in roughing it and yet has a tender side for wholesome food, well cooked in the open, and for a dry shirt after a thorough soaking in a wet one. Rain counts for little with him; and it is to be presumed that those who read his book and follow his advice will be equally contemptuous with him regarding a tramp all day through water waist deep, over rocks and smashing along through dense brush, or any other infernal place in the pursuit of game or of pleasure. One of this sort loves the scenes so masterfully painted by the immortal poet of the Mexican war:

> One day a reg'lar shiver de freeze, the next ez good ez bakin;
> One day a br'ilin' in the sand; then smotherin' in the mashes,
> Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks an' smashes.

For folks who like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they will like, as a familiar quotation has it. The author is a very practical man and cares well for the personal comfort and safety of his followers and disciples. He gives them detailed expert information about personal equipment, camping outfit, cooking outfit, "grub," camp cookery, horse outfits, canoes and so on. He tells all about so many things that he seems like King Solomon with his familiarity with everything from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssops upon the wall

ı, ham, flour, corn meal, hom-
ıioca, rice, baking-powder, tea,
onions, potatoes and so on.
ıen it comes to packing and
:e preparations for roughing
most at home with his kyacks,
.ooks, jamb hitches, hobbles,
ks, alforjas and aparejos, till
reminded of Artemus Ward's
te effort under similar cir-
ıces,—"and sine qua non,
I sternly, wishin' to show that
some Latin." Every line of
k seems to have been written
ıersonal experience redoubled,
ıere the author differs from
and will be accounted as
short, it must be charged up
ıal differences which are un-
le. For instance, he makes
f the sense of direction, ac-
g it a sixth sense and of the
importance. But the author
nping and Woodcraft" pooh-
t such an idea, makes a small
ph of what is the opening
of White and puts the im-
e of it much lower as a nat-
:. Mr. White's book is always
e, fresh and breezy, sure to
all who like his sort of life.

Book of Camping and Wood-
Outing), by Horace Kephart, is
.ch in the same line as the book
sly mentioned, by Mr. White.
tter arranged for pocket use
e. It is more of a detailed
l book of directions and more
ncyclopedia. It is of wider
than most of these books,
minutely clothing, tents and
tensils and food, the articles
in a pack, how to manage
fe in details, directions for
and keeping fish and game,
protect oneself from flies,
oes, chiggers and such pests,
avoid getting lost in the
how to live off the country
d, what plants wild can be
ıow to handle an axe care-
ıw to tan the pelts of animals
the forest sport, and how to
oneself in case of the acci-
hich are sure to arise in such wilderness adventures. All through, it is practical detail, and the same observation applies as before to those who like this sort of enjoyment. The picture of the hero with his noble forehead smeared with the blood of the deer he is skinning, or his hands bedaubed by the fish he is dressing, or lying on the rough and cold ground at night, or getting soaked in a cold rain with no means of protection against the weather, the sensations of being lost or broken-legged or poisoned by snake-bite or starved or parched with thirst, or several of such minor inconveniences put together, all these make up a picture full of attraction and beauty for those who revel in such incidents of freedom from the conventionalities of civilization and who delight in the reversion to the manner of life of the primitive man. All these things depend upon personal taste and characteristics. For many readers, especially for the robust and long-winded, this book will be as attractive as a novel of pink and white to a lover of fans and flirts.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa), in his "Old Indian Days" (McClure), renders a valuable double service to the people of the United States. He tells delightful stories, well worth reading in comparison with the best short-story productions of the contemporary writers, and, more than that, he gives pictures of the tribal life of the wild Indians from the point of view of a full-blooded Sioux, to whom they are not strangers, and their acts and motives are not colored by an appearance of being odd or grotesque and of doubtful meaning. In the development of these stories there is inevitably plenty of the man-killing so inseparable from Indian life, but it is not told for the sake of the gore and shrieks of the slaughter. Such elements, as rehearsed in the novels of Indian life written by white people, are totally lacking; while the Indians' motives are revealed so as to show that there is about the same human side to the Indian, after all,

as there is to the white man. In addition, there are his pictures of the modesty and beauty of Indian maidens, such as no white writer would appreciate; and the Indian love stories are just as full of rich sentiment as the love stories of the whites, and are told with a simplicity and directness and brevity that add to their charm. The introduction of the supernatural, the "Great Mystery," the twin spirit and the voices from spiritland, and the like, makes the whole picture beautiful. Such elements cannot be introduced into white people's writings because such personages do not enter into white people's lives. But they are a part of the Indian's life and they are most fitly made strong motives in their stories. The book has all the breadth of the plains, the indomitable courage of the red man, the endurance of the mountaineer, the cunning of the fox and serpent, the strength of the wolf. For simplicity and modesty the book has a charm not found in many Caucasian authors, and Dr. Eastman's contribution to good story-telling is conspicuous and his principles well worthy of imitation by white writers. The book shows a commendable indifference to the whites of the country, for he neither flatters them, nor compliments them, nor shows any sense of inferiority in their presence, but leaves them to their lordship of the country while he tells plainly the virtues and the loves of the aborigines.

"Days Off," by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke (Scribner), is a collection of short sketches and stories of unequal merit. They have their two distinct elements—the human and the nature-writing. In the former Dr. van Dyke is on a higher plane of merit and attractiveness than in the latter. Where the human element is uppermost, as in "His Other Engagement" or "Leviathan," the story is bright and interesting. His "Notions about Novels" are well put into the mouths of his speaking characters. But in "Days Off" he sermonizes in book dialect, even though he tries to shake it off. As a nature-writer he falls distinctly below his power as a portrayer of the human. He meanders, sees what the average man sees, thinks what the average man thinks, and writes about it as the average man writes about his observations of nature. Of course, nature is beautiful and charming, but the expectation of getting from so distinguished a writer something superior to most writings is not realized. What he says is both good and true, but most of us see in a delightful trip through beautiful landscapes and thick woods and over reflective waters under blue and cumulus-dotted skies about what he sees, and it comes fresher at first hand. "Silverhorns" is a good nature-study, but some of the others are disappointing.

Two well-matched collaborators have produced "Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies" (Scribner). The author is William T. Hornaday, the Director of the New York Zoölogical Park, and the illustrator is John M. Phillips, Pennsylvania's State Game Commissioner—that is, he is the one who took the photographs which give copious presentations of the wildnesses of the mountains and of their animal inhabitants. Very few people have ever been in the region covered by Director Hornaday's story, and very few, comparatively, will ever go there, not even if New York grows under the multiplication of the earth's inhabitants until Buffalo is a suburb, the entire topography is so impossible to traverse for most people accustomed to civilization. From the author's account of it, there is a large area where the surface of the earth may be described as a succession of steep house roofs, the valleys between them being gutters of only a few feet in width in many places, and the top having only a width of a few feet, while the sides are covered with small and sharp broken stones, thrown down by the frosts of ages, something like the side of a coal pile; and over such ground pack-horses, hunters and

are compelled to pick their Some of the mountains rise to eight of 10,000 feet, or even and the entire surroundings tally different from those usu- und in books of travel, hunting ping. Director Hornaday has ed a fascinating book. In his is because he attempts no larly fine writing. He does apsodize, but he tells his story idly and with such credible ac- that it is really fine writing, ll—just what comes strong and ng right off from the mountain He pictures finely in his de- ons, without seeming to make ort to do so. He is generous companions and finds plenty y to go around in recounting achievements against the dis- ing and exhausting odds of . He is full of pluck and iasm. He is cool and long- l, and cares thoughtfully for tails of camp life and for ad- e, so that there is no breakdown foolhardiness or inexperience. through and through the book, is unusual account of the game region, especially of the mountain goats. Wonderful are the traits of these creatures and keen is their intelligence as they make their seemingly impossible climbs up the faces of precipices standing at an angle of eighty degrees, as Director Hornaday himself says; or walk along a narrow shelf, only a few inches wide, right against the face of a sheer wall of rock hundreds of feet from the next possible foothold below or above. The grizzly stories fit perfectly, in the large and in detail; while the other large game and the smaller, in the way of both animals and birds, is covered in a spirit at once sportsmanlike and scientific. High praise is awarded to Mr. Phillips for his venturesome spirit in catching the photographs of the goats under almost insurmountable difficulties, and for his exceptional skill as an operator with the films. Photographs and maps add to the exact knowledge of the region and of the animals, and the entire work is one of the rarest and most enjoyable for reading, as well as an accurate and valuable contribution to the scientific knowledge of the places and animals so graphically described.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

y years after the appearance first book—"Fresh Gleanings," —Donald G. Mitchell is ears still vigorous enough to ior prepare a uniform and definitive edition of the fif- olumes which represent his life so far as that work has been lit- That there are only fifteen es, shows what an old fogy the must be. Had he been born century later, and made such early in his career, as the "Rev- f a Bachelor" made in its day, ld have produced, not one book r years, on an average, but four every year; and would now have two hundred and forty volumes to his credit—or the reverse. Whether the public would have welcomed a uniform edition thereof, in the writer's eighty-sixth year, is quite another question. It is just conceivable (however old-fashioned the notion) that Ik Marvel's literary reticence—his omission to fly into print at regular and frequent intervals—has had something to do with the quality and finish of his work, and has made it worthy of re-issue in such handsome and substantial form as his life-long publishers, the Scribners, have given it.

Like George William Curtis—his junior by two years—Mr. Mitchell

was a disciple of Washington Irving. Curtis himself liked to remember that Irving (on whose youthful head the venerable hand of Washington had once been laid in friendly approbation) had smiled approvingly on his work; and the letters from famous authors that Ik Marvel cherishes most dearly are those he received from Sunnyside. He must be pretty near the last of our writers who knew Irving outside of his books. Yet, when one thinks of it, those who might have known him are not so few. John Bigelow, for instance, who is still in the harness at ninety—the very light harness he has allowed himself to wear for the past forty years,—must almost certainly have been acquainted with the father of American *belles-lettres*. Mrs. Howe is over two years and Dr. Edward Everett Hale is nine days older than Mr. Mitchell. Colonel T. W. Higginson is four and eighty, and Henry Charles Lea is but two years and Professor Norton but four years younger. As for Dr. Weir Mitchell and Messrs. Stedman, Clemens and Howells, though they are comparatively young men, being only in their seventies, even they might have held high converse with the mighty Irving, who, after all, was born only a century and a quarter ago!

An Abandoned Literary Farmer

The taste for "abandoned farms" in New England is a comparatively recent as well as an acquired one. It manifested itself long years after Ik Marvel, who was not a farmer-born, possessed himself of "Edgewood," on the borders of New Haven, and established himself firmly as a tiller of the soil, as well as a cultivator of the muses. In these days of hurry and excitement—of "change, alarm, surprise,"—he has demonstrated, very effectively, that "shelter to grow ripe" and "leisure to grow wise" are within the reach of some of us, at least, if not of all or of many. Tired of roving, whether in search of health or of new impressions, he early chose the life of a country gentleman, and settled down to its enjoyment; and the story of how he came to do so, and how the thing worked out, has probably made all the more converts from his frankness in admitting the objections to such a life, as well as hymning its delights. Lettered ease he has always enjoyed, and the books in which he has stored the fruits of his study and observation give evidence on every page of a gentle nature and a cultivated mind. That some of them are less well-known than others is no proof that they deserve to be so; and one may well be content to see some of one's works comparatively neglected, when others have enjoyed—and after many days still enjoy—such vogue as attaches to "Dream Days" and the ever-youthful "Reveries," or even to "My Farm at Edgewood."

Through Italy with Car and Camera

The discovery that Americans would rush to make tours of the Mediterranean, if the necessary facilities were afforded by the steamship companies, must be held accountable for the growing interest in Italy that every observer of the tides of travel must have remarked within the past few years. Classes for the study of the Italian language vie in numbers with those for the study of French and German; booksellers report a vastly increased sale of text-books and guide-books; and editors and publishers are fairly swamped with manuscripts dealing with Italian history, topography, literature and art, each and all of them overflowing with the milk and honey of photographic illustrations. And the marvel is that so many of these manuscripts get printed. Evidently there is a demand for them, for the average publisher—to say nothing of the average editor—is as little altruistic in business matters as the veriest dealer in coal or cosmetics.

Only last month, this magazine paid its respects to a number of new books on Italy; yet others still have issued from the press since these were noticed—notably Mr. Dan Fellows Platt's racy account of a flight

"Through Italy with Car and Camera," with its two hundred half-tone pictures, great and small (Putnam). As a rule, the producers of books on the peninsula are students resident there, or travellers of comparatively slender means who confine themselves rather strictly to the beaten paths. Few bookmakers have the advantage of being at once enthusiastic amateurs and ardent motorists. Mr. Platt is both, and the itinerary of his run from Mt. Cenis to Pæstum and back, with tangential swallow-flights from the main road, going and coming, is in effect a glorified guide-book to the wonders of nature and beauties of art, which were the objective of each day's outing. He is fully persuaded that the automobile is the ideal vehicle for tourists in the peninsula, as it enables them to visit innumerable minor points of interest which, in almost any other land, would be major points. Incidentally it frees the traveller from the tyranny of ill-devised time-tables and the discomforts of an inferior railway system, and treats him to an endless succession of exquisite views—for there is as much to feast the eye on out of doors, in Italy, as there is to delight it within the walls of church and gallery. And the motorist has the benefit of long hours in the open air, and the restful sleep at night that such a waking experience assures. The invigorating effect of his six-months' holiday is seen in the author's crisp and clear-cut style. It is touch and go with him throughout—just enough art and archæology to give substance to the record of his tour, and just enough of the gossip of the trip to throw into relief the enthusiastic and knowledgable notes on paintings and monuments. Mr. Platt's trip began in October. It should have begun a month earlier. By the time this paragraph is printed I may have found the mate of his "Fiat" in my Christmas stocking. If so, I shall cable his chauffeur to meet me at Naples in September!

Italy, the Magic Land

Italy yet again! This time it is Miss Lilian Whiting who celebrates the "woman land." The author's pre-occupation with the peninsula appeared no less palpably, perhaps, in her study of Mrs. Browning, than in "The Florence of Landor." She has felt the lure of the home-land, too, for her "Land of Enchantment" treats of the American southwest, "from Pike's Peak to the Pacific." But Italy, after all, is to her the "Magic Land"; and in this, her fifteenth book (Little, Brown), she cites chapter and verse from many a famous name to prove her devotion not misplaced—and reinforces her quotations with thirty most erratically chosen but excellently printed full-page plates. Her enthusiasm comprehends even that rather uninspiring theme, the period of modern art in Rome, to which she assigns her opening chapter; and social life in the Eternal City engages her attention no less potently than the works of art on canvas or in stone, the vine-garlanded fields and olive-clad hillsides, the bays and rivers and mountains and gardens that fill the country with a perpetual feast of nectared sweets for mind and senses. One asks oneself, sometimes, on reading such books as this, whether the next five centuries are to see the hoarded treasures of Europe transferred in large measure to the American shore, and the sons of the Old World, rejuvenated like the Japanese, sailing hither in air-ships and aëroplanes, to visit our ill-guarded galleries, and strictly meditate the ruins of the Flatiron Building and the Catskill Aqueduct.

In Old Navarre

It is not a very far cry—physically—from the Italian to the Iberian peninsula, and the overland journey from one to the other takes the traveller through a region second in interest only to that of northern Italy. The Basque provinces abound in beautiful scenery and picturesque peasants and townspeople and ruins that may well lure the historical student and amateur of architecture

—witness Carcassonne the unique, and the Château of Pau. That diligent maker of books, Mr. Francis Miltoun, has made himself familiar with all this region, and has turned out a work which summarizes his knowledge in good pedestrian prose and, being carefully indexed, should be valuable for purposes of reference. Its title leaves nothing to complain of on the score of definiteness or comprehensiveness: "Castles and Châteaux of Old Navarre and the Basque Provinces, including also Foix, Roussillon and Béarn" (Page). The good though gay Henri Quatre is the presiding genius of much of this territory; but many another famous name is encountered on the bead-rôle of its worthies. The accomplished hand of Blanche McManus has illuminated the author's text with many drawings.

Lincoln's Homeliness

Merely as an example of dignified bookmaking, "Abraham Lincoln" would have been well worth printing, such credit does it reflect upon its printers, the Riverside Press, and its publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As to the text and illustrations, they prove to be of such value as to warrant preservation in this distinguished form. The memoir of the great President by Carl Schurz is, of course, well-known and cannot easily be overpraised. From the pen of one born to English speech, it would have been highly creditable as a literary production; but as the work of a writer who learned the language after he grew up, it is indeed remarkable. Both for its subject matter and its style, it would be well if it could be placed in the hands of every schoolboy in America.

Although the first place on the title-page is given to the biographical essay, precedence is given in the volume itself to a study of the portraits of Lincoln, in which Mr. Truman H. Bartlett seeks to rectify what he regards as a popular fallacy—namely, that the President was a very ugly man. This he does partly by citing bits of personal description, and partly by presenting and analyzing various photographs from life, the life-mask in plaster and in bronze, and casts in bronze from the President's hands. From what he quotes and what he says, it is to be gathered that while Lincoln was by no means a handsome man, his face was one of great human interest and essential dignity. And this view is confirmed by Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and by the two poems here reprinted—Stedman's "Hand of Lincoln" and Gilder's "Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln." Several views of the mask and of the casts of the hands are reproduced, together with a number of photographs from the life; and while the former tend to confirm Mr. Bartlett's contention, it requires a good deal of poetic insight to detect even a rugged beauty in the latter.

Authors in the Making

I picked up, the other day, the latest edition of Robert Luce's "Writing for the Press," and fell to wondering who reads such books. One can hardly suppose that the fledgling author or journalist pays much heed to the advice contained in works of this sort—what he writes, and the way he prepares his manuscript, forbid one's thinking so. Yet some beginners must turn to them, or this particular manual would not be in its eleventh thousand. Then there is W. S. Booth's "Practical Guide for Authors," which teems with useful information; and several publishing houses furnish would-be writers with printed hints on the preparation of manuscripts and the reading of proofs. Frederic Reddale's "Successful Authorship" appeals to a different class, not those who wish to write correctly, but those who wish, first of all, to hit the popular fancy; for it professes to tell "How to Become a Successful Author." Needless to say, the secret is not disclosed. There is only one way to become a successful author, and that is to write what the public wants to read. *How* to do so, the devotee of authors' manuals will seek in vain to learn.

The Lounger

We all know Paderewski on the concert stage, but few of us know him off the platform. In this picture, reproduced from Mr. E. A. Baughan's monograph on the Polish pianist, we see him at home, and he seems to be doing just what he does on the stage. Here is a pretty story of Paderewski: He was calling at the house of a friend in New York where the first person to appear in the drawing-room was a little daughter of the house. It was generally known among the friends of the family that the child danced charmingly. "I hear that you dance: is it so?" said Paderewski. "Yes," answered the child; "and if you will play for me I will dance for you." The pianist sat down at the piano and played a simple tune, whereat his little entertainer danced a graceful dance, quite unconscious of the honor done her. This pretty scene was being enacted when the child's parents came into the room, and they were as delighted as they were surprised. No one enjoyed the episode more than Paderewski himself, and all because of its entire spontaneity.

Reproduced from the original sketch by Emil Fuchs. Courtesy of John Lane Co.

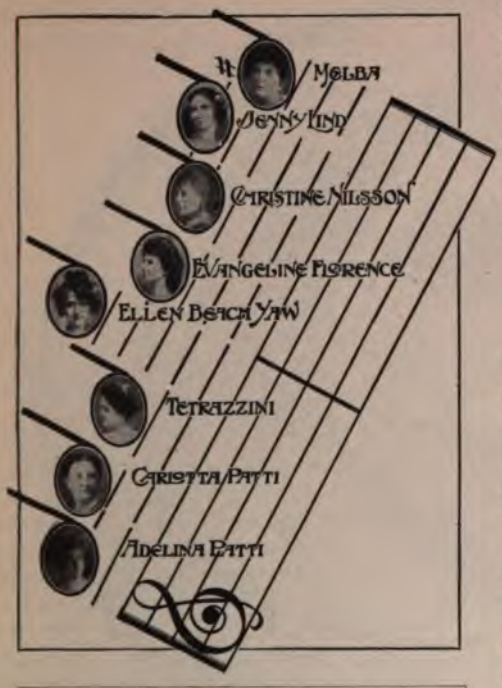
PADEREWSKI AT HOME

Again my compliments to Mr. Hammerstein for having secured Mme. Tetrazzini for the Manhattan Opera House. It is said that Mr. Conried

From the *Illustrated London News*

MME. TETRAZZINI

The singer whose top note has made her fortune. From a sketch by Frank Haviland.



MELBA	F Sharp
JENNY LIND	B in alt.
CHRISTINE NILSSON	G in alt.
EVANGELINE FLORENCE	G in alt.
ELLEN BEACH YAW	C two oct. above.
TETRAZZINI	D in alt.
CARLOTTA PATTI	D in alt.
ADELINA PATTI	C in alt.

From the *Sketch*, London

SOME FAMOUS HIGH NOTES

was after her four years ago, and even made a contract with her; but, however this may be, Mr. Hammerstein has got her. Mme. Tetrazzini is not a slim young girl; on the contrary, she is a well-rounded-out young woman, and she has been doing a lot of hard singing in South America, in Mexico and even in California. She was liked in these places, but it was not till she reached London that press and public went wild over her. She has a top note that would put that of "Sister Jane" to the blush—"D in alt," to speak technically, which is a note higher than Adelina Patti's highest. This is a golden note for Mme. Tetrazzini, and has been the making of her fortune. Five hundred dollars a night is what she has been getting in London, on an old contract. Just what Mr. Hammerstein has offered her I do not know, nor is there any reason that I should; but, vulgarly speaking, it is said to make five hundred dollars a night "look like thirty cents."

By the time this paragraph appears in print, Mme. Tetrazzini will have been heard by all New York, myself included; and we shall have decided for ourselves whether she is all that London has claimed for her. I hope that she will more than fulfil our expectations. I have been present at the *débuts* of a great many famous singers in New York, from Christine Nilsson to Emma Abbott, and they have one and all been successful. Of the two mentioned, Miss Abbott is dead and Mme. Nilsson is an old lady. Alas and alas!

Mr. F. S. Dellenbaugh writes:

MY DEAR LOUNGER:

You probably do not know what a very wide circulation the original PUTNAM'S MONTHLY had in the '60's. It extended even to the most profound depths of the great canyons of Green River! In studying the diary of John Steward, one of my companions of 1871 on the second Powell expedition, I discover that amongst other wreckage from the destruction of one of Powell's boats of the '69 party, we found a copy of PUTNAM'S. Disaster Falls, where the magazine turned up, is one of the most difficult places to get at in the United States, the walls being nearly three thousand feet high and, as I recollect them, almost perpendicular.

I wonder if this incident was prophetic of the Putnams becoming the publishers of "The Romance of the Colorado River" and "A Canyon Voyage"? Certainly their imprint was absolutely the first in the canyons.

Copyright, 1907, by Helen Lohmann
MISS LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

of yesterday. Furthermore, artist-photographers are paid as much for their work as were the portrait-painters of our parents' time. While you may get for fifty cents a dozen photographs of yourself that are not half bad, and admirable ones for ten dollars a dozen, you may pay as high as a hundred or even two hundred dollars apiece, if you care to. And now we are told that a special camera, the size of a room, has been built, which will take your photograph for $1,000! The picture will be life-size and full length, if you like. Photography certainly has improved since the early days of the *carte de visite*—a miserable little thing with no more claim to artistic value than a comic valentine. The photography of to-day is quite a different thing, and there is, even in to-day's photography, all the difference in the world between the work of one "artist" and that of another. Miss Helen Lohmann, an example of whose work is given here, in the portrait of Miss Alma-Tadema, belongs to the class of art-photographers.

"Kind words can never die," the old hymn tells us, nor can kind deeds ever be forgotten. Every one remembers what Florence Nightingale was to the soldiers of the Crimean war, though most people have imagined her long since dead. She is not only alive, but in good health, at the age of eighty-seven. King Edward has recently made her a member of the Order of Merit instituted by him in 1902. This may seem a tardy recognition of Miss Nightingale's services to her country, but her country has more than once tried in vain to do her public homage. In every instance she has declined with thanks. Since giving over active duties, Miss Nightingale has lived quietly in her country home, denying herself not only to reporters and photographers, but to every one except her old friends. Recently she allowed the amiable Miss Tooley to write her life, having declined more than once to write her autobiography. It is from this volume that I have reproduced these pictures of Miss Nightingale. One sees, in reading this life, that even she was annoyed by "red tape." She was not always allowed to have her own way, even in the nursing of the wounded and dying. That she had a will of her own and knew what

she wanted is proved by the way she stood up for her rights, which were the rights of her soldiers.

From a memory sketch — Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

MISS NIGHTINGALE AS SHE IS TO-DAY

It is not surprising that two such well-informed journals as the London *Times* and the *Spectator* should think that A. M. W. Stirling, the author of "Coke of Norfolk," was a man. There is a certain virility about the way the story of Coke's life is told that would lead one to believe the teller was not a woman. Mrs. Stirling has written novels over the pen name of "Percival Pickering," and it is her experience as a writer of fiction, no doubt, that makes her so agreeable a narrator. To be sure she had a most picturesque subject in "Coke of Norfolk," and she has done it justice.

At this writing the newspapers are filled with advertisements of the sale of stock in "Maxim's, Limited." What is limited about the famous restaurant in the Rue Royale, I should like to know! Not the amount of wine drunk (nor of patrons, either); nor, so far as is known, has there been any limit to the high kicking and other pleasantries for which the house is noted, and which have been unreservedly advertised in "The Merry Widow."

Those of us who dabble in types will appreciate perhaps more than the public these lines of Mr. Austin Dobson's, which appeared in a recent number of the *Cornhill* under the title of "The Last Proof: An Epilogue to Any Book:"

"FINIS at last—the end, the End, the END!
No more of paragraphs to prune or mend;
No more blue pencil, with its ruthless line,
To blot the phrase 'particularly fine';
No more of 'slips,' and 'galleys,' and 'revises,'
Of words transmogrified, and 'wild surmises':
No more of *n*'s that masquerade as *u*'s,
No nice perplexities of P's and Q's;
No more mishaps of *ante* and of *post*,
That most mislead when they should help the most;
No more of 'friend' as 'fiend,' and 'warm' as 'worm,'
Of 'waist' for 'waste,' and for 'inform' 'infirm';
No more of those mysterious freaks of fate
That make us bless when we should execrate;
No more of those last blunders that remain
When we no more can set them right again;
No more apologies for doubtful data;
No more fresh facts that figure as Errata;
No more in short, O Type, of wayward lore
From thy most *un*-Pierian fount—NO MORE!"

Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE DYING SOLDIER

A scene at Scutari Hospital witnessed by M. Soyer

So spoke PAPYRIUS. But his hand meanwhile
Went vaguely seeking for the vacant file
Late stored with long array of notes, but now
Bare-wired and barren as a leafless bough;
And even as he spoke, his mind began
Again to dream, to purpose and to plan.

There is no end to Labor 'neath the sun;
There is no end to laboring—but One,
And though "we twitch (or not) our mantle blue,
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."

It is pleasant to hear from Mr. Dobson in this playful mood.

The Civic Forum is quietly and unostentatiously doing a good work in this city. To get public men who are most conspicuous in their various walks of life to tell the people of this city what they know on the subjects nearest their hearts, is an excellent thing to do, and I am not surprised that Carnegie Hall is filled when this organization throws open its doors. District-Attorney Wm. H. Langdon, the "silent and fearless" told the story of graft in San Francisco before this body and it had a familiar sound. We know a good deal about that sort of graft in New York. It has not since been quite as flagrant here as it was in the days of the Tweed ring, but like the poor it is always with us—and always will be, unless we fight it to a finish. What Mr. Edwin Markham thinks of the insidious foes that undermine our government, municipal and federal, is expressed in a poem that he wrote to follow Mr. Langdon's address, and recited with simple directness. It has rather an ugly name, "Vermin in the Dark,"* but its lesson is well worth keeping in mind. Here it is:

In storied Venice, down whose rippling streets
The stars go hurrying, and the white moon beats,
Stood the great Bell Tower, fronting seas and skies—
Fronting the ages, drawing all men's eyes;
Rooted like Teneriffe, aloft and proud,
Taunting the lightning, tearing the flying cloud.

It marked the hours for Venice: all men said,

* Copyright, 1907, by Edwin Markham.

not reach to bow that lofty head:
ıt shall touch all else with ruin,
:

o make this shaft confess its dust.
he while, in secret, without sound,
vorms gnawed the timbers under-
nd.

ing worm, whose epoch is an hour,
its way into the mighty tower;
lenly it shook, is swayed, it broke,
n darkening thunder at one stroke.
ng shaft, with an angel on the
n,
ng; a thousand years went down!

fear, my country, not the hand
ll hurl night and whirlwind on the
:
t Titan Traitors, who shall rise
e like Brocken shadows on our
:
can face in open fight, withstand
dening rampart and the sworded
l.

e vermin that shall undermine
nd citadel and school and shrine—
m of Greed, the fatted Worm of

he crawling progeny of these—
min that shall honeycomb the

s of state, in unsuspecting hours.

vell known, of course, to those
ow about such things, that
end of "Evangeline" was
Longfellow and Hawthorne
roximately the same time.
wever, have read the story, in
t's own hand-writing, of how
ne about. Judge Hagner of
gton has kindly allowed me to
ce, for the benefit of the Loun-
aders, his photograph from
t's own memorandum—writ-
riously enough, in the third

Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's
l son, has been trying experi-
with the theatre for several
nd has only now hit upon the
ea. It is a theatre of silence

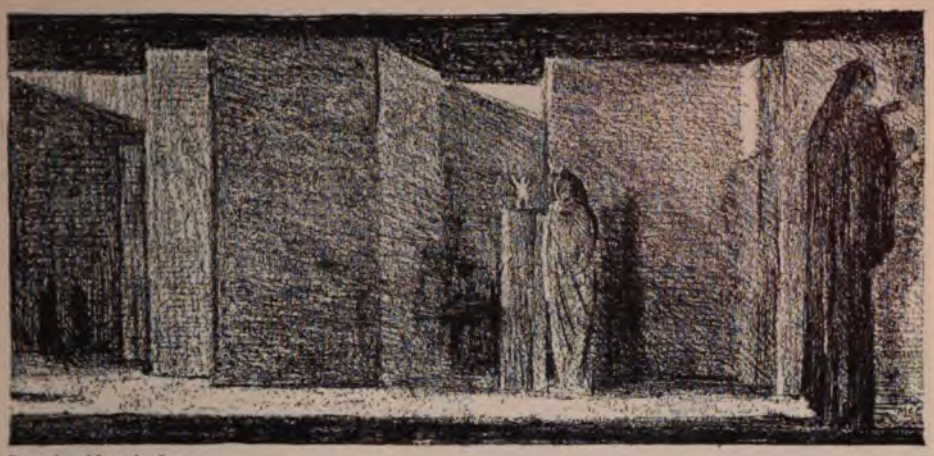
Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AS A GIRL
From the drawing by her sister, Lady Verney

that Mr. Craig suggests, and according to a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, he has made a successful venture in this direction in Florence. Mr. Craig's idea is to abolish the playwright and the actor, and to present instead scenery and puppets. As every one knows, the two most disturbing elements in the enjoyment of an evening at the theatre are the play and the players. Now if we can get a theatre in which neither of these factors appears, we are sure of an evening of unalloyed delight, for there will be no stupid lines and no bad acting. Mr. Craig does not appeal to the eye with overwrought scenery. His scenes are simple. As for his puppets, they never heard of the Mrs. Osborn Co. They are dressed —if dressed at all—by Mr. Craig, or by his sister, Miss Ailsa Craig. But the beauty of it all is that no words are spoken. Our ears are not offended by twang, by tortured *r's*

Hawthorne dined one day with L. and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner, the friend said: "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl, who in dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found dying in a hospital, when both were old." L. wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" [illegible] assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose, till L. had seen what he could do with it in verse.

LONGFELLOW'S MEMORANDUM OF THE ORIGIN OF "EVANGELINE"



Reproduced from the *Sun*

A STAGE SCENE AS DEVISED BY MR. CRAIG

or any spoken unpleasantness. Instead of bringing over Mr. Granville Barker at a salary of $50,000 or so per year, the New Theatre should get Mr. Craig and his puppets. What a great idea for England, too: the Censor could not interfere! There are no spoken lines, and puppets have no morals! wherein they do not differ from the plays some of their unfortunate fellowcraftsmen among the mortals are obliged to interpret.

Dora Craig.
1907.

In a letter to Eleanora Duse, Mr. Gordon Craig has set forth his revolutionary doctrines in regard to the stage. I quote a part of this epistle:—

"To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. It is not drama that they play, but pieces for the theatre." You have said this and more. You have spoken even greater truths, however bitter they may be, about the theatre and its art, revealing by inspired flashes that you understand what is ill with the theatre.

* * * * * * *

You have said the theatre must be destroyed. You are right. I say that the independence of the Art must be recognized and the poets swept out of the theatre. Am I right? It is they who poison the air, it is they who make our art impossible; they it is who have driven the actors to this low level of unintelligence; they it is who unconsciously, under the most subtle guise of the patron and the friend, have reduced the theatre to a mere placard, a *réclame* for themselves and for their works—and we, their slaves, always manage unconsciously to destroy it. *What a tragedy!*

To-day without the poet it is held that the theatre cannot open its doors—he who possesses an art independent of the theatre, the Art of Literature. Robbed of the poet, the actor is unable to conceive the idea of a theatre, for he leans on the poet, he draws his banal inspiration, every breath of it, from the mechanism of the poet, and he makes his money through the folly of the poet. We have lost our freedom. This is shame—our shame. Am I right? And

MADAME BRESSLER-GIANOLI AS DELILAH

I believe you will be the first to take the daring step which leads to our Freedom. Am I right again?

We await the great Duse's reply.

Mr. Craig's experiment has a warm admirer in Mr. Francis Cotton, who writes from Florence to the *Sun* about it. He is not sure, however, whether the innovation is "a big thing destined to supersede the present theatre, or whether it is a little and precious thing, delightful in itself but leading nowhere." It is not quite fair for me to condemn Mr. Craig's puppet stage unseen, but I cannot think that it will ever get much beyond the "precious thing" point. It is interesting, and might be taken as a relief from too much scenery and strident voices. But not while the divine Sara and the diviner Eleanora live shall we prefer wooden images to their likeness in the flesh.

Madame Bressler-Gianoli has made a great and deserved success in the rôle of "Carmen" at the Manhattan Opera House, though she cannot make us forget Mme. Calvé in the same part. In the picture here reproduced, we see her as Delilah in the opera of "Samson and Delilah."

"The First Secretary," the novel written by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth-Brown, has Turkey as the scene of its action. As a native of that country, Mrs. Kenneth-Brown in what she says of its manners and customs, speaks by the card. The novel, I am

Photograph by Vanderweyde

MRS. KENNETH-BROWN
(Demetra Vaka)

pleased to hear, is meeting with deserved success. An edition is soon to be issued in England; and it is being translated into Greek, and will run serially in a magazine recently started in Athens. This certainly is a compliment to the accuracy of Mrs. Kenneth-Brown's part of the story. A new novel by this writer, "The Romance of an American Duchess," is announced for publication in the spring.

Not so much because of our good old democratic love of royalties, as for its historic and photographic interest, I reproduce this remarkable photograph of King Edward's lunch party. Seldom has a photographer had so many uneasy heads—heads that wear a crown—before his camera, and all at one time. Four and twenty royalties in a single photographic pie! None but a veteran court photographer could have kept his nerve in such trying circumstances. Mr. Downey has been posing crowned heads for generations, but never has he taken so many at one squeeze of the bulb:

> It is not easy [he is quoted as saying] to put into position such a distinguished party, none of whom was less than "royal highness," and great was the merriment of the party as suggestion after suggestion was made. It was first of all proposed that Prince Olaf should sit on King Edward's knee, but he stayed there only about one minute, then ran back quickly to his mother. Unfortunately he moved at the critical moment in every picture but one.

The two ladies who write under the pen name of "Michael Field," and are popularly supposed to be Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper, have recently embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Together they have published some thirteen volumes of verse, from which Dr. Robertson Nicoll thinks an anthology might be successfully made. I doubt, however, that such an anthology would have a very wide sale, for "Michael Field" is caviare to the general. They have recently pub-

Courtesy of the Ann

THE KING OF ENGLAND, THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, THE KING OF SPAIN AND TWENTY-ONE OTHER ROYALTIES

lume of verse called "Wild
n Various Thyme." The
of poetry from this dual
ut in 1893, and the present
ling to the London *Daily*
'is a choice from the son-
lyrics of a whole silent

ph Conrad has recently left
ıt Pent Farm in Kent, and
ınt living in Bedfordshire.
working on a novel entitled
which he expected to have
the end of 1907. It is a
and the author describes it
ırsive sort of thing; by no
ıt the reviewers call a well-
" He has also in hand a
ɔk to be called "The Duel,"
story. It will be inter-
see what Mr. Conrad can
ıew vein.

a moral in the story of Mr.
le Morgan's first novel,
'ance." It is a long story,
ne knows, and it took him
e to write it. When it left
:'s hands it was in manu-
ıe literal sense of the word.
lred thousand words writ-
y the pen set a formidable
the publisher's "readers,"
as returned to the author
eport that it was too long.
that a better fate might
it were typewritten, he sent
ɔffice to have it "typed."
ger of the office found one
ıng girl "typists," as they
in England, weeping over
t in the story. This being
l experience she related it
, who begged that he might
nuscript, and no sooner had
t than he ran off to Mr.
n with it under his arm.
emann read it at once.
ɔes not record that he wept
ɔut he accepted it imme-
Over here Mr. Holt read
d copy and accepted it as
as Mr. Heinemann had.
If he wept over the story, he did so on the quiet. However this may be, I am sure that he must have smiled over its success; for notwithstanding its length—though it would be better for a little blue-pencilling—it was one of the most popular books of the past year.

At first sight, I must confess, I was disappointed in the new gold coins. The face on the obverse of the smaller one ($10 piece), though topped by an Indian head-dress, is not that of an Indian; and the eagle's trousers excited my risibilities. But the more I have thought about it, the more reconciled I have become to the new design. The face is not that of an Indian, and there is no reason why it should be, as we are not Indians ourselves. Left to himself, Mr. Saint-Gaudens would not have put an Indian headdress above it; but he was by no means left to himself. As to the trousered bird, there are eagles that wear their leg feathers that way, and Mr. Saint-Gaudens invariably drew that kind, which he thought produced a better effect than the spindle-shanked variety. We are used to the old coins; and as Mr. Kenyon Cox has pointed out in the *Evening Post*, even a poor thing improves upon acquaintance—especially if we never examine it a second time; hence we have come to think of them as beautiful. Their intrinsic value and the beauty of the metal itself have something to do with this. On the other hand, no one could look at one of the Saint-Gaudens coins, especially the "double-eagle," without realizing at once that they were works of art. Whether they are without fault or blemish is another question. But we should all be glad that after a hundred years it has at last occurred to the Government to ask a sculptor and medallist to design one of our coins, instead of leaving the work to be done by a man preoccupied, not with questions of art, but of utility.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Allingham, William. A Diary. *Macmillan.*

Baughn, Edward A. Ignaz Jan Paderewski. *Lane.*

Gosse, Edmund. Father and Son. *Scribner.*

Morgan, George. The True Patrick Henry. *Lippincott.*

Mosby, John S. Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. *Moffat, Yard.*

Scott-Elliot, G. F. Chile: Its History and Development. *Scribner.*

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Atkinson, Ethel Tindal. A Garden of Shadows. *Macmillan.*

Blake, Mary Elizabeth. In the Harbor of Hope. *Little, Brown.*

Borsa, Mario. The English Stage of To-day. Trans. by Selwyn Brinton. *Lane.*

Brown, G. Baldwin. The Growth of English. *Dutton.*

Coolbrith, Ina. Songs of the Golden Gate. *Houghton.*

Dole, Nathan Haskell. The Pilgrims, and Other Poems. *Privately Printed.*

Grayson, David. Adventures in Contentment. *Doubleday.*

Le Gallienne, Richard. Little Dinners with the Sphinx. *Moffat, Yard.*

Metcalf, Edwin Styles. Essays and Poems. *McClurg.*

Miles, George Henry. A Review of Hamlet. *Longmans.*

Miles, George Henry. Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics. *Longmans.*

Phillips, Stephen. Faust: A Drama. *Macmillan.*

Travel

Buchanan, A. J. The Real Australia. *Jacobs.*

Cromer, Lord. Modern Egypt. *Macmillan.*

Enoch, C. Reginald. Life and Travel in Peru. *Scribner.*

Hale, Albert. The South Americans. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Parrish, Randall. The Great Plains. *McClurg.*

Williams, E. Crawshay. Across Persia. *Longmans.*

Winter, Nevin O. Mexico and Her People of To-day. *Page.*

Wright, Hamilton M. A Handbook of the Philippines. *McClurg.*

Fiction

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Holly. *Lippincott.*

Barr, Amelia E. The Heart of Jessie Laurie *Dodd, Mead.*

Brown, Demetra and Kenneth. The First Secretary. *Appleton.*

Cheney, Warren. His Wife. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Comstock, Harriet T. Janet of the Dunes. *Little, Brown.*

De Morgan, William. Somehow Good. *Holt.*

Glasgow, Ellen. The Ancient Law. *Doubleday.*

Hains, T. Jenkins. Bahama Bill. *Page.*

Kelly, Myra. Wards of Liberty. *McClure.*

London, Jack. The Road. *Macmillan.*

Moffett, Cleveland. A King in Rags. *Appleton.*

Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Great Secret. *Little, Brown.*

Phillpotts, Eden. The Mother of the Man. *Dodd, Mead.*

Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. Broken Off. *Brentano's*

Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor. Doctor Ellen. *Baker & Taylor.*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood

Illustration for "The Coast of Chance" (See page 60)

"THE DOOR OPENED AND KERR CAME IN"

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY
& THE READER

VOL. III MARCH, 1908 NO. 6

A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

By HENRY HOLT

I

MOST Americans who go to Europe a second time, and even a tenth time, do it before going west of the Mississippi. Regarding both illumination and pleasure, the delay is a great mistake. The argument for "knowing one's own country" we hear constantly repeated; but, like most other arguments, its force cannot be appreciated without experience. Still less can the variety and beauty that this "own country" of ours has to offer. Moreover, both practical knowledge and pleasant memories accumulate compound interest, and the investment in them has a security that is absolute while the lamp holds out to burn. What one gets in middle life would be twice as great, had it been got twenty years earlier.

In the hope of saving some others from the almost criminal delay of which I myself was guilty, and of possibly doing a little—a very little—to improve the unregenerate state of a few not even thus saved, I have made these notes of a trip from Chicago to Kansas City, Denver, the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the Yosemite, Portland, Vancouver, the Canadian Rockies, Minneapolis and Madison, back to Chicago. Of course the same things have been written about over and over again, but they have not yet been written about enough to lead one-tenth of those who ought, to seek them. Few Eastern people are registered at the hotels we went to: they are supported almost entirely by the West. There are more Eastern people going to Southern California in the winter, but late spring and early summer are best for the great round trip.

The distance from New York around to New York, with the digressions to Denver, the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite, is about eight thousand miles—nearly three times

the width of Europe. We started from Burlington, Vermont (the distance being the same as from New York), on May 6th, 1907, and got back there on June 18th. The trip thus took about six weeks. Eight would have been better. Expenses averaged about fifty per cent. higher than in Europe.

The journey to Chicago and back is too well known to justify describing. Our train, which we took at Albany, went to Chicago from New York in eighteen hours. The first time I went, in 1862, the time was thirty-six hours. Having no desire to linger under Chicago's pall of black smoke, in half an hour we were under way for what turned out to be similar palls over Kansas City and nearly every other city we saw.

Most of the forty miles to Joliet, we followed the celebrated drainage canal which carries the Chicago River to the Illinois River, thus at last taking the city's sewage away from its source of drinking water—Lake Michigan. Latticed iron posts were lying on the banks, preparatory to setting up a trolley system for towing. In Illinois and Missouri the greater part of the country traversed during the day was rich prairie, although occasionally, especially in Missouri, there was a tract of rolling surface. It was interesting to notice that in the flat country, no matter how rich and well farmed, the houses were generally small, and living plainly not much more than a mere physical function, while, whenever the country took on variety and significance, the houses grew better, and life plainly responded to Nature.

KANSAS CITY

We reached Kansas City in the evening, about thirty hours from New York—a time that even a clerk at the hotel did not realize as practicable. The distance was about equal to the distance across France and Germany.

The station was full of people—some of them crowding for the places to be vacated on our train. We learned later that the Kansas City station is *always* full of people—that more passengers enter and leave Kansas City than any other place in the country save Indianapolis. Yet Indianapolis is (or at latest accounts was) but the twenty-first city in population, and Kansas City the twenty-third.

The drive to the hotel was through hill-climbing streets, ill-lighted, with poor and scattered buildings, and with many an abutting lot held up by an oozy retaining wall.

The hotel was not attractive-looking. A plain rectangular vestibule led into a long hall, also rectangular—and plain, until one glanced at the ceiling, which was arched, groined and elaborately decorated and gilded—really an exceptionally fine ceiling for an exceptionally commonplace room. The dining-room had no architecture, but a great deal of commonplace fresco-painting—game-pieces, etc. Our impressions were not promising; but at that hotel we found as good a table as there is anywhere. Yet they had not an Havana cigar in the place!

On going out for a hypnurgic stroll, the first object I noticed was an illuminated sign, across the sidewalk, of some sort of "doctors." The building from which it protruded was of at least seventy-five feet front, and the same sign was painted in large letters on each window of the second story. Such features of medical practice, and signs of palmists and astrologers, increased as we went west. This was one of the leading business streets. The ear was assailed on every block by some sort of braying from a talking machine, under which was the entrance to some temple of drama or vaudeville, through performers or pictures. Trolley bells clanged everywhere. The impression was one of great activity—great bourgeois activity. In the morning, the same impression was renewed and intensified to a degree I had never known elsewhere; even my recollections of Chicago—which I had not renewed

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CITY MARKET, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

(save for the half hour of the day before) since the Exposition of 1893 —did not record an activity like this.

From the streets on which the hotel stood, the crossing streets pitched down hill. The nearest one was so steep that the trolley could not follow the grade; but there must be a trolley, so there was a sort of bridge down the middle of the street, landing far enough from the bottom of the hill to give a practicable grade.

The hurry was not the strained rush of New York, but one was impressed by the number of people everywhere—women as well as men, —the crowds brought from somewhere to the second railroad city of the country, and condensed into the space of only the twenty-third in permanent population. I don't know what they were doing—shopping mainly, perhaps, in the shops of which many, particularly a sporting-goods one, were very large and very well equipped, and many very bourgeois. That word comes up again and again. Perhaps a European would have said: "Very American, you know." By the time we went out on the cliff-drive overlooking, through the clouds of black smoke, what the oil refineries tempted me to call the keroscenery, the Missouri River and the great intervening flat filled with car tracks and elevators and all evidences of industry, we felt that here probably was the most active city of the land, and that it was symptomatic of the fact that the great production of the country's wealth from fields, forests and mines is in the West.

But the realization of a vastly different Kansas City began with that drive. In getting to it, we passed several enviable homes. Outside of the pall of black smoke which covered the industrial city, they stood amid sunlit lawns, on which was sometimes tethered a fine cow—an object I had never before seen on a lawn. The architecture of these houses was

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CAPITOL BUILDING, DENVER, COLORADO

generally respectable, and sometimes very good.

The drive itself was well laid out along two or three miles of limestone cliffs, against which, in former ages, the river must have flowed as the Hudson now flows by the Palisades. The Palisades, however, are two or three times as high as the cliffs we passed. Generally the road was along the top of the debris half way up the cliffs, the cliffs rising beside it, and containing in their chinks promise of much bloom that the backward season failed to give us.

After leaving the cliff drive, we went through finer places than before, with better architecture, much of it showing the nearness of the Pacific, in its use of the motive of the California mission. Soon we came to a boulevard down the middle of which ran little parks with some architectural work — balustrades, staircases, terraces, perhaps a band-stand (I don't remember), all up to the best standards of the art. We got into two or three other parks in the valleys between the hills on whose tops the fine residences are built, and all these parks had been made by masterhands. We were told there were more like them.

That the men who had made the smoky city had also selected the architects to do this work (which I assume they did under the never-to-be-overpraised influence of the Chicago Exposition) was surprising enough; but we had more to learn. Kansas City is a workshop—the busiest and smokiest workshop I had ever seen; but the men who make it what it is, treat it as what it is—a place not fit to live in. It has no Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street, and nothing corresponding to the neighborhoods of those streets. The driver could not show us a "block" of any but inferior houses. Every family of consequence lives in a house with light on all its sides, on one of the hills, in what one is tempted to call the suburbs.

And yet many of the suburban homes in those broad spaces were apartment houses! More was to be learned about apartment-houses at Denver.

KANSAS CITY TO DENVER

More flat country across Kansas and the Colorado "desert," which an inhabitant told us often sells for as much as three hundred dollars an acre. This is the result of irrigation: big canals are taken out of the Arkansas River, and offshoots from them brought to each man's farm, so

graded that by temporary dams or cut-offs they can be made to overflow the fields. My generalizations regarding flat and fat countries making flat and fat minds, as supported by the farmhouses and villages of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, was not so extremely illustrated in the reclaimed desert, which I account for by the fact that it had to be reclaimed —that it called for capacity, and developed capacity; and such capacity irrigates to some extent the rest of the mind. The Colorado people have their irrigation to look after, while the prairie people of Kansas and Missouri and Illinois have, so far, nothing to do but put in crops and take them out. Moreover, the part of Colorado that we saw has constant variety in the Arkansas River, not to speak of its occasional floods. Also, there must be a saving grace in the increasing nearness of the mountains, even to those who see them only occasionally.

After all the flat and meaningless country we had been through, it was a great relief this afternoon to see the Rockies. Yet they failed to awaken any Jungfrau-Matterhorn emotions. Pike's Peak—the first snow-summit we saw—is not a peak at all, and probably would never have been called one, had not its discoverer's name tempted to alliteration. It is a very well-regulated, obese, beehive sort of mountain, with a railroad running in shameless exposure to the top; and in open sight there is something obviously builded by the sons of men.

From the train, as we stopped at Colorado Springs, we saw, down a broad avenue toward the mountains, a great hotel, for whose convenience Pike's Peak had apparently been placed just beyond. Intending to return, we resisted it for the moment, and kept on to Denver.

Things in the foothills began to grow fantastic. Big masses of stone whose surroundings had been eroded away, began to stand out in "monuments" and "spires" and "castles" —some of them, on crests, looking as if they must have been built with hands. Some were very queer—two even had got themselves christened "elephant rocks." All these objects were perhaps too frequent. We should have liked to feel them inspiring or enchanting, but we hardly got as far as feeling them even uncanny: they were only "queer". If a couple of dozen of them had kept out of the way, and left the three or four others alone, we might perhaps have been visited by

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FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, DENVER, COLORADO

some quite commendable emotions.

Before we got to Denver, other snow mountains—some of them real peaks—appeared in the line at the west of us, and one away up north, of a mass to make one think illimitable things; but the sandstone queernesses would always appear to gyrate in the foreground, and interrupt the greater impressions.

DENVER

I'm not sure but that I got my best impression, that afternoon, from the big archway dividing the Denver railroad-grounds from the town, on which archway some happy genius had caused to be emblazoned in electric lights, a great big generous "WELCOME!"

For years I had been expecting great things of Denver. I had been led to look for a *mélange* of London, Boston, Paris and New York, spiced by a dash of English country-house ways. Well, Denver is n't that exactly: it seems to have two Christian Science churches, and the flag on the State House is made of gas pipes supporting the red, white and blue in electric globes; and perhaps the most conspicuous building is a "Shriners' Temple." Probably you know what a "temple" is, or what a good many of them are. Possibly you don't know as much about a "Shriner." Well, a Shriner, I believe, is a sort of "knight" or "noble," though, barring some exceptions, such other knights or nobles as I happen to know don't look very much like Shriners. I had seen several of them on their way back from an excursion to Los Angeles, and despite their knighthood or nobility or whatever it was, they seemed to be much like the other people one meets in travelling, but with more digestive power and steadier flow of spirits. There are more of them in Denver than of the "younger sons" I expected to see on every hand.

But the younger sons had been there, and left their mark. The place had throughout, in buildings, shop-windows—everything I noticed,—a greater air of refinement than other Western cities,—a bold remark to make, in face of the fact that Kansas City is the only one I had seen in fourteen years, and that I never had seen Detroit, Milwaukee or Madison.

Perhaps I was helped to this generalization by seeing, on entering a bookstore, two piles, evidently laid out for customers, containing respectively the two novels which during the past two years probably have made the strongest appeal to cultivated readers of English. Perhaps another trace of the erstwhile younger sons is a project, already subscribed for, we understood, for a Protestant cathedral to cost five million dollars. That is many times what the Shriners' Temple cost. In the same direction, perhaps, is the very liberal expenditure on the building for the Young Men's Christian Association. Then there is, what perhaps should have come where it comes in our interests—not highest but necessarily first—the hotel. It is very nearly a fine structure. Its parts not only have some relation to each other, but it has fine parts, and no tenth-class frescoes. The office is in an immense rotunda (only it's rectangular), with galleries all the way up, on which the rooms open. This rotunda is finished in colored marbles, with bronze balustrades, capitals, light fixtures, and tracery ornaments, all very fine and enormously expensive. But it's a failure nevertheless. The management recognizes this, and entertains suggestions of gilding the metal or even painting it white. Either process would result in perhaps the most effective hotel interior in the world.

Unlike the hotel in Kansas City, this one, though in a much smaller town, did have Havana cigars. (Do I owe it to myself to say that I carried my own, and sought those of the hotels only in a spirit of sociological investigation?) Nor were good cigars the only good things to be found in Denver. The shops generally are remarkable for so small a place, and prove the presence of a discriminating

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THE ANTLERS, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

clientele. I would hardly include in this category a shop of oil-paintings. I think its objects of art must be sold to those who "strike it rich" in the mines.

Further evidence of noble blood in Denver, in addition to that of the "Shriners," is given by the two clubs. The old general club has probably as fine a club-house as exists in any American city outside of New York; and the University Club house, though not as elaborate, is well and fittingly designed and situated, and perhaps the strongest illustration of the peculiarities in which Denver may be proud to excel the other cities which perhaps we may still call frontier. The numbers of pretty girls running their own little electric autos over the well-asphalted and well-kept streets, about complete the favorable side of my impressions of Denver. Let me, however, postscribe a peculiarity of these excellent streets —and streets should mean with us what roads meant with the Romans: at every crossing the road bed, after allowing an interval for gutter, was curved up opposite the sidewalk, and so obviated the step down or up, which, in other cities, is often an awkward jolt, especially at night.

And now the other side. The refinement of the city does not seem to be backed up by the robust capacity of doing what it intends, which prevails in Kansas City. Instead of fine parks, Denver has one neglected burlesque, and one new one which, while wisely located, is as yet little more than a hope. Of course a casual and hurried visitor is hardly justified in even guessing at the cause of these things, but the reflection occurred to me that Denver's chief industries are not, like those of Kansas City, on the spot, but off in the mountain mines; and so I wonder whether she does not suffer, like the "roosting" suburbs of New York, from her chief citizens' chief interests being elsewhere—not where, as in Chicago, the men come from their offices to luncheon at the club, and often subscribe anything the city needs, in money or attention, on the spot. But as the Denverites have such good streets, why should n't they have good parks? When they have, on the whole, such good taste, why should they have that iron skeleton of a flag on the State House? Why, with the aforesaid taste, is their domestic architecture so much inferior to that of Kansas City—even with less of its bold note from the California missions, though they are nearer Denver? And why, oh why, is the place utterly honeycombed with

CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

"flats"—some of them only two stories high? Jehu says it is because the average *corps domestique* (the equivalent of the Eastern "biddies," who can't be had here at any price) is one Chinaman. Women's wages are said to be from thirty to fifty per cent. higher than in New York; and New York's price has been supposed to lead both shores of the Atlantic.

COLORADO SPRINGS

From Denver we went back, through the "elephant rocks" and "castle rocks," and other rocks which were not satisfied with being mere rocks, to Colorado Springs. Probably half the people who have not been to Denver and Colorado Springs have formed the same preconceptions regarding them that I had. For the benefit of such persons, be it recorded that Denver is *not* a checkerboard city on a plain, and that Colorado Springs is *not* mainly made up of a hotel on a hill and villas on neighboring hills. Only the business and industrial portion of Denver is on a strip of plain; but the Capitol, private residences and parks are on a bordering hill. Colorado Springs is the checkerboard city on a plain, with wide avenues; and besides its hotels and villas, it has several substantial business blocks, some factories, and an incredible number of little one- and two-story boarding-houses for health-seekers of the narrowest means.

It's a risky thing to name a girl Blanche or Lily or Bella, more risky to name a boy Julius Cæsar or George Washington, and more risky still to name any portion of earth "The Garden of the Gods"; and when said portion of earth has about it nothing whatever to suggest a garden, and much more to suggest freaks than gods, the risk may be said to verge on the extreme. Yet that's the way somebody named some forty acres of rolling desert land a few miles northwest of Colorado Springs. A contributing reason may have been that it controls the same view that the surrounding country generally does of the commonplace snow-covered dome equally misnamed a peak. But the main temptation to call that patch of desert "The Garden of the Gods," seems to have consisted in the presence of sundry pieces of sandstone which resisted the erosion that lowered the surrounding coun-

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PIKE'S PEAK, FROM COLORADO CITY, COLORADO

try. Of those bits of sandstone, two which stand near each other on the edge of the property selected for naming, share in that privilege by being called the "Gateway." They may be a hundred feet high. Such was the impression they produced upon me; but after so writing, I turned to the guide-book, and found that their height is over three hundred feet—an illustration that big names are doubly dangerous when the objects that bear them are surrounded by vastly bigger objects in an otherwise unoccupied land. Had this not been so I probably should have been more just to the objects than the sponsors were to the names.

Then there are some slenderer upshoots, or rather "standpats," of eroded sandstone, which are dignified as "Cathedral Spires," and which, mindful of my former underestimate, I should perhaps be wise to guess at 150 feet high, though I did n't feel that they were a third of it. These objects with the names, however, including the "Balanced Stone" (balanced by cement under it)—a worthy component of the Garden of the Gods, with a house for photographs and soft drinks attached,—these objects were but a small minority of the sandstone factors of the Olympian place. (I never heard, by the way, that the gods took to gardens: even the minor ones who favored tillage, seemed devoted to the useful vegetables rather than the ornamental.) As to the other sandstone objects, which were innumerable, they were the greatest collection of *grotesqueries* that I ever saw—suggesting frogs and alligators and all manner of flat-headed and wide-mouthed things, and things with big heads and flopping ears and indescribably disproportionate and distorted bodies. "Garden of the Gods?" exclaimed Altera: —"Tryst of the Trolls!" And so it is—grotesque, ridiculous, with hardly character enough to be uncanny; but still fit to elude contempt, were it not made ridiculous by its name.

Big names could have been more successfully applied to sandstone freaks in the Cheyenne Canyon, where some of them really approach dignity and beauty. The drive up that canyon was far the most satisfactory of the minor beauties we had seen since leaving home. The great panorama of snow-capped peaks from Denver belongs, of course, in a different category.

We left Colorado Springs late in the afternoon, and by morning the train entered New Mexico. It stopped for lunch at Albuquerque. The station is an immense and beautiful structure in Mission style, including lunch rooms and museums and salesrooms for Indian work. The Navajo baskets, blankets and silverware are often very fine. There are enough of the Indians themselves, of all sexes and ages, to supply local color and much artistic color as well. It was hard to realize that we were in one of the United States. The whole scene was vastly farther from the life of Washington or New York, than anything in Europe is; and the world began to grow stranger and vastly more romantic and beautiful than it was among the fantasticalities of Northern Colorado.

The afternoon of that day was a great experience—running down the Arizona desert with the red mountains between us and the sun, and occasional marks of erosion showing in pinnacles and mesas and pyramids. Added to these foretastes of the Grand Canyon, were frequent baby canyons beside the road, as in fact there had been for much of our route —the water in the roadside ditches having frequently scooped out the less firm sand, and left the harder sand and occasional stones standing in just such forms as the greater ones we were passing. In the morning we were aroused (such of us as could sleep in the cars) at the Grand Canyon.

(To be continued)

RENAN IN LATER LIFE

ERNEST RENAN IN HIS YOUTH

By ALYS HALLARD

II *

THE second volume of Renan's early notes, entitled "Cahiers de Jeunesse," is now published and is being eagerly read in France. There are still some more of the great savant's early manuscripts, and the next to be brought out is a "Notebook of Psychological Observations and Facts." Other unpublished notes date even farther back, as they were written at the St. Sulpice Seminary. There is also a rough outline of a novel written in 1847, in the form of letters from Italy. The subject of this novel is a religious one. It is fortunate for the world at large that Renan should have left a daughter capable of editing in so able a manner her father's posthumous works, and we can only hope that she may continue her labor of love until we have had all the helpful thoughts and ideas confided by Renan to his note-books.

Rarely, perhaps, has any man been so misunderstood and wrongly judged as Ernest Renan. There are numbers of people who would not upon any account open one of his books, so convinced are they of his atheism, his false doctrines and his evil influence. A certain school has represented Renan as a dilettante. One writer speaks of him as a "freethinker, whose flexible imagination allows itself the delicate epicureanism of religious emotion." There is something almost grotesque in such judgments as applied to Renan, for most certainly dilettanteism is the very last thing to attribute to him. We may venture to say that any one who has read three or four of the most personal of his thirty volumes could not fail to have profound respect for his sincerity and thoroughness, even when not agreeing with his theories and ideas. The first and greatest error of superficial observers is to believe him to have been a callous scoffer. No man appreciated more fully than he did the beauties that lie in the religion he had renounced, and no man, perhaps, ever adhered more strictly to the spirit of it in everyday life. The weeds that had grown around it he pulled up with a re-

* See PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for May, 1907

lentless hand, but it was with dismay that he saw the delicate flower fall to the ground when touched. Describing this phase of his evolution he says: "From the moment when my reason awoke, it claimed its legitimate rights. I then undertook for myself the rational verification of Christianism. God, who sees the very depths of my soul, knows whether I proceeded with attention and sincerity." When Renan began to unbuild the edifice he had been taught to think was indestructible, we see him touching the bricks very tenderly and laying them aside one by one. He considered that they had done their work and served their purpose, and that the time had now come to employ more solid ones for a building destined to weather future storms.

"Humanity," he says, "is always marching forward and institutions do not move. It must necessarily follow that the institutions of one century are not in harmony with the century that comes after, and trying to make them hold good is like trying to put fresh warmth into a corpse." Out of the myths that had grown up around Christianity, Renan endeavored to establish an exact history and to explain much that had hitherto seemed inexplicable. His sole studies at the St. Sulpice Seminary had been theology and the Hebrew language. The study of theology there was divided into two parts, the first of which was to establish the general principles, the proofs of the religion of the Catholic Church. The other branch of study was the exposition of the decisions and of the dogmas defined by the Church and contained in the Scriptures. One can read between the lines in the letters Renan wrote to his sister the loneliness he felt in that great training college of two hundred students, with its walls some twenty feet high, where "the young men only met each other perhaps once or twice in two or three months, and where the professors for the last twenty or thirty years had been so accustomed to the coming and going of pupils that they could not be expected to consider them individually."*

Renan left St. Sulpice at the age of twenty-two, and in the years that followed, whilst living *au pair* in the Pension Crouzet, coaching pupils, preparing for his own examinations, noting down his thoughts and impressions and cultivating the newly made friendship of Marcelin Berthelot, he was slowly and surely building up his own character. The notes jotted down at this period on all imaginable subjects are the ones now being published as "Cahiers de Jeunesse." These notes are doubly precious, belonging as they do to the time when Renan wrote that collection of thoughts and ideas which he published forty years later under the title of "L'Avenir de la Science." The preface which he wrote for that work would serve equally well for the recent publication.

> It seems to me that some persons might read with a certain profit these resurrected pages and that young men, uncertain of their path, might be glad to see how a young man who was very frank and sincere thought when alone with himself some forty years ago. . . . The faults of this first construction are huge ones. . . . I was afraid of wasting anything. For fear of not being understood I emphasized too strongly and, in order to drive the nails in, I hammered with repeated blows. The art of composition was then an unknown art to me.

Such was Renan's Introduction to "L'Avenir de la Science." The "Cahiers de Jeunesse" were never intended for publication. Admirers of Renan owe a debt of gratitude to his daughter for giving to the world these notes, many of which are veritable diamonds in the rough. The thoughts were all written down just as they came to his mind. Sometimes we have ideas which were the outcome of his reading; at other times we have his

* The St. Sulpice Seminary is one of the institutions that were destined to be transformed with the advent of a new century. On the separation of Church and State in France, the famous Seminary was closed and it is now to be used for the enlargement of the Luxembourg Museum.

observations with regard to people he met. His daily conversations with Berthelot influenced him immensely. It was strange that two of the greatest thinkers of the century should have been thrown together in this way, apparently by chance. Years later, in the preface to his work entitled "Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques," Renan dedicated the book to Marcelin Berthelot, and said to him:

More than once in these pages, on coming across certain ideas which we had discussed together hundreds of times, I have wondered whether they were originally yours or mine, so interwoven have our thoughts been. It is impossible for me, with our close intellectual association, to distinguish my own thoughts from yours. It is like trying to divide the limbs of a child between its father and its mother. Sometimes the embryo of the idea was yours and the development mine; sometimes the germ came from me and you fertilized it. Everything good that I may have said with regard to the universe as a whole, I should like every one to consider as belonging to you, but on the other hand I claim my part in the formation of your philosophic mind. You were eighteen and I was twenty-two when we began to think together.

Berthelot, in one of his works, refers to this joint elaboration. "L'-Avenir de la Science," he says, "represents the somewhat confused result of this digestion, in part double, of our reading." Perhaps no two men have had such influence on their century as Renan and Berthelot. Education, and, after that, independence and absolute liberty of thought, were their watchwords. In these early notes Renan says: "Liberty might reproduce with us what religious enthusiasm did in ages past. A Crusade for Liberty! We shall see that, I am sure. Such ideas are the only powerful ones now. If five hundred thousand men, enthusiastic for this, were to rise, only think what it would do. It would be a religious movement."

The following notes are taken from the second volume of "Cahiers de Jeunesse" and were written in 1845–7, when Renan was about twenty-three years of age.*

It is not without reason that men fall on their knees before great men and make of them myths or idols. Napoleon, for instance. These men are the glory of those who have not any glory of their own. One feels glorified by community with them. It seems to exalt the title of man that one bears. That title suffices for instituting community. It will not be until the mass of individuals has reached a certain level that great men will disappear.

There is nothing more inexact than to establish absolute axioms in politics, such as "the State has no right to do this; it has a right to do that. The idea of Society is this, that—etc." Everything changes. At a certain epoch certain things entered into Society which will never enter again: education, religion, etc. Who knows what may happen some day? The idea, and consequently the power, of civil society changes with the epochs. Who knows if some day international law will not have extended its limits in such a way that every nation will be sensitive, like one member, about what is going on in the other nations, so that any injustice may harm all nations, and that this should be considered as a progress acquired? There are a thousand other things that one cannot foresee, because for all these things one can only have the idea of them when once the thing has arrived. There are sudden turns in the road which change all our preconceived ideas and open for us fresh horizons. They are things which we must first create in order to have the idea of them. The idea follows the fact, the accomplished thing, and not the fact the idea. One cannot systematize except on the accomplished fact.

We admire too much the productions of great men; it is better to admire them more historically, in their genius. Pascal for instance! What must have been fine in him was the inner thought of the man. That must have been sublime. The sublimity only reaches us in incoherent fragments, which are no doubt sublime,

* The translation of these notes is given as literally as possible, as it is interesting to compare the rough, unfinished way of expressing himself with the perfect style of Renan's later work.

but much less so than his thought, than the state of which they are only a feeble picture. In a word, Pascal's thought was more admirable than the "Thoughts of Pascal."

Our realism thinks all the sacrifices absurd which men make of their material welfare without knowing why. But I like that. It is supposing that there is nothing beyond the useful. I like the ancient libation, the flinging away of some of one's wealth without knowing to whom. Nowadays, people would say: *Ut quid perditeo haec?* It is useless. Ah, useless! Is the invisible nothing then? I like people to sacrifice something to that. I like to see men on their knees before nothing.

The basis of Renan's immense tolerance is contained in the following note:

The savage cannot comprehend the civilized man lamenting over loss of life, and the civilized man cannot comprehend the savage wasting life vaguely. This is most striking and depicts the two states, the reflex and the spontaneous. We may say the same of the collective executions of the Orient and of our individual justice. We say that they are in the wrong, but they see from one state and we see from another. They are still in the collective state and we are in the state of life individualized.

STATUE OF ERNEST RENAN AT TRÉGUIER

According to some people the typical life is that which slips by without being felt. They like to be gently occupied with outside things, not enough to be worried by them, but enough to be so much occupied that they are unable to think. Good Heavens, what an aim to be given to mankind! To live so that we do not feel ourselves live, to deaden with opium the little sensibility that we have! Ah, would to God that I could multiply that to its thousandth capacity! I should suffer more, but so much the better. Such people are sensualists and we ought to despise them. They only think of outside pleasures. Away with outside cares which prevent us from living, which lull us to sleep. I was struck with this ideal more forcibly than I can describe after visiting that worthy priest, last holidays, with my mother.

Those who, after seeing the renewal of humanity, life, death, do not feel that the individual is nothing, and that the great end is a permanent humanity, the great collective substance that is being made under all that, have not a penetrating insight into things.

Mankind is like the workman at the Gobelins, weaving his tapestry from the other side and not seeing the design himself.

Who is more living at the present moment than Jesus? Does not Jesus exist a thousand times more, and is he not a

thousand times more beloved, than when he was in Galilee?

Renan insisted greatly in his "Early Notes" on the value of philology. To most people this means merely the science of languages. In a note, written some forty years later, Renan explains that when in these "Early Notes" he spoke of the immense value of philology he used the word in its original sense, which meant the study of languages in connection with the whole moral and intellectual action of the people employing them. At that time, when Renan was only twenty-four years of age, he tells us that the problem which preoccupied him always was that of the Origins of Humanity. This problem, he considered, was divided into six questions. There were the ethnological, the chronological, the geographical, the physiological, the psychological and the historical questions to be thoroughly studied and, in the present state of science, he wondered what human life could ever explore all sides of this one problem; and yet without resolving it what man could ever say that he knew mankind, that he understood humanity? The essential aim and object of his own life, his dream from his early youth, was to make a study of the Origins of Christianity. His whole heart was in this work. At the age of twenty-five he had found for himself his method and his philosophy. In the words of Anatole France: "History was for Renan the unique science of moving things and, according to him, all things move and are transformed." Renan says himself in one of his works: "The science of literatures and philosophies is the history of literatures and philosophies, the science of the human mind is the history of the human mind."

In consequence of this strong conviction with regard to the impossibility of things remaining stationary he was, from the very beginning of his career, free from all scholastic dogmatism. In 1862 Renan wrote to M. Géroult as follows:

As to the true God of the human conscience, He cannot be attacked. He has His *raison d'être* in an invincible faith, and not in more or less ingenious arguments. Within the conscience a sacred voice is to be heard, which speaks to man of quite another world, the world of the ideal, the world of truth, of kindness, of justice. If there were nothing but Nature we might wonder whether God were necessary, but ever since an honest man existed, God has been proved. . . . I have no need of miracles for believing in Him. I have only to listen in silence to the revelations of my heart.

Simple and sincere as Renan was, it was impossible for him to act the part of a hypocrite. When he was appointed to the professorship of Semitic languages, at the College of France, he stated his views quietly and respectfully during his opening lecture. The following day his lectures were suspended, and it was not until seven years later, after the fall of the empire, and during the siege of Paris, that Berthelot obtained from the government the reintegration of his friend.

Renan's "Life of Jesus" appeared in 1863. This was the first of a series of seven volumes devoted to the history of the "Origins of Christianity." No other book, perhaps, has ever caused such a sensation as the "Life of Jesus." Forty years ago, and in a Catholic country, the publication of such a work could not fail to draw down a storm on the author's head. Anatole France speaks of it to-day as "one of the finest and greatest books that has ever been written." Berthelot described it as "an incomparable book, an exquisite work." In it we see the same love for the friend of his childhood as we read in the "Cahiers de Jeunesse." In all Renan's subsequent works we see the same sincerity, the same shrewd observation and conscientious exactitude which are to be traced in his early notes. "The talent of the author," says Berthelot, "his incomparable literary style, at the same time as the depth of his thought, never ceased to increase as time went on.

In the maturity of his age he was able to construct the monument he had dreamed of in his youth."

His early education and the deep affection he felt for his clerical professors left a lasting impression on him. He had great esteem for the value of true Christianity. Looking back on his long life he tells us, in one of his later books, that he considered St. Sulpice as the principal factor in the various influences which came into his existence. He says that the moral teaching he received up to the age of twenty-three resulted in the cultivation of four virtues—disinterestedness, modesty, politeness and a strict morality. The priests of Tréguier and of St. Sulpice were examples to him. He saw them contented with the material side of life when they had merely food, lodging and the wherewithal to buy a new cassock every year. One sees, later on, how regretfully he looked on the change which came over the spirit of the times. "The idea is gradually vanishing," he says, "that the noble is the man who does not enter into any commercial or financial enterprise, that this would prevent him from belonging to the first circle of humanity."

As regards modesty and politeness, all those who knew Renan agree that he had the perfect simplicity of the true savant and the exquisite politeness that springs from a kind heart. "The extreme civility of my first masters," he said, "I could never forget. It was the true French civility, that which is employed towards people that one knows, towards perfect strangers, and, I would even add, towards the very animals." Renan goes on to say that with his old-fashioned courtesy he was out of his element in modern times and that he had been obliged to give up attempting to travel by omnibus, as it was impossible for him to push to the front for a seat. We see how little Renan changed when we read his works of thirty years later. The following extracts are from the "Dialogues Philosophiques," written in 1871:

> The time of absolute systems has passed. . . . We are working for a God, just as a bee, without knowing it, is making honey for man. . . . The virtue of man is the great proof of God."

With age and the experience which life brings, he grew more and more tolerant. Renan believed that the world is full of divine breath and that all things are always working together for the best. He was intensely grateful for the benefits that he had received, and he used to say that Nature had put cushions everywhere to spare him the blows and shocks of life. Several times a year Renan received an anonymous letter containing the following words: "What if there should be a hell after all?" He was grateful to the person who meant, no doubt, to warn him of the errors of his ways, but he was absolutely convinced that if there were a hell he would not be sent there. Renan's only dread was lest his mental faculties should be deranged through illness, and he declared that, while sound in mind and body, he wished to refute any blasphemy that bodily weakness, during his last hours, might cause him to utter against the Eternal. Looking back on his career shortly before his death, he wrote:

> My century and my country have been very indulgent to me. . . . I have had violent adversaries, but not a single private enemy. . . . My two great ambitions, the Institute and the College of France, have been satisfied. I have been helped as much abroad as in France, and I shall die loving Europe as much as I do France. There are times when I should like to go down on my knees and beg Europe not to be divided by fratricidal jealousy and not to forget her duty, her work—that of civilization.

Speaking of all men who had given up their lives to the pursuit of truth, Renan says:

> Our little discoveries, our efforts towards the reign of the good and the true, will be a hidden stone in the foundations of the eternal temple. We shall none the less have contributed towards the Divine work. Our life has been a portion of the infinite

life; we shall have our place marked for all eternity.

In the year 1903 a monument was erected to the memory of Ernest Renan in the little town of Tréguier, his birthplace, in the heart of his beloved Brittany. Marcelin Berthelot, the friend of his youth, and one of the greatest savants the world has ever known, took part in the inauguration ceremony. "I was Renan's companion on the road of life," he said. "Each of us, developing his own career, thrown together as we were, was a faithful and devoted witness of the other. We struggled side by side and fought the good fight for Science and for Liberty, for the sake of our fellow-citizens."

Renan had left Tréguier at the age of fifteen, a poor and obscure student, preparing for the priesthood. On the unveiling of his monument, Berthelot, the world-famed savant, and Anatole France, the first in rank among French literary men, felt it an honor to offer their tribute to his memory.

"Renan," said Anatole France, "did not change much in the course of his long life. Those who believed him to be wavering and changeable could never have taken the trouble to observe his world of ideas. He was like his own native land: clouds moved rapidly in a troubled sky, but the ground was of granite and oak-trees plunged their roots in it."

LOST GRIEF

LAST week we went back to those olden ways,
Familiar to our early wedded days;
The lanes are sweet with blossoms, and the wren
Builds by the doorway, as she builded then.

But when we walked adown the garden path,
Tangled with vines, and last year's aftermath,
We could not find the little unnamed mound
We used to plant with pink carnations round.
Backward and forth we went with searching look,
No trace remains of that once sacred nook.

And yet, 't is well!—On this new path we know
That olden grief has cast no shade of woe.

Bright girls, with laughing eyes and hands that sweep
The ivory keys, and home with music steep;
And boys with darkening hair, and sturdy ways,
Have crowded out the pain of those old days.
And from our lives that little grave has passed:
A ripple on Time's sea that could not last.

But, as we hide neglected toys from sight,
To gladden childish eyes when brought to light,
So, it may be, when Heaven's gates are swung,
We there shall find, the angel bands among,
Waiting for us, a living, smiling face,
In lieu of mute, unbreathing, marble grace.

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

TO DORKING *via* PARADISE

By GELETT BURGESS

CÉLESTINE was not with me, but I had a letter in my pocket which, like a fairy, knocked at my heart, from time to time, and bade me look abroad and see how she had bewitched the countryside.

So, as I sped out of Reigate, two riders wheeling in wondered to see me smile. They carried half a stone more dead weight than I, not to speak of my heart, that was lifting like a captive balloon; for they were accoutred as cumbrously as knights in armour, with gear to make an American cyclist shudder. What with mud-guards and spatter-flaps, chain-case, lantern, brake and a pump like a small cannon, it must have swelled their calves to pedal up Reigate hill! And I, on a 21-pound machine, free of all their litter, save for my toe-clips, flew by them, like Mercury on the wing, and prayed that my light single tubes might, by some miracle, miss the flints. The way was well peppered with these little arrow-heads, but I was far too mad-headed to have any care for the road, to-day.

It did seem strange to be alone, though; to see no little glove on my left handle-bar—to take the up-slopes without whispering, "Puis-je t'entraîner, Célestine?"—to run down into the valley with no taste on my lips of a flying kiss, snatched on the summit at the risk of two lives!

I rode steadily, then, at an eight-mile clip. No hand-in-hand foolishness, to-day, swinging her forward with a rush, pulling her back abreast, jostling her, jollying her, coaxing her, forcing her, till she had learned her wheel as a jockey knows his mount!

I swung off the main road down a narrow lane, shut in on one side by a brick wall—enclosing at least three chapters of mystery, by the look of the garden I saw through a postern door—and on the other by a living barrier of hawthorn. I passed an old brick house retiring behind a garden so alluring that I christened the place Honeymoon Inn, for the stage was set for two lovers, if I know anything of a dramatic courtship. I had but time to toss a glance at this Garden of Eden, for I was on a sharp down grade, with my feet on the frame of my machine, and I took the stone bridge over the River Mole, at the bottom, as one turns over an engraving, to get at the next page.

It was an obvious bridge, quite what one might expect, built to facsimile some well-known sketch of

Ruskin's, and to wheedle "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" out of American tourists. I took it, as I say, like an oyster—I took it speedily, before I knew what was happening, as one takes a cold, or a notion; I took it as one takes an offered hand, expecting the kiss to follow, and lo! here was Betchworth, standing in the road ahead like a pretty girl masquerading in her grandmother's gown!

For Betchworth is beautiful and antique. Her houses smack of the scene-painter and stage-carpenter, with "practicable" doors and windows indeed, but surely no one more than pretends to live behind these decrepit walls and lattice-windows with the diamond panes! No one really dwells at the Spotted Cow tavern! The village should be properly inhabited by strolling players! What village-folk there were, were well-trained in their poses and groupings; it was a dear little toy townlet, of embossed paper, propped up in the middle of a Surrey landscape.

Had Célestine been there, we would have off to the bank under the Queen of all the Elms, and drunk Betchworth dry, from the stone church to the last half-timbered brick house; from the wooden gate up three steps in the row of hazels (a gate immortalized by Heaven knows how many copy-books!), to the farmer who grinned after his huge sow, that waddled like a toy elephant with automatic legs! But Betchworth was too much joy for one, and, with a gasp at the mill and a chuckle at the common, I drank it down, and was off.

So I swung out of the village like a prince in search of Fairyland, not so unlike as you might imagine, truly, for Surrey lay before me like a picture-book and I had but to turn the pages to come to an adventure. But though I could not see her it was as if Célestine were there too; how else could Surrey have seemed so beautiful? I took the first road I saw, not knowing where it led. What should I care, in such a county, on such a day, and with Célestine's letter in my pocket! The road from the Garden of Eden leads through Arcady into the Forest of Arden; the road out of Betchworth, a small boy informed me, leads to Brockham Common, so it was there I was bound.

The road ran straight for a mile

BETCHWORTH, SURREY

and then hid its head in a row of poplars. The straight run is not for Célestine, who prefers curves in the road, and the delicious shock of unexpected witnesses to our gambols, at which times she is wont to reform in an instant, and pedal saucily, with her hands in the pockets of her gray corduroy jacket. I dreamed, last night, that she wore a red three-cornered hat with a white cockade, and I shall make her try it. She wears long flexible boots, which it takes hours to button up. When I first knew her, she rode a man's wheel in the country, and could do the pedal mount or the flying jump as well as I. But, as I say, she was not with me; had she been there, I should not have noticed Surrey and have been able to describe the country in this deliberate fashion.

Gentlemen in England, for the most part, cycle in long trousers, as if they had only just got on to pay a call, some half-mile away. I am for a more exclusive costume, and I dress for my wheel as a maid for a man. It is forbidden to take off one's coat, even on the hottest day, and proud as I am of my Chinese cotton crêpe shirt. Ladies ride in long flapping skirts, in the same casual style as the men; but I know Célestine does not get so red as they. But ladies and gentlemen, one and all ignored me. They gave me the left-hand side of the road, punctiliously; but, without an introduction, I should have never dared stop one of them even to borrow a monkey-wrench.

Landseer and Rosa Bonheur had been along the road just before me, and had arranged on the upland many a composition of sheep, horses and cattle. It was, for all the world, like riding through a picture-gallery, except that almost all the paintings were on the "line." Those that had been "skied" were a few cloud-scapes in Payne's gray and Prussian blue. No,—the heaven was rather like a map over my head—the map of a fairy continent controlled by no "balance of power," for some ethereal Napoleon was visibly at work, carving out kingdoms.

There was a mile-long coast into Brockham, but I had my foot on the front wheel, most of the way, for just ahead was a mail-cart laden with pink-and-white temptations. And one of them was a little—oh, *so* little like Célestine! Ah no, it was not she, and yet some trick of manner suggested her; had that maiden coaxed her mouth into half of Célestine's delicious *gaminerie*, I would have coasted into that cart forthright. I would have kissed her or missed her, but her flyaway skirts arrested my ardor. Célestine wears cunning petticoats that toss their ruffles about her heels, not such skirts as these,—English skirts that flap limply, when the cart jounces! Célestine tells me that English girls wear petticoats that reach only to their knees: I do not know, *moi*, but it seems probable, from the hang of their rigging.

English voices, too! I heard the rising inflexions, the redundant "have got" and the illogical "I expect" as I passed. Célestine says "I guess"—but she does not at least, err in tense. No, the maids in the cart were not Célestines, so on to Brockham common!

The breeze was whistling love-songs in my ears as I coasted in. The sun was patting me on the shoulder, and not a hen that scuttled across the road, but called "*G'luck!*" hysterically as I ran by. My eyes fell upon sweet Brockham common, and rested there, as a tired child goes to bed, in a quiet, beautiful room. There were two tall poplars behind Arthur Lemon's house, straight as exclamation points!! The old houses had such pleasant, homely, good-humored faces! The sward was full of delicate undulations, like the palm of the glove on some Giant Lady's hand! Were Célestine a village, in some moods, she would be like this! I know now, why they call that old, comfortable, graceful, genial carriage a Surrey. There had not been a jolt or a jar in the landscape since I left Reigate.

Will you believe that I had not yet

read my letter? It was still sealed, warm and fragrant over my heart, urging me homeward, to get itself read beneath the May-tree in Rosenfels garden. It lifted me over the gate of Betchworth Park, and flew with me along the old lime-tree walk, over yonder fence again, past the Punch-Bowl tavern and into Dorking town. All the while my anticipation was nibbling at its delights. Would there be any of this bride's cake left, to be devoured when I got home? Ah, yes! Too much for a wretch like me; first the plums, then the frosting, and last the loving, firm and sweet material of Célestine's friendship.

Well, have I shown you Surrey? or only Célestine? In my mind they were marvellously mixed. The road from Reigate to Dorking seemed to lead through Paradise!

YOUTH AND LOVE

The song,—the rose,—the star
With youth and love rejoice;
'T is for the young that the song is sung,
That the rose is sweet and the starlight flung;
They are naught, they are naught to the old, they say,—
The old have had their day.

But above the rose *I* see, is a face,
And behind the song, a voice,
And beyond the star is a soul afar
Where the shimmering leaves of the Life-tree are,—
Where youth and love immortal stay
For the old who have had their day.

Héloise Soule

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

Its Design, its Arrangement and its Decoration

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

VI

LIBRARIES

E HAVE, perhaps, more libraries to the square inch than any other country in Christendom. No man, acquiring money enough to build a house making any pretensions, would dare to omit the library, so called. The women of his household would not permit it. For the women of our country have been educated from infancy into a perception at least of the imposing quality of a book, and of what it must stand for in the way of mental and social equipment. This education, begun in the nursery, is carried on everywhere. Our magazines and periodicals scattered broadcast throughout the land, and found in our humblest dwellings, begin by awakening certain intellectual appreciations which our public schools and colleges go on developing. The widespread influence of these periodicals, all with serious purposes, all bent on instructing and elevating, instilling a reverence for literature and an interest in the habits and customs of authors, mark one of the striking differences existing between the intellectual machinery designed for the cultivation of ideals in our own country and those of older civilizations.

I do not know how it may be in Germany, but in France, certainly, one finds no periodic literature corresponding to ours. One never sees, as among us, books and periodicals on the tables and shelves of the farming population, nor yet in the houses of the small village proprietors. Nor could any stretch of the imagination picture a French peasant girl or small shop-keeper's daughter poring over the pages of a woman's magazine, attempting to change her ideals of thought, in obedience to intellectual or æsthetic examples provided for her benefit. Her father has, of course, the Paris paper with its feuilleton, but the women themselves are too closely bound by tradition to be influenced by descriptions of new schemes in library decoration, or the forming of reading clubs, even were such descriptions given, which they are not. Her aspirations do not tend toward an intellectual development, neither does she understand anything about the prestige of a book—even of a book which lies idle on a shelf!

With us the case is different. The mental cravings of our remotest country dwellers are fed and nurtured by a host of periodicals in which the very book-shelf itself is portrayed as an integral part of the home. It is shown as set up in the play-room. The young schoolgirl is taught how to decorate it. The college student is supplied with special designs for its manufacture and trimming, her own efforts being reproduced in the pages of different household publications. What more natural, then, than that

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

Photograph by Baker, New York

LIBRARY AT "HILLSTEAD," THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ALFRED A. POPE, FARMINGTON, CONN.

LARGE MAHOGANY WRITING-TABLE ORNAMENTED IN BRONZE
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO TALLEYRAND

she should carry into her own home, when she has one, an appreciation at least of the necessity of shelves? or that she should look forward to designating one room in the house as a library?

One other idea entices her in her relations to books—that of their convenience for covering walls. For magazine writers have taught her, what others have long known, that the decorative value of mere bookcovers has few parallels. The colors of the bindings, the solidity of rank and file, the constant play of light upon the lettering, the delicacy of minute shadowings, the variety of the upright line combined with a certain regularity, the relief of the horizontal shelf, create in their various combinations surfaces which to some are as alluring as tapestries. She, then, has been taught all this, instructed even into the sense that books should be regarded as friends, with their faces always turned in welcoming fashion toward her. She has, in fact, been taught too much and too little. Thus, though she may have begun with some appreciation for books, she loses herself altogether at last in the allurement of certain ornamental possibilities provided by the shelf. We find her top shelf, for instance, covered with a display of the conglomerate, a distracting collection of pictures and vases, flowers and knick-knacks, odd bits of silk looped up at the corners, pieces of plaster which she herself has bronzed. Or we discover her books in elaborately carved cases, the doors of which are locked in summer, the key mislaid and forgotten when winter comes! Or we come upon barricades before the bookcase doors, barricades of pottery or bronze, so heavy that no one but a man servant could remove them, in a moment of need; and this, too, in houses where pride is placed upon limited editions. Yet she goes on calling the room a library, though the tables are covered with plants and flowers with never a space for a reading lamp nor thought of a chair drawn up within reach of its rays. Still a library, though family workbags hang on the rockers, though afternoon tea is served here, and nothing but a paper is perused in the room.

To suppose that evidences of family life have no right of existence in libraries would be folly. These evidences make part of their charm, but they must be evidences which do not imply the inroads of conflicting tastes, the usurpation of a territory consecrated to special purposes. Some sign, it would seem, should exist of books being at least occasionally read.

Unless a library possesses distinction, it fails of its great compelling note. This, of course, may be said

of every part of a house, as it must necessarily be said of all finished productions, even a man's manner not being exempt from the crucial test. Wherever too strong an insistence has been placed upon the purely decorative, distinction disappears, from a library most of all. Some of the most impressive examples found among us are those in which neither the architect nor the decorator has been called upon to play important rôles. Old-fashioned libraries belonging to men of letters, though they have not boasted so much as a raftered ceiling, have had a beauty and compelling dignity about them unrivalled by many of the more superb creations of to-day, however elaborate the imported chimney piece or costly the cases. One breathed books in those old places, and the breath of the books was the breath of the man. How delightful it all was, how reposeful, and what an honor one felt it to be admitted to the sanctuary.

I remember such a library, belonging to a poet and a diplomat. The well-filled shelves ran up to the ceiling and over the tops of the doors, down the backs of the doors in some instances—every available space having been pressed into service. More books lay on the tables; and newer purchases were piled in the corners. Stillness reigned. The faint enticing odor of old calfskin filled the room. Deep, easy chairs were drawn up by a fire with ashes so thick that the coals of last night's blaze would be blinking in the morning, like the inextinguishable sparks of the poet's own flame. No bric-à-brac appeared, and the busts that were there were the busts of great thinkers. Then the man himself, a very part of the atmosphere he inhaled. You never thought of the color of his curtains, nor what kind of a rug the sunlight was playing over on the floor. You thought of his kingly head, his luminous eyes, of the delicacy of his hands as he took down a book and turned over a leaf for you. And then you forgot everything in what he was saying; in what he had to tell you of this book and that; in what, if you were favored, he would sometimes read you from a brother poet.

Imagine this man in a room with his bookcases locked, barricades of pottery before the shelves, or a billiard-table adorning one end of the chamber.

To contend that the distinction which this man's library possessed, was dependent on its meagreness in

WRITING-DESK OF ROSEWOOD MADE FOR LOUIS XV

LIBRARY IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF MR. H. W. POOR, TUXEDO, NEW YORK.

From a Photograph by Hall

COLONY CLUB—READING-ROOM

WOODWORK IN THE LIBRARY OF THE DAUPHIN, SON OF LOUIS XV, IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

decorative detail, would be as stupid as to declare simplicity impossible with wealth.

Distinction, wherever it may be found, springs from an air of authority, the authority of taste, of knowledge, of cultivation and breeding and the sureness of a touch that is tempered by experience. It is not dependent on externals: it controls externals and uses them. A man therefore who puts up a Venetian ceiling in his library, and fills the room with Renaissance furniture, may create an atmosphere as full of distinction as that created by the man who leaves his plaster to be stained by smoke, or his books where dust can reach them. Distinction is no more present in one environment than in another. It is present in the man, in his method of employing his medium; and interiors, though this is not always remembered, are as subtle mediums of expression, in some hands, as the painter's pigments themselves.

In one library that I call to mind, where the architect, on the other hand, has been employed to do some of his most important work the one prevailing note is that of distinction. The library itself overlooks a city square where magnolias blossom in the spring, and flowers under arching trees bloom all the summer through. To one who enters here, the quiet stretches of the square and the sky beyond seem suddenly and somehow to belong rightfully to libraries, so great is the sense of repose and refreshment they inspire. It is an outlook, however, not often possible in town, where the walls of adjoining houses press close against rear windows, or stretches of asphalt and cobblestones make the only foreground in front, and where curtains, ground glass, or anything else must be resorted to, that will shut out the view.

Two great carved stone fireplaces are found at either end of this library. The ceiling is panelled and carved, as are the doors. Books run straight up to the cornice. The room being lofty and of magnificent proportions, access to the books is had by a delicately wrought iron stairway leading to the balcony running round the room and following the line of the cases. The books themselves are protected by grills. Rugs cover the floor. Ample sofas are drawn up to the fires. Deep easy chairs are placed near reading lamps. Peace and plenty prevail, beauty and quiet are everywhere, though old and young read here, and stimulating talk is heard.

The tables in this room are of old oak, polished by three centuries of use; long tables, generous in their proportions and capable of holding huge volumes. They are tables that invite you, tables that are made to use, and on the spur of the moment, too, without feeling that you must first upset some cherished arrangement of the hostess, in the way of flowers and family photographs. Tables like these belong to libraries, though even when found their purposes seem too often forgotten. I came across one library table, the other day, over which an elaborately embroidered and fringed silk cover had been hung. The owner, having evidently been instructed in the value of folds, had thought proper to wrinkle this cover into a dozen of them, each fold being held in its place by a book! To have ventured to pick up a volume would have meant to bring the whole arrangement down about one's feet. But what a flash-light it threw on the intellectual propensities of the family. And how it gave the lie to the boast of the shelves.

Table covers, falling to the ground, have no place in libraries. Flat mats may be used, but never when they are in danger of slipping and sliding. The table cover, however, is a snare in which the ambitions of the inexperienced are apt to become entangled; it embodies a temptation too great to be resisted, among those who perhaps have picked up a piece of old brocade or damask, and feel the need of it now to soften what is sometimes called a line. The lines of a beautiful table ought never to be concealed. They represent the work of distinguished designers, who have labored as earnestly to produce the beautiful in furniture as the architect himself has worked in the creation of the room. If the table is so ugly that it ought to be concealed, it should never have been purchased—certainly not for a library. And yet, I could name libraries representing great wealth and embodying much pride, in which these table covers appear, long enough to touch the ground, and sometimes to be stumbled over.

Old and young read in another room of simpler appointments, yet one in which there is the same compelling note of distinction. The doors and wood-work are of oak finished with delicately turned mouldings. The bookcases run just to the level of a tall man's elbow. The walls show the deep red of some fine old brocatelle

CABINET IN THE CLUNY MUSEUM, OF A CLASS HIGHLY PRIZED AS STORAGE-PLACES FOR OLD MANUSCRIPTS IN LIBRARIES

LIBRARY IN THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY SELIGMAN, NEW YORK CITY

Photographs by Dabor, New York

There is no frieze, but there is a cornice of oak, so beautiful in its proportions and fine reserve, that the eye, lifted from the page, finds in it perpetual repose. The wide chimney is of black marble, showing grains of yellow. Over it is placed a bronze of Dante. No other "ornaments" deface it. The oak table is wide, and unencumbered with a cloth. A bowl of fresh roses always stands on it, but without interfering with the books. The pictures above the shelves are grouped, not scattered, wide stretches of wall-space being left unencumbered, enhancing the impression of quiet dignity. In the deep, ample chairs the young son reads, and the daughters, still at school, pore over their books. You know at once that no pretences exist here, and that even special and expensive bindings do not place the volumes that they cover out of reach of youthful fingers.

The child in the library is a picture over which the imagination loves to dwell, and the library in which little ones are permitted to browse is one that satisfies something more than the histrionic or the sentimental sense. Certain certified values are stamped with their presence. You know what books must really mean to the family, what they will always continue to mean to the child of the house, not as mere acquisitions or "properties," but as part and habit of a daily thought, out of which still other libraries will go on being formed. But it must not be the library in which playthings take the place of books, a room that represents the overflow of the nursery. There must be the preservation of certain dignities, and this obligation respected there can never be the defamation so frequently seen, in the intrusion and obtrusion of alien elements representing lucky finds or beribboned purchases. Without dignity the feeling of the library is destroyed. Dignity, however, is a much abused term, frequently met with in periodicals where it is applied to the stiff and the hard, even awkwardness being occasionally confused with it, as it sometimes is in the manner of a man assuming a pose to cover a deficiency. Dignity is like tenderness—an attribute of strength, and unafraid.

Dignity perishes absolutely out of a library, however well designed, into which one allows oneself to introduce what are called "pretty things." Over-decorated flower-pots have no business there—pots with crinkled paper-holders, kept in place by puffs of satin ribbon, or pots set in straw baskets, gilded and painted, the handles bedecked with more satin bows. Why should floral creations like these be permitted on library tables? And why should so great an abhorrence exist for the earthenware pot, which in reality has a certain value of its own, often supplying with its sober tones just the note of color needed? The weakness for the fancy flower-pot, however, is one that assails even those in high places. I saw one, a cheap, ugly thing of silvered straw and containing a palm, set down at the foot of a marble staircase on a marble floor, and in a marble hall, too, with Spanish velvets hanging on the walls. And I have seen libraries of great beauty of design, their harmonies quite destroyed by the presence of a variety of these abominations, filling every available window and table space.

The preservation of these harmonies should be the earnest study of all owners of libraries, especially of those to whom the problem is new, its solution not more or less an inherited instinct. Among such as these, the question of color should present itself as one of supreme importance, no color being chosen until it has been studied by night and by day. Shadows thrown by beams of sunlight entering through a window at noon will soften certain tones harassing to the eye when, with the evening, the curtains are drawn straight and the rays of the lamp fall directly upon them. Textiles, too, should be studied and those avoided having figures so pronounced as to rob a room of its quiet, becoming with

their obtrusiveness as distracting as loud talking. All vivid contrasts should be shunned, all over-accentuations. Color tones and their gradations should be felt like a sympathetic atmosphere, stealing over and enveloping you, not breaking into your mood as with clarion notes. Personal predilections may incline one to reds or greens, but the general impression should be uniform, preserving one key.

Deep-toned reds appear in most of our best and newest libraries. In one of stately proportions, this red is seen in the long stretches of East Indian carpet, specially woven for it and entirely covering the inlaid floor to within a few inches of the cases. It appears again in the old velvet of the walls, a marvellous old velvet in which the red seems to fall away, while the nap, as it takes up the light, has almost a vibrant quality, robbing the room of any sense of gloom. Such a red on a flat surface would have absorbed the light and produced an impression of dulness. It would have made itself too strongly felt in a figured stuff. In this velvet it became kindly-tempered, like a haze.

The low arched ceiling holds an old canvas painted a century or more ago and filled with superb allegorical figures in which the reds of royal robes predominate. The ceiling itself is supported by a colored cornice and frieze carved in high relief. The book-cases of carved black oak are low, nothing but bronzes being permitted upon them. Carved black oak columns support the door and window openings, while delicately turned mouldings alone appear round the window frames. The over doors are filled with charming tapestries framed in black oak. The huge carved stone fireplace is Renaissance, as are the tables, pure in style and genuine. The chairs are high-backed, the sofas low and alluring, their cushions covered with old tapestries, beautiful in tone. A fine respect for detail is everywhere apparent. Thus the reading lamps are not modern inventions of commercial designers, adorned by lace and satin shades, but rare old pieces of bronze and porcelain into which electric bulbs have been skilfully introduced. It is a room in which all the resources of wealth have been brought into play, yet one in which the visitor feels the sure discriminating touch of the man and woman with whom taste and knowledge have moved hand in hand. You know at once that it was not furnished in a given time and then pronounced finished, but that it was allowed to grow, as such rooms should —growing, however, without deviating from well considered lines.

A gray-green, softened by dim yellowish tones, lends color to another delightful library. The material is an old brocatelle, and appears on the walls above the high cases, and again in the curtains. Green, much lower in tone as it should be, covers the ample sofas drawn up by the fire. The old oak ceiling is panelled, as are the doors. The great chimney piece is also of carved oak, old English in design, and runs to the ceiling. Broad windows finish two sides of the room, one opening on to a stretch of lovely country, the other on to a wide marble veranda, shaded by awnings in summer, and enclosed by glass and filled with plants in winter.

A yellow oak of beautiful grain enters into the construction of still another well-known library in a neighboring town, a town with open squares and spaces, and room enough for trees and grass to grow before the houses. Trees, indeed, press close against the windows of this room, filling it with a sense of green coolness in summer, and enticing the eye in winter, by the beauty of bare branches against the sky. The walls are entirely covered with books, the cases running from the floor to the carved and panelled oak ceiling. The only space left anywhere for a picture is over the mantel, where a landscape, subdued in tone, is set in the panel. The fireplace itself is low, and built of green tiles, rich in color and blending charmingly with the yellow of the woods. Dark red

velvet bound by a dull gold braid hangs at the windows. Dark red also covers the furniture. The carved oak cases are supported by enclosed cupboards, in which pamphlets are hidden. The tops of the cupboards form a shelf running round the room, and wide enough to hold odd volumes, a convenient arrangement and one that adds enormously to the comfort of a beautiful interior.

The white library is not without its votaries, the favorite model followed being that found at Versailles. In one instance where such a copy has been made, and the shelves filled with books in special bindings, the effect has been spoiled by the introduction of modern upholstered French furniture, with silk hangings of a palpable newness of design, drawing all attention to themselves, and leaving to the books but a secondary consideration. You forget the books, indeed, until you rouse yourself and determine to pay them some heed. In another instance, however, where this same model appears, the introduction of the modern note in textiles and furniture becomes altogether pardonable, so obvious is it that one has made the innovation for the sake of a congenial tone. A delicate green broken by white appears above the high cases, and forms a frieze. The same color hangs at the windows and covers the chairs and sofas, the material being a velvet with a silvery sheen. A darker green, unbroken by figures, overspreads the floor. The room is lovely, but not so lovely as to cause one to lose the sense of substantial books, or to miss its note of real distinction.

(*To be continued*)

CAN THERE BE TOO MUCH GOLD?

By CHARLES A. CONANT

OLD, like woman, has been the mystery of humanity since civilized time began. To pluck the heart out of these mysteries men still strive, and strive without reaching a conclusion. On the very question which heads this article great thinkers are still disputing and around it future political campaigns may be waged, as they have been around the same question in regard to silver.

A recent writer declares that whether it be in the gold louis which flashes on the merchant's counter, the bracelet which encircles a delicate arm, the collar around a white throat, or even under the solemn shadows of the sanctuary in the shining cross, the lamp, the gold-brocaded chasuble,—always and everywhere, gold exercises over men, yea, over women, the same fascination, potent and almost irresistible. If this be so, if gold is the world's great material good, whose possession carries with it the ability to command all other material things, is it conceivable that an increase in the quantity can fail to bring benefits to humanity? Is not the great railroad lawyer and manager Melville E. Ingalls, of Cincinnati, justified in the declaration he made at the recent annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association, that the infusion of $1,000,000 new gold per day from the mines into the circulation of the world is like the infusion of new blood into the veins of a sick man?

But does the new gold in truth bring vigor to the commercial body

jaded by speculation? Does it add capital to the stock at the command of the world's markets of a higher value than those other products which come from the planter on the cotton plantation or the farmer on the wheat field? Even political economists give conflicting answers to these questions. A few of the greatest have reached, in a measure, though perhaps by not exactly the same process of reasoning, the conclusions of Mr. Ingalls. Others equally eminent, and perhaps the greater number, have taken the contrary view, or at least a view less enthusiastic than that of the advocates of an increased gold supply. It is conceded by most writers on the subject that a very large increase in the stock of metallic money influences prices and hence disturbs existing conditions. But if the disturbance means a rise in prices, is it not then a universal good?

To this question some answer "Yes"—that a rise in prices is a continuing stimulus to industry and enterprise, and that if there are losers they are found among the holders of old debts and among the earners of fixed incomes, neither of whom is the most productive class in the community. With those who make this answer Mr. Ingalls evidently belongs, and their position is at least intelligible. But, on the other side, it is contended that the stimulus thus afforded is an unhealthy and deceptive one,—the same in kind, if not in degree, as that derived from an infusion into the circulation of irredeemable paper money,—and that it is only the dishonest or the speculative who gain, even temporarily, by changes in the purchasing power of money, while those who rely upon stable conditions and fixed wages always suffer.

On which side of this issue lies the truth? Probably, as in most controverted questions, some truth lies on both sides. The problem is a vastly complicated one, and it is not possible within the limits of this brief article to do justice to all its aspects. There is not space to discuss fully the so-called quantity theory of money, according to which prices are influenced in direct ratio to quantity of gold,—moving upward when the supply of gold increases and downward when the supply is reduced in relation to the quantity of goods to be moved. Most economists of the present time admit that there is an underlying element of truth in the quantity theory, but they combat the undue prominence given to this one factor acting upon prices when so many other factors come into operation which may entirely offset its influence, through variations in demand for different commodities, through the state of credit, through changes in the efficiency of labor.

It was the contention of the advocates of free silver from 1873 to 1896 that the volume of the world's business was increasing faster than the supply of gold available for money. Hence, in their graphic phrase, the gold blanket under which the business of the nations was sheltered was steadily growing scantier and the pulling of each to get his share was leaving naked and shivering in poverty the debtor nations who were tributary to the stronger. Since, according to their theory, the stock of money was progressively decreasing in proportion to the work it had to do, its value was rising and only those who had contracts payable in money —like the bondholders and the banks—were profiting by the situation. Whatever may have been the merits of this contention, the tide turned before 1896 and the production of gold increased for a time more rapidly than the volume of business. From a production of $118,848,700 in 1890 it advanced to nearly $400,000,000 in 1906. When it is considered that the demand for the arts and manufacturing is relatively constant, being perhaps $60,000,000 for 1890 and $85,000,000 for 1906, the balance left for monetary use would stand at about $60,000,000 in the one case to $315,000,000 in the other, or a more than fivefold increase.

When consideration is given to the fact that the annual product of gold does not disappear, like that of wheat or cotton, with its entry into consumption, but is added to the pre-existing stock, it becomes possible to realize that in ten years, from 1892 to 1902, the stock of new gold available as money was equal to forty per cent. of the entire stock in existence at the beginning of 1893,* and that in the five years which have followed the rate of increase has not been checked.

Prices of commodities, halting at first through lack of confidence, began to advance in 1897, until by 1906 they were in many cases nearly double the prices of ten or a dozen years before. These facts seem to verify in a measure the theory that an increase in the supply of gold carries with it an increase in prices. But two qualifying considerations thrust themselves athwart the conclusion that this rise of prices is a benefit to the community:

First, the rise in prices cannot be permanent.

Second, a rise in prices is not necessarily a true index of increase in value.

The evidence of the first qualification is springing up around us at every turn in the present crisis in the money markets. If the increase in the gold supply has indeed been the chief inspiration of rising prices, there are signs that it has been an over-stimulant,—that it has put a fever in the patient's blood which can only be cured by blood-letting, by soothing potions, by a long period of rest. The demand for gold has outrun even the increase of supply. Rising prices have lured men, by the deceptive promise of paper profits, into new enterprises which have far outrun the effective demand for their products. Thus has been converted into fixed forms—railways, factories, buildings and machinery—capital which might better have been applied to the current processes of production. Enterprises thus established—not on borrowed gold merely, but on delusive hopes built on the increase in prices—have come to grief when the deficiency of circulating capital has been disclosed by the rise in the rates for money, and business can no longer be done on borrowed funds.* Hence comes liquidation, the fall in prices of cotton and wheat in order to find a market for them abroad; and there will follow a decline in other prices.

The stimulus given to production for a time by rising prices arises largely from a fallacy, which it is difficult to eradicate from the imaginations of men even when it has been reasoned out of their minds. This fallacy is that the value of money is constant, while that of other things is inconstant. The economic truth is that value is not an intrinsic quality at all; it is only a relation. If a bushel of wheat in 1896 was "worth" seventy-eight cents and in 1905 $1.02, then gold has fallen in value in relation to wheat. The gold miner who wishes wheat will have to produce about one-third more (24/78) gold to purchase a bushel of wheat. Is the community any richer because what was formerly appraised at 78 is now appraised at 102? Only in case it can sell its product at the advanced price and then buy the products of other people at prices which have not advanced in corresponding degree.

If every owner of gold in the world found the quantity in his pockets doubled over night, he would profit nothing if the price of everything he wanted to buy had doubled also. He would be, indeed, at a distinct disadvantage, for he would have to carry twice as much metal as before to consummate the same transactions. If he were a miner for gold, he would have to work twice as long to dig from the earth what would purchase the same necessaries and luxuries as before. Only because all prices do not change at once in the same ratio,—and hence the nimble producer or

* See the writer's "Principles of Money and Banking," vol. 1, p. 101.

* The writer is far from maintaining that increase in the gold stock is the sole cause of existing conditions. It is one of several causes which cannot all be dealt with here.

trader hopes to snatch a profit by raising his prices or buying his raw materials before others raise their prices,—is any stimulus received by industry from the increase in the supply of gold. Thus, in the last analysis, it comes back to the old fundamental basis of all struggles under the competitive organization of society, that the strongest minds, the most far-sighted and the most daring, in the market for money as on the Stock Exchange, take toll from every disturbance of those static conditions under which the weaker and less far-sighted find their safety. In this sense, by the progress of the acknowledged strongest, the human race doubtless benefits by fluctuation in values, but only on the condition that the losses and suffering of the transition do not outweigh its benefits.

One of the fundamental errors which contribute to delusions on the value of money is that gold is a form of capital essentially different from other commodities. It is true in a restricted sense that gold is more advantageous in the hands of an individual than other articles, because it is more readily exchangeable. In other words, while the owner of steel rails, or woolen goods, or wine, is able to find a market for them only with those persons who desire those particular articles, the man who has gold can find a market for it in exchange for any other article which he desires. This really means that gold is more universally salable than other articles. On the other hand, gold has the disadvantage that it must be parted with in order to afford a profit. The owner of wool is able to work it up into yarns, thread and cloths. The owner of gold loses the interest on it while he holds it and can employ it for no purpose but exchange, except in the limited field of the manufacture of jewelry and plate,—a factor which may be practically disregarded in this discussion.

Wheat is capital; cotton is capital; iron is capital; gold is capital. Only by their unfettered interchange where they are most required does each afford its greatest benefit to the community. The community which piles up gold, as Spain sought to do after her rich conquests in Mexico and Peru, commits economic suicide. Only by exchanging such gold for wool, cotton and iron, or the labor which produces them, could she apply the touchstone of profit to the metal taken from the palaces of the Montezumas and the Incas. Other things being equal, the nation which can get along with the least gold in proportion to her needs is obtaining the largest results from her industry and her equipment of machinery and other productive forces.

Gold is the measure of value and the most exchangeable of commodities. It is the fact that it possesses these qualities which gives it a special value in periods of impaired credit and commercial strain. At such times the value of gold rises as prices fall and gold stands out as the most desirable of created things,—the one product for which men contend in the world's market-places. The reverse is true in periods of prosperity and expanding credit. The man who puts away gold at the beginning of a period of expansion in order to part with it at the height of prosperity would find that his gold had shrunk in value in relation to other things, just as in a crisis he finds that these other things have shrunk in relation to gold. But the process is such a gradual one when prices rise and gold falls that it makes no such appeal to the imagination as the sudden collapse of credit and the scramble for gold which recently caused the very pulse-throbs of the engines of the Lusitania to be so anxiously counted as she brought her precious cargo of the yellow metal to the relief of the New York market.

The increase in the world's gold supply in the past half-century has served a number of useful purposes, but not in exactly the way contended for by those who believe that constant additions to the stock of money are a useful stimulus to commerce. In the

first place, a large increase in the gold stock has been necessary to meet the expansion of business and the growth of population. A stock of gold constantly diminishing in relation to the business to be done would tend to depress prices. Even if the stock were kept at the same ratio to the volume of business in the old civilized countries, it would still be inadequate to the needs of countries newly entering the contest for commercial supremacy and anxious to equip themselves with a stock of gold currency, like Russia, Japan, Egypt, the Philippines and the Argentine within the last few years. This lateral distribution of the new gold stock, so to speak, has proceeded more rapidly than what may be called the vertical distribution, by which is meant the addition of new gold to old in communities where the old stock was already sufficient for the needs of exchanges. It is this lateral distribution, like the rise of the tide, overflowing into nooks and crannies of the world where an adequate medium of exchange was formerly lacking, which defeated the predictions of Jevons and Chevalier in the middle of the last century and will probably defeat similar predictions at the present time, of too violent and disturbing a rise in prices. It is this lateral distribution also, carrying to new communities a sufficient supply of the yellow metal to afford them a convenient and adequate currency, which is the chief benefit conferred upon the race by the increase in the stock of gold.

The acquisition of gold by a given country, by the discovery of new mines or by conquest, is of the same advantage as the acquisition of a corresponding amount of wheat or cotton exchangeable for gold. When Germany levied the great war indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars upon France in 1870, it was nominally levied in gold, but Germany as well as France would have suffered economic convulsion if it had been possible for France to lay down the gold at one time in Germany. What Germany acquired was the power to command capital to the amount of $1,000,000,000. Out of that amount she was able to make her choice how much she would take in gold, how much in woolens, or cottons, or works of art, and how much she would employ in paying debts by buying back her own securities held in France or by buying French securities. Out of the total the German Government took enough gold to establish the gold standard, to provide a supply of gold currency, and to equip the Bank of Prussia with an adequate reserve. But this required only a fraction of the total amount of the indemnity. German financiers were too enlightened to attempt to acquire the remainder in gold or to keep in Germany by artificial requirements the barren heaps of yellow metal which might have been thus acquired.

All this harks back to the fundamental economic maxim, that the usual and essential function of all forms of currency is that of a tool of exchange and not an object of exchange. It is the glory of modern civilization to have discovered that money is of value for commanding other things, not for hoarding for its own sake. When a given number of freight cars is needed to transport a wheat crop, then freight cars become an object of desire and of value. So with the amount of currency necessary to move the crops, whether it is in gold or paper; but as no sane railway corporation goes on piling up freight cars for their own sake, and least of all congratulating its shareholders on the fact that freight cars have so far decreased in efficiency that it now requires two to do the former work of one, so no sane thinker should find cause for rejoicing that the carrying on of the world's transactions had been made more cumbersome by the needless labor of extracting from the earth a double amount of the metal which serves as the tool of exchanges.

THE COAST OF CHANCE

By ESTHER AND LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XI

SAN FRANCISCO'S fashionable society has just been thrown into a fever of speculative gossip over the theft of a world-famous ring from the auction sale of the Chatworth estate. The ring—a figure of Vishnu in soft gold, bent into a circle, with a head of sapphire (two yellow stones for the cheeks and for the crown of the head a blue one)—is as old as India, and for two centuries has been in the possession of the Crews of England. The story is that lucky marriage comes with the "Crew Idol." Its presence here is due to the fact that the younger son of the house married a San Francisco girl, who, as his wife, wore the ring. The elder Chatworth, Lord Crew, still resident in England, is a bachelor; but, on the death of his brother and sister-in-law, the Idol reverted to him.

The affair is presented from the viewpoint of Flora Gilsey, who is engaged to Harry Cressy. She has known him but a year, but so firmly established is he in his bachelor quarters, his clubs, in the demands made upon him by the city's society, that she is surprised to hear him mention, in connection with the Crew Idol, a similarly remarkable theft which had come under his observation in London. It had never occurred to her that he had lived abroad. Cressy says that such a clever robbery must have been the work of a genius in the profession—for example, such a man as the famous Farrel Wand, who ten years before had "lifted" English jewels from their wearers. In the evening of the same day, Flora Gilsey meets an Englishman, Robert Kerr, accepted into society with characteristic Californian hospitality, who fascinates her by his scintillant, sardonic elegance, so much the opposite of big, easy-going, matter-of-fact Harry Cressy. During the week Cressy asks Flora to help him choose her engagement ring. They go to a shop in the Chinese quarter, where Harry purchases for her a great blue sapphire set in a cheap ring, asking her to have it reset before wearing it. She cannot, however, resist wearing it that night, at a theatre party which includes Kerr. Her fascination for the stone impels her to remove her glove and Kerr catches sight of the sapphire. His keen interest is unmistakable, though he asks no questions about it. Flora is disconcerted, becomes unaccountably suspicious, and cannot decide what to do with the jewel.

On the day following the theatre party Kerr calls on Miss Gilsey. She does not want to let him see the sapphire again, and as she hesitates at the head of the stairs, she sees Mrs. Clara Britton—the young widow who lives with and chaperones her—enter and search her (Flora's) bedroom. Trembling with resentment, Flora, fearing to hide the jewel, puts it on her neck chain and goes down to see Kerr, and is made to realize that this is actually the blue stone from the Crew Idol. Kerr asks her to sell him the sapphire, and even urges that she let him have it, since of course she cannot keep it. Flora retorts that she knows what he is, and that he sha'n't have the sapphire—that he has no more right to it than she. They are interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Herrick, whose house in San Mateo Flora has intended to buy, and Flora leads the conversation to this subject, Kerr's fascination making her wish to shield him, even though by so doing she throw suspicion upon herself.

Cressy, calling the next morning, exhibits jealousy and objects to Kerr's visit, but refuses to explain his dislike for Kerr. At his ill-nature Flora loses all desire to confide in him her suspicions of Kerr, and at this moment realizes, as she has not realized before, her fixed intention not to betray him. Harry, on leaving, says that Clara Britton has asked him where they got the ring, and reproaches Flora for telling Clara about it. Flora denies having done so, and Harry moodily takes his leave.

XII

E stood where he had left her in ıe open door with the damp eddy : the fog blowing on her. She ıd a narrow escape; but after the ılness of her relief there returned her again the weight of her re- bility. There was no slipping it now, and it was going to be than she had imagined. So had come out in the last half :hat she felt bewildered by it. Harry had let slip about Clara ɔd her. What in the world was about? How much she knew ıssed as yet Flora could not be ɔut certainly now she could n't ra go. For that would be turn- rift a dangerous person with a er motive than ever for pursu- r quest, and the opportunity for ng it unobserved, out of Flora's

ry had a special secret interest own. The last ten minutes of nterview had made that plain. ıanner, when he had declared :ention of taking the ring, had ınything but the manner of a ee lover merely concerned with ıg his lady. Then, they were them racing each other for the :hing—the thing she held in her sion; and whether she feared to be felled by a blow from , or hunted far afield by Kerr, pped by Clara,—she could not She stood hesitating, looking to the obscurity of the fog as ıoped to read the answer there. chattering clock on the mantel ıg her of the passing hours, set ırrying into her walking gown, :t, and her gloves, as if the ob- her errand would only wait for noment longer. When, for the l time, she opened the house she did n't hesitate. She de- d into the white fog that d all the city.

turned in at the low gate of ion grill in front of an enor- wooden mansion, with towers ıpolas painted all a chill slate with fuchsia, purple and red, clambering up the front. She rang, and was admitted into a hall, ornate and very high, with a wide staircase sweeping down into the middle of it. The maid looked dubiously at Flora and thought Miss Buller was not at home, but would see.

She started nervously at the step of the maid returning. The message brought was unexpected. "Miss Buller says, 'Will you please walk upstairs?'" Flora was amazed. That invitation would have been odd enough at any time, for she and Ella were hardly on such intimate footing. But now she was ushered up the majestic stair and from the majestic upper hall abruptly into a wild little cluttered sewing-room, and thence into a wilder but more spacious bedroom, large curtains at the windows, large roses on the carpet, and over all objects in the room a clutter of miscellaneous articles, as if Ella's bandboxes, bureaus and workbaskets habitually refused to contain themselves.

From the midst of this Ella confronted her, still in her wrapper and with the large puff of her hair a little awry. Under it her face was curiously pink, a color deepening to the tip of her nose and puffing out under her eyes. "Well, Flora," she greeted her guest. "You were just the person I wanted to see. Sit down. No, not there—that's my bird of paradise feather! Oh, no, not there—that 's the breakfast. Well, I guess you 'll have to sit on the bed."

Flora swept aside the clothes that streamed across it and throned herself on the edge of the high, white plateau of Ella's four-poster. Ella, for all her eager greeting, looked upon her friend doubtfully, and Flora recognized in herself a similar hesitation, as if each were trying to make out, without asking, what thoughts were behind the exterior.

"I was afraid I should n't see you at all," Flora began at last.

"Well, you would n't have if it had n't happened to be you," said Ella paradoxically. "Look at me; did you ever see such a sight?"

"You don't look very well," Flora cautiously admitted. "Why, Ella, you 've been crying!"

"Yes, I 've been crying," said Ella, mopping her nose, which still showed a tendency to distil a tear at its tip. "And it 's perfectly awful to me to think you 've been living so long in the same house with her."

Flora murmured breathlessly, "What in the world do you mean?"

"If you don't know I certainly ought to tell you. I mean Clara," said Ella distinctly.

Flora, sitting up on the edge of the high bed with the tips of her little shoes hardly touching the floor, looked at Ella, fascinated, her lips a little apart. Ella had so exactly pronounced her own secret thought of Clara. She was breathless to know what had been Clara's performance at the Bullers'.

"Of course I 've always known she was like that," said Ella, leaning back in her chair with an air of resignation. "She's always getting something. It's awful. It was the same even when we were at boarding-school. I suppose she never did have enough money, though her people were awfully nice; but she worked us all for invitations and rides in our carriages, and I remember she got lots through Lillie Lewis's elder brother, and he thought she was going to marry him, but she did n't. She married Lulu Britton's father; and I guess she worked him until he went under and they found there really was no money. So she's been living on people ever since." Ella rocked gloomily.

"But she does it so nicely," Flora suggested. She still had the feeling that it was not decent to own up to these most secret facts of people's failings.

"Oh, yes, she's a perfect wonder," Ella admitted grudgingly; "look at what she's done for you," and Ella's gesticulation was eloquent of how much that had been. "But don't you imagine she cares about you any more than she cares about me!" Ella began to cry again. "You were an awfully good thing for her, Flora, and now that you 're going to be married she's got to have something else. But I do think she might have taken somebody besides papa."

Flora gasped. "Taken! Ella, what do you mean?"

"I mean married," said Ella.

"Married!" For the time Flora had become a helpless echo.

"Oh, not yet," Ella defiantly nodded. "Not while there's anything left of me."

Flora stammered. "Oh, Ella, no. Oh, Ella, are you sure?" She felt a hysterical impulse to giggle.

"Sure?" Miss Buller cried. "I should think so! Why, she's simply making a dead set for him."

This denouement, this climax at the end of all her sombre expectations struck Flora as something wildly and indecently ridiculous. "Why, but it 's impossible," she protested, and began helplessly to laugh.

"Well, I'd like to know why?" Ella snapped. "I'm sure papa is twice as rich as old Britton was, and twice as easy." She went off into sobs behind her handkerchief.

"Oh, don't, Ella, don't cry," Flora begged, petting the large expanse of heaving shoulders. "I did n't mean anything. I was just silly. Of course it may be that she wants to marry him. But she never has before—at least, I mean, I don't believe she wants to now. What makes you think she does? What has she done?"

"Well," Ella burst out, "why is she coming here all the time when she never used to, and petting papa? Why does she bother to be so agreeable to me when she never was before? Why does she make me ask her to dinner, when I don't want to?"

Each question knocked smartly on Flora's brain to the accompaniment of Ella's furious rocking. She could not answer them, and Ella's explanation, absurd as it seemed coming on top of her high expectations, was n't impossible. It was like Clara to have more than one iron in the fire; but when Flora remembered the passionate intentness with which Clara had

demolished the order of her room, she could n't believe that Clara would pause in the midst of such pursuit to pounce on Judge Buller.

"Oh, Ella," she urged, "I don't believe there 's really any danger. And surely, even if she meant it, Judge Buller would n't be——"

"Oh, yes, he would." Ella cut her short. "Why when she came yesterday he was just going and she went for him and made him stop to tea. Think of it—papa stopping to tea, and he was as pleased as punch to have her make up to him. He has n't the least idea of what she 's after. Papa is n't used to ladies. He 's always just lived with me."

This astonishing statement looking at Flora through Ella's unsuspecting eyes had nevertheless a pathos of its own. It conjured up a long vista of harmonious existence which the two, the daughter and the father, had made out of their mutual simplicity and their mutual gusto for the material comforts which came comfortably.

"But I 'll tell you one thing," Ella ended, still rocking vigorously, "if she comes here to-night to dinner when she knows I don't want her, I shall tell her what I think of her before she leaves this house! See if I don't."

"Don't do that, Ella," Flora entreated; "that would be awful." She was certain that such an interview would only end in Clara making Ella more ridiculous than she was already. "Let me speak to her. I don't mind at all." She spoke up bravely, and in a manner truly, though she was fully aware that speaking to Clara would be anything but a treat.

"Oh, would you?" said Ella eagerly. "I really would be awfully obliged. I hated to ask you, Flora, but I thought perhaps you might be able to—to, well, do something," she ended vaguely. "Do you think you could?"

"I 'll speak to Clara to-night," said Flora heroically—"or to-morrow," she added; "I'm afraid I won't see her to-night."

"Well, I'll let you know if it makes any difference," said Ella hopefully.

Flora knew that nothing either of them could say would make any difference to Clara, or turn her from the thing she was pursuing; but by speaking one might at least find out if Judge Buller himself were really her object. And Ella's wail of assured calamity, "Papa has always been so happy with me," touched her with its absurd pathos.

She kissed Ella's misty cheek at parting. It was n't fair, she thought remorsefully, for people like the Bullers to be at large on the same planet with people like Clara—and herself—and—and like—. Her thoughts ran off into the fog. At least, thank heaven, it was the Judge Clara was trailing, and not Kerr.

XIII

Flora had not scrutinized the reason of her extraordinary behavior; not since that dreadful day he had stripped off his last rag of pretence before her, had she dared to think how she felt about Kerr. Surely she was giving to Kerr what belonged to Harry, or else she had already given Harry what ought to have been Kerr's. That was her last conclusion. It was horrible, it was hopeless, but it was not untrue. It had crept upon her so softly that it had taken her unawares. She was appalled at the unreason of passion. Unsought by him, unclaimed, in every common sense a stranger to him—how could she belong to him? And yet of that she was sure by the way he had unveiled her the first night; by the way he had quickened her dreaming into life. As many times as she had fancied what love was like, she had never dreamed it could be like this. It was mockery that she could be concerned for one who only wanted of her—plunder. Yet it was so. She was as tremblingly concerned for his fate as if she owned his whole devotion; and his fate at this moment, she was convinced, was in Harry's hands.

For had not Harry, from the beginning, known something about him? Had n't he at first denied having seen him before, and then admitted it? Had n't he dropped hints and innuendos without ever an explanation? She remembered the singular fact of the Embassy ball, twice mentioned, each time with that singular name of Farrel Wand. And to know—if that *was* what Harry knew—that a man of such fame was in a community where a ring of such fame had disappeared—what further proof was wanted?

Then why did n't Harry speak? The power was hers to tip the scales which Harry held, either to Kerr's undoing, or to his protection. At least she thought she might protect him, if she could discover Harry's secret. Then, on the other hand, she doubted how much she could do with Harry. She was n't sure how far she was prepared to try him after that scene of theirs. She had no desire to pique him further by seeing too much of Kerr. On her own account she wanted for the present to avoid Kerr. He roused a feeling in her that she feared—a feeling intoxicating to the senses, dazzling to the mind, unknitting to the will. How could she tell, if they were left alone together for a long enough space of time, that she might not take the jewel from her neck, at his request, and hand it to him—and damn them both? If only she could escape seeing him altogether until she could find out what Harry was doing, and what she must do.

Meanwhile, there was her promise to Ella. She recalled it with difficulty. It seemed a vague thing in the light of her latest discovery, though she could never meet Clara in disagreement without a qualm. But she made the plunge that evening, before Clara left for the Bullers', while she was at her dressing-table in the hands of her maid. Clara was in the half disarray which brings out all the softness and the disarming physical charm of women. From her low chair Flora spoke laughingly of Ella's perturbation. Clara paused, with the powder puff in her hand, while she listened to Flora's explanation how Ella feared that some one might, after all these years, be going to marry Judge Buller.

Who this might be she did not even hint at. She left it ever so sketchy. But the little stare with which Clara met it, the amusement, the surprise, and then the shortest possible little laugh were guarantee that Clara had seen it all. She had filled out Flora's sketch to the full outline, and pronounced it, as Flora had, an absurdity. But though Clara had laughed she had gone away with her delicate brows a little drawn together as if she'd really found more than a laugh, something worth considering, in Ella's state of mind.

But Flora dared not meet Kerr's impetuous attacks yet. First she must get at Harry. And how was that to be managed if he insisted on surrounding himself with a jolly little party? She found a moment that evening in which to ask him to walk out to the Presidio with her the next morning.

He was going to Burlingame on the early train. He was woefully sorry. It was ages since he had had a moment with her alone, but at least he would see her that evening. She had not forgotten? They were going to that dinner—and then the reception afterward?

Her suspicion that Harry was deliberately dodging wavered before his boyish, cheerful, unconscious face. And yet, following on the heels of his tendency to question and coerce her, this reticence was amazing. She thought of that day lost with Harry beyond reach—twelve hours while Kerr was at the mercy of chance, and she was at the mercy of Kerr.

His tactics did not leave her breathing space. She felt as the lilies wavering just beyond his reach. She remembered his ingenuity. She thought of the blows of his cane. Lucky for her she was not rooted like the lilies! The only safety was in keeping beyond his reach.

Yet when his card was brought up to her the next morning she looked at the printed name as wistfully as if it had been his face. It cost an effort to send down the cold fiction that she was not at home, and she could not deny herself the consolation of leaning on the banister of the second landing, and listening for his step in the hall below. But there was no movement. Could it be possible he was waiting for her to come in? Hush! That was the drawing-room door. But instead of Kerr, Shima emerged. He was heading for the stair with his little silver tray and upon it—a note. Oh, impudence! How dared he give her the lie, by the hand of her own butler! She stood her ground and Shima delivered the missive as if it were most usual to find one's mistress beflounced in peignoir and petticoats, hanging breathless over the banisters.

"Take that back," she said coldly, "and tell him that I am out, and, Shima,"—she addressed the man's intelligence,—"make him understand it."

She watched the note departing. How she longed to call Shima back and open it! There was a pause—then Kerr emerged from the drawing-room. As he crossed the hall he glanced up at the stair and as much as was visible of the landing. He had n't taken Shima's word for it, after all! The vestibule door closed noiselessly after him, the outer door shut with a heavy sound. Yet before that sound had ceased to vibrate, she heard it shut again. Was he coming back? There was a presence in the vestibule very vaguely seen through the glass and lace of the inner door. Her heart beat with apprehension. The door opened upon Clara.

Flora precipitately retreated. She was more disturbed than relieved by the unexpected appearance. For Clara must have seen Kerr leave the house. Three times now within three days he had been found with her or waiting for her. She wondered if Clara would ask her awkward questions. But Clara, when she entered Flora's dressing-room a few moments later with the shopping list, instead of a question, offered a statement.

"I don't like that man," she announced.

"Who?"

"That Kerr. I met him just now on the steps. Don't you feel there is something wrong about him?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Flora vaguely.

Clara gave her a bright glance.

"But you weren 't at home to him."

"I 'm not at home to anyone this morning," Flora answered evasively, feeling the probe of Clara's eyes. "I am feeling ill. I 'm not going out this evening either. I think I 'll ring up Burlingame and tell Harry." It was in her mind that she might manage to make him stay with her while Clara went on to the reception.

"Burlingame! Harry!" Clara echoed in surprise. "Why, he 's in town. I saw him just now as I was coming up."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He was walking up Clay from Kearny. I was in the car."

"Why, that—that is—" Flora stammered in her surprise—"then something must have kept him," she altered her sentence quickly. But though this seemed the probable explanation she did not believe it. Harry walking toward Chinatown, when he had told her distinctly he would be in Burlingame! She thought of the goldsmith shop, and there returned to her the memory of how Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman had looked when she had turned from the window and seen them standing together in the back of the shop.

"You do look ill," Clara remarked. Why don't you stay in bed, and not try to see any one?"

Flora murmured that that was her intention, but she was far from speaking the truth. She only waited to make sure of Clara's being in her own rooms to get out of the house and telephone to Harry.

It was not far to the nearest booth, a block or two down the cross street. She rang, first the office. The word came back promptly in his partner's

voice. He had gone to Burlingame by the early train. It was the same at the club. She left the apothecary's and, with serious face, walked on down the street, away from her house. She was thinking that now she knew Harry had lied to her. And it was the second time. She knew he had been in Chinatown for a purpose. But what? Did he think the blue-eyed Chinaman knew something of the sapphire? She began to despair of getting anything from Harry. But perhaps it was just because he thought her innocent that he was keeping her so in the dark. Suppose she should tell him flatly what she had found out to-day about him?

She walked rapidly, in her excitement, turning the troubling question over in her mind. She did not realize how far she had gone until some girl she knew, passing and nodding to her, called her out of her reverie. She was almost in front of the University Club. A few blocks more and she would be in the shopping district. She hesitated, then decided that it would be better to walk a little farther and take a cross-town car.

A group of men were leaving the club. Two lingered on the steps, the third coming quickly out. At sight of him, she averted her face, and, hurrying, turned the corner and walked down a block. Her heart was beating rapidly. What if he had seen her! She looked about—there was no cab in sight—the best thing to do was to slip into one of the crowded shops, full of women, and wait until the danger had passed. Once inside the door of the nearest, she felt herself, with relief, only one of a horde of pricers, lookers and buyers. She felt as if she had lost her identity. She went to the nearest counter and asked for veils. Partly concealed behind the bulk of the woman next her, she kept her eye on the door. She saw Kerr come in. How absurd to think that she could escape him! She turned her back and waited a moment or two, still hoping he might pass her by. Then, she heard his voice behind her:

"Well, this is luck!"

She was conscious of giving him a limp hand. He sat down on the vacant stool next her, laughing.

"You are a most remarkably fast walker," he observed.

"I had to buy a veil," Flora muttered.

"Has it taken you all the morning?"

She could see she had not fooled him.

"I had a great many other things to do." She was resolved not to admit anything.

"No doubt, but I wanted to see you very much last night, and again this morning. I may see you this evening, perhaps?" He was grave now. She saw that he expected her answer in anxiety.

"But,"—she hesitated just a moment too long before she added,—"I 'm going out this evening."

She started nervously to rise.

"Wait," he said in a voice that was audible to the shop girl, "your package has not come."

She looked at him helplessly, so attractive and so inimical to her. He swung around, back to the counter, and lowered his voice. "Did you know I called upon you yesterday morning, also?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Mr. Cressy and I waited for you together. Did he mention it to you?"

"No." Her lips let the word out slowly.

"That 's a reticent friend of yours!" The exclamation and the truth of it put her on her guard.

"I can't discuss him with you," she said coldly.

"Yet no doubt you have discussed me with him?"

"Never!"

"You have n't told him — anything?" The incredulity, the amazement of his face put before her, for the first time, how extraordinary her conduct must seem. What could he think of her? What construction would he put upon it? She blushed, neck to forehead, and her voice was scarcely audible as she answered "No."

But at that small word his whole mood warmed to her. "Why, then," he began eagerly, "if Cressy does n't know——"

"Oh, but he"—Flora stopped in terror of herself. "I can't talk of him, I must not. Don't ask me!" she implored, "and please, please don't come to my house again."

He gave his head a puzzled, impatient shake. "Then where *am* I to see you?"

"In a few days—perhaps tomorrow—I will let you know." She rose. She had her package now. She was getting back her courage. There was no further way of keeping her.

But he followed her closely through the crowd to the door. "Yes," he said under his breath, "in a few days, perhaps tomorrow, as soon as you get rid of it, you won't mind meeting me! What are you afraid of? Surely not me?"

She was, but hotly denied it.

"I am not afraid of you. I am afraid of them!"

"Of them!" He peered at her. "What are you talking about now?"

Ah, she had said too much! She bit her lip. They had reached the corner, and the gliding cable-car was approaching. She turned to him with a last appeal. "Don't ask me anything. Don't come with me! Don't follow me!"

Not until she was safely inside the car did she dare look back at him. He was still on the corner, and he raised his hat and smiled so reassuringly that she was half way home before she realized that, in spite of all she had told him, and urged upon him, he had not committed himself to any promise. And yet, she thought in dismay, he had almost made her give away Harry's confidence. She was seeing more and more clearly that this was the danger of meeting him. He always got something out of her and never, by chance, gave her anything in return. If he would seek her to-night she dared not be at home! Any place would be safer than her own house. It would be better to fulfil her engagement and go to the reception with Clara and Harry. That was a house Kerr did not know.

It was awkward to have to announce this sudden change of plan after her pretences of the morning, but she had lived too constantly with danger, lately, for Clara's lifted eyebrows to daunt her.

She was ready early, in the hope that Harry might come, as he had been wont to do, a little before the appointed hour. But he turned up without a moment to spare. Clara was downstairs in her cloak when he appeared. There was no chance for a word at dinner. But if she could not manage it later in the wider field of the reception, why, then she deserved to fail in everything.

But she found upon their arrival that this was going to be hard to bring about. For she was immediately pounced upon—first, by Ella Buller.

"Why, Flora," at the top of her voice, "where have you been all these days!" Then in a hot whisper, "Did you speak to her? It has n't done one bit of good."

"I think you are mistaken," Flora murmured. "But be careful, and let me know—" She had only time for that broken sentence before she was surrounded; and other voices took up the chorus.

She was getting to be a perfect hermit.

She was forgetting all her old friends.

And a less kindly voice in the background added, "Yes, for new ones."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping Lent early, and allowed herself to be drifted about through the crowd by more or less entertaining people, now and then getting glimpses of Harry, tracking him by his burnished brown head, waiting her opportunity to get him cornered. At last she saw him making for the smoking-room. She cut him off as he went by the door. Harry was cutting the end of a cigar, and he all but

dropped it. "What in the world are you doing here alone?" He spoke peevishly. "I don't see how a crowd of men can leave such a bundle of fascination at large!"

She made him a low courtesy and said she was preventing him from doing so.

"It's very good of you, and you are very pretty, Flora," he admitted with a grudging smile, "but I've got to see a man in there." His eyes went to the door of the smoking-room whence was audible a discussion of voices, and among them Judge Buller's basso. She was between Harry and the door. Laughingly, he made as if to put her aside, when the door through which she had entered opened again sharply, and Kerr came in.

"Forgive me. I followed you," he began to Flora. Then he saw Harry. "I—ha—ha—I've been hunting for you, Cressy, all the evening!"

Harry accepted the statement with a cynical smile. It was too evidently not he Kerr had been hunting, and after the first stammer of embarrassment, the Englishman made no attempt to conceal his real intentions. His words merely served him as an excuse not to retreat.

"This is a good place to sit," he said, pushing forward a chair for Flora. "And as for Mr. Cressy—" he fixed Harry with a look—"I believe we have met before in the sacred limits of St. James's."

The two glances that crossed before Flora's watchful eyes were keen as thrust and parry of rapiers. Harry bowed stiffly.

"I believe, for a fact, we did *not* meet, but I think I saw you there once—at some embassy ball."

The words rang, to Flora's ears, as if they had been shouted from the housetops. In the speaking pause that followed there was audible an unknown, hortatory voice from the smoking-room, from which Judge Buller was just emerging.

"I tell you it's a damn fool way to manage it! What's the good of twenty thousand dollars' reward?" Flora clutched nervously at the back of her chair. She seemed to see the danger of discovery piling up above Kerr like a mountain.

The judge chuckled. "You see what you saved me from. They've been at it hammer and tongs all the evening. Every man in town has his idea on that subject."

"For instance, what is that one?" Kerr's casual voice was in contrast to his guarded eyes.

The judge looked pleased. "That one? Why, that's my own—was, at least, half an hour ago. You see, about that twenty-thousand-dollar proposition—" They moved nearer him. They stood, the four, around the red-velvet-covered table, like people waiting to be served. "The trouble is right here," said the judge, emphasizing with blunt forefinger. "The crook has a pal. That's probable, is n't it?"

Harry nodded. Flora felt Kerr's eyes upon her, but she could not look at him.

"And we see the thing is at a deadlock, don't we? Well, now," the judge went on triumphantly, "we know if any one person had the whole ring it would be turned in by this time. That is the weak spot in the reward policy. They did n't reckon on the thing's being split."

"Split? No, really, do you think that possible?" Kerr inquired, and Flora caught a glimmer of irony in his voice.

"Well, can you see one of those chaps trusting the other with more than half of it?" The judge was scornful. "And a fellow needs a whole ring if he is after a reward." He rolled his head waggishly. "Oh, I could have been a crook myself!" he chuckled, but his was the only smiling face in the party.

For Kerr's was pale, schooled to a rigid self-control.

And Harry's was crimson and swollen, as if with a sudden rush of blood. His twitching hands, his sullen eyes responded to Judge Buller's last word as if it had been an accusation. "It makes me damned sick, the way you fellows talk—as if it was the easiest

thing in the world to—" He broke off. It was such a tone, loose, harsh and uncontrolled, as made Flora shrink.

As if he sensed that movement in her, he turned upon her furiously.

"Well, are we going to stand here all night?" He took her by the arm.

She felt as if he had struck her. Buller was staring at him, but Kerr had opened the door through which she had entered, and now, turning his back upon Harry, silently motioned her out.

She had a moment's fear that Harry's grasp, even then, would n't let her go. Indeed, for a moment he stood clutching her, as if, now that his rage had spent itself, she were the one thing he could hold to. Then she felt his fingers loosen. He stood there alone, looking, with his great bulk, and his great strength, and his abashed bewilderment, rather pathetic.

But that aspect reached her dimly, for the fear of him was uppermost. Her arm still burned where he had grasped it. She moved away from him toward the door Kerr had opened for her. She passed from the light of the crimson room into the dark of the passage. Some one followed her and closed the door. Some one caught step with her. It was Kerr.

The light of the crowded rooms burst upon them again.

"Oh," she turned to him beseechingly "can't you get me away?"

"Surely." His manner was as if nothing had happened. His smile was reassuring. "I 'll call your carriage, and find Mrs. Britton."

When Flora came down from the dressing-room she found Clara already in the carriage, and Kerr mounting guard in the hall. As he handed her in, Clara leaned forward.

"Where is Mr. Cressy?" she asked.

"He sent his apologies," Kerr explained. "He is not able to get away just now."

Clara could not control a look of astonishment. As the carriage began to move and Kerr's face disappeared from the square of the window, she turned to Flora.

"Have you and Harry quarrelled over that man?"

Flora's voice was low.

"No. But Harry—Harry" she stammered, hardly knowing how to put it, then put it most truly: "Harry is not quite himself tonight."

Flora lay back in the carriage. She was dimly aware of Clara's presence beside her, but for the moment Clara had ceased to be a factor. The shape that filled all the foreground of her thought was Harry. He loomed alarming to her imagination—all the more so since for the moment he had seemed to lose his grip. That was a thing she could not quite understand. If Kerr had been the speaker it would have been natural enough, since all through this interview Harry's antagonism had seemed strained to the snapping point.

But poor Judge Buller had been harmless enough. He had been merely theorizing. But—wait! She made so sharp a movement that Clara looked at her. The judge's theory might be close to facts that Harry was cognizant of.

For herself she had had no way of finding out how the sapphire had got adrift. But had n't Harry? Had n't he followed up that singular scene with the blue-eyed Chinaman by other visits to the goldsmith's shop? Why, yesterday, when he was supposed to be in Burlingame, Clara had seen him in Chinatown. The idea burst upon her then. Harry was after the whole ring. He counted the part she held already his; and for the rest he was groping in Chinatown; he was trying to reach it through the imperturbable little goldsmith. But he had not reached it yet—and she could read his irritation at his failure in his violent outburst when Judge Buller so innocently flung the difficulties in his face. She knew as much now as she could bear. If Harry did not suspect Kerr, it would be strange. But—Harry waiting to make sure of a reward before he unmasked a thief! It was an ugly thought!

(To be continued)

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

IX

OPTIMISM

E Anglo-Saxons are mostly optimists at heart; we love to have things comfortable; and to pretend that they are comfortable when they obviously are not. The brisk Anglo-Saxon, if he cannot reach the grapes, does not say that the grapes are sour, but protests that he does not really care about grapes. A story is told of a great English proconsul who desired to get a loan from the Treasury of the Government over which he practically, though not nominally, presided. He went to the Financial Secretary and said, "Look here, T——, you must get me a loan for a business I have very much at heart." The secretary whistled, and then said, "Well, I will try; but it is not the least use." "Oh, you will manage it somehow," said the proconsul, "and I may tell you confidentially it is absolutely essential." The following morning the secretary came to report: "I told you it was no use, sir, and it was n't; the board would not hear of it." "Damnation!" said the proconsul, and went on writing. A week after he met the secretary, who felt a little shy. "By the way, T——," said the great man, "I have been thinking over that matter of the loan, and it was a mercy you were not successful; it would have been a hopeless precedent, and we are much better without it."

That is the true Anglo-Saxon spirit of optimism. The most truly British person I know is a man who will move heaven and earth to secure a post or to compass an end; but when he fails, as he does not often fail, he says genially that he is more thankful than he can say; it would have been ruin to him if he had been successful. The same quality runs through our philosophy and our religion. Who but an Anglo-Saxon would have invented the robust theory, to account for the fact that prayers are often not granted, that prayers are always directly answered whether you attain your desire or not. The Greeks prayed that the gods would grant them what was good even if they did not desire it, and withhold what was evil even if they did desire it. The shrewd Roman said, "The gods will give us what is most appropriate; man is dearer to them than to himself." But the faithful Anglo-Saxon maintains that his prayer is none the less answered even if it be denied, and that it is made up to him in some roundabout way. It is inconceivable to the Anglo-Saxon that there may be a strain of sadness and melancholy in the very mind of God; he cannot understand that there can be any beauty in sorrow. To the Celt, sorrow itself is dear and beautiful, and the mournful wailing of winds, the tears of the lowering cloud, afford him sweet and even luxurious sensations. The memory of grief is one

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of the good things that remain to him as life draws to its close; for love is to him the sister of grief rather than the mother of joy. But this is to the Anglo-Saxon mind a morbid thing. The hours in which sorrow has overclouded him are wasted, desolated hours, to be forogtten and obliterated as soon as possible. There is nothing sacred about them; they are sad and stony tracts over which he has made haste to cross, and the only use of them is to heighten the sense of security and joy. And thus the sort of sayings that satisfy and sustain the Anglo-Saxon mind are such irrepressible outbursts of poets as "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world"—the latter part of which is flagrantly contradicted by experience; and, as for the former part, if it be true, it lends no comfort to the man who tries to find his God in the world. Again, when Browning says that the world "means intensely and means good," he is but pouring oil upon the darting flame of optimism, because there are many people to whom the world has no particular meaning, and few who can re-echo the statement that it means good. That some rich surprise, in spite of palpable and hourly experience to the contrary, may possibly await us, is the most that some of us dare to hope.

My own experience, the older I grow, and the more I see of life, is that I feel it to be a much more bewildering and even terrifying thing than I used to think it. To use a metaphor, instead of its being a patient educational process, which I would give all that I possessed to be able sincerely to believe it to be, it seems to me arranged far more upon the principle of a game of cricket—which I have always held to be, in theory, the most unjust and fortuitous of games. You step to the wicket, you have only a single chance; the boldest and most patient man may make one mistake at the outset, and his innings is over; the timid, tremulous player may by undeserved good luck contrive to keep his wicket up, till his heart has got into the right place and his eye has wriggled straight and he is set.

That is the first horrible fact about life—that carelessness is often not penalised at all, whereas sometimes it is instantly and fiercely penalised. One boy at school may break every law, human and divine, and go out into the world unblemished. Another timid and good-natured child may make a false step, and be sent off into life with a permanent cloud over him. School life often emphasises the injustice of the world instead of trying to counteract it. Schoolmasters tend to hustle the weak rather than to curb the strong.

And then we pass into the larger world, and what do we see? A sad confusion everywhere. We see an innocent and beautiful girl struck down by a long and painful disease—a punishment perhaps appropriate to some robust and hoary sinner, who has gathered forbidden fruit with both his hands, and the juices of which go down to the skirts of his clothing; or a brave and virtuous man, with a wife and children dependent on him, needed if ever man was, kind, beneficent, strong, is struck down out of life in a moment. On the other hand, we see a mean and cautious sinner, with no touch of unselfishness and affection, guarded and secured in material contentment. Let anyone run over in his mind the memories of his own circle, fill up the gaps, and ask himself bravely and frankly whether he can trace a wise and honest and beneficent design all through. He may try to console himself by saying that the disasters of good people, after all, are the exceptions, and that, as a rule, courage and purity of heart are rewarded, while cowardice and filthiness are punished. But what room is there for exceptions in a world governed by a God whom we must believe to be all-powerful, all-just, and all-loving? It is the wilful sin of man, says the moralist, that has brought these hard things upon him. But that is no answer, for the dark shadow lies as sombrely over irre-

sponsible nature, which groans over undeserved suffering. And then, to make the shadow darker still, we have all the same love of life, the same inalienable sense of our right to happiness, the same inheritance of love. If we could but see that in the end pain and loss would be blest, there is nothing that we would not gladly bear. Yet that sight, too, is denied us.

And yet we live, and laugh, and hope, and forget. We take our fill of tranquil days and pleasant companies, though for some of us the thought that it is all passing, passing even while we lean towards it smiling, touches the very sunlight with pain. "How morbid, how self-tormenting!" says the prudent friend, if such thoughts escape us. "Why not enjoy the delight and bear the pain? That is life; we cannot alter it." But not on such terms can I, for one, live. To know, to have some assurance—that is the one and only thing that matters at all. For if I once believed that God were careless, or indifferent, or impotent, I would fly from life as an accursed thing; whereas I would give all the peace, and joy, and contentment, that may yet await me upon earth, and take up cheerfully the heaviest burden that could be devised of darkness and pain, if I could be sure of an after-life that will give us all the unclouded serenity, and strength, and love, for which we crave every moment. Sometimes, in a time of strength and calm weather when the sun is bright and the friend I love is with me, and the scent of the hyacinths blows from the wood, I have no doubt of the love and tenderness of God; and, again, when I wake in the dreadful dawn to the sharp horror of the thought that one I love is suffering and crying out in pain and drifting on to death, the beauty of the world, the familiar scene, is full of a hateful and atrocious insolence of grace and sweetness; and then I feel that we are all perhaps in the grip of some relentless and inscrutable law that has no care for our happiness or peace at all, and works blindly and furiously in the darkness, bespattering some with woe and others with joy. Those are the blackest and most horrible moments of life; and yet even so we live on.

As I write at my ease I see the velvety grass green on the rich pasture; the tall spires of the chestnut perch, and poise and sway in the sun; a thrush sings hidden in the orchard; it is all caressingly, enchantingly beautiful, and I am well content to be alive. Looking backwards, I discern that I have had my share, and more than my share, of good things. But they are over; they are mine no longer. And even as I think the thought, the old church clock across the fields tells out another hour that is fallen softly into the glimmering past. If I could discern any strength or patience won from hours of pain and sorrow it would be easier; but the memory of pain makes me dread pain the more, the thought of past sorrow makes future sorrow still more black. I would rather have strength than tranquillity, when all is done; but life has rather taught me my weakness, and struck the garland out of my reluctant hand.

To-day I have been riding quietly among fields deep with buttercups and fringed by clear, slow streams. The trees are in full spring leaf, only the oaks and walnuts a little belated, unfurling their rusty-red fronds. A waft of rich scent comes from a hawthorn-hedge where a hidden cuckoo flutes; or just where the lane turns by the old water-mill, which throbs and grumbles with the moving gear, a great lilac-bush leans out of a garden and fills the air with perfume. Yet, as I go, I am filled with a heavy anxiety, which plays with my sick heart as a cat plays with a mouse, letting it run a little in the sun and then pouncing upon it in terror and dismay. The beautiful sounds and sights round me—the sight of the quiet, leisurely people I meet—ought, one would think, to soothe and calm the unquiet heart. But they do not; they rather seem to mock and flout me with a savage insolence of in-

different welfare. My thoughts go back, I do not know why, to an old house where I spent many happy days, now in the hands of strangers. I remember sitting, one of a silent and happy party, on a terrace in the dusk of a warm summer night, and how one of those present called to the owls that were hooting in the hanging wood above the house, so that they drew near in answer to the call, flying noiselessly and suddenly uttering their plaintive notes from the heart of the great chestnut on the lawn. Below I can see the dewy glimmering fields, the lights of the little port, the pale sea-line. It seems now all impossibly beautiful and tranquil; but I know that even then it was often marred by disappointments, and troubles, and fears. Little anxieties that have all melted softly into the past, that were easily enough borne, when it came to the point, yet, looming up as they did in the future, filled the days with the shadow of fear. That is the phantom that one ought to lay, if it can be laid. And is there hidden somewhere any well of healing, any pure source of strength and refreshment from which we can drink and be calm and brave? That is a question which each has to answer for himself. For myself, I can only say that strength was sometimes given, sometimes denied. How foolish to be anxious! Yes, but how inevitable! If the beauty and the joy of the world gave one assurance in dark hours that all was certainly well, the pilgrimage would be an easy one. But can one be optimistic by resolving to be? One can, of course, control oneself, one can let no murmur of pain escape one, one can even enunciate deep and courageous maxims, because one would not trouble the peace of others, waiting patiently till the golden mood returns. But what if the desolate conviction forces itself upon the mind that sorrow is the truer thing? What if one tests one's own experience, and sees that, under the pressure of sorrow, one after another of the world's lights are extinguished, health and peace and beauty and delight, till one asks oneself whether sorrow is not perhaps the truest and most actual thing of all? That is the ghastliest of moments when everything drops from us but fear and horror, when we think that we have indeed found truth at last, and that the answer to Pilate's bitter question is that pain is the nearest thing to truth because it is the strongest. If I felt that, says the reluctant heart, I should abandon myself to despair. No, says sterner reason, you would bear it, because you cannot escape from it. Into whatever depths of despair you fell, you would still be upheld by the law that bids you be.

Where, then, is the hope to be found? Is it here? One is tempted to think of God through human analogies and symbols. We think of Him as of a potter moulding the clay to his will; as of a statesman that sways a state; as of an artist that traces a fair design. But all similitudes and comparisons break down, for no man can make anything; he can but modify matter to his ends, and when he fails, it is because of some natural law that cuts across his design and thwarts him relentlessly. But the essence of God's omnipotence is that both law and matter are His and originate from Him; so that, if a single fibre of what we know to be evil can be found in the world, either God is responsible for that, or He is dealing with something He did not originate and cannot overcome. Nothing can extricate us from this dilemma, except the belief that what we think evil is not really evil at all, but hidden good; and thus we have firm ground under our feet at last, and can begin to climb out of the abyss. And then we feel in our own hearts how indomitable is our sense of our right to happiness, how unconquerable our hope; how swiftly we forget unhappiness; how firmly we remember joy; and then we see that the one absolutely permanent and vital power in the world is the power of love, which wins victories over every evil we can name; and if it is

so plain that love is the one essential and triumphant force in the world, it must be the very heartbeat of God; till we feel that when soon or late the day comes for us when our swimming eyes discern ever more faintly the awestruck pitying faces round us, and the senses give up their powers one by one, and the tides of death creep on us, and the daylight dies—that even so we shall find that love awaiting us in the region to which the noblest and bravest and purest, as well as the vilest and most timid and most soiled, have gone.

This, then, is the only optimism that is worth the name; not the feeble optimism that brushes away the darker side of life impatiently and fretfully, but the optimism that dares to look boldly into the fiercest miseries of the human spirit, and to come back, as Perseus came, pale and smoke-stained, from the dim underworld, and say that there is yet hope brightening on the verge of the gloom.

What one desires, then, is an optimism which arises from taking a wide view of things as they are, and taking the worst side into account, not an optimism which is only made possible by wearing blinkers. I was reading a day or two ago a suggestive and brilliant book by one of our most prolific critics, Mr. Chesterton, on the subject of Dickens. Mr. Chesterton is of opinion that our modern tendency to pessimism results from our inveterate realism. Contrasting modern fictions with the old heroic stories, he says that we take some indecisive clerk for the subject of a story, and call the weak-kneed cad "the hero." He seems to think that we ought to take a larger and more robust view of human possibilities, and keep our eyes more steadily fixed upon more vigorous and generous characters. But the result of this is the ugly and unphilosophical kind of optimism, after all, that calls upon God to despise the work of His own hands, that turns upon all that is feeble and unsightly and vulgar with anger and disdain, like the man in the parable who took advantage of his being forgiven a great debt to exact a tiny one. The tragedy is that the knock-kneed clerk is all in all to himself. In clear-sighted and imaginative moments he may realise in a sudden flash of horrible insight that he is so far from being what he would desire to be, so unheroic, so loosely strung, so deplorable—and yet that he can do so little to bridge the gap. The only method of manufacturing heroes is to encourage people to believe in themselves and their possibilities, to assure them that they are, indeed, dear to God; not to reveal relentlessly to them their essential lowness and shabbiness. It is not the clerk's fault that his mind is sordid and weak, and that his knees knock together; and no optimism is worth the name that has not a glorious message for the vilest.

Or, again, it is possible to arrive at a working optimism by taking a very dismal view of everything. There is a story of an old Calvinist minister whose daughter lay dying, far away, of a painful disease, who wrote her a letter of consolation, closing with the words "Remember, dear daughter, that all short of hell is mercy." Of course if one can take so richly decisive a view of the Creator's purpose for his creatures, and look upon hell as the normal destination from which a few, by the overpowering condescension of God, are saved and separated, one might find matter of joy in discovering one soul in a thousand who was judged worthy of salvation. But this again is a clouded view, because it takes no account of the profound and universal preference for happiness in the human heart, and erects the horrible ideal of a Creator who deliberately condemns the vast mass of His creatures to a fate which He has no less deliberately created them to abhor and dread.

Our main temptation, after all, lies in the fact that we are so impatient of any delay or any uneasiness. We are like the child who, when first confronted with suffering, cannot bear to believe in its existence, and who, if it

is prolonged, cannot believe in the existence of anything else. What we have rather to do is to face the problem strongly and courageously, to take into account the worst and feeblest possibilities of our nature, and yet not to overlook the fact that the worst and lowest specimen of humanity has a dim inkling of something higher and happier, to which he would attain if he knew how.

I had a little object-lesson a few days ago in the subject. It was a Bank Holiday, and I walked pensively about the outskirts of a big town. The streets were crowded with people of all sorts and sizes. I confess that a profound melancholy was induced in me by the spectacle of the young of both sexes. They were enjoying themselves, it is true, with all their might; and I could not help wondering why, as a rule, they should enjoy themselves so offensively. The girls walked about, tittering and ogling, the young men were noisy, selfish, ill-mannered, enjoying nothing so much as the discomfiture of any passer-by. They pushed each other into ditches, they tripped up a friend who passed on a bicycle, and all roared in concert at the rueful way in which he surveyed a muddy coat and torn trousers. There seemed to be not the slightest idea among them of contributing to each others' pleasure. The point was to be amused at the expense of another, and to be securely obstreperous.

But among these there were lovers walking, faint and pale with mutual admiration; a young couple led along a hideous over-dressed child, and had no eyes for anything except its clumsy movements and fatuous questions. Or an elderly couple strolled along, pleased and contented, with a married son and daughter. The cure of the vile mirth of youth seemed after all to be love and the anxious care of other lives.

And thus indeed a gentle optimism did emerge, after all, from the tangle. I felt that it was strange that there should be so much to breed dissatisfaction. I struck out of the town, and soon was passing a mill in broad water-meadows, overhung by great elms; the grass was golden with buttercups, the foliage was rich upon the trees. The water bubbled pleasantly in the great pool, and an old house thrust a pretty gable out over lilacs clubbed with purple bloom. The beauty of the place was put to my lips, like a cup of the waters of comfort. The sadness was the drift of human life out of sweet places such as this, into the town that overflowed the meadows with its rows of mean houses, where the railway station, with its rows of stained trucks, its cindery floor, its smoking engines, buzzed and roared with life.

But the pessimism of one who sees the simple life fading out, the ancient quietude invaded, the country caught in the feelers of the town, is not a real pessimism at all; or rather it is a pessimism which results from a deficiency of imagination, and is only a matter of personal taste, perhaps of personal belatedness. Twelve generations of my own family lived and died as Yorkshire yeoman-farmers, and my own preference is probably a matter of instinctive inheritance. The point is not what a few philosophers happen to like, but what humanity likes, and what it is happiest in liking. I should have but small confidence in the Power that rules the world if I did not believe that the vast social development of Europe, its civilisation, its network of communications, its bustle, its tenser living, its love of social excitement was not all part of a great design. I do not believe that humanity is perversely astray, hurrying to destruction. I believe rather that it is working out the possibilities that lie within it; and if human beings had been framed to live quiet pastoral lives, they would be living them still. The one question for the would-be optimist is whether humanity is growing nobler, wiser, more unselfish; and of that I have no doubt whatever. The sense of equality, of the rights of the weak, compassion, brotherliness, benevolence are living ideas, throbbing with

life: the growth of the power of democracy, much as it may tend to inconvenience one personally, is an entirely hopeful and desirable thing; and if a man is disposed to pessimism, he ought to ask himself seriously to what extent his pessimism is conditioned by his own individual prospect of happiness. It is quite possible to conceive of a man without any hope of personal immortality, or the continuance of individual identity, whose future might be clouded, say, by his being the victim of a painful and incurable disease, and who yet might be a thoroughgoing optimist with regard to the future of humanity.

Nothing in the world could be so indicative of the rise in the moral and emotional temperature of the world as the fact that men are increasingly disposed to sacrifice their own ambitions and their own comfort for the sake of others, and are willing to suffer, if the happiness of the race may be increased; and much of the pessimism that prevails is the pessimism of egotists and individualists, who feel no interest in the rising tide, because it does not promise to themselves any increase in personal satisfaction. No man can possibly hold the continuance of personal identity to be an indisputable fact, because there is nothing in the way of direct evidence on the subject, and indeed all the evidence that exists is rather against the belief than for it. The belief is in reality based upon nothing but instinct and desire, and the impossibility of conceiving of life as existing apart from one's own perception. But even if a man does not believe it as in any sense a certainty, he may cherish a hope that it is true, and he may be generously and sincerely grateful for having been allowed to taste, through the medium of personal consciousness, the marvellous experience of the beauty and interest of life, its emotions, its relationships, its infinite yearnings, even though the curtain may descend upon his own consciousness of it, and he himself may become as though he had never been, his vitality blended afresh in the vitality of the world just as the body of his life, so near to him, so seemingly his own, will undoubtedly be fused and blent afresh in the sum of matter. A man, even though racked with pain and tortured with anxiety, may deliberately and resolutely throw himself into sympathy with the mighty will of God, and cherish this noble and awe-inspiring thought, the thought of the onward march of humanity—righting wrongs, amending errors, fighting patiently against pain and evil, until perhaps, far off and incredibly remote, our successors and descendants, linked indeed with us in body and soul alike, may enjoy that peace and tranquillity, that harmony of soul, which we ourselves can only momentarily and transitorily obtain.

The subject of Mr. Benson's April essay will be "Our Lack of Great Men."

DOMINION: A TALE OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By ALEXANDER GLOVATSKI

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH BY JEREMIAH CURTIN

HOW vain are the hopes of man face to face with the order of the universe! How vain are those hopes when opposed to decrees written in characters of fire on the heavens by Him who existed before the ages!

Rameses, the mighty ruler of Egypt, was nearing his end at the age of one hundred. In the breast of that potentate before whose voice millions had trembled during half a century rose something which stifled and oppressed him, which sucked blood from his heart, strength from his arm, and at moments even consciousness from his brain. The great Pharaoh lay prostrate like a fallen cedar. He was stretched on the skin of an Indian tiger, his feet covered with a triumphal robe of the King of the Ethiopians. But stern even to himself, he summoned the wisest physician from the temple of Karnak, and said to him:

"I know that thou art skilled in strong remedies which either kill or cure straightway. Prepare for me one of these and let my illness be ended."

The physician hesitated. "Think, Rameses," whispered he, "since the moment of thy descent from the heights of heaven the Nile has overflowed one hundred times. Dare I then give thee a remedy which might kill even the youngest of thy warriors?"

Rameses sat up on the couch. "It must be that I am very ill," cried he, "since thou, O priest, art so bold as to give me counsel. Be silent; obey my commands! Horus, my grandson and heir, is thirty years old. The ruler of Egypt must be able to ride in a chariot and hurl a lance."

When the priest gave the terrible remedy, his hand trembled. Rameses swallowed the draught as a thirsty man swallows a goblet of water. Then he summoned the greatest astrologer in Memphis and commanded him to declare truth and tell what the stars above indicated.

"Horka* is in conjunction with the moon," said the sage; "that forebodes death to a member of thy dynasty, O Rameses! Thou hast done ill to swallow that draught; the plans of men are as naught before decrees written on the sky by Him who existed when time was not."

"The stars have foretold my death, but when may it come?" asked Rameses, as he turned to the physician

"Before sunrise, O Rameses! either thou wilt be as robust as a rhinoceros, or thy sacred ring will be on the finger of Horus."

"Conduct Horus to the hall of the Pharaohs," said Rameses in a voice now decreasing. "Let him wait there for my final words and the ring, so that there shall be no intermission in the working of sovereignty."

*Saturn.

Horus fell to weeping; his heart was filled with pity in view of the coming death of his grandfather. But since no break was permitted in the exercise of power, he went to the hall of the Pharaohs attended by a numerous retinue. He took his seat on a terrace, the marble steps of which descended to the river, and, filled with undefined sadness, gazed at the places in front of him and on each side. Just then the moon shone on the coppery water of the Nile, the fields and the gardens; it gave shadows to the gigantic pyramids, and for miles upon miles filled with light the whole valley. Near the moon glowed Saturn, the star of great omen. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, lamps were still burning in cottages and great buildings. People were going from their houses into the open air. Upon the Nile boats were moving as close to one another as during a festival. In the palm groves at the edge of the water, in the market-places, on the streets and near the palace of Rameses, a countless throng was pushing forward. But still there was such quiet that the rustle of water reeds reached Horus, and also the complaining howls of hyenas seeking their prey on the edge of the desert.

"Why do the people assemble in such numbers?" inquired the prince of a courtier, indicating the immense expanse of human heads before him.

"They wish to greet in thee, lord, the new Pharaoh, and to hear from thy lips of benefactions prepared for them."

At that moment the pride of greatness struck the heart of the prince for the first time.

"But those lights over there—what do they signify?" inquired Horus.

"The priests have gone to the grave of thy mother, Zefora, to bring her remains to the tombs of the Pharaohs."

In the heart of Horus grief sprang up anew for his mother, whose remains, because of her kindness to slaves, had been buried among slaves by the unrelenting Rameses.

"I hear the neighing of horses," said Horus as he listened; "who is riding at this hour?"

"The Chancellor, Lord, has commanded that.couriers be in readiness to bring home thy teacher."

Horus groaned at remembrance of Yetron, his teacher and friend, whom Rameses had driven from the country because he had engrafted into the soul of the Pharaoh's grandson and heir an aversion to war and pity for the downtrodden.

"But that light on the other bank of the Nile?"

"With that light, O Horus, the faithful Bernice congratulates thee from her narrow prison. The High Priest has sent a barge of the Pharaoh to bring her. When the sacred ring glitters on thy hand, the heavy doors of her dungeon will open; then she, the grieved and the loving one, will return to thee."

When he heard these words Horus covered his eyes with his hand and groaned with sudden pain.

"What ails thee, O Horus?"

"A bee has stung me in the foot," said the Prince, whose face had grown pale upon the instant.

The courtier by the greenish light of the moon examined his foot.

"Thank Osiris that this is not the bite of a spider, which is deadly at this season. O how vain are hopes in the face of decrees which no one can cancel!"

At that moment the commander of the army came, and said, as he bent before Horus:

"Great Rameses feels that his body is growing cold, and has sent me hither. 'Go to Horus,' said the Pharaoh; 'my time in this world is not long; accomplish his will as thou wouldst mine. Should he command thee to yield Upper Egypt to the Ethiopians and conclude a brotherly treaty with those enemies, obey him when thou seest my ring on his hand, for the undying Osiris speaks through the lips of rulers.' "

"I will not give Egypt to Ethi-

opians," said Horus, "but I will conclude peace because I grieve for the blood of my people. Write thou straightway an edict, and keep mounted couriers in readiness, so that when the first fires in my honor flash up, these couriers may fly toward the Southern sun and take pardon to the Ethiopians. Write thou still another edict that from this hour till the end of time, not a tongue shall be torn from the mouth of a prisoner taken on the field of battle. Thus have I spoken."

The commander fell on his face and withdrew to write the edict. The prince instructed the courtier to examine his foot again, for it pained him intensely.

"Thy foot is swollen a little; but what would have happened if instead of a bee a spider had stung thee?"

Now the Chancellor of State came and said, as he bent before the prince, profoundly. "The mighty Rameses, knowing that his sight is growing clouded, has sent me with an order. 'Go to Horus,' said he, 'and accomplish his will with exactness, even should he command thee to free slaves from their chains, or present the people with all the land of Egypt. Obey when thou shalt see my sacred ring on his finger; the immortal Osiris speaks through the lips of rulers.'"

"My heart does not go out that far," replied Horus, "but write me an edict immediately, that taxes and rents shall be diminished, that captives shall have three days a week free from labor, and without the decision of a court they shall not be beaten on their backs with sticks. And write still another edict, recalling from captivity my tutor Yetron, who is the wisest and noblest among Egyptians. I have spoken."

The Chancellor fell on his face, but before he could withdraw to write these edicts, the High Priest appeared.

"Horus," said he, "the great Rameses may go to the Western World any moment, and Osiris is weighing his heart on the scales without error. When the sacred ring of the Pharaohs shall glitter on thy finger, command and I will obey, even shouldst thou wish to overturn the great temple of Ammon, for it is through the lips of rulers that the undying Osiris communicates with mankind."

"I will not destroy but rear temples and increase the treasure of priests," replied Horus. "I ask thee only to write an edict touching the solemn transfer of my mother, Zefora, to the tombs of the Pharaohs, and another edict to liberate the beloved Bernice from her stifling prison. I have spoken."

"Thou beginnest wisely," answered the High Priest." All is ready for thy orders, and I will sign the edicts the moment thou touchest them with the ring of the Pharaohs. I will light this lamp here that it may announce to the people thy grace, and freedom, and thy love for Bernice."

The wisest physician of Karnak spoke now. "Horus," said he, "thy pallor does not astonish me, for thy grandfather is expiring; he could not endure the great strength of the remedy which I was unwilling to give him, but the substitute of the High Priest remains near his person, so that when the Pharaoh dies the priest will take the sacred ring from his finger and deliver it to thee in sign of thy unlimited dominion. "But thou art growing paler and paler!"

"Examine my foot," groaned Horus and he dropped to the golden chair, the arms of which were carved in the semblance of falcon heads.

The physician knelt down, examined his foot and started back terrified. "Horus," whispered he, "a spider has bitten thee, a spider of great venom."

"Must I die at a moment like this?" inquired Horus in a voice hardly audible. And then he added: "Will that happen quickly? Tell the truth."

"Before the moon hides behind the palm tree in front of us."

"Ah! is that true? But Rameses—has he long to live?"

"Do I know? Perhaps they are bearing his ring to thee now."

That instant the minister entered with the edicts.

"Chancellor," cried Horus, seizing him by the hand, "were I to die immediately, wouldst thou execute what I order?"

"Live, Horus, to the age of Rameses," replied the Chancellor, "but even wert thou to stand before Osiris one moment later than thy grandfather, every edict of thine would be executed if thou hadst touched it with the sacred ring of the Pharaohs."

"With the ring," replied Horus; "but where is it?"

"One of the courtiers has just told me," whispered the commander of the army, "that the great Rameses is now breathing his last."

"I have sent to my substitute," added the High Priest, "so that the first moment after the heart of Rameses stops beating he will remove the ring from the Pharaoh's finger."

"I thank thee," said Horus. "I grieve, O how I grieve! but still I shall not die altogether. There will be blessings behind me, and peace, and the happiness of people, and my Bernice will enjoy freedom. Have I long yet to live?" he inquired of the physician.

"Death is one thousand steps of a warrior's march from thee," answered the physician with sadness.

"Do ye hear nothing? Is no one coming?" inquired Horus.

Silence. The moon was approaching the palm and had now touched the leaves of it; the fine sand sounded almost audibly in the hour-glass.

"Eight hundred steps," said the physician. "I know not, Horus, whether thou wilt be able to touch all the edicts with the sacred ring, even were they to bring it this moment."

"Give me the edicts," said the prince, listening to hear some one running from the chamber of Rameses, "and thou, O priest! tell how much life remains, so that I may confirm at least the edicts which are dearest."

"Six hundred steps," whispered the physician.

The edict for decreasing the rents and the labor of captives dropped from the hands of the sufferer.

"Five hundred."

The edict making peace with the Ethiopians slipped from the knees of Prince Horus.

"Is no one coming?"

"Four hundred."

Horus recollected himself, and the command for transferring the remains of Zefora fell now to the pavement.

"Three hundred."

The same fate met the edict recalling Yetron from exile.

"Two hundred."

The lips of Horus grew blue, his cramping hand threw to the pavement the edict forbidding the tearing of tongues from captives taken in battle.

Now there remained only the edict to free Bernice. Amid a silence like that of the grave was heard the clatter of sandals; into the hall rushed the High Priest's assistant. Horus extended his hand to him.

"A miracle!" exclaimed the assistant; "the great Rameses has recovered. He rose from his couch in good health, and is going out to hunt lions at sunrise. He invites thee, O Horus! as a sign of his favor to hunt with him."

Horus gazed with quenching eye across the Nile to the point where light was gleaming in the prison of Bernice, and two bloody tears rolled down his visage.

"Dost thou not answer, O Horus?" inquired the astonished assistant.

"Seest thou not that he is dead?" said the wisest physician in Karnak. "Behold, then, how vain are the hopes of man face to face with edicts written on the heavens in letters of fire by Him who existed before the ages!"

INLAND WATERWAYS

By HERBERT QUICK

MR. QUICK'S first article, appearing in the January *Reader* under the title "The Grand Strategy of Trade," calls the attention of the country to the imminent necessity for the United States to place itself on an equal footing with foreign nations in the struggle for commercial supremacy. The warfare of the future is to be the competition for supremacy in carrying to the ends of the earth things to feed, shelter and clothe mankind. Nay, this is the warfare of to-day. In the last analysis the victors must be the people with the most productive soil, the greatest national energy, the best system of industrial education, the deepest and safest harbors, the best and cheapest transportation, and the wisest conservation of natural resources.

Thus far, Americans have been loth to admit that any other nation can beat us at anything. We must admit it now. In all the European countries men of science are working in double harness with men of capital, and their inventions are revolutionizing industries. We must learn as they learn. We have fertile soil and busy workshops, but what we make of these must depend on our ability to furnish the proper means of transportation for our products.

For transportation is production. Like taxes, it mingles with the cost of goods in every step of their making. Against nations having such "tools of production" as cheap freight canals at command, the United States is pitted in the war of competition—we who have the best system of inland waterways in the world, *if we would only develop them.* True, the competitors mentioned are across the sea, but so is the trade sought. For the man who wishes an instance nearer home, Mr. Quick points to Canada. She has the great St. Lawrence roadway between the Atlantic and the continent's heart. It is her great national asset, and more than anything else gives Canada a dominating position on this continent.

The commerce of New York is destined to be drawn off from the rear. Not only New York, but Chicago, Duluth, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Milwaukee and their sister cities may well ask themselves how they would like to be placed in the predicament in which Cincinnati and Louisville found themselves when the mouth of the Mississippi was closed. Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, and the Canadian ports must hold the whip hand when they can call upon their government to give it to them.

New York has chosen a shallow and wide canal for barges rather than a ship canal. At any rate she has blocked ship-canal construction by way of the Hudson effectively, it would seem. But is the nation at large to neglect its interests along other routes? To do so appears the essence of fatuousness.

In the *Reader* for February, Mr. Quick's second article, "Bringing the Sea to the Farms," advocates "slicing off the eastern third of North America and making a new seaboard three thousand three hundred miles long, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence." In order to perfect a permanent and adequate system of waterways the plan adopted must be comprehensive and continental in

scope. Our railways have built with no comprehensive plan—with no plan at all. The adaptation of our natural waterways must be prosecuted along a design which overpasses national lines, ignores artificial trammels and regards North America as a unit.

Is there any natural and dominating artery in the drainage of the continent, the magnitude and extent of which marks it as the inevitable centre of any system we may adopt? The answer of every man with a map of the continent in his mind is that there is such a waterway, and that it is the Mississippi River. This is the nation's great asset in inland navigation. It must be the keystone of the arch of our waterways system, the backbone which must uphold our perfected transportation plan, the aorta of our ideal traffic-circulation.

The highest estimate ever advanced for a thirty-foot channel from the Gulf to the Lakes is $345,000,000, and this must be fully fifty per cent. over the mark. Will it pay? This, with many, is the sole question. What shall we get for our money if we spend $200,000,000 to bring the ocean to the farm? Five billion dollars *must* be spent within a few years on transportation account, in any case; for our congested railway conditions must be remedied. Slicing the continent through from Quebec to New Orleans with a new seaboard would cut through the congested freight-yards like a surgeon's knife through a tumor, and extend its direct influence to every city from which traffic might be billed up or down the new navigation. Southern cotton, lumber and coal under the new rates would find their market enlarged many fold, and Northern corn, hay and wheat would reach cheaply a hundred Southern cities now suffering for them. Our Great Lake ships would pass out into the Gulf, restore to the salt seas our merchant marine and earn profits during winters now spent in idleness. The seaboard, instead of being at New York or Galveston, would be at Chicago, St. Louis or Memphis. The long haul would cease. The South Dakota farmer now pays from his best primary wheat markets $4.75 a ton to have his crop hauled to Chicago, 775 miles. With the Missouri developed as a feeder for the great North-and-South Waterway, he might then ship it to St. Louis or Chicago for seventy cents, saving four dollars, and his land would be worth more by two dollars or so an acre per year. On the Ohio and Monongahela a ton of freight now goes a thousand miles for seventy-six cents and between Louisville and New Orleans for even less. Some fifty-one million tons of freight went through the Soo Canal last year at about four-fifths of a mill per ton-mile. If this had been carried at the average railroad charge of three quarters of a cent a ton-mile, it is reckoned that the charge would have been $25,000,000 more. Compare wheat rates by rail with wheat rates by water. From Eureka (South Dakota) to Chicago, wheat has a rail rate of $4.70 a ton; from Chicago to Buffalo, a distance greater by 175 miles, the charge is forty-one cents a ton.

The advantage of a complete canal system is obvious. Its effects would extend over areas that dwarf the radius of action of the Soo Canal. Consider the billion acres of the Mississippi Valley and the basin of the Great Lakes. The disadvantage of remoteness from the sea under which this great region suffers would be wiped out by the great North-and-South Waterway, which could be paid for by a tax of ten cents an acre, and would return many times as much in savings.

Such are Mr. Quick's arguments in the two papers on this subject which have appeared in the *Reader*.

THE EDITORS.

III.—THE RAILWAYS AND THE WATERWAYS

OUR first national impulse to solve the modern transportation problem brought a clash between railways and canals. It was on July the Fourth, 1828, that the fight began. On that day, with imposing ceremony, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, "laid the corner-stone" of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway at Baltimore—the new road to the West. While he was thus marking an epoch, President John Quincy Adams at Washington was "celebrating" by moving the first earth for the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. Everything went off smoothly at the railway function; but, ominously enough, when the President—in ruffled shirt and knee-breeches—shoved in his spade it struck a root and spilled. Again he essayed to lift the earth, and again the obstacle balked his design. Then he took off his coat, spat on his hands, it is said, and moved the "dirt."

The two projects went to the mat instanter in a wrestle over right-of-way. Here as in England, it was war to the knife between railways and canals. And it was in the canal business always that the spade struck the root. Our first few thousand miles spilled from our shovels under the shock of railway resistance. In such works as those at Suez, Manchester, in the Low Countries, in Germany, and on the Sault Ste. Marie the canal business rallied. Then the Presidency—embodied in Roosevelt—took off its coat, and moistened its hands for the great spadeful at Panama, and is now moving on to the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway job, and to others. But the relations between railway and waterway are not yet settled in the public mind, in the railway mind, or in the legislative mind. Until they are settled, no comprehensive scheme of transportation development is complete.

The most pithy thing said at the Rivers and Harbors Congress of 1907 was a remark of James J. Hill on the relation between depth of channel and ability of waterways to live against railway competition. "No vessel of one thousand tons burden," said he, in effect, "can compete with a box car. With ten thousand tons burden the problem is mastered. A fifteen-foot channel at least is needed" (in the Mississippi), "and eighteen feet would be twice as good." The Georgian Bay Ship Canal promoters say: "Any waterway which does not admit of steamers passing directly between lake ports and the seaboard is not likely to prove a successful competitor of the railroads; and any material reduction in transportation rates can only be obtained by constructing waterways on which quick trips can be made and all unnecessary transfer and terminal charges eliminated."

The decline of trade on the Erie Canal, and the failure of the Canadian channel from Lake Erie to Montreal with its fourteen-foot depth and its short locks, indicate that no navigation which cannot accommodate boats like the best type of lake freighter, with its fifty-five-foot beam, its eighteen feet of draft, and its length of six hundred, can take enough freight from the railways to modify existing conditions materially—not even by "potential water competition." But it is manifestly impossible to gridiron the continent with canals and waterways twenty feet in depth or even half that. Such dimensions are for trunk lines only, like the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway. The complete system of waterways which we must eventually have, if we are to compete with the nations which have them, must consist mainly of barge canals and the shallower rivers. Financial and engineering considerations coincide in establishing this limitation. In the main we shall have to use waterways less than ten feet in depth, or we shall be obliged

to go without them. If it be true that the railways have it in their power to put out of business any waterway which is too shallow for a vessel of ten thousand tons, what becomes of all the schemes for nine, eight, six, and even less depths? On this hangs the whole situation.

That the railway has it in its power to destroy the trade of ordinary waterways has been shown wherever they have been permitted to fight the battle out. The unimproved Mississippi, the natural Missouri, the Erie Canal, four thousand miles of other American canals, the British canals, and, indeed, the rivers and canals of every European country except Holland, have shown themselves unable to hold their own unaided against the railways.

The water carries freight more cheaply; but, under normal conditions, the railway delivers it more quickly. The boat is confined to routes where water runs or is made to run; but the railway climbs hills, skirts mountains, tunnels ridges, and goes everywhere. The waterway is passive, lying in readiness to receive freight, but making no effort to get it, sending out no solicitors, pulling no traffic wires; but the railway is active, pervading the business life of the community, looking out for itself, doing favors, cutting to the bone in the waterway's narrower field, and making its losses up on something else. Each boat on the waterway bids against every other boat, and thus the waterway competes with itself as well as with the railway, makes no money, accumulates no war chest, gathers up no surplus, plans no strategy; but the railway does all these things, while it does not compete with itself, or to any great extent with its fellow railway lines. The waterway is a logy animal of almost incalculable strength, but of low organism, and unprovided with brains; the railway is highly organized, efficient in brain, and knows just how to bring its strength to bear on its antagonist's weaknesses and limitations. The canal or river is the powerful ruminant, carrying great loads, useful, patient, defenceless; the railway is the sharp-toothed wolf-pack that hamstrings and drags it down. The waterway "receives" tonnage merely, to be delivered at the dock; but the railway invades the shippers' private offices and makes it an object to them to enter into exclusive shipping contracts—and in many ways it can penalize the shipper who uses the waterway. For the railways go everywhere, and every shipper to some extent has to use them and is at the railway's mercy. To build waterways and leave them unprotected is merely to throw money away—after the millions and millions already thrown away in the same manner. One might as well turn loose a herd of giraffes in Ohio or Illinois expecting them to breed and fill the land. The waterway is big game, and like other big game it must be protected, or modern high-power guns, such as the railways know so well how to use, will surely exterminate it.

And yet the railways should not desire the extinction of water-borne traffic. All over the world they have extinguished it so far as possible, but there is no basic intelligent reason for their antagonism. Of surface, short-sighted reason there is plenty. Waterways regulate and control rates on competing railways: but at the same time they powerfully promote the prosperity of the very roads with which they compete. Paradoxical as this may sound, to railway men especially, the transportation specialist (which the average railway man is not) knows that this is true, and understands the reason.

Competing with American railways are some of the most flourishing lines of water traffic known; but does anyone recall a case where the railway has been injured by it, even when the water-traffic has increased? Take the New York Central and connecting lines to Chicago, for instance. It has intense water-competition all the way, and it has had to build four tracks to take care of its tonnage. It

MORRIS AND ESSEX CANAL, AT WATERLOO, NEW JERSEY

A type of the old-fashioned canal of which a railway has acquired control in order to put it out of business

is one of the most prosperous lines in America. The most prosperous railway in New England competes with Long Island Sound, one of our greatest inland waterways. The Atlantic coast lines compete with the Atlantic Ocean. The Illinois Central competes with the Mississippi for a thousand miles; and all over the South, where river navigation really retains importance, almost every navigable stream is paralleled by flourishing railways.

But the most impressive illustrations of the basic harmony between the interests of the railways and those of the waterways are found in the experience of Europe. As a result of the canalization of the Elbe, river traffic increased fivefold, but the competing railways were not ruined. They paid greater dividends than ever—one of them sixteen per cent. The Main River has been canalized to Mayence. There is a railway on each bank. In ten years the river traffic grew more than tenfold, but the railways were not injured. Their trade on the banks of the same river doubled in the same time. The Northern Railway of France traverses a region where the canals are most numerous. Forty per cent of the boat capacity of the whole republic is in its trade territory. If canals could hurt a railway, this one would surely feel the injury; but, no matter how much other railways in France have been embarrassed, it has never been anything but prosperous. And America affords similar examples. In 1881 the Great Kanawha carried 9,628,606 tons of freight while the railways on its banks carried 6,631,660 tons. The river was improved, and in 1892, after several years of deeper water, the river traffic had grown to 26,787,888 tons, while the business of the railways had leaped to 30,844,100 tons.

The secret of the seeming paradox will be plain to him who will look at this matter of transportation as a unit, a related whole, a great inseparable job that the public must attend to; that some parts of the work are profitable, and some burdensome and of doubtful profit; and that

he who undertakes to do it all must take the fat with the lean, carry hay as well as silks, wheat as well as wine, coal with cigars, cement along with statues; and cotton, lumber, bricks and stone as well as coffee and spices. Some of these things have such values that they can stand high rates. The moving of a carload of coffee, spices, cigars and drugs may not cost the carrier a cent more than that of a carload of gravel; but the former can and does take a greatly higher rate. The gravel trade is a part of the big job of serving the people as a carrier. If people cannot get gravel and other heavy things they cannot build houses and there will be no demand for hardware and carpets and furniture. Let the hardware, carpets, furniture and the like pay enough, then, to make up for the unprofitable traffic supplied by the gravel business. Most of the practice of freight classification is concealed in this paragraph. The ore and wheat must be moved from the Duluth shipping district or there can be no population from which to collect freight on tonnage that pays. The breakdown of the railways comes from the fact that they are groaning under the bulky, heavy, cheap freight that under the German or French system would go by water, leaving the high-grade stuff which can pay a high rate to go by rail. The waterborne freight of the lakes is nine tenths grain products, iron ore, lumber and coal. The railway cars, which in the absence of waterways, would have this to carry, are set free to do business which pays better. The canals of New York carry freight which is one-fourth forest products worth about $11 a ton, one-fourth farm products worth $38 a ton, and only a fraction of one per cent merchandise, which averages $300 a ton. The railways which have the blessing of waterway "competition" are relieved of the burden of carrying this cheap freight which uses so much equipment and pays so little. Many years ago an English railway made an investigation to find out why it was unprosperous. It discovered that the management, in an endeavor to put out of business a competing canal, had been using fifty-eight per cent of its equipment to move bulky and low-grade commodities which paid only fourteen per cent of its revenues. Every railway that has no complementary waterway must be in somewhat the same situation.

One of our German Consuls-General, Mr. Mason, says in a report that German statesmanship was the first to foresee that in a fully-developed transportation system, the proper rôle of the railways would be to carry passengers and the higher classes of merchandise manufactured from the raw staples which the waterways had brought to their doors. The French view is identical. M. de Freycinet, when as a member of the French cabinet he had control of transportation affairs, said: "It is conceded that the waterways and railways are destined, not to supplant, but to supplement each other. Between the two, there is a natural division of traffic. To the waterways gravitate the heavy commodities of small value, which can only be transported where freights are low. . . . In procuring for manufactures cheap transportation for coal and raw materials, they create freights whose subsequent transportation gives profit to the railways." It is this "creation" of freights through her marvellous duplicate transportation system that fills Germany with great cities, and her competitors with alarm.

This principle by which the less profitable stuff sinks to the waterways and the cream rises to the railways, is conceded among statesmen and specialists to be a sound and controlling one; and European governments are acting upon it with vigor and enterprise. They are paralleling their government-owned railways with waterways, because they have found that railway carriage is too expensive for the heavy traffic upon which their industrial prosperity is founded. They feel that they must have water-

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IN A LOCK OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE ("SOO") CANAL

One of the leviathans of the Great Lakes on her way north for a cargo of iron ore

ways if they are to hold their own in the world's markets. They find that their waterways make their railways more profitable. They are acting as does the drayman, who, when he finds his business growing so as to include the moving of safes and structural iron, adds to his plant a team of huge percherons, and leaves the light work for his ponies. The railway's capacity, huge as it is, is as a pony to a draft-horse, compared with that of the waterway.

This division of traffic is a direct benefit to the railways; but there are greater indirect benefits from the double transportation system. All economically-justifiable transportation lines open opportunities and create traffic. The Cape of Good Hope traffic, so far from being crushed by the Suez Canal, is as large as ever. The Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway was built by the Ontario Government into a wilderness which seemed quite barren of tonnage; but it is already a paying line, with its string of flourishing towns. Cities make tonnage, and waterways make cities. The great metropolises of the world are built with reference to boats and ships. The Erie canal made Albany, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo; and its parallel railway reaps dollars from these water-made cities for every cent it may lose on canal freights, or lowered rates. The Soo Canal made the Duluth district by letting ore find coal by water. The railways could not have done this; but they profit by the enormous tonnage of high-class freight originated by the populations involved—freight which will scarcely ever seek water-transportation. Manchester, England, was a decadent city until her great ship canal brought the sea to her wharves; and the railways suffered from the conditions that caused idle factories, empty warehouses, stagnation. Since the completion of the canal the city has been revivified, its population has increased, a building boom has set in, and every railway running to the city has been obliged to enlarge its terminals to accommodate its trade. Railways cannot be prosperous in the

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THE NEW WELLAND CANAL NEAR THOROLD, ONTARIO, CANADA

Showing one of the twenty-five locks with which this canal is provided

absence of an energetic population engaged in productive enterprise; with such a population they can always make money.

The attitude of the railways toward waterways is very important. Just how much of this science of transportation is understood by the railway men of this country may be a question. So far as yet heard from, they do not seem to see that there is anything for the future to bring forth but the unrestricted competition between the two modes of traffic which has destroyed inland waterways in the past. There is no doubt that many of the greatest railway operators and railway owners in the country are sincerely in favor of some waterways, at least. Mr. Hill, always a leader in thought, has spoken for waterways when such utterances were anathema in railway circles. At Memphis last October Mr. Harahan of the Illinois Central spoke eloquently and with evident sincerity for the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway which parallels his line from Chicago on the Lakes, Dubuque on the Mississippi, and Sioux City on the Missouri, to the Gulf. "A wholesome competition," said he, "whether of rail lines or of rail and water lines, is not destructive, but is productive of good to all, to the public and to the carriers; and the success of one means the success of all."

These things augur well for the new movement for waterways. The first question to be settled is as to the economic correctness of the new policy. After that it is a matter

lic opinion. When the people vaterway expenditures as sin- ıs they now believe in pensions val glory, Congress will make ›ropriations. The railways are ıl moulders of public opinion; y project or policy supported n will have its chances of see- heaven of legislative passage improved by their approval. ›re it is much to be hoped that werful men who control the 's of the United States may › their loyalty to the principle wholesomeness of water-com- ı through the thick as well as ı of their own affairs.

remark is elicited by the t that the present attitude of way leaders may in part arise from the fact that the railway ›n in this country has reached ıormal and anomalous state. nsportation facilities furnished railways have stimulated a of production which furnishes :onnage in prosperous times he railways can carry. The ›n, one of the utmost gravity, ›r some five billion dollars to in extensions and betterments, we may believe those best in-, the railways have no idea ey can raise such sums. Their zation has been expanded eir credit has become impaired. ıestion of new terminals has : vital through the increase in ıd values of the large cities. ıe item alone seems to forbid lding of many new trunk lines; the intimate connection be- the great money-lenders and resent lines works to the ›nd. Extensions are scarcely thought of, as was forcibly to the writer by the president at railway recently, and proven declaration that his system that time carrying six millions t-time notes at high interest, : the market would have none bonds. Yet extensions are needed. The best railway de- ›n of the situation is that we ›en trying to force a three-inch stream of commerce through a two-inch pipe of railways; that we need from 75,000 to 120,000 miles of new track, and so many new cars and engines that, on the whole, there is not iron enough in the country to meet these needs, not labor enough to make and install the new equipment and track, and not money enough to pay for the transactions.

The outlook is made the more interesting, not so say more ominous, by the tendency of business to grow to the limit of any increase in railway facilities. The new capacity is swamped by the traffic it stimulates. In the ten years preceding 1905, railway mileage increased by one fifth while tonnage doubled. In the years between 1890 and 1906 the value of the agricultural products of the United States increased by 225 per cent. Allowing for higher prices, the increase in tonnage must have been immense. The only tonnage that seems likely to fall off in the future is that in lumber, and it will be replaced by the heavier building materials of brick, stone and cement. When we have found and borrowed and spent the five billions necessary to put the railways in condition to handle such a volume of trade as that of 1906, the problem will not have been solved. The tonnage will in all probability have doubled in the ten years of rehabilitation. Good agriculture in the Mississippi valley would break the railways' backs with freight. North Dakota, for instance, grows only half as much wheat per acre as Connecticut, while she should produce twice as much. Coal and iron are almost certain to double in mile-tons. Building materials are sure to be heavier. The nation's business, yielding seventy-nine billion mile-tons in 1890, one hundred and forty-one billions in 1900 and one hundred and eighty-seven billions in 1905, will, unless retarded by industrial depression call for the carrying of three hundred and fifty to four hundred billions of mile tons in 1916.

While their credit has been impaired as their need of it has intensi-

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CANAL LOCKS AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

fied, the difficulties of the railways are increased by the rising prices of the things they have to buy. In 1895 the Southern Railway carried a little more than a billion mile-tons of freight. In 1906 it carried four billions and a half. To provide for this increasing task it claims to have spent $100,000,000. It now faces a situation requiring new construction on a large scale, with bridge timber doubled in price, ties fifty per cent higher, steel advanced from $17.50 to $28 per ton and labor from $1621 per mile to $2874. Protesting against the enactment of "reciprocal demurrage" bills, President Finley of the Southern said: "Inasmuch as adequate facilities are not in existence, penalties for failure to furnish cars will do no good. They will not build railroad tracks, supply equipment nor enlarge and amplify terminals." Nothing can show more eloquently than this statement the despair of the railways at the Old Man of the Sea which industrial progress has hung about their necks—who has the inconvenient power of doubling in weight while the railway Sindbad adds twenty per cent to his strength.

Recent railway history teems with proof of the increasing pressure on trackage, car-supply and motive-power. Like most machines, when the railway mechanism is crowded too hard, it not only does not do its best work, but it fails to work at all. The frightful situation of a few months ago indicates that we were then approaching that stage. The paralyzed mechanism slowed down until freight-cars went only twenty miles a day. Equipment was concentrated on main lines, and remote branches were "served" by only a train or two a week. Farm products rotted at stations for lack of transportation. Coal was piled in mountains on the docks, while in fireless homes on the prairies frontier settlers froze and died. Cars were doled out to shippers like allowances of food and water in a famine. The desperation told on the personnel of the railways, and on whole systems of roads such things as time tables and schedules were lost sight of. In despairing efforts to move traffic, trains were thrown together in a multitude of terrible accidents that filled the world with horror. As a disease which mani-

fests itself at the point of weakness, the trouble showed sometimes as lack of cars, sometimes as lack of trackage, sometimes as lack of motive-power. It suddenly came to the industrial world as a shocking surprise that business had expanded until it had reached an absolute limit in railway prostration. "It will require the best thought and best effort of this generation," wrote Mr. Hill to Governor Johnson of Minnesota, "to avert the evil that now casts its shadow upon the farmer, manufacturer and merchant, to arrest the progress of the paralysis that is laying its grip upon the heart of commerce, and to restore the wholesome circulation without which there cannot be life and growth in either individual or the commonwealth." If at this time the situation be any better than when the above words were penned, it is only because a temporary financial depression has cured the car-shortage by stopping business. While the railways are given this breathing-spell, these striking words of the genius of the Great Northern should be considered. They may well have a place over the desk beside the "Do it Now" sign.

The way out of the difficulty is plain. The waterways of the continent must be developed so as to enable them to perform their proper economic share of the work. It is a great task, but it is quite within our power; and the waterways can do the work, which the railways never can. The natural expense of land carriage is high, and the capacity of railways is strictly limited. The capacity of a waterway like the new Erie is equal to a dozen railways. A very judicious writer has recently said that the proposed ship canal from Lake Erie to Pittsburg would do the work of fifteen railways at the expense of one. The capacity of a deep waterway down the Mississippi is almost incalculable; but it is entirely safe to say that no conceivable tonnage derived from the Mississippi valley and Lake basin could tax its carrying power. The promoters of the improvement of the Missouri state that with twelve feet of water in that stream, it could do the work of six hundred railways. A good waterway is practically incapable of being overloaded with traffic. In efficiency the waterways leave nothing to be desired as a remedy for our transportation ills.

On the score of economy, the result is equally favorable to the waterways. We must treat all railway investments as public investments, because they become a charge on the nation

MODERN METHODS OF CANAL LOCKING
Raising and lowering boats on elevators

through freight and passenger rates. Every dollar put into waterways will save many by diminishing the demand for railway betterments and extensions. The Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway could be put in condition to carry ten times the traffic of all the north-and-south railways of the country, for $100,000 a mile. The rehabilitation of the Erie Canal so as to afford fourteen feet of depth and immense capacity in width will cost some $200,000 a mile from Buffalo to New York. Engineers of the highest reputation say that a depth of twelve feet can be assured in the Missouri for $50,000 a mile. These are the most expensive of projected improvements. The reader will at once think of vast stretches of waterway capable of being made highly useful for trifling fractions of these expenditures. The Government has already made plans whereby thousands of miles of our most important rivers may be improved by means which will more than pay for themselves. These plans will be discussed hereafter. For present purposes, it is enough to show that for the $5,000,000,000 which, unless we are to cease growing nationally, must be put into railway construction as soon as it is physically possible, every economically justifiable canal which has ever been advocated in the United States could be dug, and every river for which navigation has ever been thought a possibility could be given depths sufficient for every demand of commerce. The car-shortage would then be a thing of the past forever; railway rates would be automatically regulated; and, by natural selection, the freight going to the railways would be raised in classification until it would, even at the lowered rates, pay adequate returns to railway capital. The congestion of business at the limited deep-water frontage of harbors, with its growing burden of wharf dues arising from excessive land values, and the increasing incubus of terminal values in even inland cities, would be at once mitigated if not completely relieved by the creation of available terminals along thousands of miles of new waterfrontage. The railways themselves would in many cases welcome this as a relief from intolerable burdens.

The state of blessedness outlined is enchanting. What stands in the way of its accomplishment? Nothing, except the obstacle of Things-as-They-Are. If the railways are in such a state as described, will they not welcome the era of waterways? Yes, and no. They will each welcome the waterway which will relieve its particular burden, just as each private citizen will do the same. Commercial revolutions, the turnings of trade to adopt new channels, always affect private interests and stir antagonisms. The policy to be adopted must be one based on considerations superior to the claims of comparatively small interests, as against great ones, or of selfish and private interests as against public rights and benefits. In other words, this one phase of our development opens the door and creates the imperative demand for great and constructive statesmanship.

The waterways must be built with every modern appliance for carrying on trade. The era of the mule and the tow-path can never return. Neither will commerce seek channels unprovided with the best machinery for handling and housing freight. The rivers and canals must have the best of harbors, the best of docks, the best of trans-shipment appliances, and the best means of haulage for barges. On the Douai Canal in France and the Teltow in Germany they have shown us something of the new way. There, instead of the old tow-path, there is a light railway on which run small electric locomotives which haul the boats. To patronize such a highway is not going back to the old, but forward to the new.

And most important, the railways must be protected against their own tendency to exterminate waterway traffic; for it must be remembered that waterways, in the end, promote railway dividends. And the public must be protected from the tendency

WINTER SCENE IN THE ST. MARY RIVER

Tug-boats trying to release monster steamers from the clutches of the ice

of one of their utilities to destroy the other—both of them being sorely needed. Can the railways not be relied upon to pursue the course that will in the end be best for them? Strange to say, they cannot. The experience of the world shows that. Railways are run by men who are anxious to make reputations. They are after tonnage for this year's report. The German Government cannot trust the management of its own government-owned railways to allow its own government-promoted waterways their proper share of the traffic. So everywhere in the great industrial countries of Europe the waterways are protected against the uneconomic competition of the railways—not to destroy railway prosperity, but to increase it.

How is this done? In various ways, but principally by prohibiting the railways from making quite as low rates as those of the boats. "It is to the advantage of all parties," say these statesmen, "that the heavy loads be hauled in the dray, and the packages in the express-wagon; that the freight which is cheap and heavy should go by water, and the tonnage that can pay higher rates by rail." So they give to the waterways the right to underbid the railways. It has been found that almost anything will go by rail, unless the rail rate is more than twenty per cent. above the water rate. Therefore they forbid the railways to make a rate of less than 120% of the water rate.* Of course this does not give the waterway all the business. It merely gives it the business which prefers to go by water for a dollar rather than pay a dollar and twenty cents to follow the rail route. The high-class "package freight," all that which must have the advantage of speed, and all that

* For this fact and many useful suggestions I am indebted to Mr. Judson C. Welliver of Washington, who has made careful studies of European transportation systems at the instance of the President, and whose conclusions will soon be embodied in government reports.

in the carriage of which the freight is small as compared with the value, tends to go by rail—and that to inland points must do so. That which under such a rate regulation seeks water-carriage is of the sort which it is wasteful to carry by land. Then they look out for it that the railway traffic man does not go to the shipper who uses both rail and water and say: "My dear sir, you cannot ship all your product by water, for there are many inland destinations. Why not give it all to the railway?" Or to say to the shipper, when he is told that where the waterway does run, it is cheaper to use it: "Your competitor has given us all his freight. If you still patronize the boats, we are afraid that he will have prompter car-service, than you and such superior facilities generally that you will feel his competition sorely!" As surely as human nature is human, traffic men will do these things if they are allowed to do them—and they will destroy the trade of any except the largest and deepest and best-placed waterways. They will do it in spite of the real interests of the railways themselves.

To President Roosevelt's trip down the Mississippi and the speeches delivered by him and the other very able men who made the event the occasion of discussion of waterways, much of the present impulse toward actual work for a duplicate transportation system is due. More than any man who has ever occupied the presidential chair, Mr. Roosevelt has made real to himself our great material needs, wastes and national tasks. Some of the most notable addresses ever delivered on such a subject were made during that trip by men like Lyman E. Cooley, Mr. Harahan, Colonel Vance and others. Mr. Burton of Ohio, however, is the only one who touched upon the chief thought of this article. "What is another thing that has got to come?" said he. "Co-operation between the railroads and the rivers. Stop fighting each other. Supersede an era of competition by one of co-operation."

This is the key to the problem. We have many waterways now, bearing much traffic. We should begin the era of co-operation, and end the era of destruction in the relations of the highways now in existence—and "do it now." A study of the laws of foreign nations will disclose just and reasonable methods by which men who have capital for investment in boats may be protected against loss by uneconomic competition. The assurance such regulations would give would do more to restore our shipping to river and canal than anything imaginable except deep water; and deep water alone cannot win against unrestricted competition. The idea of waterways-protection may be new to most American readers; but it is set down in the full assurance that unless it is received into the thought of America as it has been into that of Europe, the agitation for most of the waterway projects that claim consideration might just as well stop now. They are meritorious undertakings—under proper conditions. Those conditions, being matters of law, must be created. That they will be created when their necessity is recognized, no one with faith in his country's capacity and destiny can doubt.

THE MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE EVER BUILT

It weighs 573,000 pounds, and can haul a train two miles long carrying 10,000 tons of freight

FOR THE LOVE OF—

By GEORGE HIBBARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY STACEY BENTON

DR. EGBERT ROSS looked at the world and all therein contained through spectacles of very high power and from the point of view of Science. In spite, however, of his stooping shoulders and preoccupied gaze he was unmistakably handsome. His clear-cut, Greek-coin profile was admirable. The contrast of his short, thick, curling black hair with his white high brow possessed romantic suggestion. When his national fame as a surgeon was considered; when the fact that his name received respectful mention in the lecture-rooms and hospitals of Paris and Vienna was remembered, he became a notable figure.

If not from the cradle, then from the threshold of the school-room, Ross showed the nature that was in him. The manner in which the fingers of the baby Mozart sought the key of the harpsichord was not more marked than the fashion in which his fingers fastened upon the scalpel, or the object nearest to the scalpel which he was able to obtain at that period. He conducted the dissection of a dead mouse at the age of ten. When he was fifteen years old a cat which had suffered bereavement of a part of its tail through the vivacity of a party of boys was restored to some sort of feline presentability by him. In fact, however, his solicitude for the animal was not so great as his interest in the "case." That he should have chloroformed the cat and conducted certain investigations as to the workings of the caudal member before he proceeded with a cure was characteristic.

The natural result was that as a boy Egbert Ross did not attain popularity. An indifference to the charms of marbles could not be forgiven, particularly when the recalcitrant was visibly occupied with books. There was something perplexing in the state of mind of an associate who preferred dissecting a flower to robbing an apple orchard; who took more interest in crystallography than in the breaking of windows.

"He's extremely old-fashioned," lamented Isaac Woolman, his guardian and the executor of the large Ross fortune.

"New fashioned, I should say," retorted the equally authoritative Hon. Edmund E. Dickson who managed the law business of the estate.

"A case where the child is father of the man."

"Grandfather," chuckled Dickson.

With the same methodical and careful accuracy with which he conducted an experiment Ross pursued his life. Nothing was left to accident. All was prearranged. The introduction of any extraneous element was out of the question. The false result brought about by the action of any unrecognized quantity was impossible. He appeared to know perfectly what he wished, and possessed the power of reaching the end by the most direct route. Five years after his return from a long period of study in Europe his reputation was much more than local.

"The world makes the mistake

Drawn by Harry Stacey Benton

"YOU ARE NOTHING IF NOT SCIENTIFIC"

invariably of not carrying its science far enough," he observed in the course of a discussion with Dunbar of the *Standard*, the one man with whom he was the nearest in approach to the terms of intimacy.

"You mean scientific principles could be applied more generally."

"They're not applied at all relatively. If only less were left to fancy, prejudice, tradition, sentimentality and squeamishness. Look at this matter of euthanasia for example; what a lot of narrow-minded absurdity there is about that."

"You believe in removing an individual——"

"I believe that an unprofitable member of society should be eliminated like any deleterious growth."

"And you would——"

"There ought to be no more thought or compunction in putting an end to a life which gives no promise of good—which on the contrary causes trouble and would be the cause of trouble,—than there should be in blowing out a candle. In fact, you will find that almost all scientists really think as I do."

"Cold-blooded——"

"It's exact and demonstrable," interrupted Ross with as much warmth as he permitted himself. "You kill a murderer. Why should you allow those to live when their living may entail daily misery for others—may prevent the due development of other and useful lives."

"But the individual decision—— Would any one, for instance, dare to use his own judgment?"

"I'm as competent as the usual judge—as well qualified as the average juryman. I have no hesitation in saying that in a given case I should certainly act as I thought best."

"Ross," returned Dunbar irritably, but not without a measure of impatient respect, "you are nothing if not scientific."

"I'm always rational, which perhaps, after all, comes to the same thing."

The advent of Miss Catherine Blair can only be said to have complicated, not changed, a situation. In fact, that Ross struggled so mightily and on the whole so successfully to maintain a scientific precision of view and calmness of behavior in the circumstances, showed the firmness with which he could adhere to his principles in the face of the most adverse condition. Certainly if anything was calculated to produce confusion, this result was to be brought about by the introduction of the person in question. Not only had she eyes and hair and a slim, girlish figure the direct reactions of which were beyond the powers of admensuration of any instruments of nicest adjustment, but there appeared to be influences still more obscure in their sources and outside of any chemical or mechanical appraisement. To say even why such and such an effect was produced—to point exactly to the quantitative quality—was often impossible. The most careful observation and investigation would frequently have failed to determine wherein lay the disturbing force of a look or a word or a question.

For the scientific mind to fall in love is always upsetting. However much all else is susceptible of formulation and definition, the action of that strange, irregulated force is not to be counted on. A tempest in a teapot is a mild and congruous exhibition in contrast with it. The casual bull in a china shop is the right thing in the right place in comparison. That Ross did so well was much to his professional credit. His trained perception detected manifestations which were apparently inexplicable on any every-day hypothesis. He quickly recognized them as a body of phenomena of unrelated origin and resolutely segregated them to be studied and dealt with separately.

In no investigation, for example, of the laboratory, with which he had hitherto been engaged, was he obliged to measure the dynamics of a Paquin frock. Still, on one occasion this was the reason she confidently alleged for her particularly brilliant appearance.

"No," he said shaking his head. "It's just that you are more you," which if he had paused to consider he would have been the first to admit was a singularly ill-defined statement.

"But you like the result," she smiled gaily.

"I like the cause," he answered with gravity.

"You like me on the whole better than—tadpoles?" she inquired audaciously.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, thoroughly amazed.

"Oh, germs, diseases and operations and clinics and hospitals and all the things which are as the apple of your eye."

"The comparison is hardly admissible."

"Oh, well," she said thoughtfully, "I'm not sure after all that I should think so much of you if I didn't feel that perhaps you did not love Cæsar —which is I—less, because you loved Rome—which is Science—more."

"I do not attempt to distinguish," he began precisely.

"Don't," she protested. "Your greatest charm is in your superiority. It makes me feel insignificant and interested to know that you care more to treat a peculiar fracture than to take me out to dinner."

"I am interested in my work," he admitted earnestly.

"It's another case of 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more;' and here again I put Science."

"Yes," he stated slowly. "In a way I suppose it is a matter of honor with me. At least I consider the cause the greatest in the world and I want to serve it worthily—honorably, if you please."

And at that instant to his chagrin, with a sickening sinking of the heart and a distinct increase of temper, not to say temperature, Ross perceived that her eyes had softened—her color deepened,—that she had herself risen impulsively and then sunk back with forced composure as Nele Loring came across the lawn to where they were sitting, and she welcomed him with a readily outstretched hand and a radiant smile.

Nele Loring was another fact—element—entity of which the successful disposal on a truly scientific basis was difficult. In the relations of modern life he appeared to serve no useful purpose. The ability to strike a large white wooden ball with a long-handled mallet in the direction which he deemed desirable, while seated on a rapidly moving pony, seemed to supply no long felt want in the social organization. To possess the gift of wearing clothes so that the most careless attire was not borne without an air of distinction, might indicate an aptitude for an advanced civilization, but hardly gave promise of any powers of general serviceableness. Even a tall, strong, shapely form could not be held of the same value in these peaceful days as in more muscular times. Neither could a pleasant laugh nor an easy-going disposition be counted as a great material asset.

About Nele Loring people had long shaken their heads. They even advanced to further manifestations of disapproval and at times confidential whispers rose to outspoken words. For a number of years he had given Society occasion to talk and Society had not failed to take advantage of the chance. Beginning in early life by expulsion from the old and conservative school at which his name had been entered at his birth, he followed this up by a turbulent career at football through college. Indeed, rumor had it that only his prowess at the game and the desire of an unusually sporting Faculty for the University team's success had kept him from undergoing a repetition of his earlier experience. A few years in Europe, from which arrived fantastic tales of revelry, brought him back to be the mainstay of polo in his native town. Under the closer scrutiny afforded by a nearer view and more opportunities for observation, he rapidly created a reputation which caused fond mothers to look pointedly away from him and

Drawn by Harry Stacey Benton

"NELE LORING CAME ACROSS THE LAWN TO WHERE THEY WERE SITTING"

daughters with romantic natures to cast covert glances in his direction.

In scandal there exists a sad similarity and the manner in which mankind misconducts itself admits of but little variation. Therefore to dwell upon the particular story which produced the culminating effect would be supererogatory. A session lasting until morning over the card table in a private room of the Club, a loss of an imposing amount, a heated loser with words spoken in desperation of false play, a suggestion of an investigation, the possibility of the visiting of Society's highest penalty—expulsion from his Club—these elements were threadbare enough, but perfectly effective in arousing a storm of discussion and indignation.

The announcement, therefore, of Nele Loring's engagement to Miss Catherine Blair at this precise moment, when he stood in such jeopardy in the public eye, served to bring him still further into notice and notoriety. The resulting questions involved added inestimably to the interest of the situation. Was she ignorant of what had happened and might be impending? If she knew, how much did she know? Granting she was aware of all, as might readily be the case, why was she doing it?

"He 's an utter scoundrel," Ross asserted emphatically to Dunbar as they left the Club steps together and walked up Wyoming Avenue. "She is throwing herself away on him and —it should be stopped."

Ross had clearly intended to employ a more vigorous climax and conclusion, but not finding one to meet the requirements of the case he had taken refuge in the simple strength of a statement of fact.

"You speak with unusual ferocity," Dunbar said, with a short look at his companion. "Forgive me," he added putting out his hand quickly, "your admiration for Miss Blair has been so well understood that I thought that I might refer to it."

"Why not?" replied Ross shortly, so fixed upon one idea as to be unheedful of other relations.

"I say this," continued Dunbar steadily, "because of the personal equation. You may from prejudice consider Loring unjustly."

"I can't," snapped Ross. "No one could be more of a miserable blackguard. Nothing is too bad for him. He has been known to say outright that he is only marrying her for her money."

"I do not for a moment credit it."

"At the hospital there was a singularly good-looking young nurse. I have traced that almost directly to his door——"

"I caught odds and ends of the story," continued Dunbar, thoughtfully. "I can assure you there 's nothing in it. The matter was investigated for the paper."

"I don't believe it," Ross retorted, sharply and decidedly. "This club row merely stands for and represents a great deal behind it. People speak about that as a subject to be discussed, but they mean more."

"Ross," exclaimed Dunbar impatiently, "you 're rabid on this subject."

"I don't mind confessing that I hate the cur, but I put that aside. I judge him simply on his record."

"See here," returned Dunbar, drawing the other down on the deserted bench of the small park through which they were passing. "You—you ostrich. You' ve stuck your head in the sand of your own obliviousness, and as you can't see what influences you, why, you have n't any idea any one else can. I tell you this is a plain case of jealousy."

"Not at all," Ross answered coolly and more composedly. "It 's a plain case of what is justice. In some way this creature has infatuated her, —bedevilled her. It 's a case of possession—as if he had some unholy spell; and she should be freed in any way. A beast like that should not be allowed to get a nice girl like her—to kill her."

"You know how hard hit you 've been."

"I am ready to admit it," Ross went on. "That does n't make any

difference, though I believe, of course, that Miss Blair would consider her own best interest, both material and intellectual, in marrying me."

"You told her that in that way?" asked Dunbar slowly.

"Yes."

"I 'll be hanged if I don't understand why she did n't have you."

"I love her," said Ross, suddenly and simply, in a tone which caused Dunbar to glance up in quick amazement.

Both sat with the embarrassment of men who reluctantly recognize that they have been unwillingly led into what might be esteemed an emotional, not to say a melodramatic, outburst. Each rose constrainedly and proceeded for several steps in silence.

"Are they going to authorize the issue of those new city bonds?" asked Ross abruptly, with painstaking carelessness.

"Yes," replied Dunbar with the relief of one reaching a firm foothold. "They ought to be a pretty fair investment at the probable rate."

As the automobile veered round the last turn of the Country Club drive and came swiftly up toward the club house, I understood instantly that something unusual had taken place. To my .practised eye the human elements were not disposed in a normal and every-day manner. The black shape of the ambulance, the horses with heaving sides standing in the road, brought a shock and greater enlightenment. Therefore when I pulled up abruptly before the entrance I was in a measure prepared for the next development. That this should take the shape of "Sam" Vernon hurrying down the steps was not what I expected.

"Loring 's had a spill at polo," he announced breathlessly. "A bad fall. The doctor who came from the hospital says he may be dying, that he can't be moved. The only thing is to get Ross as quickly as possible. I 've telephoned, and by the time you 're at his house he 'll have his assistant and be ready to come. There 's not a minute to lose. It 's a matter of life and death."

I started the machine with a jerk almost before I realized the nature of my errand. I was going at full speed along the smooth highway before I reached the full significance of it—Nele Loring, with his vigorous vitality, was so little associated with anything but the keenest life and the highest spirits.

Ross was waiting for me. He said nothing but came out at once followed by his second and, together with their bags of instruments, the sight of which gave me a qualm, were bundled into the tonneau. I recall a feeling of vague surprise that he who daily was in the habit of responding to such calls of duty should appear so unwontedly pale and bear himself with such unnatural rigidity. I should have expected that he would take the summons more as a matter of course and appeared more like one engaged in an every day business matter.

They were watching for us when we sped up before the wide *perron* of the Club. The door of the machine was wrenched open and Ross and his assistant hurried within. I remained a moment to get my mental breath after the rapidity of our flight. Then an excited servant ran forward to inform me that I was wanted at the telephone.

"The party 's most anxious to get you, sir," he said. "Rang again and again, sir, and insisted you was to be told as soon as you came, as it was most important, sir."

I sprang from the car and made my way as speedily as possible to the small, hot, electric-lighted booth. The bell was ringing as I entered and I had no more than put the receiver to my ear when I heard Dunbar's voice clamoring for me.

"That you?" he called as I answered, and I could easily discover his eagerness. "Thank the Lord! They say Loring 's had an accident and that Ross is going to perform

an operation. He must not. I tell you he must not."

"What do you mean?" I demanded in surprise.

"He must be stopped."

"Stuff," I replied impatiently; "they say that it 's the only hope."

"Stop him," came back the furious answer in a voice I hardly recognized as belonging to Dunbar.

"Too late."

"Hold on then," Dunbar shouted; "I 'll be out as quick as my motor—it's downstairs now—can bring me."

He shut off abruptly and I meandered on vaguely into the unrest of the club rooms.

At no time is the incongruity of death otherwise than appalling. Even with fitting surroundings, even when awaited and expected, the contrast dominates the imagination. In the plenteous harvest of the battlefield, in the quiet isolation of the sick room, the coming is never anything but a shock. In the environment in which we stood, with the consciousness of that which was threatening, the contradiction was doubly manifest and doubly awful. To myself and to the others those brightly decorated apartments, hung with insistently animated sporting prints and representations of the gayest scenes, were associated only with the most careless moments, connected merely with the most trivial occupations. Everything about the place seemed created in negation of that which was now imminent. Beneath that roof which had only resounded with song, in these rooms where only laughter had been heard, this grim presence was indeed a strange and unwelcome guest, and at his advent, in the suddenness of his coming, with the discrepancy of the condition, was even a more terrifying apparition than ever.

As happened, Catherine Blair was away for the afternoon at a nearby country house and news of the fact could not be given to her at once, since she was motoring and could not be reached by the telephone. For the time being she was eliminated, and all our thought and attention concentrated upon the closed room where Ross and his assistant, together with the ambulance doctor, had disappeared.

In the multiplicity of emotions I had quite forgotten Dunbar when he suddenly arrived. He entered hurriedly, striding forward through the hall beyond and entering the apartment where I was sitting alone, or with only the oldest and most reliable of the club servants, ready if anything which he might do should be needed. Chancing to be the only one of the Board of Governors present, I was placed in a quasi-official position with regard to the incident.

"This must be stopped," he said peremptorily.

"What?" I asked.

"Any one else—get any one else but Ross to do this."

I realized that the servant could hear and with a gesture dismissed him to the hall.

"I tell you," Dunbar exclaimed more vehemently, "this is nothing but—murder."

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?" I asked, losing patience.

"I know what I 'm talking about" he snapped. "I know Ross. I know his ideas and his convictions. Do you understand he 's in love with Catherine Blair."

"What of it?"

"Mind, I don 't say he'd do anything to Loring merely as his rival—to get the girl for himself; but he considers him an encumbrance—an evil quantity to be removed and no more to be considered than—than a mosquito carrying a pestilential disease. That man is there now in the power of this other one. A turn of the hand, the deviation of a hair's-breadth of the knife, will do the work. Ross need never fear any penalty—even any blame or suspicion. The thing's too dead easy."

"Dunbar," I said, "you 're worse than insane. You 're ridiculous."

"I know what I 'm about," he urged obstinately, taking a step to the shut door behind and beyond which Loring lay. "If we don't

stop him we 're accessories to a crime, and will have it on our consciences."

"Anyway you can't interrupt now" I exclaimed temporizingly. "They've probably begun, and any interference on our part would be most injudicious."

"Hell!" said Dunbar irritably, as he cast himself down in a chair. "What's to be done about it then? I know as I 'm sitting here, I 'm right."

His evident conviction was gaining on me. Gradually the possible horror of the position had affected me. I glanced toward the closed portal—feeling in the extravagant perception of a fleeting moment as if we were the spectators of some Greek tragedy of doom. When the barrier opened, what would be revealed? or rather what would there be for the messenger to relate of the deeds taking place behind the scenes?

"I dare not interfere," I muttered.

"Nor I," he admitted quickly. "If the truth must be known—but there it is. And Loring 's been slandered. Young Leavitt has confessed that he made the accusation of cheating to get out of paying."

Even as we gazed the door at which we were painfully staring swung back and the noiseless assistant appeared. What he needed was hot water, easily to be supplied at once from the club equipment. As the servant who had remained in the hall hastened to procure it, the young man talked with some interruption in his professional phlegmatism.

"It 's almost hopeless," he explained to us in short sentences in the moment we waited. "Only one thing can save him, the Von Toeplitz operation which has never, however, been successful. Dr. Von Toeplitz himself tried it in 1887 in Vienna and just missed carrying it through. Piquard tried it in Paris in 1889 but it was an utter failure. Since then it has been abandoned in practice. No one but Doctor Ross would attempt it. If he manages it I can tell you it will place him in the very front rank—make him a first figure in the medical world."

The man bustled away excitedly with the vessel containing the steaming water.

"Worse and worse," Dunbar exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Under cover of that there would be no suspicion. It would completely cloak everything. How do we know that he has not got this all up on purpose ?"

"Sit down," I said, with as great firmness as I could command, trying to keep control of myself. "I'm not going to let you make a fool of me and I 'm not going to let you make one of yourself."

Dunbar took one uncertain glance at the disappearing assistant and, coming back again, threw himself into a chair.

How long the time was I do not to this day know. For a space it seemed an eternity and then an instant. The people in the other parts of the Club were lessening in number. In the first consternation, physicians had been summoned from all directions. One by one they came until a fair representative assembly of the medical profession of the town was gathered in the improvised operating-room, or conversed eagerly but in low tones in the apartment where I was. By their subdued voices and attentive mien any one could readily understand that something of exceptinal interest to them was taking place.

And then Ross himself appeared. His entrance was a triumph. A faint but unmistakable smile irradiated his face. He turned his head and threw back a word with almost a boyish laugh.

"What 's the result?" I gasped, rising and going forward.

"Loring will certainly live," replied one of the physicians. "It was magnificent," he continued, rubbing his hands enjoyably. "The first time the Von Toeplitz operation has been performed with success. It 's a privilege to have been present. This will be all over the country and Europe to-morrow. They will be talking about it in Berlin.

Dunbar was watching and listening avidly.

"Come," he said.

With him I moved through the animated talking doctors and stopped with him before Ross.

"I, too, want to congratulate you," said Dunbar, grasping his hand.

As Ross recognized him I might have thought that a change came over his countenance, as if the sight brought back suddenly the memory of something momentarily forgotten —something which in his preoccupation it was difficult for him to realize.

"Thank you," he answered simply.

"Dunbar," I said severely, when we were out of hearing, "you've had a nightmare. You've been on a false scent. I never knew you to lose your head like that."

He passed his hand across his eyes as if indeed to dissipate some vision.

"I don't know," he mused uncertainly.

"Bah!" I answered with positiveness.

"I tell you," he concluded in a stronger voice and with sudden earnestness, "that—that things might have been different. A man will do a great deal for the love of a —"

"A woman—"

"Yes," laughed Dunbar, "but also for the love of his Art."

THE MUSE THAT WOKE

By JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

EVERYONE acknowledged Anne's ability to write, from her family, who ranked her with Thackeray, to sundry magazine editors, who had committed themselves so far as to publish three of her efforts. Anne was not one to prostrate herself with overwork, however, and she resented it keenly when her exasperated and rather violently ambitious home circle imprisoned her in the library, with writing materials and explicit directions as to her conduct in the immediate future.

She commenced with a tentative examination of every unexciting inch of the depressingly familiar room; she then improved her mind by learning in lists the works of the great Beings locked away out of her reach; they had not left her so much as a newspaper to read; being great in their way.

"Oh, very well," she thought, as the little clock tantalizingly informed her that they had squandered an hour of her precious life in uncomfortable idleness. "I'll write them a story. It's easy enough for them to thrust pen and paper upon me and bid me wake the Muse that way. Oh, the sordid energy of Philistines!"

She threw herself sulkily into a chair and drew her material toward her. But though her body surrendered thus unconditionally, her mind held out obstinately and refused to work. She placed her left elbow on the table and rested her chin in her hand—an attitude universally recognized as conducive to literary masterpieces. Fifteen minutes later a fit of coughing induced her to change her pose; half of her penholder lay in a pulverized state at the base of her tongue, and the paper before her smiled blankly. She resolutely put aside the demolished utensil and took from the rack one of those penalties of genius, the loath-

some silver pen a person of letters is invariably cursed with at every excuse for it on the calendar.

"Now," she remarked to herself, with imposing deliberation, "now I shall work without inspiration. Here goes for a nice, soft, warm little tale of love."

An hour later she read it to the home-keeping members of the family and looked up from the last sheet to find, not without amazement, her mother dissolved in tears and her sister suddenly demonstrative.

"Anne, Anne!" gasped her sister.

"I understand, Poll, but you must n't blame me. I told you I can only work when the spirit moves me. Next time you 'll believe me. Now I 'm going out."

She started for the door, but Polly held her back.

"Anne, for goodness' sake don't spoil it by overacting! It's glorious. I don't think you 've ever written anything so big. It's so full of—of feeling, and—oh, the deepest sort of sentiment, that it gives me creeps to think any sister of mine actually wrote it." Polly sighed ecstatically. "I don't blame you; it gives me creeps, too," said Anne.

"But I mean it, Anne," protested Polly seriously. "The idea is beautiful, and no one but you could clothe it in such rich words!"

Anne stood motionless and endeavored to transfix her sister with a cynical glare. But the voice of her mother was heard from the direction of the table, where the good lady fondled the badly scribbled sheets.

"Anne," she said solemnly, "this is your masterpiece. You shall be known for this."

"Very likely," returned Anne fervently,—"if we are not careful. Not alone known, mammy, but unpleasantly sought after. It is pure, unadulterated drivel."

"Drivel!" repeated her mother in a shocked, reproachful voice. "Oh, Anne, why attempt to jest away our pleasure in praising your good work? It is the most touching, tender, human little piece of literature I have ever read. The idea of it is so subtle yet so penetrating—oh, Anne!" she buried her enthusiasm in the scattered, disorderly manuscript once more.

AN ATTITUDE UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED AS CONDUCIVE TO LITERARY MASTERPIECES

"What is the use of assuming that humility before the members of your own family? We know you 're superlatively modest without it. You must be perfectly aware of its excellence. It 's the best thing you've ever done." Polly began to lose patience and Anne grew suddenly uncertain.

"Are you—chaffing me?" she demanded.

"Now, don't answer her, mother," Polly interrupted, as that person was about to speak. "She knows well enough."

"I wish I did," muttered Anne dazedly. "Is n't the story about a young girl who falls in love with a man much below her in station,

and they don't marry because she's ashamed of what her friends will think? Later on they meet, each married suitably, and they see how much wiser it is so? Well," as the others nodded and seemed inclined to add to her synopsis, "where can either of you find a more ordinary, overworked, gelatinous love plot than that?"

"Superficially, it is as you stated it," replied her mother, "but the developing of it—the subtle inner meaning, the fine point of it all—why, the beautiful lesson so delicately hinted at, which the crude outline of the story does not attempt to suggest!" Her mother had worked herself into a glow of enthusiasm that it was impossible to doubt. "It is wonderful!"

"You don't mean to say that you have been culling moral lessons from it?" gasped Anne.

"We got from it the Soul you put into it," returned her sister.

"ANNE, ANNE!" GASPED HER SISTER

"The Soul," breathed Anne, limply; "all I put into it was Mush." She took up her manuscript as if handling the supernatural. "Where did it get a soul? I'm half afraid of the thing, now."

"Your conduct," remarked Polly, "is neither amusing nor becoming. The thing is exquisite. Send it to a magazine for judgment. You'll believe *them*."

"Never, if they retain their customary inoffensive attitude; and it would not be like them to state the bald and repulsive truth. No," she rumpled the leaves contemptuously, "if any magazine attempted to give its honest opinion of that stuff, the

letter would be intercepted for profanity. It is rubbish, and you know it; so don't let 's fool about it any longer."

"You dare not put it to the touch," taunted Polly; "you know very well what would happen."

"I've just told what would happen, in the hope of convincing you. If you have any special designs upon my literary reputation and wish to see it nipped in the bud, just send the stuff to any magazine you please, and don't blame me if the editor forgets he's a gentleman." And Anne swept out of the room with dramatic emphasis.

In the long, brisk walk that followed, the idea flashed upon Anne that this was their way of refusing to acknowledge that they were in the wrong and of tricking her into believing that, after all, inspiration was a myth. She told them as much during a rather feverish luncheon, for they spared not to reply. She finished by making for the library the minute the meal was concluded, determined to reread the disputed tale without prejudice. After she had searched for it vainly for the best part of twenty minutes she presented herself before her long-suffering relatives, and diverted them with a volcanic account of her precise feelings on the subject.

"It is a clever enough device, but a trifle too transparent," she informed them. "You are now going to declare that you never touched the story after I left it, and it is either in the library or lost. And so it will remain lost to the end of time and you can always securely maintain that it was the finest thing I ever did. No one can possibly deny it."

After this manner did she amuse them for a considerable period, and when they evinced no special inclination to retort she waxed almost paralytic in the heat of her wrath.

"You seem so well posted," Polly equably assured her when she thundered out an explosive inquiry as to the cause of their reticence, "that any further explanations on our part would look like sinful waste of breath. But really you could not have delivered a more fervid oration if the epic of the century has been misplaced. Your opinion of it must have gone up a bit, since this morning. Then, you seemed ready to worship the first person who was ready to assume the business of gently assisting it into the sea of oblivion."

Anne felt keenly that there was a huge flaw in this argument, but while she was searching it out the others took occasion to make a more or less speedy exit. None of them cared ever to renew the discussion, which was wearing; so for two weeks the story seemed to have died the death, while a chilly peace brooded over the household. Then, one morning at breakfast, the thunderbolt broke over them. Anne, with a white face and burning eyes, stared at her mother and Polly by turns across a thin barrier of official paper.

"WHO SENT IT?" SHE DEMANDED

"Who sent it?" she demanded at length, in a voice that frightened them.

"What do they say?" inquired Polly, assuming the responsibility with the question and trying not to look disturbed. "They did n't send

it back. Are they keeping it as a curio?"

Anne moistened her lips and read aloud:

"'We have read your manuscript "The Mists of Dawn," and we shall be glad to use it in our magazine. Hoping to see more of your work, and thanking you'——"

The letter ended in an uproar and Polly was unbearable for a week.

During the comparatively short interval that elapsed between this and the publication of the little tale, Anne found herself dreaming of it nightly and endeavoring to remember it as she had written it, trying in vain to recall what part of it people were mistaking for a soul. It was evident that she had written something extraordinary and that she had written it well; also, others were discovering in it such riches as she had never dreamed of imparting to it. She wished beyond all wishing that she had a copy of the illusive tale, feeling it would be worth study. The more she pondered upon it, the more fantastical did the little story grow in her memory. At length, unconsciously, she concocted one for herself, to substitute for the lost one, in which the exceedingly subtle lesson she had unwittingly put in the original grew so much more perceptible that it even became partially evident to its own author.

Hence it was with something of a shock that, when the story did appear, she found the words unexpectedly lucid and familiar and barren. Where, *where* was the fascinating mystery they all found between its lines? The sentences were artistic, the words sparkled brightly and even, at times, exquisitely, down the page; but the inner meaning, the delicately presented lesson, the beautiful, hidden theme, eluded her deepest and most conscientious study.

"Fireworks," she told herself again and again, "all fireworks. They had wrought me to such a pitch that I almost believed them. What *can* they mean?" And she read it again.

The next day she was visited by Agnes Roberts, whose superabundance of commonsense helped her in her literary work like a safety-valve.

"Well," said this person, "you certainly have made a name for yourself this time. I must confess I did not expect you to sound such depths of beauty so early in your career. I bow to you."

"*Et tu, Brute*," groaned Anne. "I did not sound any depths. I wrote it for spite—for revenge."

"The revenge is yours, then," replied her visitor. "Whoever may have doubted your ability to handle any subject must be thoroughly convinced by this that he was wrong. I never saw any one do more with that exquisite theme, and the crude outer story, pretending to conceal the inner, is like a black tree against the glory of the sunset. Every one is talking about it——"

Anne, feeling like a counterfeiter in the act of disposing of his wares, was relieved when Polly's entrance checked her friend's extravagances. But her pleasure was short-lived when she saw that her sister was accompanied by another prospective worshipper, a small, sensitive-faced woman, with dreamy eyes.

"Here's Catherine," announced Polly. "She was on her way uptown, and dropped in to see if we were still alive, before she went home perfectly easy in her mind."

"More congratulations for you, Anne," smiled Agnes. "I'll depart and give place to new homage. It's the sort of thing that would appeal to you, Miss Camberwell."

"What would?" demanded the bewildered Catherine. "What homage? What congratulations? Oh, Anne, you're not engaged?"

"Worse than that," snapped Anne.

"You can't mean to say that you haven't read Anne's latest, 'The Mists of Dawn?'" exclaimed Agnes incredulously. "Anne, don't give her a moment's grace in case she dies suddenly without having made its acquaintance. Read it to her yourself, immediately." Agnes thrust the magazine into the hands of the dis-

comfited author and seized Polly's arm. "Meantime," she added breezily, "I shall go to the proud mother of all this genius, and leave you the whole room to melt in."

"You don't want to hear it, do you?" began Anne, uncomfortably, when they had gone.

"Why, Anne!" exclaimed Catherine reproachfully, "you know I'm dying to. Please! Is it so beautiful?"

"Judge for yourself," said Anne.

She was hungry for a new verdict though she knew what to expect. So she read through the star-words with all the feeling at her command. When she had finished she was startled beyond measure to hear a peal of merry laughter from the direction of her friend. Many had found the story fascinating, some declared it beautiful and almost all agreed it was touching,—but this was the first case on record of its being regarded as humorous. Anne flushed at the untimely mirth.

AN ENIGMATICAL SMILE CROSSED HER FACE

"Well, it *is* wonderful!" declared Catherine. "I see now what you mean. But how did you do it?"

"I don't understand you," hesitated Anne; which was the truth.

"Why, how did you get any one to take it? It's the joke of the year; but you would hardly expect magazine editors to have that much sense of humor," answered Catherine.

"What—what do *you* make of it?" murmured Anne.

"Words, words, words. It's the most ordinary sort of mushy love-affair, dressed up in the brightest gems of speech you own," replied Catherine promptly. "But, Anne, you should n't waste your time on such tricks, when you can write real literature."

"Oh," said Anne dreamily, "I understand. That is all you could see in it."

"All!" exclaimed Catherine; then suddenly she flushed and her eyes wavered. "You don't—you can't mean to say that this was written seriously? That there honestly is something in it, some hidden, vital meaning that has escaped my stupidity?"

Anne fingered the leaves of the magazine with a faraway look. Then an enigmatical smile crossed her face.

"Perhaps . . ." she breathed, mysteriously.

MOTHER EARTH

By JOHN BURROUGHS

BOUT all we have in mind when we think of the earth is this thin pellicle of soil with which the granite framework of the globe is clothed—a red and brown film of pulverized and oxidized rock, scarcely thicker, relatively, than the paint or enamel which some women put on their cheeks, and which the rains often wash away as a tear washes off the paint and powder. But it is the main thing to us. Out of it we came and unto it we return. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust." The dust became warm and animated for a little while, took on form and color and stalked about recuperating itself from its parent dust underfoot, and then faded and was resolved into the original earth elements. We are built up out of the ground quite as literally as the trees are, but not quite so immediately. The vegetable is between us and the soil, but our dependence is none the less real. "As common as dirt" is one of our sayings, but the common, the universal, is always our mainstay in this world. When we see the dirt turned into fruit and flowers and grain by that intangible thing called vegetable life, or into the bodies of men and women by the equally mysterious agency of animal life, we think better of it. The trembling gold of the pond lily's heart, and its petals like carved snow, are no more a transformation of a little black muck and ooze by the chemistry of the sunbeam than our bodies and minds, too, are a transformation of the soil underfoot.

We are rooted to the air through our lungs and to the soil through our stomachs. We are walking trees and floating plants. The soil which in one form we spurn with our feet, and in another take into our mouths, and into our blood—what a composite product it is. It is the grist out of which our bread of life is made—the grist which the mills of the gods, the slow patient gods of Erosion, have been so long grinding, grinding probably more millions of years than we have any idea of. The original stuff, the pulverized granite, was probably not very nourishing, but the fruitful hand of time has made it so. It is the kind of grist that improves with the keeping, and that the more the meal worms have worked in, the better the bread. Indeed, until it has been eaten and digested by our faithful servitors, the vegetables, it does not make the loaf that is our staff of life. The more death has gone into it, the more life comes out of it; the more it is a cemetery, the more it becomes a nursery; the more the rocks perish, the more the fields flourish.

This story of the soil appeals to the imagination. To have a bit of it to plant, to hoe, to delve in, is a rare privilege. If one stops to consider, one cannot turn it with his spade without emotion. We look back with the mind's eye through the vista of geologic time and we see islands and continents of barren jagged rocks, —not a grain of soil anywhere. We look again, and behold a world of rounded hills and fertile valleys and plains, depth of soil where before was frowning rock. The hand of time with its potent fingers of heat, frost, cloud, and air has passed slowly over

the scene, and the miracle is done. The rocks turn to herbage, the fetid gases to the breath of flowers. The mountain melts down into a harvest field; volcanic scoria changes into garden mould; where towered a cliff, now basks a green slope; where the strata yawned, now bubbles a fountain; where the earth trembled, verdure now undulates. Your lawn and your meadow are built up of the ruins of the foreworld. The leanness of granite and gneiss has become the fat of the land. What transformation and promotion—the decrepitude of the hills becoming the strength of the plains, the decay of the heights resulting in the removal of the valleys!

Many of our hills are but the stumps of mountains which the hand of time has cut down. Hence we may say that if God made the mountains, time made the hills.

What adds to the wonder of the earth's grist is that the millstones that did the work and are still doing it, are the gentle forces that career above our heads—the sunbeam, the cloud, the air, the frost. The rain's gentle fall, the air's velvet touch, the sun's noiseless rays, the frost's exquisite crystals, these combined are the agents that crush the rocks and pulverize the mountains and transform continents of sterile granite into a world of fertile soils. It is as if baby fingers did the work of giant powder and dynamite. Give the clouds and the sunbeams time enough and the Alps and the Andes disappear before them, or are transformed into plains where corn may grow and cattle graze. The snow falls as softly as down and lies almost as lightly, yet the crags crumble beneath it; compacted by gravity, out of it grew the tremendous ice sheet that ground off the mountain summits, that scooped out lakes and valleys, and modelled our northern landscapes as the sculptor his clay image.

Not only are the mills of the gods grinding here, but the great cosmic mill in the siderial heavens is grinding also, and some of its dust reaches our planet. Cosmic dust is apparently falling on the earth at all times. It is found in the heart of hailstones and in Alpine snows, and helps make up the mud of the ocean floors.

During the unthinkable time of the revolution of the earth around the sun, the amount of cosmic matter from out the depths of space that has fallen upon its surface must be enormous. It certainly must enter largely into the composition of the soil and of the sedimentary rocks. Celestial dirt we may truly call it, star dust in which we plant our potatoes and grain and out of which Adam was made, and every son of man since Adam—the divine soil in very fact, the garden of the Eternal, contributed to by the heavens above, and all the vital forces below, incorruptible, forever purifying itself, clothing the rocky framework of the globe as with flesh and blood, making the earth truly a mother with a teeming fruitful womb, and her hills veritable mammary glands. The iron in the fruit and vegetables we eat, and which thence goes into our blood, may, not very long ago, have formed a part of the cosmic dust that drifted for untold ages along the highways of planets and suns.

The soil underfoot, or that we turn with our plow, how it thrills with life or the potencies of life. What a fresh good odor it exhales when we turn it with our spade or plow in spring. It is good. No wonder children and horses like to eat it!

How inert and dead it looks, yet what silent, potent fermentations are going on there—millions and trillions of minute organisms ready to further your scheme of agriculture or horticulture. Plant your wheat or your corn or your acorn in it, and behold the miracle of a birth of a plant or a tree. How it pushes up, fed and stimulated by the soil, through the agency of heat and moisture. It makes visible to the eye the life that is latent or held in suspense there in the cool impassive ground. The acorn, the chestnut, the maple keys have but to lie on the surface of the moist

earth to feel its power and send down a rootlet to meet it.

From one point of view, what a ruin the globe is—worn and crumbled and effaced beyond recognition had we known it in its youth. Where once towered mountains are now only their stumps—low, fertile hills or plains. Shake down your great city with its skyscrapers till most of its buildings are heaps of ruins with grass and herbage growing upon them, and you have a hint of what has happened to the earth.

There is no better illustration of how decay and death play into the hands of life than the soil underfoot. The earth dies daily and has done so through countless ages. But life and youth spring forever from its decay, indeed could not spring at all till the decay began. All the soil was once rock, perhaps many times rock, as the water that flows by may have been many times ice.

The soft, slow, aerial forces, how long and patiently they have worked! Oxygen has played its part in the way of oxidation and dioxidation of minerals. Carbon or carbonic acid has played its part, hydrogen has played its part. Even granite yields slowly but surely to the action of rain-water. The sun is of course the great dynamo that runs the earth machinery and, through moisture and the air currents, reduces the rocks to soil. Without solar heat we should have no rain, and without rain we should have no soil. The decay of a mountain makes a hill of fertile fields. The soil, as we know it, is the product of three great processes—mechanical, chemical, and vital, which have been going on for untold ages. The mechanical we see in the friction of winds and waves and the grinding of glaciers and in the destructive effects upon the rocks of heat and cold; the chemical in the solvent power of rain-water and of water charged with various acids and gases. The soil is rarely the color of the underlying rock from which it came, by reason of the action of the various gases of the atmosphere. Iron is black, but when turned into rust by the oxygen of the air it is red.

The vital processes that have contributed to the soil, we see going on about us in the decay of animal and vegetable matter. It is this process that gives the humus to the soil, in fact almost humanizes it; makes it tender and full of sentiment and memories, as it were, so that it responds more quickly to our needs, to our culture. The elements of the soil remember all these forms of animal and vegetable life of which they once formed a part and they take them on again the more readily. Hence the quick action upon vegetable life of wood ashes. Iron and lime and phosphorus that have once been taken up by growing plants and trees seem to have acquired new properties and are the more readily taken up again.

The soil profits by experience like men, and grows deep and mellow with age. Turn up the cruder subsoil to the sun and air and to vegetable life, and after a time its character is changed; it becomes more gentle and kindly and more fertile.

All things are alike or under the same laws—the rocks, the soil, the soul of man, the trees in the forest, the stars in the sky. We have fertility, depth, geniality, in the ground underfoot on the same terms upon which we have these things in human life and character.

We hardly realize how life itself has stored up life in the soil, how the organic has wedded and blended with the inorganic in the ground we walk upon. So many of the sedimentary rocks that were laid down in the abysms of the old ocean out of which our soil has been produced, and that are being laid down now out of which future soils will be produced, were and are so largely of organic origin, the leavings of untold myriads of minute marine animals that lived millions of years ago. Our limestone rocks, thousands of feet thick in places, the decomposition of which furnishes some of our most fertile soils, are mainly of plant and animal origin.

The chalk hills of England, so smooth and plump, so domestic and mutton-suggesting, as Huxley says, are the leavings of a minute creature called Globigerina that lived and died in the ancient seas in the remote past. Other similar creatures, Radiolaria and Diatoms, have played an equally important part in contributing the foundation of our soils. Diatom earth is found in places in Virginia forty feet thick. The coral insects have also contributed their share to the soil-making rocks. Our marl beds, our phosphatic and carbonaceous rocks, are all largely of animal origin. So that much of our soil has lived and died many times and has been charged more and more during the geologic ages or eternities with the potencies of life.

I do not wonder that the Creator found it the right stuff to make Adam of. It was half man already. I can easily believe that his spirit was evoked from the same stuff, that it was latent there, and had only to be breathed upon by the creative energy to awaken into life.

If matter is eternal as science leads us to believe, and creation and re-creation a never-ending process, then the present world, with all its myriad forms of the organic and the inorganic, is only one of the infinite number of forms that matter must have assumed in past æons. The whole substance of the globe must have gone to the making of other globes such a number of times as no array of figures could express. Every one of the sixty or more primary elements that make up our own bodies, and the solid earth beneath us, must have played the same part in the drama of life and death, growth and decay, organic and inorganic, that they are playing now, and will continue to play through an unending future.

This gross matter seems ever ready to vanish into the transcendental. When the new physics is done with it, what is there left but spirit or something akin to it? When the physicist has followed matter through all its transformations, its final disguise seems to be electricity. The solid earth is resolvable into electricity, which comes as near to spirit as anything we can find in the universe.

Our senses are too dull and coarse to apprehend the subtle and incessant play of forces around us—the finer play and emanations of matter that go on all about us and through us. From a lighted candle or gas jet or glowing metal, shoot corpuscles or electrons, the basic constituent of matter, of inconceivable smallness—a thousand times smaller than an atom of hydrogen—and at the inconceivable speed of 10,000 to 90,000 miles a second. Think how we are bombarded by these bullets as we sit around the lamp or under the gas jet at night, and are all unconscious of them! We are immersed in a sea of forces and potentialities of which we hardly dream. Of the scale of temperatures, from absolute zero to the heat of the sun, human life knows only a mere fraction. So of the elemental play of forces about us and over us, terrestrial and celestial—too fine for our apprehension on the one hand and too large on the other—we know only a mere fraction.

The quivering and the throbbing of the earth under our feet in changes of temperature, the bendings and oscillations of the crust under the tread of the great atmospheric waves, the vital fermentations and oxidations in the soil—are all beyond the reach of our dull senses. We hear the wind in the treetops, but we do not hear the humming of the sap in the trees. We feel the pull of gravity, but we do not feel the medium through which it works. During the solar storms and disturbances all our magnetic and electrical instruments are agitated, but you and I are all unconscious of the agitation.

There are no doubt vibrations from out the depths of space that might reach our ears as sound, were they attuned to the ether as the eye is when it receives a ray of light. We might hear the rush of the planets along their orbits, we might hear the

explosions and uprushes in the sun; we might hear the wild whirl and dance of the nebulæ, where suns and systems are being formed; we might hear the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds" that evidently takes place now and then in the absyms of space, because all these things must send impulses and tremblings through the ether that reaches our planet. But if we felt or heard or saw or were conscious of all that is going on in the universe, what a state of agitation we should be in! Our scale of apprehension is wisely limited, mainly to things that concern our well-being.

But let not care and humdrum deaden us to the wonders and the mysteries amid which we live, nor to the splendors and the glories. We need not translate ourselves in imagination to some other sphere or state of being to find the marvellous, the divine, the transcendent; we need not postpone our day of wonders and appreciation to some future time and condition. The true inwardness of this gross visible world, hanging like an apple on the bough of the great cosmic tree, and swelling with all the juices and potencies of life, transcends anything we have dreamed of super-terrestial abodes. It is because of these things, because of the vitality, spirituality, oneness and immanence of the universe, as revealed by science, its condition of transcending time and space, without youth and without age, neither beginning nor ending, neither material nor spiritual, but forever passing from one into the other, that I was early and deeply impressed by Walt Whitman's lines:

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now;
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

And I may add, nor any more creation than there is now, nor any more miracles or glories or wonders or immortality or judgment days, than there are now. And we shall never be nearer God and spiritual and transcendent things than we are now. The babe in its mother's womb is not nearer its mother than we are to the invisible sustaining and mothering powers of the universe every moment of our lives, and to its spiritual entities.

The doors and windows of the universe are all open; the screens are all transparent. We are not barred or shut off; there is nothing foreign or unlike; we find our own in the stars as in the ground underfoot; this clod may become a man; yon shooting star may help redden his blood.

Whatever is upon the earth is of the earth; it came out of the divine soil, beamed upon by the fructifying heavens, the soul of man not less than his body.

I never see the spring flowers rising from the mold, or the pond lilies born of the black ooze, that matter does not become transparent and reveal to me the working of the same celestial powers that fashioned the first man from the common dust.

Man's mind is no more a stranger to the earth than is his body. Is not the clod wise? Is not the chemistry underfoot intelligent? Do not the roots of the trees find their way? Do not the birds know their times and seasons? Are not all things about us filled to overflowing with mind-stuff? The cosmic mind is the earth mind and the earth mind is man's mind, freed but narrowed, with vision but with erring reason, conscious but troubled, and—shall we say—human but immortal?

ON THE POTTLECOMBE CORNICE

By HOWARD OVERING STURGIS

SOME of us who have never ridden in a stage coach, nor had a letter franked by a member of Parliament, who are, in short, in that decent middle of the road of life spoken of by the poet, can yet remember Pottlecombe as a tiny collection of fishermen's huts lying snugly in the bottom of the combe, which took its name from its supposed resemblance to a fruit-basket or pottle. Nothing was easier in passing along the highroad than to miss the rough cart track, which, after climbing a steep hill, descended abruptly to the little fishing village. Those who paused on the crest saw partially-wooded hillsides slanting steeply on either hand, and in front a V-shaped patch of sea, against which some tuft of flowering gorse, or a great plume of bracken would be sharply outlined in strong contrast of color. Down in the bottom a thin line of smoke would come curling up, or a brown sail flap in the sunlight as a boat put forth to sea.

But the march of progress has invaded even this sequestered spot. A poetess built herself a cottage just above the village, in the height of the then prevailing fashion, with gables and turrets, and no two windows alike. Other villas in the same style as "The Nest" began to crop up here and there on the hillside; the road was widened and improved; a post-office and a shop appeared as though by magic in the village street, and last of all a little crescent of lodging-houses traced its horns upon the slope opposite to the poetess, who uttered shrieks of horror at this profanation of the happy valley. Ten short years had sufficed for all these changes when some local Haussmann conceived the plan of a terrace road, to start just below "The Nest" and wind along the face of the hill towards the sea, following the rise and fall of the coast, and gradually working round to Twistmouth, which all this while had lain within a bare two miles, though more than five remote by the old inland highroad.

The name of the new thoroughfare was the subject of anxious thought with its promoters: "The Parade," "The Marina," "Madeira" were in turn suggested, discussed, and rejected. It was felt by many that the poetess was the proper person to christen this topping achievement of the valley's development; it was known that she was not in entire harmony with the movement, but the fact that no one had made any money by the scheme so reconciled this gifted woman to the innovation, that she ascended the almost finished road the day before its opening, and stood smiling out to sea under her parasol, while attentive friends waited eagerly for her utterance.

"It is beautiful," she said at last. "It reminds me of the Cornice."

The oracle had spoken! the road had received its name, and it added not a little to its impressiveness that most of those who heard it orally had no idea how to spell the word, while those who first met with it in writing were equally ignorant of how it should be spoken. That a name should be pronounced "Corneechy" and yet written like a plaster moulding, was an idea rich with merriment to the dwellers in the valley, and no atten-

tion was paid to the complaint of the oldest inhabitant that "there were good enough views and good enough names in Devon to satisfy *him* without calling it 'Cornish'."

The inhabitants of Pottlecombe found their new road an agreeable promenade for Sunday afternoons; during the week, however, it was apt to lie naked in the sunlight, but for one or two faithful walkers, who took it for their daily beat. Among these none was so constant, in foul weather and fair, as Major Mark Hankisson, a retired military gentleman who occupied the two ground-floor rooms of one of the little houses in the Crescent.

It may be presumed that the Major was not rich; at his age a wealthy man is apt to indulge in the luxury of a body-servant, and to encumber himself with more superfluous accommodation than is to be found in any two rooms in the Crescent at Pottlecombe; on the other hand, if his landlady forgot, in the performance of her various duties, to note the recurrence of quarter-day, the date was unfailingly recalled to her by the neat packet, addressed in tiny handwriting and containing the Major's rent, which she found on the tea-tray when she removed his breakfast things. For all else he paid ready money, subscribed becomingly to the local institutions, and, report said, had ever a little hoard at the call of indigence or distress. A blameless, kindly, contented, gentleman, perhaps a trifle self-centred, yet one whose life was ordered according to the precepts of many admired philosophers. Major Mark (as he was generally called) lay late abed, often not rising before half-past seven—"I am a man of leisure now," he would say, "and may take my rest"; but punctually at ten o'clock he set his aneroid, glanced at the thermometer that hung outside his window, and, carefully dressed, shaved, brushed, stepped forth complete and self-respecting, into such weather as it pleased Providence to send him. On cold days he wore a gray overcoat, double-breasted and cut to the figure, which had grown with years a trifle tight in the waist, and gaped just the least thought in life at the tails. Milder conditions were greeted by a pale dust-colored garment of a kind much worn at race-meetings twenty or twenty-five years ago; this, in the height of summer, was often carried on the arm, or even left at home altogether. Did it rain, the Major was covered to the heels by a black military mackintosh, which flapped around him as he walked, like the wings of a gigantic rook.

His hat was of liver-colored felt, half-high, flat at the top, and tilted rakishly over his nose, disclosing the commencement of his baldness under its hinder rim. He always wore gloves. He walked slowly (no doubt the better to enjoy the prospect) and rather on his toes, the body slightly inclined forward from the waist, the head erect, the chest protruded, the back very hollow.

With many pauses and half-turns, and much "looking before and after," he gained the new Cornice, and followed it through all its sinuosities to the last turn, where it began its descent into Twistmouth; there he halted and looked down from the heights of a serene contemplation upon the cities of the Plain, for just long enough to enhance his appreciation of the dignified seclusion of Zoar. Then he turned and retraced his steps by the way that he had come, so timing his walk that, with calling at the village post-office for his mail, which consisted almost invariably of the *Standard* of the day before, he reached home just in time to glance over the latest intelligence and assure himself of the death of any old friends before his luncheon, which he took at one o'clock, reserving the leading articles and the notices of new plays as aids to sleep and digestion in the afternoon. Although Major Mark had not been inside a theatre for years, he always read the dramatic criticism with a pleasant sense of being a man about town; he disapproved of "problem plays," and despised variety shows. For Ibsen he entertained a genial and healthy contempt. He

liked comedies in three acts, in which beautiful imprudent women in ball dresses who, by innocent indiscretions, had come within measurable distance of injuring their reputations, were saved by cool cynical men with rough tongues and good hearts, in whose place he liked to fancy himself.

Among those who took their exercise upon the Cornice, few, if any, were as regular as the Major, which was no doubt due to his military training. But there was one lady whom, except on the stormiest days, he rarely failed to meet. She was many years his junior, yet by no means in her first youth, and had a little neat, colorless, easily forgotten face. She always wore gray of one shade or another, except when she wore black; but black seemed too positive, too much of a *color*, for her. Her hair was so shot through with white that, had its orignal hue been darker or more decided, it too would have been gray. A single glance at her would have shown that her careful abstention from feathers was a matter of principle; but sometimes a little tuft of white or lilac artificiality blossomed on her meek hat. She seemed to flutter and run before the wind like a sandpiper, and yet she butted bravely into it when it was against her with force surprising in so frail a creature; but it was on calm days that were yet not bright that the Major thought her most in harmony with her surroundings. That was after he had become aware of her. So unobstrusive was her personality that it was a long time before his mind retained any distinct impression of her as an individual, and even then he thought of her rather as the lady who was always there, than as of a person of any distinctive appearance. Had any strange chance led them both to vary their walk, and so meet anywhere but on the familiar "Cornice," it is doubtful if he would have recognized her.

Day after day and week after week did those two human souls advance, and meet, and pass, and retreat from one another, in this long leisurely country dance, without any thought of becoming acquainted. Probably in no country but England could such things be. Spring warmed into summer, summer faded into autumn, autumn chilled into winter, and still they saw each other coming up out of the distance, passed dumbly with averted eyes, and did not so much as "speak one another in passing," ere they vanished again over each other's limited horizon.

Sometimes they passed in glorious blue weather, the vault of heaven glowing in a great dome above them, as in Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," the sea stretched like another Heaven at their feet, the white road, white sails, and great white flocks of sea-gulls burning and flashing in the sunlight, the air full of the shimmer of heat and the honey sweetness of the gorse. Sometimes the cliffs were red as the heart of a rose, and there were red sails upon the water; sometimes the sea would be streaked with green and purple, the sky would be lowering, and the west wind cry shrilly in the bushes; or all would be gray and very still, save for the soft whistling of the waves as they sucked the pebbles into the broken fringe of foam on the edge of the beach. There were stormy days, too, when the wind seemed like a live thing and tore at the shrieking trees, and the waves arched themselves and fell in thunder, running up among the shingle; at certain corners the rocks stood out into the sea, and here the surf was flung high into the air, almost to the level of the road, and the spray blew wet into Major Mark's face. It was on such a day that he first became aware of a distinct personal interest in the figure of the little gray lady. He hardly remembered so rough a day; the wind took such liberties with the black mackintosh that in the more exposed parts of the road he could scarce make headway. Every now and then he had to turn and let his garment slap smartly down against his calves, while he got his breath, and watched the white shivers run past

him on the puddles. Turning to encounter the blast, after one of these breathing pauses, he was conscious of a frail presence blown towards him like a withered leaf by the storm. She was on him, and past, almost before he saw her coming, leaning back on the wind's arm, and beaten out of her usual trim propriety —her decent draperies tightened on her form, her little hat rakishly aslant, a lock of hair broken loose, and even a glimpse of chaste ankles vouchsafed to the public eye. To turn his head and stare after virtuous women on a public road was contrary to the Major's most cherished principles, but for once he was untrue to the tradition of a lifetime, and he always maintained that to know when to be so was the distinguishing mark of a man of action. His mind flew to those corners where the road dipped towards the sea, and where a weak little body sailing on inflated petticoats might be over on the rocks beneath, before the cape could be doubled, unless a stalwart arm were there in case of need. The Major did not hesitate; he brought himself round to the wind, the mackintosh filled, and he started in pursuit. After all it was a free country, and he was on Her Majesty's highway, having an equal right to go east or west. As it was physically impossible for the lady to look round, and all noises were drowned in the roar of the storm and the crash of the waves on the shore, she must necessarily remain in ignorance of his proximity unless circumstances forced him to declare himself; in which case, the service he would render her would be all the excuse he would require. So they sped on, pursuer and pursued, the lady all unconscious that assistance, had she needed it, was so close at her elbow. At each exposed point the Major drew nearer, with extended hand ready to clutch her, at a cry or at any indication that she was being hurried too near the edge; but each time the gray lady steadied herself with unlooked-for powers of resistance, and then shot round the corner into comparative shelter, the Major immediately falling back as soon as the danger was passed.

Three such points of risk lay between the place of their meeting and the final turn of the road inland, into the haven of the combe, and at all three our hero's help was ready, but, as it proved, unnecessary. As the lady successfully turned the last and worst of the three corners, she brought up for a second, gasping, under the lee of the poetess's garden wall. Major Mark stopped himself with an effort from being hurled round on to her, and began painfully to beat up in to the wind again. She was now in safety, and he had no right, no wish, to pry into her further course. Perhaps he was just a little disappointed that his help had not been needed. In the monotony of his daily life, such an occurrence would have been almost an adventure. Even as it was, the thought of what he would have done, how at the critical moment his firm grasp would have averted the catastrophe and steered the fluttering steps to safety, occupied his mind not unpleasantly during the rest of the walk. Once round the corner he would immediately have withdrawn, and, raising his hat, "Madam," he would have said, "it is not safe for you to turn these corners alone: with your permission I will follow near you till we come to the next, when I must beg of you to take my arm." He even took pleasure in thinking out the little speech with which he would have disclaimed her eager gratitude.

By the time he came again to the turn of the road by "The Nest," where he had lost sight of her, the gray lady had disappeared, safely housed, no doubt, from the unsuitable weather into which she had so rashly ventured; nor did the Major see her again for some days. She was by no means as regular in her exercise as he, and after the day in question he found he began to look for her appearance with a certain interest, and to feel that his daily walk lacked something without her. He rallied himself gently on the absurdity of this, but, none the

less, it became a sort of game which he played with himself to calculate the chances of her coming, and guess on just which stretch of road they would meet.

The day of the storm had been early in March, and it was not till a hot and breathless July morning in the following summer that the Major accidentally discovered where the gray lady lived. By some chance they had hitherto always met from opposite directions; he had never overtaken, or been overtaken by, her. As he went west he would meet her coming eastward, or if he were returning towards Pottlecombe she would be hurrying in the direction of Twistmouth, and always on the lonelier stretches of the Cornice, away from the houses. It was a very warm day and the lightest of the Major's three overcoats had been left at home; he had even so far departed from the military exactitude of his costume as to take off his gloves.

As he turned the last corner but one on his homeward walk, he observed the object of his interest in the act of rising from the stump of a tree by the roadside where she had been sitting reading a book—the Major felt sure it was poetry. No doubt she had found the day too hot for walking, and so had only brought out her book to a favorite seat from which, when she lifted her eyes from the page, she could look far over the summer sea and let her thoughts wander with the floating gulls. She wore a white muslin blouse, decorated with flat box pleats, down each of which ran a line of neat black herring-bone—(though Major Mark's observant eye noted the decoration, he was ignorant of its technical name),—a gray alpaca skirt, and a hat with a small tuft of mauve flowers which the milliner might or might not have intended for Parma violets. Over her head she carried a striped black and white parasol, with a pleasing ogival outline, of a fashion long gone by, which somehow recalled to the Major faint memories of hill stations in India in the early sixties.

Major Mark had had his walk; he was on his way home: the most delicate punctilio did not oblige him to turn in his tracks. Nor, on one of the hottest days of the year, could the strictest code of honor impel him to quicken his pace and pass the lady who had a good fifty yards start of him. It did occur to him with a pleasing thrill that he should in all probability now see where the gray lady lived; but his conscience was white as the dust on his boots; the knowledge would come as the direct gift of Providence and by no act of his.

At the last corner, by "The Nest," the corner round which he had so anxiously watched her on how different a day four months before, the lady paused for a last look out to sea, and he could not repress a hope that she would resume her course before he caught her up; perhaps he even unconsciously walked a little slower. He breathed a sigh of relief; she had gone on, and when the Major rounded the corner, she was some way ahead on the road to the village. Had she, in her glance seaward, become aware of the male figure behind her, and feared that her pause might be construed unmaidenly in her? or did she, perhaps, remember some simple duty awaiting her at home? It is certain that she was hurrying a little.

Just where the road makes its final dip into Pottlecombe, stand a pair of tiny "semi-detached" villakins, rejoicing in the modest names of "Dunrobin" and "Inverary." Into the first of these frail tenements the gray lady disappeared; and the Major noted with pleasure that it was into the house that had the pink standard rose-tree and the white cloves in its front garden. That day when his landlady brought in his frugal luncheon, the Major looked up from the *Standard* and began asking with elaborate indifference who lived in some of the villas on the opposite slope. "And there are two little houses, semi-detached, with turrets at the corners, just at the turn of the road," he said presently, "queer little

houses they look. Now I wonder, Mrs. Beer, who might live in those."

"What, they little houses up to the Corneeshy?" she replied to the Major's artless remark, "that look for all the world like the cockle-shell house on my chimney-piece, where the man and woman comes out to tell the weather?"

Major Hankisson admitted the possibility of some such likeness. "There is a pink rosebush in front of one of them," he added diffidently; "do you happen to know who lives there, Mrs. Beer?"

"Eas, a du," assented his landlady. "'T is Hagsfords lives in one, and a wonder 't is how they gets all their children into the crazy little house. My son Dick, down to the village yonder, he du say the man made his money some kind of chatin' ways, but I tell mun to mind his own business, and not be so gossipy over his na'burs."

"Quite right, quite right, Mrs. Beer," the Major hastened to interrupt. "If we all minded our own business a little more, and were less curious about other people's—" But here he became a little involved, as it occurred to him that his object in the present conversation was not strictly in keeping with the beauty of his sentiments, and, after a most transparently artificial cough, he ended rather lamely: "And who did you say lived in the other house, the one with the rose-tree?"

"The other house," said Mrs. Beer. "Who have I heard lived there, now? Let me see. Aye, the Miss Lambs, it is—maiden ladies, sisters, and much respected. Miss Lamb is some kind of a cripple, bed-ridden, she is, so I've hard; and Miss Agnes, that's the younger sister, she du tend and nurse her. Quiet ladies they be and, as I say, much respected. That keeps theirselves to theirselves; and a wonder 't is how they can stand the noise of all they childern next door, and one of 'em an invalid tu."

"Well, I must n't keep you gossipping all day, Mrs. Beer," said the Major courteously.

"Nor I must n't stop," hastily assented the landlady. "Plenty have I got tu du, and many things tu attend tu," and her conversation died away down the passage, as a storm rumbles off along a valley. The Major was a very civil gentleman, to the extent of "Good morning, Mrs. Beer, and I hope I see you well this morning," or "Changeable weather, Mrs. Beer, bad for rheumatic people like you and me"; but for him voluntarily to detain her for airy general conversation about the neighborhood, was so unusual an occurrence that Mrs. Beer being launched on the torrent of much pent-up eloquence had found it difficult to stop.

So now the Major knew the gray lady's name, as well as where she lived. Miss Agnes Lamb; it was a pretty name, meek and gentle, as he was sure she was, as women should be. And she devoted her life to the care of an invalid sister; that, too, was quite in the picture, with the standard rose-tree, and the little green poetry book. He liked to know these things, and to think about them; they made a difference in the interest with which he regarded Miss Lamb when they met on their walks, but if anyone had asked him what it was to him that she nursed a crippled sister, or was in a small way an amateur gardener, he would have found it hard to explain his feeling; to himself he attempted no explanation. To be master of the simple facts of her life made the sight of her more amusing. A wild flower by the roadside becomes an object of more intelligent interest if you know its name and the family to which it belongs. You do not necessarily want to pick it and take it home with you.

Nothing was outwardly changed in the relation of Major Mark Hankisson to Miss Agnes Lamb. They met and passed as heretofore; sometimes the Major wondered if she knew his name, and the place of his abiding, as he now knew hers. He felt a little that otherwise he had an unfair advantage and ought to say to her: "Madam, I know your name and address: mine

is Major Hankisson, 3, The Terrace." Had he known a little more about the other sex, he might have been tolerably sure that a lady who gathered every item of news and gossip for the entertainment of a sick sister, as a bird gathers seed and crumbs for its nestlings, would have found out all there was to know about so familiar a figure as himself, long before it occurred to him to make his clumsy inquiries.

While Miss Agnes still fluttered past him, with downcast eyes, and the Major was still dimly wondering as to her knowledge of his identity, a tremendous thing happened. She disappeared bodily. For the first day or two the Major thought nothing of it, but when a week, a fortnight, three weeks passed away without her appearing on the familiar road he began to grow seriously uneasy. It was astonishing how much he missed this little lady, to whom he had never addressed a word. He thought of her waking, he dreamt of her sleeping; her presence had been but a small, if agreeable, incident in his daily round: her absence filled his life. The wonder what had become of her came between him and his food, his sleep, his daily paper. At last he could stand it no longer; and when one day, in passing Dunrobin, he saw a strange lady come out of the door, a tall lady hung over with little bags, and shawls, and lace scarves, and deliberately pull the last pale November rosebud from Miss Agnes's cherished tree, he stepped to the gate, where a fly was standing, and, scarcely knowing what he did, pulled off his hat saying, "Pardon me, madam, the Misses Lamb?" He could say no more, and he never knew what made him say so much, or what in the world he would have done had the strange lady told him they were within, and invited him to enter. She smiled very graciously and said, "The Miss Lambs are away; I have taken their house for the winter"; and, being joined by a maid and a couple of dogs, the whole party got into the fly and rattled off for a drive.

Major Mark did not know at first whether he was relieved or disappointed. They had not gone for good. In the spring she would come again, with the wild-flowers and the swallows. None of the terrible things he had dreamt of had happened to her. She had simply gone away for the winter and let her house. But the winter stretched bare and cheerless before him. He was still four weeks from Christmas, and it was unlikely that the Lambs would return, at the earliest, before May. Five long months must he walk the Cornice alone, and with no hope of seeing the familiar gray figure. The time of waiting must be shortened at any cost. No one knew what had determined the Major to do a thing so contrary to the habit of years, but he actually wrote to a cousin, his nearest surviving relative, and offered to come and pay her a visit.

Mrs. Beer could hardly believe it when he broke the news to her. "Deary me! now, sir, be you really a-goin' away? Well, only to think of it! Keep your rooms? Yes, indeed, and keep 'em safe and clane, and whatever you may chance to lave in 'em, which is more than many could say. And when 'll we be looking for you back again, now?"

The Major could not make his absence tally with that of the Miss Lambs. In the first place, to do so might excite remark, and even if his cousins would have kept him five months, he certainly would not have been willing to stay with them for a fifth of that period; so, having astonished them and himself by sojourning in their tents for an uneasy fortnight, having been very kind to the children, and given the one who was his godson ten shillings, he found himself early in January once more in the ground floor at Mrs. Beer's.

Perhaps the family circle of which he had so recently formed an uncomfortable segment made his bachelor life seem a little empty and lonely by comparison. He certainly did not envy his cousin's husband, an anxious, hard-working, careworn man, always

fretfully comparing the inadequacy of his means with the ambition of his wishes for his gawky youngsters. Still, the fact remains the Major was not as cheerful, nor as sublimely content and self-satisfied as he used to be; he once even sat down on the stump where Miss Agnes had read poetry and grew quite tender and sentimental over the thought of his lonely old age, which had formerly never troubled him at all.

Long as was the winter, the spring came at last, with daffodils and primroses; Miss Lamb's namesakes were bleating in the meadows, the west wind blew, and the birds sang late in the long twilights. The Major felt that faint stirring of the pulses, the little return towards our own youth, that comes back to the oldest of us with the youth of the year.

One day, in passing Dunrobin, he witnessed with heartfelt gratification the exodus of the tall lady, with the scarves and shawls and satchels, and the two dogs, mounted guard over by the grim, vigilant little maid. The tenant was gone; then it was not unreasonable to look for the home-coming of the ordinary inhabitants, and sure enough, not two weeks later, on just such a day of veiled radiance as suited her best, one of the many turnings of the Cornice gave the gray lady again to his expectant eyes. He was so glad to see her after her long absence that he forgot the banning want of any official introduction, and making her a grave bow as they met, "Welcome back, ma'am, to the Cornice," he said. "You have been much missed."

Miss Lamb appeared startled, but not displeased, as she bent her head in return to his salutation; a slight color came to her pale cheek, and her lips seemed to speak, though no word reached the Major's ear.

It is curious that it never occurred to Major Mark to try and follow up an acquaintance thus hardily begun. It seemed as if he did not even desire it. Perhaps he felt that mere talk and visiting would destroy the subtle fragrance of this secret silent friendship. It was enough for him that the little lady was back in her accustomed surroundings, and that he should have the mild excitement, as heretofore, of wondering each day if he should meet her, and if so, just where the meeting would be. So another summer wore away, the only difference being that now the Major took off his hat when he encountered Miss Agnes, and made her a fine stately bow, which she acknowledged by a slight inclination and just the faintest tinge of embarrassment at the unusual nature of their intercourse. Sometimes Major Mark would even launch a casual criticism of the weather, as "A fine day, madam," or "Very warm, is it not?" but more commonly they passed in silence as they had done so many times before—as he fully thought they would often do again.

Have we not all passed beside our happiness without recognising it, or, if dimly recognising, yet making no effort to grasp it? Does not the Scripture take the folly of wayfaring men as a fact of universal acceptance?

The winter after that in which the Miss Lambs had let their house, influenza was so rampant in Twistmouth that a stray microbe or two even found their way to Pottlecombe.

"You be careful how you go walking about," Mrs. Beer said to the Major. "Old Fry down to the Blue Swan 's got it, and the woman at the post-office, and two of her children, and the minister and all his family; the village is choke full of it. I 'm fair frightened to go down to the shop myself."

But Major Mark, going to and fro in the pure air of the Cornice, still set the epidemic at defiance, and noted with pleasure that Miss Lamb appeared to share his immunity.

"Glad to see you 've not fallen a victim to the prevalent complaint," he called genially to her one day.

As the autumn changed to winter and the weather grew colder, he had been haunted by a fear that they would go away again, and it was not till Christmas was safely over that he

took heart of grace, and refused a rather tepid invitation from his cousin to repeat his visit of the year before.

When, soon after the New Year, Miss Agnes failed to put in an appearance for a week together, he at once connected her absence with this apprehension, and looked anxiously at Dunrobin to see if the house showed any signs of being shut up. On no occasion, however, did lowered blinds give any indication of the absence of inhabitants, and once he thought he could even detect a head which he took to be that of the elder sister in the window of the front ground-floor room.

In spite of these reassuring appearances, a second week had gone before a new anxiety drove the first out of the Major's mind, as one nail knocks out another. Some one spoke of influenza, of its prevalence, of its virulence, of the dangers it left behind it; and behold! something sprang open in the Major's brain with the suddenness of a photographic shutter. How could he have been so dense! If Miss Lamb was missed in familiar places daily, and yet her house stood open to light and life, it was not that she was away, but that she was ill.

As the long weeks slid past, Major Mark found himself going about to try and glean tidings of the little lady in all sorts of hole-and-corner ways, but with scanty success. He would look at Dunrobin blinking with half-drawn blinds at the pale winter sunshine, as though he would force the secret of what was going on within; but those feeble jerry-built walls, with their false air of candor, held curiosity as inexorably at bay as if they had been one of the fortresses which their style of architecture was intended to recall. There was only a little gate to push creaking on its hinges, a step to take, a bell to ring, yet the tidings he longed for seemed as unattainable as if there were moats to swim and frowning bastions to scale at the sword's point.

There comes a moment when suspense grows unendurable, when courage is born of despair, and the thing that has seemed for weeks to be impossible becomes on a sudden the only thing to do, and so simple that we wonder that we have not taken the relief that was being held out to us all the time. One morning, the Major walked straight up from Pottlecombe to the Miss Lambs' door, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and rang the bell. The summons produced a handmaiden of tender years, with a face like a scared rabbit; but while the Major was still making mincemeat of his first inquiries a thin voice cried, "Show the gentleman in here, Jenny," and he found himself ushered into the front room beside the door. He was confronted by a face, somewhat sharp-featured, and with traces of pain and suffering round the sunken eyes and compressed lips, but not without a certain beauty and dignity. Scanty gray hair was neatly folded round the temples, under a flat scrap of rusty black lace. It was a head of character and strength, but the head alone seemed alive. What was human of the poor little body was kindly veiled under some arrangement of drapery that made it seem one with the couch on which it reposed. "Sit down," said the same sharp little fife-like voice. "You were inquiring for my sister; I am sorry to say she is very ill."

"I must apologize, Miss Lamb," the Major began, "for the liberty I take in calling——"

"Not at all," she interrupted him. "I'm sure it's very kind of you, and I hope you'll come again. I know all about you, and who you are, and it is a comfort to have some one to speak to. I have seen you pass every day for years, and my sister has spoken of you. I am forced to receive you in here; we have no proper sitting-room, so to speak. You see, I have to have this room, because I can't get up-stairs, and I am wheeled into the little back room for meals, but I could n't sleep there—it 's not airy enough; so this has to be bedroom and parlor both for me." It seemed as if the poor lady had been waiting

for weeks to talk, and, now that she had got a listener, could not say all she had to say fast enough. The Major began several sentences, but she always stopped him, and went on as if she were saying a lesson.

"Yes—you came to ask after my sister. I know, and it is very kind of you. You may know that we went away last winter: we tried another climate. I am aware that many people thought it was on my account, but it was not. I am as well (or rather as ill) in one place as another. We are not a strong family. My father and mother were both consumptive; but that is neither here nor there. We went for Agnes's —Agnes is my sister—we went for Agnes's lungs: they have always been her weak spot. I think she has injured herself by her devotion to me. I don't deny it." The voice was hard, but the poor eyes were suffused. "I made her go out," she went on almost defiantly, "sometimes I fear when the weather was hardly suitable; still, I felt she ought to go out." The glibness with which it flowed, this explanation that had so much of defence in it, showed how the poor woman had gone over and over it all in her mind on many a sleepless night. It was evidently a relief for once to pour it out to a listener. The vision of the gray lady running before the storm rose on the Major's eye. "But though she had air and exercise," the voice went on, "no doubt it was a life of great confinement; and I suspect, though she won't admit it, that the lifting me in and out of bed was too much for her strength: it is not that I am heavy," with a half-humorous glance downwards at her poor shrunken body, "but I suspect it was too much for her all the same. Last winter she had symptoms I did not like; well—we went away: I think it did her good."

The Major caught sight of the little green volume he had seen Miss Agnes reading on the day when he discovered where she lived: he stretched his hand, and took it from the table very gently, to look at the title; it was a copy of Christina Rossetti's poems.

Miss Lamb followed his movements with a certain bird-like sharpness.

"That is one of my sister's books," she said, "it ought not be down here: she left it the last time—" the voice lost its lesson-like glibness and broke suddenly—"She made herself worse," she wailed. "Perhaps she might not have been so bad, but she got this horrid influenza; she would get up and come down stairs, when she ought to have been in bed, because she knew I could not come up to her; it was all for me: it has always been all for me." With great difficulty she raised a handkerchief to her face and covered her eyes with it.

"My dear madam! My poor dear lady!" the Major said with emotion: he felt he was prying into things very sacred, hidden hitherto from every eye.

Miss Lamb made an effort, but she spoke brokenly. "You have been kind," she said. "You have taken an interest: you can see for yourself what it must be to me to lie here, and think perhaps I have killed her. She is very bad; it has gone to her lungs, and there is pleurisy. And I can't go to her, or nurse her, when she has done so much for me She lies up there, and I lie down here; only the ceiling between us, but we can't be together. A niece has come to take care of us both; she is very kind, and Jenny is very good, but—but—" she broke down again and cried silently.

Major Mark had been turning an idea over in his mind, as she talked. He would like to do something for the poor little wreck before him; still more would he like to do something for Miss Agnes. "Could I—" he asked shyly, "would you let me, perhaps, take you up-stairs?"

"Would you? Oh! would you?" cried Miss Lamb eagerly. "I can't tell you how I—how we should *both* bless you."

The Major was, it must be owned, somewhat past his prime, but he was

healthy, and had been strong; not without effort, and much bumping of the wall paper, but with infinite precaution to make as little noise as possible, he succeeded in getting the old wheeled chair up from the ground floor to the landing above. Then after a pause, to recover his breath, he redescended, and, lifting the little figure tenderly in his arms, he bore it up-stairs, and set it in the chair, without a word. The niece was summoned and sent in to prepare the invalid. While they waited for her return, Miss Lamb looked at him doubtfully. "Would you—?" she began, and hesitated, "would you like—" but he checked her with a gesture and shook his head. The thought of entering that maiden chamber made his heart thump wildly, but it seemed to him a profanation.

"No—no," he said gently. "I could n't. You won't misunderstand me, I know. I 'll wait out here as long as you like, and take you down again. Don't hurry. I shall like sitting here."

When the chair had disappeared into the sick-room, and the door had closed upon it, he sat down on a little box ottoman draped with meagre chintz, and covered with a white crochet "tidy," that stood under the window. He was very much moved. As he covered his face with his hands, he could feel the hot blood rise in his cheeks under his old palms. He knew now what he had felt for the little gray lady and was blushing like a boy, with a pang that even at that moment was not wholly painful.

When he had got Miss Lamb safely back to her sofa, she detained him a moment as he was leaving.

"Agnes said I was to thank you from *her*," she said, "and—and to give you her love." He pressed the little crippled lady's hand and went out in silence.

It had been agreed between them that he should return on the following afternoon and repeat the service he had rendered. "Only," Miss Lamb had said, "if the blinds are down, you 'll know there is no need."

So when, next day, he came again to the tiny house, a glance at its sheeted windows sent him stumbling along the familiar reaches of the Cornice, where he had been used to meet her, whom now he should meet no more. The west wind moaned softly, in the dead grasses; out at sea the gulls were crying harshly. He seemed to walk in a dream; only, when he came to his usual turning place, he shook himself and looked about him, and then kept straight on down the road into Twistmouth.

There is no church in Pottlecombe; most of the village folk are dissenters and go to the meeting-house. Such of the inhabitants as belong to the Establishment have to trudge two miles or more to a little church on a windy upland, so old that the ground all around has raised its level, and the worshipper steps down in entering to the damp flags of the pavement. Hither, also, whether of the Establishment or not, they must come on their last journey; and it was here that Miss Agnes Lamb was buried on a soft February day like a foretaste of spring. A nephew had come from somewhere and joined the niece, and they two occupied the only carriage that followed the simple hearse; but when the little funeral drew up at the churchyard, Major Mark was there, dressed all in black, and with the very finest wreath he could buy, which he laid on the coffin with something very like a sob.

"Why should Major Mark have gone to Miss Lamb's funeral?" the neighbors asked, "and taken a beautiful great wreath of white flowers from the florist's in Twistmouth; and all in black too, for all the world like a relation? I did n't even know that he knew them. I think he must be going a little touched in his head."

RECENT MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHIES

By HORATIO S. KRANS

THE six books here selected for review from the plenteous crop of recent publications in the way of biography and autobiography are concerned, two of them with personages of the stage—Bernhardt and Ristori; two with artists—Walter Crane and Saint-Gaudens; one with a poet—Mistral; and one with a miscellanist and humorist—Shirley Brooks. And of them all, it is the translated "Memories of My Life" (Appleton), by Sarah Bernhardt, that will bear off the bell, thanks to the spell the wonderful personality of this fascinating woman casts over all the world—Bernard Shaw excepted,—and thanks also to the piquancy, liveliness and wit with which the great *artiste* tells her story. The book opens with its heroine in her third year. The part of it that brings her from that tender age through her convent days the reader can pass over lightly.

Though on one side of Jewish extraction, Sarah Bernhardt was brought up in a convent as a Catholic. There, she tells us, the Christian legend took possession of her heart and soul, and she became, we have her word for it, a mystic. What precise stripe of mysticism she affected we should be glad to know, but particulars on this point are wanting. She longed to become a nun. Her kinsfolk, in council assembled, wished her to take a husband; she declared she would marry only the *Bon Dieu*. In the event, the stage was chosen for her, and she went from the Conservatoire to the Comédie Française. From this point on to the end, the narrative becomes exceedingly interesting, a sketchy but spirited chronicle, proceeding by detail and anecdote, discreet, yet full of spice and charm; disclosing the actress as she might deliberately disburden herself, not to a confidential friend, but to a sympathetic and understanding acquaintance. No one will pluck out the heart of the writer's mystery from this volume; on the other hand none can read it without coming to a better understanding of her from whom it proceeds. Next to nothing significant or intimate is said of the author's private life—there is never a suggestion of the *chronique scandaleuse*. Nor is any careful, systematic account of the development of her art set down. But the reader comes thoroughly to realize at what stress and strain, at what reckless expenditure of strength and emotion, this frail and wonderful woman mastered her art and came to the great place she holds in the dramatic world of to-day.

These memoirs leave us with a very vivid sense of the qualities that made their author what she was. A fiery and passionate patriotism was one of her striking characteristics. When she heard of Napoleon III.'s surrender, she fainted, and remained for three days between life and death. During the siege of Paris, she herself organized a military hospital; and there, with a complete devotion, day and night, week in and week out, she gave herself to the care of the wounded, inspiring courage

in the poor wretches that writhed under the surgeon's knife, ministering to the sick, and comforting the dying.

Intensity in all directions, not in patriotism alone, was indeed a distinctive trait of Sarah Bernhardt. To sculpture and painting she devoted herself with an enthusiasm as great as that which marked her acting. In anger she was at moments a fury: witness the occasion when, in wrath at Madame Nathalie for a rudeness offered to her sister at the Théâtre Français, she slapped that elderly *artiste's* face, and could never be brought to apologize; or that other occasion when, maddened by Perrin's injustice towards her, she poured upon the old man an avalanche of stinging words that revealed him to himself, and elicited both apology and reparation. Not less notable a trait than her intensity was her courage, many a time displayed in the intrepidity with which she faced jealous and dangerous foes within the circle of the Comédie Française, and bitter critics without.

Her whims and caprices she pursued with an ardor nothing could damp. She slept at times in a coffin; she had a mania for grotesque *mementos mori;* she dressed herself, when in her studio, as a man. While playing in London, she assembled a menagerie of strange beasts and birds, and amused herself by letting them loose in her yard to the alarm of the neighborhood and the scandal of her fellow players. Her thirst for new experiences was insatiable. On one occasion she soared into the skies in a balloon, lunching there on *foie gras* sandwiches and champagne, and popping the cork of the bottle into the golden and purple clouds that curtained her frail aerial craft. The account of this exploit, full of wit and graphic descriptive touches, makes most entertaining reading.

When all is said, and taking into account her greatness as an actress, her many talents, her force of character, her distinction, and the magnetism that drew to her all the notabilities and royalites who visited Paris, and bound to her a group of tried friends, no reader of this interesting book can put it down without feeling that Madame Bernhardt is indeed a prodigious creature whose like the world will not soon see again.

He who loves sharp contrasts will be gratified in turning from the piquancy and light informality of Sarah Bernhardt's "Memories" to the "Memoirs of Madame Ristori" (Doubleday)—unless, indeed, the portentous solemnity with which the author of the latter autobiography contemplates herself and the rôle she played upon the world's stage be found somewhat oppressive. That Ristori was a great actress, that there is a *raison d'être* for the "Memoirs," that we should be grateful for the English version of them—all this must be granted. Nevertheless, if the truth must be told, this volume is very hard going, and only those with a professional interest in it will be likely to submit themselves to the ordeal of a complete perusal.

The "Memoirs" are in two parts: in the first we have the story of the author's life; in the second are her own studies of the rôles she did enact. It is the first part that will best hold the attention of the general reader. There we hear of Ristori's early life as the child of poor and insignificant players; of how the Marquis del Grillo romantically wooed and won her under difficulties; of how "she had the sublime good fortune to become the mother of four children"; of her tours in both hemispheres and to the ends of the earth; and of the gratifying homage paid her everywhere by crowned heads and notabilities of the first distinction. Mention of the likenesses of Madame Ristori at different ages and in various costumes, which are scattered through the book, should not be omitted. The gallery of illustrations includes also portraits of a number of Ristori's friends and of contemporary celebrities.

Two artists, the one an Englishman, the other an American, and

both men of high distinction, have contributed each a volume to the books here under review. Walter Crane, the author of "An Artist's Reminiscences" (Macmillan), has lived a many-sided life as painter, designer, illustrator, and teacher of art at Manchester and in the South Kensington.

Mr. Crane's labors as an artist have not absorbed all his energy; he is a poet, a lecturer, and an ardent and militant Socialist. As a poet he has attained a more than respectable proficiency, and cultivated with especial success the Italian sonnet. In his early life, orthodox in both religion and politics, Mill, Darwin and Huxley made him at last a freethinker, while William Morris converted him to Socialism by removing the doubts and difficulties which had for him beset the whole Collectivist programme. In the Socialist and artistic movements of the early eighties of which Morris was the leader he took a bold and active part. Mr. Crane's conversion to Socialism cost him not a few influential friends—some antagonized by principle, others because they were fast tied to Mrs. Grundy's apron strings. A generous portion of these reminiscences is given to the story of the part their author played in the Socialistic movement, and many artists and men of letters associated or sympathetic with that movement appear frequently in these pages, among them Morris, Bernard Shaw, Cobden-Sanderson, Oscar Wilde, Canon Scott Holland, the Reverend Stopford A. Brooke, H. G. Wells, and even Richard LeGallienne.

"An Artist's Reminiscences" is, we repeat, a delightful book of memoirs, and richly repays a careful reading. It makes known to us in its author a man of the vigorous sort with the courage of strong convictions, and an artist of rare grace, power, versatility, and invention, who combines with greater gifts a sense of humor and a charming fantasy.

Royal Cortissoz's "Augustus Saint-Gaudens" (Houghton, Mifflin) is a tribute to the memory of a great sculptor. On the physical side the book is every way admirable: the cover design is beautiful, the twenty-four photogravure plates reproducing the more important of Saint-Gaudens's works are of the first excellence; and the press work leaves little or nothing to be desired. The text includes, besides the sound and discriminating critical appreciation which makes the bulk of the book, an account, in barest outline, of the artist's life, and a sketch of his character, which comes with especial authority from the author, who was numbered among Saint-Gaudens's personal friends.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was of mixed French and Irish descent. In his thirteenth year he began work as a cameo-cutter, and studied at night at Cooper Union and the Academy of Design in New York. In his nineteenth year he went to the Beaux-Arts. Three years of work in Rome followed. Of this preparatory period in his career suffice it to say that his contact with the forces of European art left his personality intact. The study of classic art formed and elevated his taste without leading to frigid and insipid imitation. Besides enlarging upon the points touched upon above, the early pages of Mr. Cortissoz's appreciation indicate the place of Saint-Gaudens's work in the history of American sculpture. Up to the time the latter's Farragut was set up in Madison Square, sculpture at home and abroad had, from the early years of the nineteenth century, slavishly followed classical precedent. It was with Saint-Gaudens that American sculptural art set up new standards.

Comments in some detail upon the works represented in the illustrations of the present volume follow the consideration of Saint-Gaudens's place in American art. The medallions, conspicuous among the early productions of this artist, have the first word. Of them all perhaps the most perfect, the most impressive, the most direct in its human appeal is the Robert Louis Stevenson, and, barring that, none seems a more rounded and flawless production than the Gilder Family,

a relief which with its subtle, significant and beautiful modelling, carries conviction as a piece of penetrating characterization and intimate interpretation.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Cortissoz duly emphasizes the Americanism of Saint-Gaudens. It is written large over all his work, and is conspicuous through the absence of the insignia and paraphernalia of royalty, imperialism and aristocracy, and in the refusal to emphasize the mere pomp and circumstance of war. The characters stand simply forth, relying upon nothing for their impressiveness save their intrinsic dignity, power, or nobility. And by virtue of a group of statues of men who played, each of them, a distinguished part in the Civil War, this sculptor must be regarded as the chief representative in art of that great struggle in something the same sense that Raffet was the painter of the Napoleonic wars. Of two statues in this series New York is the fortunate possessor. In Madison Square stands the Farragut; and at the entrance to Central Park the majestic equestrian statue of Sherman, representing the other arm of the service. New York possesses also, it may be said by the way, two other of Saint-Gaudens's productions, the Peter Cooper at Cooper Institute, and the Diana, the gilded finial figure that tops the tower of the Madison Square Garden.

Of a critical monograph such as this we may fairly expect that it should smooth the way to a full appreciation of the works discussed, that it should reveal the peculiar charm and virtue of these works, and that it should place the artist in the history of his country's art. All this Mr. Cortissoz has done, and done admirably; and he has delivered himself of valuable and illuminating criticism in a style of singular grace and distinction.

No two men could be more opposite in every respect than Mistral and Shirley Brooks, the heroes of the two volumes which remain to be mentioned. The former was a poet, and a lover of the fields and vineyards, who dwelt in a little village of Provence; the latter was a humorist, and a Londoner to the core, who loved as dearly as Dr. Johnson the town and all its ways.

Mistral's poetry, written as it is in the Provençal language, lies far from the highway of even international literary interests. Though fully appreciated throughout France, Mistral is perhaps little known in America. His name, however, must be familiar here as that of the man who, in 1906, was the recipient of the Nobel prize for patriotic poetry.

The *langue d'oc*, Mistral's native tongue, which had maintained to his day, and still maintains, a vigorous life as a spoken language, had fallen into literary disuse. To revive the *oc* language for literary purposes and to fit it for the expression of all sorts of themes, has been the life work of Mistral and of the band of gifted poets and prose writers who worked with him in the association which is called the *Félibrige*. The motive behind this attempt at a linguistic and literary revival lay in the conviction that a language holds the soul of a people, which can never find full expression save in its native speech. A movement in Ireland, organized under the name of the Gaelic League, has a like object, and is making a vigorous effort to galvanize the Gaelic into literary life, and also to make it a spoken tongue once more.

The achievements of Mistral and his friends are certainly extraordinary. Mistral, like another Dante, made it his task to prune and enrich his native language, and then proceeded to endow it with poems, which, in the opinion of good judges, are masterpieces, among them the epics "Mireille" and "Calandal" and a noble and beautiful group of lyrics. Not content with this, he planned and carried to completion an immense labor,—the compiling of a dictionary of the *langue d'oc* in its seven dialects. The "Memoirs of Mistral" (Baker, Taylor) are interesting on three sides—as a record of the *Félibres* and their doings, as a graphic picture of country life in Provence and as a portrait of the

author himself, a man of a sweet, sound, vigorous and deeply poetic nature. To the concluding chapter of this book, which is throughout full of interest and charm, the attention of the reader is especially commended, for there will be found, recorded with proper spirit and gusto, the Bohemian rambles and devil-may-care pranks of those two boon companions, Mistral and Alphonse Daudet, then both of them in "the springtime and heyday" of their lives.

At this time of day it would perhaps be rash to assume on the part of the world at large an acquaintance with Shirley Brooks, whose biography by Mr. Layard (Holt) has recently made its appearance. Therefore, let it be said at once that this gentleman, a contemporary of Thackeray, began life as a journalist, and eventually became a writer of plays of the burlesque kind, a novelist—two of his best stories are "The Gordian Knot" and "The Silver Cord"—and a miscellanist of no mean quality. In 1854 he joined the staff of *Punch*, and in 1870, after the death of Mark Lemon, he became the editor of that paper. The four years that followed were the crowning years of his life. Steeped in books, a wit, an epigrammatist, an eager and tireless worker, generous, amiable, cheery, a thirsty soul, a boon companion, and a frequenter of London clubs, he dwelt happily in that mid-Victorian London Bohemia in which Thackeray was only an occasional sojourner. Talent and practice, and the process of the suns, wrought him up to something like the highest pitch of journalistic perfection; and as an editor he was every way capable, resourceful and prompt to the call of the moment. "Our Cartoon-Suggester-in-Chief" Sir Francis Burnand called him, and many an idea to which Sir John Tenniel or another gave pictorial form sprang from his fertile and ingenious brain.

In his ample and workmanlike biography Mr. Layard makes no extravagant claims for the work of Shirley Brooks. It is the avowed purpose of this book to centre the attention upon Brooks the man, an attempt in which the author has not been greatly successful. What really interests us here is the glimpse afforded of *Punch* and its ways, and the anecdotes related of the men of mark with whom Brooks, as editor, was most closely associated. And a generous measure of *ana* concerning these men this volume does certainly offer. The time has yet to come when the world will tire of hearing good things of Tennyson and Swinburne, Disraeli and Gladstone, Leech, Tenniel and Whistler, and of Dickens and Thackeray, to the last of whom, it may be said, by the way, many a fine tribute is paid on many grounds, and not least on the score of the good dinners, with their accompaniments of "stunning claret and ninepenny cigars," with which the great novelist regaled his friends. For the rest the reader will find in this book a great store of facts concerning Brooks himself in childhood and youth, and especially from the days when he first presented a pair of modish mutton-chops to an admiring world, on through the mournful time when gout and the doctor forbade "weeds" and wine, to the closing scene of the play, when he breathed out his last breath literally, as Lamb hoped it might be *his* fate to do, in a whiff of tobacco.

Mr. Layard is sometimes more expansive in this volume than the occasion demands. The letters of Brooks, for example are showered so heavily upon the reader that now and again he will be moved to exclaim, like Artemus Ward, "This is 2 mutch." But on the whole "Shirley Brooks of *Punch*" is highly entertaining, and a book for which we should be grateful.

Idle Notes
By An Idle Reader

Literary Pioneers in America

To the late George William Curtis, Washington Irving once confided the secret that his own literary eminence in America was due to the lack of rivals, and intimated that the rising generation, to which Curtis belonged, would find a much harder row to hoe than he had found. This was characteristically modest, though there was some truth in the pleasantry. In a sense, Irving was a pioneer without companions; yet to prove that his primacy was not due to this fact alone, one has only to consider the case of Philip Freneau. As a poet Freneau was no less a pioneer than was Irving as a prose-writer and exponent of *belles lettres*. Born in 1752, he was in his early thirties while Irving was cutting his first tooth. But, although he virtually stood alone in his day as a full-rigged American bard, he does not, like Irving, continue to be read.

This statement is not negatived by the recent publication of the writings of Freneau in three large and handsome volumes. On the contrary, the fact that the work has not been done on a commercial basis, but at the expense of an historical association, is proof positive of the lack of popular interest in the author's work. When "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Sketch-Book" are reprinted—as they often are,—the reprint bears the name of some publisher who expects to make "good money" by selling it, and is probably not disappointed; but the publisher who should bring out any one of the three volumes in which Freneau's writings are here embalmed would find that his bread had been cast upon non-returning waters. Freneau wrote some charming verses—a few, not many—that showed a genuine love of nature at a time when the English poets of the early nineteenth century had not made the love of nature poetically fashionable; but he wrote also reams upon reams of "patriotic" and formal verse which may have had its place in the economy of things in the America of the eighteenth century, but which cork jackets could not keep afloat to-day. One of the less formidable of his flights begins with a stanza that might have owed its inspiration to the fate of the Russian apostle of reform, Tschaikovsky, in the present year of grace, instead of to the death of Catharine II, in 1796:

> Confusion to that iron sway
> Which bids the brute, not man, obey,
> And dooms him to Siberian soil,
> Chains, whips, and vassalage, and toil.

But oftener one comes upon many-footed, leaden verses "On False Systems of Government, and the General Debased Conditions of Mankind," reflections "On the Gradual Progress of Nations from Democratical States to Despotic Empires," and metrical demonstrations of the alleged fact "that internal commerce, only, promotes the morals of a country situated like America, and prevents its growth of luxury, and its consequent vices."

Mr. Fred Lewis Pattee imputes it to righteousness that Freneau was "always at it," so to speak, counting that day lost whose low descending sun saw at his hand no string of verses done. He admits that there is "room for honest difference of opinion" as to the "absolute literary value of Fre-

neau's literary remains." One might with equal confidence maintain that there was no less room for a difference of opinion as to the merit to be acquired by writing verse in season and out, whether moved by a genuine inspiration or not, and whether or no the result of the effort is worth ephemeral publication, to say nothing of permanent preservation. Doubtless Freneau did devote his life "assiduously to song," and in a place and at a time when song-writing was hardly accounted a virtue. But Assiduity is not the mother of Poetry. Perhaps if Freneau had written less he would be better remembered. Historically his work has a certain national interest; and far be it from an Idle Reader to disparage the pious service the Princeton Historical Association has rendered in preserving from oblivion the intellectual offspring of this industrious New Jersey worthy of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

"Earl Percy's Dinner-Table"

Boston at the time of the Revolution is hardly virgin soil for the historian or novelist; indeed, if there is a theme that might fairly be called hackneyed, it is the part played by the Hub in the fight that began long before 1776, and ended only at Yorktown in '81—or Paris in '83. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of Boston's share in this eventful struggle—and it cannot be said that the writers who ply their pens within sight of the Capitol's gilded dome have ever shirked the task because of its difficulty. New York labored and endured throughout the period of storm and stress; Philadelphia played a more active and aggressive part than her Quaker traditions really warranted; and something might be said of Virginia's contribution to the cause. But if Boston did not do it all, she at least has done most of the talking about it, and if she has talked mainly about the matters that came most directly within her cognizance, she has shown, perhaps, only a very human trait.

"Earl Percy's Dinner-Table" is not a title inevitably suggesting a new treatment of the old, old subject; but such the handsome slip of a book, by Harold Murdock, a Boston bank president, proves to be. It is not, however, an historic treatise, nor yet a work of fiction *pur et simple*. The dinner-table is introduced only when one has got well into the brochure; the port and madeira are already making their coastwise trips around it when the introduction occurs; and half the book is still before us when the party breaks up. The incident is fictitious, and is treated somewhat in the manner of Dr. Weir Mitchell—an excellent model, by the way. For the rest, the author aims to present pictures of the town as it appeared when the son and heir of the Duke of Northumberland landed, at the head of his regiment, shortly before the war; and as it was when Lord Howe gave place to Washington, early in '76. The sketch or study concludes with a glimpse of the after lives of the Earl himself and the little group of Tories who had gathered at his table. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

When Miss Ida Tarbell, armed cap-a-pie in copy paper, and wielding a mordant pen, pranced out of the editorial rooms of a popular magazine to slay the dragon Rockefeller, all the world marvelled at her pluck. But it was soon seen to be the safest of adventures; and most of us have had a shy at it since. Those who have n't slain Mr. Rockefeller have baited the President. This is better sport; for he, courageous man, usually comes right out into the open, and hits back good and hard. I am curious to see what he will say to the attack of the Rev. Dr. J. R. Day, whose "Raid on Prosperity," so far as it is not an apotheosis of the Standard Oil Co., is an arraignment of present Presidential policies. Can it be that he will ignore it? Perish the anæmic thought! [Since this paragraph was put in type, the President has paid his respects to Dr. Day—and others—in his Message of Jan. 31.]

The Lounger

So Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson controls the London *Times!* The mighty Thunderer that has been in the hands of the Walter family since it was first established has passed into the possession of the proprietor of the *Daily Express*, perhaps the most sensational of English daily papers. Mr. Pearson, who has made this *coup*, owns several newspapers besides the *Express;* it was not very long ago that he bought the ultra-conservative *Standard*. But an English journalist could have no higher ambition than to own the London *Times*. It is said that Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, wanted the *Times* and tried to get it, but Pearson was the successful competitor. Pearson and Harmsworth have been more or less rivals since they set up in business for themselves. As young men—they are still only middle-aged—the latter was with the *Illustrated London News*, the former with Sir George Newnes in his various journalistic enterprises. Harmsworth was the first, I believe, to set up for himself. He came into the field with *Answers*, a penny weekly which, by dint of novel and sensational advertising, he made a success. Then followed countless journals, daily and weekly, all of them successful; and it was not long before this beardless youth found himself a millionaire; and now he is a peer of the realm. He was always on the side of the Crown, and the Crown does not forget influential friends.

Pearson's first venture was *Pearson's Weekly*, run on the lines of *Tit-Bits*, of which he had been managing editor for several years. The *Weekly* was a success, and this was followed by half a dozen more weeklies and magazines until, a short time after Mr. Harmsworth started the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Pearson started the *Daily Express*, like the other, a half-penny paper, run on so-called American lines. Mr. Pearson had ambitions to own publications that were not mere money-makers, and when he got a chance to buy the *Standard*, he snapped at it. Nothing could be more dignified or more conservative than the *Standard*, and if Mr. Pearson's soul revolted from the milk-and-watery weeklies out of which he was making a fortune, he found consolation in the dignified columns of that journal. Now has come his crowning triumph. He is the controlling spirit of the most famous, the most conservative, and the most ponderous newspaper in the whole wide world. No other newspaper ever printed stood for what the *Times* stood for in the days of the elder Walter, when Delane was its editor. Its word was law, its fiat that of Jove himself.

But alas! the Thunderer fell upon evil days. It made some bad editorial mistakes; modern journalistic ways were cutting into its circulation; its price (six cents) was against it. It failed to reflect the spirit of the hour. The men at the helm were not sure-handed. Then it began a game of Jekyll and Hyde. In its business department it tried "American methods," well enough in their way, perhaps, but not in harmony with the traditions of the *Times*. Its old supporters fell off and the new ones were not the kind that stick. It had long ago tried a more dignified way to help itself by publishing a weekly journal called *Literature*, reissued over here for a time by Messrs. Harper & Bros. There was a lot of good in *Literature;* perhaps it was too good; at any rate it failed where *Tit-Bits*, *Pearson's Weekly*, *T. P.'s Weekly* and the like made fortunes for their owners. The last desperate effort made by the *Times* to get upon its feet was a scheme to sell books at a price less than that at which the retail

dealers could afford to sell them. Naturally the publishers, the booksellers and the authors—I mention the latter, though they did not count for much in the controversy—turned against the journal they had once venerated if not loved. Advertising—the life of all periodicals—fell off; and the crash came.

Mr. Pearson, at this writing, is quoted as saying that neither the price nor the character of the *Times* will be changed. Perhaps he will think differently at the end of a year. From what I know of him, I believe he will make a desperate effort to live up to the traditions of the *Times*, but the task may be too great for him. He is young, however, and he is a shrewd business man. In the matter of age, Mr. Pearson has one year's advantage over Lord Northcliffe, the former being forty-two, the latter forty-three. But Lord Northcliffe looks younger because he is blond and smooth-shaven, while Mr. Pearson has black hair, a black moustache, and wears spectacles. Both of these men are hard workers, but they show the good sense of Englishmen in the matter of holidays. They are still young and they want to keep young.

PROFESSOR GUSTAV EBERLEIN

The names of the members of the syndicate that has acquired the *Times* sound conservative enough, Mr. Pearson's associates in the ownership being Lord Brassey, Lord Rothschild, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Viscount Iveagh and Sir Alexander Henderson, Chairman of the Great Central Railway.

Professor Gustav Eberlein, generally admitted to be the foremost living German sculptor, has been spending the winter in this city. Professor Eberlein speaks no English, but is accompanied by his wife, who speaks our language with just enough of a foreign accent to make it attractive. He came to this country to look over the art situation here, and to inquire into the advisability of giving an exhibition of German sculpture in New York. After talking with Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke and others, he decided that the time was not quite ripe for such an exhibition, but that it would be a good thing to have in the not distant future. Professor Eberlein has been chosen by the Emperor of

STATUE OF GOETHE MADE BY PROFESSOR EBERLEIN, AND PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY TO THE KING OF ITALY

PORTRAIT BUST OF MME. EBERLEIN, THE SCULPTOR'S WIFE

Germany to do many special commissions for him. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these is the monument to Goethe, presented by the Kaiser to the King of Italy, which has been set up near the Borghese Palace in Rome. In this the sculptor has represented the poet at the age of forty-two, which he had just reached at the time of his visit to Rome. The groups on the pedestal of this monument represent characters from Goethe's most famous works. One group gives us Faust and Mephistopheles, another Iphigenia and Orestes, while Harfner and Mignon are seen in a third. As a rule I do not admire German sculpture as much as that of some other Continental countries, but I am quite won over by Professor Eberlein's learned, facile and pictorial art. It is in portraiture that I find him at his best, and it is from his portrait work that I have chosen from the photographs he has so kindly submitted to me for reproduction.

It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Edmund Gosse is the author of what Dr. Robertson Nicoll

describes as that "beautiful, sensitive, delicate and affectionate book, 'Father and Son.'"

Mme. Maria Petzold, "a woman writer of noble Russian birth," who is at present visiting this country, is preparing to write a book about us. She is not going to stay here very long, and she cannot speak English, so one can readily see how well she is equipped for her task. Mme. Petzold has indignantly denied the report that her friend Maxim Gorky has married Mme. Andreieva, the actress who accompanied him to America. Gorky sticks to his guns.

Tetrazzini came and sang and conquered. She is not the greatest singer I have ever heard, for I have heard a great many of the great ones in their prime. She has, however, one of the most agreeable, one of the most satisfactory voices I have heard in recent years. With all her *coloratura*, her voice has depth and feeling. Voices that have no more feeling than a bird's, no matter how exquisitely they may warble, do not interest me. Mme. Tetrazzini sings with all the ease and facility of a bird, but at the same time there is the richness of molten diamonds in her notes. For a woman of her size she is graceful, except when she runs (no woman runs gracefully); she has a pleasant countenance, and she acts unusually well for a singer. Not since the old days, when the Academy of Music was in its glory, have I seen such enthusiasm. The audience forgot that it was a fashionable one, and applauded as only the god's gallery is supposed to do. Mme. Tetrazzini's reception amounted to an ovation, and it warmed the cockles of her heart, and made her forget her nervousness, once she had begun to sing. I am speaking of the first night, when "La Traviata" was sung. I have heard this opera sung for many years, but this was the first time I ever heard it sung in modern clothes. Alfredo in a riding-suit fresh from a fashionable tailor's, Germont in the frock-coat and trousers of the period, and Violetta in a "straight-front" gave me a new sensation. It did not, however, affect the music of the opera, which I am just old-fashioned enough to enjoy. This does not mean that I do not enjoy Wagner also.

Mr. Owen Johnson's play, "The Comet," is not such a poor performance as some of the critics would have us believe. It is too gloomy, too morbid and too coarse in spots, for my taste ; but I can see what he was driving at, and that is something. There have been better first plays, and there have been worse. I think the trouble is that Mr. Johnson set himself too big a task. The same subject, or rather the same situation —that of the father, the son and the woman—was handled with much greater deftness in "The Strength of the Weak," which also, by the way, was a first play. There was no vampirish woman in that drama. It was a simple story, simply and directly told. Mr. Johnson's is not a simple story. It is subtle and unnatural. It is, indeed, rather an allegory than a plain, unvarnished tale. I can see that it would readily appeal to a woman of Mme. Nazimova's temperament, but if one has not the temperament of this Russian actress, the appeal is not very strong. I hope that the treatment he has received at the hands of certain critics will not deter Mr. Johnson from writing plays, but will only turn his undoubted ability in a less morbid direction. We have not so many young men trying to do serious dramatic work that we can afford to discourage them.

The funniest thing that ever happened is Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel "The Metropolis," parts of which are being published in the *American Magazine*. The first instalment is immediately followed by "Mr. Dooley on Congress," but not even Mr.

Dunne, with all his wit and humor, is as funny as Mr. Sinclair. In a paragraph announcing "The Metropolis" the editors refer to the "old society" of which George William Curtis and N. P. Willis wrote. Both of these gentlemen wrote of society by the card, but if we may judge by Mr. Sinclair's story, he knows just about as much of New York fashionable society as New York fashionable society knows of him. It would be impossible to burlesque this story, as it is a burlesque itself. The description of the hotel in which Ollie Montague had his bachelor apartment is virtually a copy of a certain Fifth Avenue hotel's advertisement of its attractions—the "hot" and "cold" switch, the electric clocks, the automatic ventilation, all are there. The rest of the story reads as though it had been copied from the yellowest pages of the yellowest journals, and I dare say that it will get yellower and yellower as it goes on. If you want a good hearty laugh, let me recommend "The Metropolis." It is very, very funny. The publishers call it "Upton Sinclair's amazing novel of New York Society." It *is* amazing, but the most amazing thing about it, to my mind, is that it should have found a place in the *American Magazine*.

When one hears of the many successes that seem to have been more or less accidental, it is hardly to be wondered at that so many people are sitting—or walking—around waiting for accidents to happen. There is young Donald Brian, who has made such a great success in "The Merry Widow." If report be true, he was an accident, for he was not even an "understudy". Mr. Savage had engaged some one else for the part. For reasons best known to himself, the some one else threw it down. Brian picked it up, and there you are —or there he is. By accident, Mr. Savage arrived in Berlin a day later than Mr. George Edwardes. The latter had secured all English-speaking rights in "The Merry Widow" a few hours before Mr. Savage saw it. By accident Mr. Savage was in the same hotel with Mr. Edwardes. The latter was just about to cable to Mr. Frohman an offer of the American rights when Mr. Savage burst into his room. "Stay your hand," said Mr. Savage, or words to that effect, and instantly wrote his cheque for the price of the American rights. It was not such a very big price, considering the value of the property, but it was a good deal bigger than Mr. Edwardes had paid, and the latter was well pleased with his bargain. Mr. Savage is well pleased with *his* bargain, also, for he will probably make a round million the first year and more the second, for he will then have fewer expenses, and more companies on the road. If ever a widow made a man merry, it is Sonia of Marsovia. Which reminds me of the famous "Beggar's Opera," that made Gay rich and Rich gay!

Another accident is illustrated in the case of the play "Irene Wycherley," which has been played with great success in London by Miss Lena Ashwell and in this country by Miss Viola Allen. The author, Mr. Anthony T. Wharton, is a young writer and this is his first play. The story as I have heard it told is this: Mr. Wharton wrote a one-act play and took it to Miss Ashwell. One-act plays are not a very marketable commodity, but Miss Ashwell saw an original note and decided cleverness is this one. She said that she would take it and asked the author his price. He named a sum so modest that she more than doubled it, and he went away happy. As good luck would have it, Miss Ashwell lost the manuscript, and with many apologies wrote to the author, asking for another copy. "Alas!" he replied, "I have no other copy. I had only rough notes, and those I destroyed. But I have your money and you have no play. I will write you a new one." In three weeks he returned with the manuscript of "Irene Wycherly," a full-fledged

THE ONLY PUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF HENRY W. SAVAGE
(From the New York *Times*)

drama, in his hand. Miss Ashwell read it, wondered what such good fortune meant, and bought the play outright. Does not this prove that successes are often the results of accidents? Miss Viola Allen is now successfully acting this play in New York, where it has been unstintingly praised by all the critics.

To return to Mr. Savage: I have been much interested in a biographical sketch of him published in the *Times*. Unlike the majority of managers, this one did not work his way up from program or ice-water boy. He was a successful real-estate dealer before he became a successful manager. Again, unlike other managers, he is a university man, having been graduated at Harvard in President Roosevelt's class. He has a good deal of the Rooseveltian strenuosity, being a man of great determination and many activities. His recent venture into the Parisian field shows him to be a man of great courage. It takes courage of a certain kind to bring French operettas to New York, but the courage that leads a man to take American operettas to Paris is of a much higher order.

In a little yellow-covered book called "America and the Americans," by W. E. Baxter, M.P., that I picked

up at a second-hand book-stall, I find much interesting reading. The book was published by Geo. Routledge & Co. in London in 1855, and at 18 Beekman Street, New York, the same year. The author, though a Member of Parliament, was not a brilliant writer, but he strove for truth and fairness, and that is something at a time when the grotesqueries of Dickens's "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" were delighting our English cousins. Mr. Baxter believed, and was not ashamed to say, that a man interested in the advancement of his kind "will learn far more during a couple of months' residence in the United States than in the course of many summers spent in Italy." And he dared to say that "the energy, enterprise, industry and inventive skill of the Anglo-Americans secure for their country a glorious future." Wise as this writer was, in his predictions of our coming greatness, I cannot but be amused at what he says of the literary ladies then "in the public eye." To quote:

> How sweetly pathetic are Mrs. Sigourney's poems; how touching and lifelike the story which Miss Sedgwick has written in her New England home! Mrs. Farnham has enlisted our sympathies with the settlers of the prairies; Grace Greenwood has afforded many a family circle pleasant hours; and who amongst the thousand readers on the other side of the Atlantic has not heard of Fanny Fern, whose sketches of character and moral maxims, applicable to the daily routine of life, are presented in a form so attractive as to disarm opposition, with all their brilliant wit and tender remonstrance, their simplicity, truthfulness and force of expression, their playful humor and merry irony.

Who would read "Fern Leaves" today, or Grace Greenwood's simple tales? And yet they were very popular once upon a time. Don't tell me that the lady novelists and essayists of the present will be so soon forgotten!

There was a time when Mrs. Atherton seemed to keep herself very much in the lime-light, but we have heard little from her of late. To her credit be it said that when she does talk it is not so much about herself as about her contemporaries, and, while we may not always agree with her opinions, we find them as interesting as they are frank. In a recent interview published in the New York *Times*, Mrs. Atherton has given her opinion of American fiction, and it does not flatter our cherished idols. She thinks that our novels lack fire and blood. To quote the lady's words:

> In America originality is not wanted by the powers that govern our literary output. A certain arbitrary school of writers has erected here a narrow, conventional standard, a hard and fast rule, to which the would-be author, with a message all his own, is bound as to some procrustean bed whose painful limitations are repressive of genius and bring all who come within its influence to one dead level of sameness, of mediocrity, of hopelessly middle-class effort. We must write of the small things of life; we must paint in miniature; we must view America as a stage upon which the great dramas of humanity are not acted, if we wish to be numbered among the elect in this pitiful school that at present seems to have the literary conscience of this country in its keeping. And until this standard is withdrawn—until the bars that guard the way to the limitless pastures of imaginative literature are taken down—the books that are written in America will surely not mirror this country's manifold, seething life, will not be typical of our complex national existence.

For the existence of this "pitiful school," Mrs. Atherton blames Mr. Howells. He is the originator of what she calls "the magazine school" of writers. "A good enough standard in its way," she adds, "but it is hopelessly narrow, 'finicky,' commonplace, in its conception and treatment of things. There is no originality to it. Mr. Howells, you know, denounces originality. He tells us to stick to the small things of life in fiction, to shun the big things."

MRS. ATHERTON

A CORNER IN BROWNE'S BOOK-STORE
(See page 769)

In speaking of her contemporaries Mrs. Atherton pronounced Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Wharton "dull," properly characterising Mrs. Glyn's story as "trash." When Mrs. Atherton laments the innocuous qualities of American fiction, has she forgotten the novels of Amélie Rives, of Julian Gordon, of Stephen Crane, of Frank Norris, of James Lane Allen ("A Summer in Arcady") and of Henry James ("What Masie Knew")?—not to speak of the unspeakable young German-American who writes fiction as well as verse!

Jean Jewell Hotchkiss points out in *Town and Country* that the picture of Macready as Shylock printed in the January *McClure's*, drawn (apparently from a photograph) by Eric Pape, is not of Macready himself, but of a Mrs. Macready! Mrs. Hotchkiss reproduces a photograph of Mrs. Macready, in her Shylock costume, given to her by that lady, and says that she saw her in the part in Elmira, N. Y., more than thirty years ago. Miss Terry, in whose contribution to *McClure's* the picture appears, must be excused for her mistake, for the very elect, and Miss Terry is one of them, could easily be deceived by this masculine figure. Mrs. Macready seems to have played more than one male part, for Miss Hotchkiss has a photograph of her as Richelieu. This lady, by the way, was not the wife of W. C. Macready, the famous English actor who visited this country many generations ago and was the cause of the Astor Place riots.

Many actresses have played male parts, but few or none have been successful in them. I do not refer to the Violas or Rosamonds of the stage: they are usually charming creations and only masqueraders, after all. Miss

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—SECRETARY WILLIAM LOEB, JR.—R. E. OLDS, AT THE WHEEL—AND J. L. SNYDER, PRESIDENT MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Cushman used to play Romeo to her sister's Juliet, and for our sins we have had more than one lady Hamlet; but lady Shylocks and lady Richelieus are a novelty, and I hope will continue to be.

I don't know how often or how far President Roosevelt has ridden in this car, but if he has ridden as much in one of this make as I have, he would not have that anxious look on his face. It is all right, and as a hill-climber will put many a bigger machine to the blush. I reproduce this picture because it is claimed that it is the first photograph of the President taken in an automobile on American soil.

It is good news that the final volume of Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem "The Dynasts" will appear early in the spring.

Mrs. Fiske has made a success in Ibsen's weird play, "Rosmersholm." Her public—and she has a large one—like it, or at least they like her in it, and the general verdict seems to be that as Rebecca West she has made the artistic success of her life. Every success that comes to Mrs. Fiske is deserved, and it is a pleasure to see her "win out." "Rosmersholm" is not a play I should go to for cheer and comfort, but it affords a certain sort of intellectual pleasure. Being by Ibsen, we know that it is well written, and given by Mrs. Fiske and her company, we know that it is well acted. Ibsen plays written by Ibsen are one thing; Ibsen plays written by his imitators are quite another.

Unfortunately one cannot condemn a book for its indecency without advertising it. Just what are the actual sales of a certain book whose action covers twenty-one days, I do

MRS. FISKE AS REBECCA WEST IN "ROSMERSHOLM"

not know, but I will venture to say that it has not had a sale in any way commensurate with the talk it has aroused. Nor, I am even more sure, would it have had such a sale as it has had, if its author had not come to this country and devoted herself to its advertising. For a long time Mr. Hall Caine held the laurel for self-advertising, but he must now yield the first place to Mrs. Glyn. Her course in this country has brought her into ridicule, but hers is too serious a case to be condemned as merely ridiculous. Such books as she has written may do no harm to the adult mind, but they do incalculable harm to the young and impressionable. Fashionable New York has taken this lady to its arms because it believes her to be a member of the British aristocracy, as she has in train a sister with a title. Here is what "an indignant Englishman" has had to say on this subject in the columns of the *Tribune:*

Mrs. Elinor Glyn is not an English woman, thank God, but a colonial, being a native of Toronto; and, in spite of her request at the hotel where her sister, Lady Duff Gordon, is staying, that reporters who called for "her ladyship" should be referred to Burke's "Peerage," does not belong to the English aristocracy, as might be inferred from this snobbish request. Lady Duff Gordon, it is true, is the wife of a Scotch baronet, but is barred from court in consequence of her being in trade as a dressmaker—in whose dressmaking establishment, by-the-by, Mrs. Glyn has picked up most of her knowledge of English society as oddly and fearfully portrayed in her books. And the Glyn family to which the author of one of the most coarsely suggestive books ever written in the English language belongs, by her marriage, has no connection whatsoever with the well-known house of Glyn, of which Lord Wolverton, formerly in Wall Street as "Freddie" Glyn, son of my dear old friend the late Admiral Glyn, is now the chief.

That Lady Duff Gordon should be at the head of a dressmaking establishment is to her credit, but I regret that her patrons are of the class of which her sister writes.

An unfortunate incident in connection with the Glyn sort of book is that it sets the purient pen going in all parts of the country. I am told that the manuscripts that have been received by the publishers of that book since its appearance make even its coarsest pages seem as innocuous as a Sunday-school publication. Needless to say, they have been rejected as soon as read. One book of this sort on a publisher's list might be an accident, and that I am inclined to believe is true in this case. There are, however, publishers of a certain class who are not above taking advantage of the temporary aberration of the reading public, and are printing novels which they cause to be whispered about as being just as indecent as—but why advertise such a book any further?

If the men and women who write obscene fiction would frankly acknowledge that their books are what they are, I should have a certain respect for their honesty. But when they write books that are disgustingly indecent and claim that they were written with a high and holy purpose, they add hypocrisy and lying to their offence. Since Mrs. Glyn's book has found favor in unexpected quarters and is listed among the "best sellers," the gutters have been raked for others of its class. One has been found in London, and is republished here, not by one of our leading publishers, I am happy to say, but by a small concern down town, which, unfortunately, has a name very much like a very conservative firm uptown. This book has gone through eight editions in England, and will go through as many here unless the law against the circulation of obscene literature is invoked against it. I will not advertise it by mentioning its name, but I will say that nothing so vile, no such barefaced pandering to the prurient,

has appeared in decent bookstores in my day and generation. If Mr. Comstock has not "got busy" and suppressed this book before this paragraph appears in print, my opinion of his judgment will be poorer than ever before.

On the sunny side of the slate it is pleasant to read of the enormous sales of the quiet, decent books. None of the really "best sellers," those whose sales have been a hundred thousand or more, have been such books as Mrs. Glyn elects to write. The women who have made fame and fortune out of their stories have nothing to blush for. Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Wiggin, Mrs. French, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, Myrtle Reed, Mrs. Rice and the lady who calls herself "Frances Little" have owed no part of their success to an appeal to prurieney. The vogue of the last-named has been the most remarkable, in a way. "The Lady of the Decoration" is not a love-story, it is not a humorous story even. It is just a quiet little tale with only the merest suggestion of a love story in it and a quiet humor that is more pathetic than mirth-provoking. And yet the reading public has taken it to its heart. It does n't talk much about it, but it buys it and reads it, and its extraordinary record is over two hundred thousand copies sold, and it is still selling at the rate of thousands a week! Such facts as these do much to restore one's optimism.

The writing gift, instead of running in strata, runs in states. Now Kentucky has it. There is George Madden Martin ("Emmy Lou"), the late Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, Alice Hegan, (now Mrs. Rice), "Frances Little" and, latest of all, Lida Calvert Obenchain, wife of the President of Ogden College, Kentucky. Mrs. Obenchain uses Eliza Calvert Hall as a pen-name, and is known as the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," a book which has gone into its tenth edition and been praised in a public speech by President Roosevelt. It is a first book, as "Mrs. Wiggs" and "The Lady of the Decoration" were, and it is a humorous book. It is based on a story called "Sally Ann's Experience," which appeared first in the *Cosmopolitan* and has been reprinted in almost every country in the world. Although "Aunt Jane" is her first book, Mrs. Obenchain has been a writer for a number of years, contributing poetry as well as prose to the magazines.

The Chicago Madrigal Club is offering a prize of fifty dollars for an original poem to be used in its musical competition for 1908. As there are undoubtedly many poets among the readers of this magazine, I append the conditions of the competition:

The poems must be lyric in character. The rhythm should be such as will lend itself to unaccompanied singing.

The poem must have unity and climax.

The subject should be one which will appeal to the feelings and sentiments common to all people.

The poem must consist of not less than twenty-four nor more than thirty-two lines.

Each poem must bear a fictitious name, and the author must send with it a sealed envelope bearing upon the outside the fictitious name and upon the inside his real name and address. The envelopes will not be opened until after the award is made.

The poem winning the prize becomes the property of The Chicago Madrigal Club, and will be used in its musical prize competition of 1908.

The competition is open to all writers residing in the United States.

The judges may withhold the prize if, in their opinion, no poem possesses sufficient merit.

The judges are: Mr. William Morton Payne, LL.D., literary critic and associate editor of the *Dial*. Mr. Wilbur D. Nesbit, member of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Evening Post*, librettist and lyricist, and Mr. D. A. Clippinger, musical director of the Chicago Madrigal Club.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL
(Author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky")

All manuscripts must be typewritten, and must be sent to Mr. D. A. Clippinger, 410 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill., not later than April 1, 1908. The award will be made on May 1.

Anne Warner French writes apropos of a paragraph that appeared recently in this department:

From an item in the "Lounger" I am afraid that somebody is being led to believe that if a dramatization of "Susan Clegg" is made, I will authorize its production. I hope not, as such a course would place me very unpleasantly, and no offer of any kind would shake my determination never to allow my name to be connected with another farce. I have made the statement verbally, and in writing, to every one who has come to me on the subject, and as time goes on I see more and more clearly that it is the only course for me to take. I am not strong enough to fight, but I am plenty strong enough to keep out of battles.

The death of Edmund Clarence Stedman means to me more than the death of an eminent man-of-letters. Mr. Stedman was the guide, philosopher and friend of my youth. As a youngster I sat at his knee and imbibed a love of poetry. So far as I was ever taught to write, he taught me. Outside of my own family there was no one more interested in the birth of the *Critic* than he. He was the first to know the secret of its coming, and he helped us to decide upon a name. When the first number burst upon a more or less indifferent world, he was its star contributor. While the public knew him as a poet and critic of poets, I knew him as a friend. We regret the loss of true poets, but we regret more the loss of true friends.

Browne's bookstore* has proved more than a nine-days' wonder in Chicago. I doubt if we could make a sky-scraper bookstore successful in New York, one reason being that we have no Fine Arts Building largely devoted to office purposes; the other, that our sky-scrapers are not in the right places. If the building in West 57th Street were twice as high, and were situated in Fifth Avenue near the Public Library, or Madison Square, it might be possible to have a successful bookshop in it, as well as numerous other kindred concerns.

* See page 764.

Noteworthy Books of the Month

History and Biography

Binns, H. B. Abraham Lincoln. *Dutton.*

Corbett, Julian S. England in the Seven Years' War. *Longmans.*

Gosse, Edmund. Henrik Ibsen. *Scribner.*

Gould, George M. Lafcadio Hearn. *Jacobs.*

Jones, Francis Arthur. Thomas Alva Edison. *Crowell.*

Lea, Henry C. The Inquisition of the Spanish Dependencies. *Macmillan.*

Russell, Chas. Edward. Thomas Chatterton. *Moffat, Yard.*

Shield, A., and Andrew Lang. The King Over the Water. *Longmans.*

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

A. A. C. Semitones. *Brentano.*

Babbitt, Irving. Literature and the American College. *Houghton.*

Burroughs, John. Leaf and Tendril. *Houghton.*

Carducci, Giosue. Poems. Introduction and Translations by Maud Holland. *Scribner.*

Hawthorne, Hildegarde. Women and Other Women. *Duffield.*

Hovey, Richard. To the End of the Trail. *Duffield.*

MacKaye, Percy. The Scarecrow. *Macmillan.*

Russell, G. W. E. A Pocketful of Sixpences. *Dutton.*

Strobridge, Idah Meacham. The Loom of the Desert. *Artemesia Bookbindery.*

Fiction

Andrews, Annulet. The Wife of Narcissus. *Moffat, Yard.*

Barron, Edward. The Lost Goddess. *Holt.*

Bindloss, Harold. For Jacinta. *Stokes.*

Durham, Robert Lee. The Call of the South. *Page.*

Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Politician. *Luce.*

Hartley, Percy J. My Lady of Cleeve. *Dodd, Mead.*

Howells, Wm. Dean. Fennel and Rue. *Harper.*

London, Jack. The Iron Wheel. *Macmillan.*

McCarthy, Justin Huntley. Seraphica. *Harper.*

Pasture, Mrs. Henry De La. The Unlucky Family. *Dutton.*

Robins, Elizabeth. Come and Find Me. *Century.*

Taylor, Mary Imlay. The Reaping. *Little, Brown.*

Vance, Louis Joseph. The Black Bag. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Van Vorst, Mrs. John. The Cry of the Children. *Moffat, Yard.*

Miscellaneous

Archer, William and Granville Barker. Plans for a National Theatre. *Duffield.*

Brinton, Christian. Modern Artists. *Baker & Taylor.*

Draper, George Otis. More: A Study of Financial Conditions. *Little, Brown.*

Gladden, Washington. The Church and Modern Life. *Houghton.*

McCormick, Frederick. The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia. *Outing.*

The notable series of papers on "The Romance of the Great Lakes," which Mr. J. O. Curwood has been contributing to the "Reader," will be continued, after a brief interval. In June, the author will resume his account of "What the Ships Carry"; and in the next two monthly numbers his themes will be "Passenger Traffic and Summer Travel" and "The Romance and Tragedy of the Inland Seas." In September will appear a concluding paper, on "Buffalo and Duluth: The Alpha and Omega of the Great Lakes."

UTNAM'S MONTHLY

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OCTOBER

Organized Labor
By Cardinal Gibbons

A Lay Sermon to Americans
By Governor Hughes

The American Negro
By Booker T. Washington

My Interpretation of "Othello"
By Tommaso Salvini

The Half-Brothers
By Maurice Hewlett

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UTNAM'S MONTHLY

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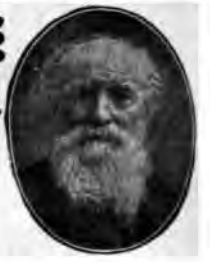

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New Books and their Authors

Variety lends a zest to literature as to life, ıd on this score as well as for other good ıasons *The Folk Afield*, a volume of tales y Eden Phillpotts, which G. P. Putnam's ɔns have just published, may be commended ithout misgivings. The author has learned om the French, the art of telling short stories, ıd his work is characterized by the speed, ɔnciseness, finish, and economy of incident ɔper to this literary kind. The variety

Eden Phillpotts.

ıat characterizes this collection is one ɔth of scene and character. The backounds, laid in with opulence of color, have ıe sunny luxuriance of the South of France, aly, and of North Africa. The types of ıaracter—heroes, heroines, and supernumerıies—are as varied as the settings of the ories. Mr. Phillpotts's heroines are singular- attractive, now by their beauty and their ·dor, now by their gentleness and purity. his volume contains stories of both love and lventure on both sea and land. Where the .nge of scene, character, and sentiment is so wide, and style and execution so spirited and so fine, there should be something to every man's taste.

It is eminently fitting that the conscientiously minute and thorough scrutiny which has been recently given to the notable woman who founded Christian Science should be followed by a searching examination, in the dry, white light of reason and philosophy, of the tenets, the practical working, and the general import of this new religion which is nowadays, carrying on so spirited and lively a propaganda. Such an examination is made in the Rev. Lyman P. Powell's *Christian Science; the Faith and its Founder* (Putnam), which is on the point of appearing. The book has, naturally, much to say of Mrs. Eddy as well as of Christian Science.

A great mass of facts, heretofore known to but few, have, thanks to magazines, critical reviews, lawsuits, etc., been uncovered and dragged into the daylight. To interpret these facts a book like the present one is needed—a book based upon a comprehensive knowledge of the leaders of the movement and of the movement itself in its origin, its growth, and in all its bearings; a book that shall be generous to Christian Science, and shall still be frank and relentlessly truthful in considering its intrinsic value and its probable future, as viewed from the scientific, the religious, and the philosophical standpoints.

Excellently arranged and illustrated with fifty diagrams and charts, William Tyler Alcott's little manual, *A Field Book of the Stars*, should prove valuable for all who want to become familiar with the spangled heavens. It was published recently by G. P. Putnam's

Sons. In it the endeavor has been made to include information regarding only such things as can be observed with the naked eye or an opera-glass. Simplicity and brevity have been aimed at, the main idea being that whatever is bulky or verbose is a hindrance rather than a help, when actually engaged in the observation of the heavens.

The constellations described in this manual are only those visible from the average latitude of the New England and Middle States, and owe their place in the particular season in which they are found to the fact that in that season they are favorably situated for observation.

The Salon, by Miss Helen Clergue, is now going through the press, and will shortly appear under the Putnam imprint. After a brief and comprehensive introduction in which the nature and growth of the French salon are traced, this volume makes the reader intimately acquainted with four distinguished and fascinating women—Mme. Du Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. d'Épinay, and Julie de

Madame Geoffrin

Lespinasse—who, in the France of the eighteenth century, exercised a potent and, on the whole, beneficent influence, and this thanks to their compelling charms of mind and heart, to their elegance and grace of manner, or to the range and depth of their sympathies, in the warmth and glow of which the great men of the age expanded, developed, and flourished.

The Salon will have twenty illustrations, photogravures and half-tones, representing the principal personages, women and men, who have a place in it. It may be added that the "literary portraits" of Mme. Du Deffand, Julie de Lespinasse, and Mme. d'Épinay are the only papers of any considerable length and substance upon these ladies which have appeared in English.

M. Élie Metchnikoff is one of those rare scientists who have found a way to lay hold of, and present to the world, in untechnical phraseology, intelligible to the lay mind, such results of his researches as are of universal interest and go straight home to the bosoms and business of intelligent men. *The Nature of Man* (Putnam), by the same author, was one of the most fascinating books, at once popular, and scientific, which have appeared for decades. The book here in question will stand beside it as a worthy companion volume. It is satisfactory to report that, absorbed as Metchnikoff is in "material" problems, and deep as he is in the mysteries of the physical universe, these essays show him to be an optimist who speaks with no uncertain voice.

A great deal of attention is given in *The Prolongation of Human Life: Optimistic Essays* (Putnam), by the author above mentioned—we speak from an examination of advance sheets—to the subject of old age and its causes, with scientific observations of special cases among human beings and the lower animals. The author suggests means of prolonging life and health, while contemplating natural death with serenity, and finding that agreeable sensations accompany its approach. Beyond a certain point, it seems to him a disadvantage to prolong life. Passing on from these mortuary lucubrations, the essays concern themselves with psychological matters, with optimism and pessimism, and in general with questions of science and morals. The temperaments of certain great men are analyzed in studies that have for their subjects respectively Byron, Leopardi, Schopenhauer, and Goethe. In the preface the author says that he has avoided, as far as possible, repeating points which have been sufficiently treated in *The Nature of Man*.

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The article in our December issue from the archives of the Pinkertons will be on Adam Worth, the greatest criminal of any age. It will tell for the first time the true story of the stealing of the Gainsboro painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, for which 1,000 pounds ($5,000) reward was offered.

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Putnam's for February

Among the contributors to the February PUTNAM'S are Arthur C. Benson, Agnes Repplier, Tommaso Salvini, Gerald Stanley Lee, W. L. Alden, E. Boyle O'Reilly, Mrs. John Van Vorst, Willard Straight, Howard Overing Sturgis, H. G. Dwight, E. N. Vallandigham and Raffaele Simboli.

Washington as a Colonial Magnate

E. N. Vallandigham has written a paper on Washington's life and surroundings at his various homes in Virginia. For nearly half a century the Father of his Country was master of Mount Vernon, and his heart, untravelled, fondly turned to home throughout the long period of his service as a military leader, and the still longer period of his civil leadership. Whether at Valley Forge, Boston, New York or Philadelphia, there was never a time when he would not willingly have exchanged the cares and dignities of public office for the humdrum round of domestic, social and agricultural duties as a Virginia land-owner and cultivator of the soil. Mr. Vallandigham's article is fully illustrated.

Salvini at Stratford

Having written of the four Shakespearian parts in which he most distinguished himself as a tragedian, Signor Salvini turns to a lighter theme and describes, with loving detail, his first and only visit to Stratford-on-Avon. At the famous birthplace he turned with eagerness to inscribe his name on the walls whereon so many famous names were already written, and was heartbroken to find that an edict had gone forth which prevented any one, no matter how eminent, from cutting or writing his name upon door, or window frame, or any other part of the building. The journey was a sentimental one, and the great actor made and records it in quite the proper mood.

Keats and Shelley in Rome

Apropos of the recent opening of the Keats–Shelley house in Rome, Raffaele Simboli writes of Keats and Shelley and their associations in the Eternal City. A view of the house itself, in which Keats died, is given, and pictures are reproduced of the two poets and of their own and other tombstones in the Protestant Cemetery. The funds for the interesting memorial in the Piazza di Spagna were raised in America and England, and Signor Simboli's article gives the first adequate account of the work to date.

The Laureate of the Habitants

The late William Henry Drummond, whose poems in the patois of the French-Canadian habitant made him famous and endeared him to the Canadian people, is the subject of a biographical sketch by F. J. Gregg, and of a poem "Ma Frien'," written in his own manner, which has been very successfully caught by Valance Patriarche. A portrait of Dr. Drummond accompanies these tributes.

Putnam's for February

The Devil in Literature

"In Man's Image and Likeness" is the title of an essay by Miss Agnes Repplier in which the devil in literature, from Luther to Bernard Shaw, is treated with the scholarship and humor that characterize all the essays of this writer.

Literary New York in the Sixties

Under this caption, W. L. Alden, who was a well-known New York journalist many years ago, and has since become known as a European correspondent and writer of fiction, tells the story of a boarding-house which was much affected by the Bohemian literary folk of early post-bellum days.

The Dramatic Sense

According to Arthur C. Benson, the eighth of whose "At Large" papers is printed in this number, the possession of the dramatic sense creates an illusion which brings a supreme and unfailing contentment to many people, since it makes them conscious of their significance in the world—a significance which they are very apt to overrate. Mr. Benson illustrates his theme with many humorous anecdotes.

A Great English Administrator

The recent resignation of Sir Robert Hart gives timeliness to a paper on the personality and achievements of the late head of the Customs and Postal Service of China, whose service extended over so long a term of years. The article and the portrait which accompany it are both from the pen of Willard Straight, United States Consul-General in Manchuria, who was formerly in the service of which Sir Robert was the chief.

Mrs. Wharton

Apropos of the appearance of "The Fruit of the Tree," H. G. Dwight has written a paper on the work of Edith Wharton, in which he brings to bear the eye of the story-writer and the analytical mind of the trained critic.

The Rhodes Scholarships

Sherman Peer, an American student though not the holder of a Rhodes Scholarship, writes of the opportunities afforded by the bequest of the late Cecil Rhodes to American, German and English Colonial students whom it enables to spend two years at Oxford. The training they get there qualifies them especially, in his judgment, to become instructors in history and in literature, journalists, and members of the diplomatic and consular service. His views are confirmed in a letter which he prints from Dr. Parkin, whose task it is to corral the holders of these scholarships.

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